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RT. REV. JOSEPH P. MACHEBEUF, D. D.

LIFE

OF THE

RIGHT REVEREND

Joseph P. Machebeuf, D. D.

Pioneer Priest of Ohio,

Pioneer Priest of New Mexico, Pioneer Priest of Colorado,

Vicar Apostolic of Colorado and Utah,

AND

FIRST BISHOP OF DENVER.

BY THE

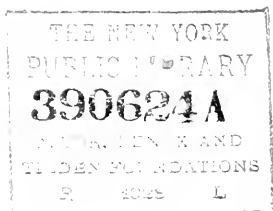
REV. W. J. HOWLETT.

"Mementote Praepositorum Vestrorum, Imitamini Fidem."



PUEBLO, COLORADO.

1908.



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THE FRANKLIN PRESS COMPANY,
PUEBLO, COLO.

From Bishop Matz of Denver

Denver, Colo., April 24, 1908.

Rev. W. J. Howlett,

Pueblo, Colo.

My dear Father and Friend:

I have just finished the reading of your "Life of Bishop Machebeuf." It is scarcely necessary for me to say that I am pleased beyond expression. You have rescued from oblivion the life, virtues and heroism of the saintly Bishop Machebeuf—the Apostle of Colorado. Only for you one of the most beautiful characters in the Church of America would have passed into forgetfulness. The historian of the Church of the United States of North America will owe you an immense debt of gratitude for holding up to the admiration of future generations the great virtues and heroic sacrifices of our saintly predecessor, who now, thanks to your labor of love, will take his proper place among the truly great men whom the Church on this American Continent delights to honor.

Perhaps the best proof I can give you of my appreciation of your great work is the fact that I arose from the perusal of your beautiful book, my heart filled with enthusiasm for your hero, overflowing with admiration for his sanctity and zeal, and with a determination to emulate his great virtues as far as may be within my power.

I did not think that any one could have raised my

esteem and veneration for the saintly Bishop Machebeuf, but you have succeeded in doing this by the manner in which you have focused all the noble and heroic traits of my predecessor into a grand character-portrait which, for exquisite coloring, delicate outlines, and beautiful language, could hardly be surpassed. Your "Life of Bishop Machebeuf" will stand out beside your "Historical Tribute to St. Thomas' Seminary" as another gem with which you have enriched the crown of the Church in the United States.

Affectionately yours in Christo,

+ N. C. MATZ,
Bishop of Denver.

Dedication

To the Priests of Colorado, Who Inherit the Results of the Labors of Bishop Machebeuf, that They May Know, Appreciate and Imitate the Virtues and Works of Their Apostle, This Recital of His Life, Written as a Tribute of Gratitude, is Affectionately Dedicated By

THEIR BROTHER IN CHRIST.

Preface

A history of the life of Bishop Machebeuf needs no preface or apology. My own presumption in undertaking such a history may require an explanation, and that I am willing to give.

Time is passing on rapid wings and the memory of Bishop Machebeuf is fading. A new generation is growing up among both the clergy and the laity, and soon all those who knew him will be gone. Our early history will then be but a tradition, and traditions gradually fade and become unreliable. No matter how poorly written the history of our early missionaries may be it is full of interest, and makes later history more complete. These considerations emboldened me, especially as no other hand had undertaken the work.

Also, a personal acquaintance with Bishop Machebeuf during the great portion of the time he labored in Colorado, during which time I received many favors from him, and the possession of much of his private correspondence, luckily preserved by his brother and sister and given to me for this purpose, together with many facts of his family history and of his own earlier years, urged me to the task under penalty of ingratitude. If another had undertaken the labor I would willingly have given him my assistance, and I desire to thank those who helped me in the present recital, for, without their help, the

Contents

CHAPTER I.

Early Settlers.—Early Priests.—French Missionaries.—Auvergne and Little Auvergne.—The Machebeufs.—Birth of Our Subject.—Early Education.—Loss of His Mother. In College.—Thoughts of the Army.—Enters the Seminary.—Ordination.	17
---	----

CHAPTER II.

First Appointment.—Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.—Month of May.—Consoling Results of the Exercises.—Desire for a Missionary Life.—Hears Father Odin and Bishop Flaget.—Resolves to go to America.—Obstacles.—Secret Departure.	31
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Arrival at Paris.—News of the Flight.—Father Machebeuf's Letter.—Letter of Bishop Pureell.—Forgiveness. Journeys.—The Sylvie de Grasse.—The Departure. Members of the Party.—Joy in Exile.—The Hundred-fold Reward.	45
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Sails from Havre.—Incidents of the Voyage.—Arrives at New York.—Bishop Dubois.—On to Cincinnati.—Appointed to Tiffin.—Life on the Missions.—Hardships and Consolations.—Explanatory.	56
--	----

CHAPTER V.

Ohio Apostles.—The Work of One Week.—First English Sermon.—Lost in the Woods.—A Drive on the Ice.—A Good Hotelkeeper.—A Convert.—A Frisky Horse.—Reported Dead.—A Primitive Court.—The Condemned Murderer.—A Prayer Answered.	70
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

Goes to Lower Sandusky.—The Place.—The People.—A Patriarch.—To Cincinnati in a Buggy.—Mardi Gras.—Meets	
---	--

the Future Bishop Rappe.—Castles in Spain and Churches in Ohio.—Railroads.—High Bridge.—Good Will of the People.—Prepares to Build.—Removes to Sandusky City. Household Arrangements.—Mixed Religions.—Troubles at Norwalk.—Cooks.—Beggars and Borrowers.—The Lord Will Provide.—Piety. 83

CHAPTER VII.

Visit of Bishop Purcell.—Churches Begun.—Manual Labor by Father Machebeuf and Bishop Purcell.—Domestic Concerns.—Salary.—Money Scarcie.—Laborers Paid in Produce.—Father Rappe.—Times Grow Harder.—Bank Failures.—Low Market Prices.—Church Grows in the Midst of Poverty.—Patrons of His Churches.—Goes to Canada to Collect.—Shipwreck.—Opening of His Churches.—Blessed are the Poor. 99

CHAPTER VIII.

Life's Sacred Moments.—News of His Father's Illness. Plans to Return to France.—Disappointment.—A Sad Winter.—Death of His Father.—His Grief.—Prepares to Go to Europe.—Arrival Home. 116

CHAPTER IX.

Going to Rome.—Types of Travelers.—Visits Rome's Wonders.—Audience With Pope Gregory XVI.—At Loretto, Venice, Milan, Turin.—The Ursulines of Beaulieu.—Appeals to the Royal Family for Aid.—Prepares to Return. Corpus Christi on Board Ship.—New York to Cincinnati. Installs the Ursulines at Fayetteville.—Home Again. Renewed Activity. 124

CHAPTER X.

Cold Comfort.—Churches Blessed.—Excess of Good Will. Christmas Celebration.—New Diocese of Cleveland. Faith in Europe and America.—Appeal for Priests.—New Buildings.—Fears for France.—The Famine in Ireland. Embarrassments.—Visit of Father De Smet.—Almost an Indian Missionary.—Better Prospects.—Father Lamy Made Bishop.—Father Machebeuf His Vicar General. Leaves Sandusky.—A River Steamer.—“Into the Keeping of Providence.” 140

CHAPTER XI.

Goes to San Antonio.—Visits the Frontier Forts.—Incidents on the Way to El Paso.—Government Favors.—Up the Rio Grande.—Local Receptions on the Way.—Plenty of Faith but Few Works.—Apathy of the Clergy.—Triumphal Entry Into Santa Fé. 157

CHAPTER XII.

Extent of the Vicariate.—Mixed Races.—Christian and Pagan Indians.—Santa Fé.—Some Events in Its History. The Palace.—The Churches.—The Bell.—The Blunder of a Drunken Judge.—How He Was Made to Rectify It. Bishop Lamy Goes to Durango.—Father Machebeuf as Administrator.—Missionary Work.—Religious Ignorance and Its Consequences.—Need of Christian Schools. Building Bought.—The Sisters of Loretto.—Academy of Our Lady of Light. 169

CHAPTER XIII.

Coming of the Sisters of Loretto.—Father Machebeuf Goes to Albuquerque.—Opposition of the Former Padre. Firmness of Father Machebeuf.—Erection of the Diocese of Santa Fé.—The Novenas.—Obtains Possession of the Parish House.—Installs the New Pastors.—Goes to Kansas City to Meet the Sisters.—Surrounded by Indians. Meeting Hostile Indians.—A Certificate of Character. . . . 189

CHAPTER XIV.

Building Material.—Repairing the Churches.—New Organ. Father Machebeuf Starts for France.—Incidents of Travel.—In France.—New Recruits.—Double Celebration at Sea.—Arrival at New York.—Interesting Relation by Father Ussel.—Returns to Albuquerque.—Grand Welcome.—Begins to Preach in English.—Converts.—Establishes Catechism Classes.—Goes Again to the States. Tricks the Indians.—Return Party.—Mademoiselle Lamy and Companion.—Leaves Albuquerque for Santa Fé. Efforts to Retain Him in Albuquerque.—Reception at Santa Fé. 205

CHAPTER XV.

Threefold Work.—Father Martinez.—Father Taladrid. Schism at Taos.—Kit Carson, Céran St. Vrain and Charles Beaubien.—Excommunication of Fathers Martinez and Lucero.—Fathers Machebeuf and Ussel Go on a Mission.—Rio Colorado.—Costilla.—Conejos.—Don Jesus Velasquez.—Lafayette Head.—Adios and Gifts. Mutual Pleasures.—Fort Massachusetts.—Culebra. Father Avel.—His Sad Death.—Unjust Suspicions Against Father Munnecom.—His Character Cleared. The Mails.—More Territory and More Work.227

CHAPTER XVI.

International Difficulties.—The Gadsden Treaty.—New Territory Added to the Diocese of Santa Fé.—Father Machebeuf Goes to Mexico.—Incidents of His Trip.—Rumors of a New Vicariate.—Visits Tucson.—Indian Tribes. San Xavier del Bac.—Efforts to Obtain New Missionaries. Last Trip to Arizona.—Recall.—Ruxton on New Mexico and Its Inhabitants.244

CHAPTER XVII.

Critics and Criticisms.—Honor to the Pioneer.—Apologetic. Early Explorers.—Coronado, Pike, Pursley, Long, James, Fremont, Sage, Gilpin, Parkman, Ruxton.—Hunters and Trappers.—Discovery of Gold.—Cherokee Indians.—Russell and Party.—First Town, Auraria.—Pike's Peak. Rush of Goldseekers.—Adventurers.—Territory Organized.—Religion.—Scenery.—Climate.—Weather.—Topography.—Roads.—Towns.—Bishop Miége in Denver.—District Annexed to Diocese of Santa Fé.267

CHAPTER XVIII.

News in New Mexico.—Appointment for Pike's Peak.—Goes to Denver City with Father Raverdy.—Conditions at Denver.—Central City.—Mines and Mining Camps.—Instability of Population.—Mission Trips.—Movable Home and Traveling Chapel.—Many Permanent Churches Impossible.—First Mission Chapel at Central City.—His Eighth Trip.—Falls Sick.—Father Ussel a Messenger from Bishop Lamy.—Goes to New Mexico.—Charity of the Mexicans.—War in New Mexico.286

CHAPTER XIX.

Completes the Church at Denver.—Location of the Church. Farming in Colorado.—The Desert Conquered.—Secures Lands.—Locations for New Churches.—The Cemetery. Revenue and Cost of Living.—Serious Accident Lames Him for Life.—Boys' School.—St. Mary's Academy. Proposed College.—Father Ussel's Mission to the Benedictines.—Fire in Denver.—Flood.—Indian Massacres. Fright in Denver.—Father Machebeuf's Courage.—Usual Mission Trips.—Battle of Sand Creek.—Desperadoes. Later Missions. 304

CHAPTER XX.

Colorado and Utah Settlements.—Mormon Policy.—U. S. Troops.—Visit of Father Raverdy to Utah.—A Box of Peaches.—Bells.—Father Machebeuf Sick.—"Trompela-Mort."—Father Raverdy Goes to Central City.—Father Faure Comes to Denver.—Recreations at the Ranch. The Choir.—New Church at Golden City.—Itinerary of Mission Trip.—Progress of the Church.—Father Machebeuf's Voluntary Poverty.—American Influences Predominate.—Steps for a Vicariate.—Father Machebeuf's Humility Alarmed. 320

CHAPTER XXI.

First Mission in Denver.—Father DeBlicek.—Official Notice of Appointment as Bishop.—Fitness for the Work.—A Begging Tour.—Consecration.—Return to Denver.—Receptions.—Responsibilities and Resources.—Episcopal Missionary Trips.—To Central City.—To Conejos.—To Salt Lake City.—To Trinidad. 337

CHAPTER XXII.

Priests and Their Locations.—Fire at St. Mary's Academy. Bishop Starts for Europe.—First Students.—Father Bouchet of Louisville.—Bishop Goes to Rome.—Visits Ireland. Business and Sociability.—First Priests Ordained.—Returns with New Priests.—Ordains Future Bishop of Santa Fé Trail.—New House.—Church Enlarged.—Various Crosses and Disappointments.—French Sympathies. Utah Transferred.—Conditions at the Close of 1871. . . . 353

CHAPTER XXIII.

Growth of Denver.—Father Raverdy Vicar General.—Proposed Jesuit College.—St. Joseph's Hospital.—Coming of the Jesuits.—Priests in Pueblo, South Park, Boulder and Colorado Springs.—Father Raverdy Goes to Europe. Father Bourion's Prize Drawing.—Great Fire at Central. General View.—Consecration to the Sacred Heart.—Bad Times.—Loans.—Sale of Property.—Sisters at Pueblo. Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Purcell.—Conference of St. Vincent of Paul.—Lake City.—Carriage Upsets. Smallpox Rages.—New Church at Boulder.—Confidence in God.—Trip to St. Louis.—To Santa Fé.—To Cincinnati.—Sisters at Conejos. 370

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rise of Leadville.—Father Robinson.—Church and Hospital. St. Elizabeth's at Denver.—Sacred Heart Church.—Bishop Machebeuf Goes to Rome.—Settling Difficulties. New Residence.—St. Patrick's Church.—St. Joseph's. St. Ann's.—New Church and Hospital in Pueblo.—Aspen Mission.—Orphan Asylum.—Good Shepherd Refuge. Sisters of Mercy.—French Bonds.—Colorado Catholic Loan and Trust Association.—Jesuit College.—Goes to the Council of Baltimore.—Consecration of Bishop Bourgade. Golden Jubilee.—Franciscans.—Love for Mexicans. Opinion of Father Matz.—The Mexicans. 386

CHAPTER XXV.

A Coadjutor.—Consecration of Bishop Matz.—Continued Work. Death of Archbishop Lamy.—New Religious Orders of Men and Women.—At Washington.—Accidents. Sudden Waning of Vitality.—Death.—Surprise and Regret of Everyone.—The Funeral.—Touching Incident. Death of Father Raverdy. 403

CHAPTER XXVI.

Estimate of Bishop Machebeuf.—First Impressions.—Activity.—Earnestness.—Simplicity.—Learning.—No Politician.—Social Qualities.—Financial Operations.—Bishop Machebeuf as a Priest.—As a Bishop.—His Work. APOSTLE OF COLORADO. 411

Life of Bishop Machebeuf

CHAPTER I.

Early Settlers.—Early Priests.—French Missionaries.—Auvergne and Little Auvergne.—The Machebeufs.—Birth of Our Subject.—Early Education.—Loss of His Mother.—In College.—Thoughts of the Army.—Enters the Seminary.—Ordination.

The priest of the Catholic Church is the product of years of thought and laborious preparation. In early youth the signs of a vocation begin to manifest themselves, and upon them, as upon an essential foundation, the first elements of an ecclesiastical training are laid, and the religious character built up with the one end in view, that of a life to be devoted to the service of God in His Church. Religion, ordinarily, is of slow growth, and, in modern times, when the struggle for existence among some, and the struggle for wealth and power among others, has become so absorbing, the development of religion to that state in which priests are plentifully produced is proportionally slower. If the Catholic young man could go from the shop, the work-bench, or the plow to the pulpit and the altar, as the Protestant often goes into his ministry, no country need at any time feel the lack of priests to supply the religious necessities of the Catholic people. In the settling up of the American Continent, Catholics did their proportionate share, and, like so many others, they

went into the wilderness to find the peace and happiness of a home which heretofore had never been their real possession. Their shelter was simple and lowly, but it was a home, and in it was born and fostered that spirit of independence and strong personal manhood which specially marked their children. They brought with them their religion as their dearest treasure, and if it had not been such, they might have had, in more prosperous lands, an equal share with others in the smiles and favors of the world.

It was an easier matter, however, to bring their religion than their priests, and without priests to keep religion before the people, and to familiarize the young with its requirements, religion itself must languish and eventually disappear.

The causes which sent so many to seek homes in new and uncultivated lands were the very causes which worked to prevent their priests from accompanying them. The poverty which forced them from the land of their birth had reduced the number of priests at home, until few or none could be spared for the far-off work. The same poverty, and, for a time, greater privation, were to be their portion, and, great as may have been their faith, their respect for the anointed of the Lord made them unwilling to condemn a disciple, even of Him Who had not where to lay His head, to suffer want with them. Hence, they went forth alone, trusting in God and casting their care upon the Lord.

The one more favored country, rich in faith and opportunities, which could come to their assistance in their exile, was France, and she responded nobly to the call. To France the Catholic Church in the United States owes a debt of lasting gratitude for the many zealous missionaries who devoted their lives and fortunes to the preservation and spread of the faith among the early settlers in this portion of the New World.

When the tide of emigration began to go west from the States bordering on the Atlantic, it was speedily followed by the missionaries, and most of these pioneer priests were Frenchmen, and as civilization advanced its outposts until it crossed the Continent the French missionary was at the front. From these, also, were chosen most of those early bishops, whose dioceses were vast missionary districts served by priests in great part of their own nationality. The missionary to the Indians was French, and his rare faculty of being able to adapt himself to all sorts of primitive conditions made him an excellent pioneer. The early bishops realized this, and the early history of the Church in America records numberless instances of bishops appealing to France for priests to labor in their dioceses. Nearly every locality which has a religious history has also a religious hero to commemorate, and in nearly every case that hero is a Frenchman.

The missionary spirit was general throughout France, but it found its intensity in the Province of Auvergne. Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati, and

Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, himself an Auvergnat, recognized this, and materially increased the number of their priests by seeking volunteers in Auvergne. Bishop Lamy of Santa Fé did the same later, and when he became an archbishop his Province was known in France as "Little Auvergne," for its metropolitan, its two suffragan bishops and three-fourths of its priests were natives of Auvergne.

The Machebeuf family was of the class of small landed proprietors, and lived at Volvic in the heart of Auvergne, six kilometers from Riom and about double that number from Clermont, the capital of the province. In the troublous times preceding the great French Revolution, Projectus Machebeuf, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was a student in the seminary, but the force of events rendered his plans of a future career impossible of realization. He submitted to the inevitable, and gave up the desires which he could not accomplish, but God accorded him the happiness of seeing them realized in his grandson.

Projectus Machebeuf married and became the father of four sons and three daughters. One of the daughters became a Sister of Charity of the Order of St. Vincent of Paul, and died at Paris while Superior of one of the large hospitals of that city. The oldest child of Projectus Machebeuf was named Michael Anthony, and upon arriving at early manhood, he went to Clermont where he entered upon an apprenticeship with a master baker. At the close of his period of service he established himself at Riom

where he soon found himself at the head of the most flourishing establishment of the kind in the city. One of his sisters—the same who afterwards became a religious—lived with him and kept house for him in his earlier days, but, feeling herself drawn to a religious life, she only waited for him to marry in order that she might be free to follow out her vocation.

In the same house with them there lived two maiden ladies,—Louise and Jeanne Feuillarade. These two sisters took an interest in the young Machebeufs, and, in a motherly way, undertook to bring about a marriage between Michael Anthony and a young friend of theirs, Mademoiselle Gilberte Plauc. The pious and well meaning ladies saw the good qualities of these two young people whom they brought together, and whose union they were happy to see consecrated by the blessing of the Church. The result justified their hopes, for the marriage was a happy one, and its effects were felt farther than any but a prophet could foresee, as they reached out into a new world as far as distant Ohio, New Mexico and Colorado.

The first fruit of this marriage saw the light of day at Riom on the 11th of August, 1812. It was a son, and at his baptism he was given the two names—Projectus Joseph. The first name was in honor of the grandfather, who was also sponsor upon the occasion. It was also as a mark of confidence in St. Projectus who was one of the twenty-eight canonized Bishops of the See of Auvergne, and was the

patron saint of parish of Volvic, the home of the Machebeufs.

The Latin name, *Projectus*, is translated into French as *Priest*. This does not mean *priest* as in English, which in French is *pretre*, but is an ordinary baptismal name, and Father Machebeuf used it thus for a time after his coming to America, but in English the name of Priest Machebeuf carried a suggestion of disrespect as used among the Americans, and Father Machebeuf transposed the two names and was ever afterwards known as Joseph Projectus Machebeuf.

His earliest education was begun by his pious mother, and she was ably seconded by the Demoiselles Feuillarade, who kept a school for small children. That good mother mingled with her instructions lessons of piety by word and example, and taught him especially that tender devotion to the Mother of God which clung to him during his whole life. His father was a man of strong and firm character whose every wish was law, yet he upheld and imposed his authority by no undue harshness but in a manner to insure reverential respect and gain the fullest filial affection of his children, thus making obedience surer and easier. From his father young Joseph learned that respect for authority which particularly marked his after life, and brought him pain when he noticed the absence of it in others.

Outside of the paternal home his first regular instructors were the Brothers of the Christian Schools, to whose care he was confided while still

very young. Yet, at that early age he was able to appreciate their kindness and profit by their lessons. He always retained an affectionate remembrance of these early teachers, and years afterwards from his far-off missions he frequently inquired about them in his letters to the members of his family, and sent them kindly greetings.

The hope of having a son a priest is common among Christian mothers, and Madame Machebeuf entertained it as a possibility even at that early period. Among the members of the Machebeuf family there had been no priest within the memory of anyone living, yet the desire of such an honor was not the less cherished on that account, and why might it not be realized now? This good mother planted the seed in the youthful mind of her son, and other influences helped to vivify it and make it grow into a tree, whose branches have spread over two continents to bear fruit in both. Nor is that fruit all of the past, for, besides the lasting fruits of his own labors, the example of Father Machebeuf was followed by four of his immediate relatives who became priests. The first of these was the Abbé Fontanel, who died a few years ago as Canon of the Cathedral of Clermont. Two others are now pastors in that diocese, and a fourth is a member of a religious order in Belgium. His only sister became a nun in the Visitation Convent at Riom, and to her above all others the writer is indebted for the material of this biography.

His intimate association with the Christian Brothers, and also with the Sisters of Charity who

conducted the Hospital for Incurables at Riom, and who were particular friends of his family, aided and encouraged the thought which the parents of the young Machebeuf suggested to their son. Nor was the influence of the Demoiselles Feuillarade wanting, but behind it all was the grace of God leading his young mind steadily on towards an apostolic vocation.

To realize this idea was not an easy matter in those days, for the municipal schools and colleges were in the hands of laics, and the disorders and loose methods brought in by the Revolution were still in vogue and constituted an open danger to religion and morality. The college of Riom had been taken from the Oratorians and given to government teachers, and here it was that young Machebeuf was obliged to go for his classical studies. But the watchful care of his family and the friendly interest of some of the good priests of Riom, with God's grace, enabled him to pass through the danger without injury to his faith or his virtue.

When he was only thirteen years of age and could least bear it, he suffered the first and greatest loss of his lifetime. Madame Machebeuf, his mother, was stricken suddenly with brain fever and died after only a few days' illness. She left to her sorrowing husband three almost helpless children, for the other two—a girl and a boy—were but five and three years old respectively.

Of this event that little girl, speaking seventy-five years later, said: "What a sad blow for this

little family! for the father and his three orphaned children! Most fortunately a young aunt, a sister of their mother, having no worldly cares of her own, offered to devote her life to the care and education of these little ones. Yet, kind and tender as she was, this second mother could not fill the place, nor efface the image of his cherished and lost mother in the heart of young Priest. He had known her too well, and loved her too much, to forget her so easily. Better able than his young sister and brother to appreciate her love and care, his grief would have been without solace were it not for his devotion to the divine Mother, the Comfortress of the Afflicted, which the lost one had endeavored to instill into his heart from his earliest years. Hence that ardent and tender love for Mary which sustained him in the midst of the constant trials of his laborious life.”

This last reflection was not merely a pious afterthought of a religious, for we shall see how in after life devotion to the Blessed Virgin was one of the deep-rooted sentiments of his soul.

This good aunt came as near to filling a mother's place for the orphans as any but a mother can, and all of them held her in the highest esteem and affection during her whole life. The Demoiselles Feuillarade instructed the younger children as they had instructed the oldest, and did all they could for the loved ones whom their dear Gilberte had left behind. It was a labor of love for them, and they felt that it was also an obligation, for they had something to do with the formation of the family.

The succeeding years young Machebeuf spent in college work without any special incident to mark any portion of them, or to distinguish him from the ordinary good and moral youths of the time. He was of a delicate physique and complexion, and this saved him from some of the rougher sports and recreations, and probably of the dissipations of his companions.

The thought of the priesthood was with him, but the definite call from God was but slowly manifesting itself during these years. To have nourished the idea of becoming a priest, and to have preserved his virtue in the midst of his dangerous surroundings, did not appear a sufficient guarantee for a clear cut decision, and, while he was in this state of uncertainty and hesitation, an incident occurred which came near turning the whole course of his life into another and far different channel.

In 1830, Algiers surrendered to the French, and the armies of France were covered with glory. Yet the reign of Charles X was drawing to a close. The spirit of revolution was rife, and this made the future appear very uncertain for politics and business, and likewise for the Church. The army was the only thing which seemed sure, and it promised brilliant careers for the young men of all parties. It at least represented the glory of France, and the achievements of the past could now be repeated on African soil. All France was stirred up, and the praises of the army were sung upon all sides.

A grand review of the troops was held at Cler-

mont, at which young Machebeuf was present with some of his college comrades. His admiration for the soldiers was boundless, his patriotism was fired and his enthusiasm was wrought up to a high pitch. He was moved beyond all his companions, and a word was all that was lacking to make him offer himself as a volunteer. That word was not spoken and he returned home.

He had gone to the review without the knowledge of his father, but the entire matter soon reached the ears of his parent. The father was astonished as the action of his son and more than surprised at the enthusiasm of the young man. He was displeased and showed his displeasure by a stern silence. It was not his intention, however, to show his disapproval merely by silence, but at the proper time he intended to have a serious talk with his son. Young Priest did not fail to notice the silence of his father, and he was at no loss to divine the cause of it. He was extremely pained by it, and it was a relief when one day he received a summons from his father for a conference. Knowing what was coming he obeyed the call with some trepidation, but the father put him at his ease by his kindly words. It was like a talk between man and man, but with every evidence of love and solicitude on the part of the father and a desire to do right on the part of his son. Mr. Machebeuf laid before the young man the plans of his friends from his earliest youth, the preparations that had been made through the course of his education, all of which seemed now in danger of be-

ing upset and frustrated in a moment of enthusiasm. "After all," said the father, "you are free, but consider well what you are to do, and then do what you think is the will of God."

The young man did reflect seriously and he went also to consult others older and wiser in spiritual things than himself. Among those others was an old and tried friend of the family, the Abbé Dalleine, pastor of the church of St. Amable in Riom, and his own spiritual director. This man of God had watched ever his young friend from his infancy, and doubted not that God had destined him for His intimate service at the altar. He so advised his young friend, and acting on this advice the young man determined to enter the Grand Seminary of Montferand. As soon, then, as he had finished his course of rhetoric at the college he begged his father to accompany him to the Seminary and present him to the priests of St. Sulpice who had charge of that institution.

This was at the beginning of October, 1831, and up to that time his mind had not been clear as to his future course. Doubt and uncertainty had haunted him through all the years of his college studies, and followed him to the very threshold of the Seminary.

His first day at the Seminary was a memorable day for him. It seemed that God was waiting there for him, allowing him hitherto the merit of a choice entirely free, but now to make known to him His will in a more positive manner. From the very first hour he felt himself filled more and more with a myster-

ious joy, bringing peace to his soul and setting aside all doubt and hesitation. The very next day he wrote to his father a letter filled with expressions of gratitude to God, and thanks to his kind and worthy parent for the thousand favors and acts of kindness which he had received from him, but more especially for this last act by which he was enabled to see so clearly the grand vocation of his life. Excuses and regrets for the past were numerous, but that was all gone now, and the present was a decided certainty in view of a future which appeared so clear and open. From that time on, all his letters had that fixed and settled tone, and never once showed any sign of wavering intention or regret of purpose.

The close confinement of seminary life was a severe strain upon the health of the young man, who had always been accustomed to greater freedom, and before many months he was forced to leave the seminary to rest and recruit his physical forces by physical exercise.

Those who knew him in later years will not be surprised to learn that, even at that early day, his natural activity could not be suppressed. To remain quiet was to wear out, and *rest in action* was his hope of life. It was thus always, and in his old days his recreations would fatigue a strong man of ordinary temperament.

Each scholastic year was thus broken into by a few weeks which he spent among the mountains of Volvic, the home of his ancestors, where his paternal grandfather still lived. Refreshed and recruited by

these rests, he would take up his studies again with greater vigor and effect, and rapidly advanced in the knowledge necessary for the priesthood. These periodical rests and enforced vacations do not appear to have delayed his studies, for at the regular times he was advanced with those of his class. The requisite dispositions of the soul were not lacking, and the call to the subdiaconate came to him in December, 1835. Not without fear did he hear it, yet without hesitation he obeyed it, and on December 19, with the name of Mary on his lips to implore her help and continued protection, he took the step which definitely decided his future career for life. The subdeaconship was conferred upon him by Mgr. Féron, the Bishop of Clermont. Upon the eve of Trinity, 1836, he was ordained a deacon, and on the 21st of the following December he received the sacerdotal consecration at the hands of the same Bishop Féron, and was made a "priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech."

CHAPTER II.

First Appointment.—Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.—Month of May.—Consoling Results of the Exercises.—Desire for a Missionary Life.—Hears Father Odin and Bishop Flaget.—Resolves to go to America.—Obstacles.—Secret Departure.

The many years of study, and the close application necessary in the preparation for the priesthood constitute a strain upon the physical system which tells upon the strongest constitutions. It has long been a praiseworthy custom to allow the newly-ordained priest a certain time, regulated by necessity and circumstances, in which to recuperate his exhausted forces before assigning him to the active ministry. The Abbé Machebeuf had several intervals of recuperation during the years of his seminary course, but they were not entirely given up to rest and recreation. His nature required a great deal of physical exercise, and he could improve under bodily fatigue, but he could also do much regular work during these times of activity. His periods of relaxation, or might we not call it more strenuous activity, for the body did not mean a cessation of mental work. His young sister and brother claimed a good portion of his time, for he became their religious teacher and gave them lessons which helped to fortify their Christian character, and, in the case of his sister, his influence was used to direct her thoughts towards the religious life.

The young priests who were ordained with the

Abbé Machebeuf sought repose and a renewal of strength in the midst of their families, awaiting at leisure the call of their bishop to active life and labor. In reality Father Machebeuf required this not less than the others, and he might have had it, but he wanted "rest in action," and asked to be placed at once in the active exercise of the work of the ministry. His wish was granted and he was sent to assist in the parish of Cendre at a little distance from the city of Clermont.

The pastor of the church at Cendre was an old and tried veteran in the service of the Church, and had gone bravely through the stormy days of the great French Revolution. His age and years of service entitled him to some relief now, and he was not averse to allowing a portion of his accustomed work to be borne by another. This portion was the active work of the parish, but the old man did not limit it to that, but permitted a great part of the ordinary work to fall to the share of his young curate.

Father Machebeuf was equal to the task and actually sought the work. He preached regularly, instructed the children, visited the sick and the poor, and whatever spare time he had he devoted to study. His sermons of this period were all written out, and were models of simplicity, practically adapted to a congregation composed of the simple peasantry in a country parish. He preserved many of these sermons, and the well-worn condition in which they were found among his papers after his death, shows that he used them often as the groundwork for many

of his instructions during his subsequent missionary labors. That a large proportion of these sermons had the Blessed Virgin for their subject proves the depths of his devotion to the Mother of God, and, strange to think now, it was this devotion which almost brought him into conflict with the venerable pastor of Cendre.

At the approach of the month of May, Father Machebeuf wished to make preparations for May Devotions. This was quite natural for him, but it was a new departure for the old pastor. It was a novelty! an innovation! The lingering consequences of Jansenism were yet visible, and new forms of devotion were not encouraged by the old pastors. Special devotions to the Blessed Virgin were of the suspected class. The aged priest may have partaken of this prejudice, which was then often found among very excellent priests, but in any case, he was old, and it is difficult to move old men. What had been good enough for them ought to be good enough for the rising generation. Then, too, it savors a little of disapproval when old methods are changed or new ones introduced, and seems to imply a superior knowledge, a superior tact, or mayhap, a superior assurance which the old pioneer will more readily admit.

Father Machebeuf said nothing when his superior objected, although surprised and saddened by the opposition which he had not anticipated. He had been trained by the priests of St. Sulpice, and their training had so strengthened his hitherto deep-seated love and reverence for the Mother of God, that it

was as natural for him to have confidence in her as in his own parents, and he could not well understand how anyone could object to the public expression of so beautiful a sentiment. He did not reflect that he had been educated at a different epoch and by different masters from the priests of the olden school. The influence of the Sulpicians had not always been so effectual, and to their influence, more than to any other cause, was due the rise, or at least the re-awakening in France of that tender and intense devotion to the Blessed Virgin which is now so general, and which seems to flourish with especial vigor wherever their influence has reached.

Not discouraged, however, the young curate went to his room, and, taking his rosary, he spent the rest of the day in prayer. He prayed, not that he might have his own way, but that whatever was for the glory of God might be done, and he felt confident that Mary would arrange all things for the best.

That same evening the pastor called him and said: "You wish to celebrate the Month of Mary, do you?" "Yes, sir," answered the young curate. "Do you think that this devotion will do any good to the parish?" asked the pastor. "I am sure it will," replied Father Machebeuf, with warmth of manner and conviction in his tone. "Then, go on and do as you wish in the matter," said the venerable Curé, and no permission ever brought greater joy to young Father Machebeuf than that conveyed by these words.

Immediately he wrote to his young sister, who

was a pupil with the nuns of the Visitation in his native village of Riom, expressing his lively joy and requesting her to make up and send to him at once a supply of artificial flowers for his May altar. This she did with great pleasure, and she was delighted to learn and to record the fact that the May Devotions were numerously attended and resulted in a great increase of piety in the parish of Cendre.

The labors of Father Machebeuf were fruitful in every sense, and his vigilance was so effective that the parishioners used to say that they had no longer any need of the rural policeman — (*garde champetre*). The activity which he displayed even at that early date will not surprise his later friends, but they will rather wonder how he was able to content himself with so limited a field of labor. His missionary vocation, however, had not yet developed, although the seed of it was sown several years before while he was in the seminary.

This seed had fallen on ground which was favorable to its growth by nature, and grace came to give the true life to its development and the right flavor to its fruit. Nature had endowed him with a desire for travel, and a readiness to accept sacrifice for glory, as is evidenced by the episode which barely escaped making him a soldier in the army of Algiers. Grace came to sanctify these longings by turning them to the glory of God and the salvation of needy souls.

While Father Machebeuf was still a student in the seminary, the Lazarist, Father Odin, who later

became Bishop of Galveston and Archbishop of New Orleans, visited Clermont in search of aid for the struggling missions of America. It was said of him that "his simplicity, amiability and gentle deportment gained him many friends, and he succeeded in collecting a considerable sum of money, besides ornaments for the altar. He also secured a number of ecclesiastics for his mission, some belonging to his Congregation, others secular priests. Many of these accompanied him on his return and the rest followed at a subsequent period."

Among "the rest" were at least five young men who listened to Father Odin at the Seminary of Montferrand, and who, at the "subsequent period," left their sunny France together to go and labor for God in the wildernesses of Ohio in the days of their colonization nearly seventy years ago. Among these pioneer missionaries was the curate of Cendre, the Abbé Machebeuf.

Another circumstance which had its share in directing the steps of Father Machebeuf towards America, was the presence in France at that time of the saintly Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, Kentucky. This venerable prelate was a native of Auvergne, and his reputation for sanctity was as firmly established in Europe as it was in America. He had spent forty-three years upon the missions of wildest America, twenty-five of which were as a bishop whose jurisdiction extended over seven of our present States, and whose presence was necessary from time to time in every part of his vast diocese. The weight

of more than seventy years was pressing upon him, and he had come to France with the hope of spending his few remaining years in quiet and in preparation for eternity.

To this plan of the humble and holy Bishop, Pope Gregory XVI would not listen. On the contrary, the Pope had a plan of his own. The Association of the Propagation of the Faith had been established only a short time before, and was not yet extensively spread. Gregory XVI saw in Bishop Flaget the very man to make known the object of this organization and the immense good it might accomplish. No one could represent better than Bishop Flaget the state of the missions, and show the far-reaching power of prayer and material aid, and his reputation for sanctity was a guarantee of sincerity, besides being a plea in itself.

At the wish of the Pope Bishop Flaget undertook this work, and, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, continued it for two years, visiting forty-six dioceses in France and Sardinia. His home, if home he could be said to have while doing so vast a work, was in his native diocese of Clermont. Here the clergy learned much from him of that distant America which was stretching out its hands in supplication to its older sister in religion for help; of its struggling people asking for priests to break to them the bread of life, and the hearts of many among the younger clergy burned with the desire of answering the appeal. The seed sown by Father Odin was

warmed into life by Bishop Flaget, and now the plants were ready for the setting out.

Father Machebeuf was among the first of those who made up their minds to leave the work at home, where there were many willing hands to do it, and to go to where laborers were few and the work waiting. He did not come to this conclusion suddenly and in a moment of enthusiasm. Once before he had almost yielded to impulse, and he could now see what the consequences in his life would have been; now, he must not trust to that other impulse although it was in general accord with the career to which he had been called.

Before deciding upon anything definite, he consulted his former teachers and directors at the Seminary, and also weighed the matter before God in prayer and meditation. The diocesan retreat was made at the end of September, 1838, and during those days Father Machebeuf meditated on this second grand vocation of his life, trying to decide the questions: "Is it for the glory of God? Is it for the salvation of souls?"

Before the close of the retreat the answers were vouchsafed to him in sufficiently clear terms, and he made the offering of his life to God for the second time, closing the struggle with doubt and hesitation with the following prayer.

Oh my God, grant that during my whole life I may remember the 26th, 27th and 28th of September, 1838, that all my life I may have present to my mind that it was during these days that I gave myself again to Thee without reserve!

And you, Oh Mary, my holy Mother, you who are my strength and my support, remember that it was while invoking your holy name that I took the first step which bound me to the service of your Divine Son in the sanctuary; deign to accept the resolution which I make at this moment! Be pleased to present it yourself to your dear Son, for, presented by hands so pure, it cannot be otherwise than pleasing to Him. Assist me, that all in me henceforth may be employed in loving God and in making Him loved by others, that saving willing and needy souls and gaining hearts may from this on be the sole object of my life.

From this retreat Father Machebeuf went forth a changed man. His destiny was to be a missionary in America,—there was his life's work, and there, as far as is permitted for a priest, was to be his earthly home.

This first and most important question of his vocation to a missionary life having been decided, the future missionary had now the task of overcoming the difficulties in the way of its realization. To get the permission of his bishop would not be difficult, for vocations to the priesthood were numerous in Auvergne, and that Province had not yet begun to send out its missionaries almost in droves, as it did later when the exodus became so great that the good Bishop Féron became alarmed lest he should have difficulty in providing for the needs of his own spiritual children at home.

For the choice of a diocese in which to labor, his teachers at the Seminary came to his aid. It happened providentially that Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati was then in Rome. Bishop Purcell had been a student under the Sulpicians at Paris, and his

former spiritual director, Father Comfé, was now the Superior of the Seminary of Montferrand. The Bishop wrote to Father Comfé, asking him to find a few good young priests whom he might take with him on his return to the New World. Father Comfé lost no time before speaking to Father Machebeuf and several other young priests who had expressed their desire for a missionary life. A little band of priests, all intimate friends, was thus made up, and, while Bishop Purcell was transacting his business at Rome, they made their own arrangements for departure. This first band was composed of Fathers Machebeuf, Lamy, Gacon, Cheymol and Navaron, of all of whom we shall have occasion to speak later on.

All of the difficulties for Father Machebeuf, however, had not yet been overcome. The hardest to meet were still before him, and they lay in an entirely different direction. They rose from the peculiar circumstances in which the members of his family were placed, and from the great affection which all the members of the family entertained for him. His brother Marius was now in his sixteenth year, and it was time for him to go and prepare himself for his career in life. Mademoiselle Anne Machebeuf, his "little sister," as he always called her, had finished her convent education the year previous, at the age of seventeen and had returned to the Convent of the Visitation at Riom as a postulant in the community. Her vocation was a matter which the future must yet determine. Their devoted aunt, who had spent the best years of her life in their

service, was no longer a young woman, and she could not be thrown upon the world, neither could she remain with their father when they were all gone. Then, their dear old father should not be left alone in his declining years.

It was a complication of circumstances, and the same idea of a solution of them, as far as their parents were concerned, came to the minds of the three children: Would a marriage between their father and their maternal aunt be possible? If it could be so arranged, the way would be clear for each of the children to pursue the course in life to which Providence seemed to direct.

They consulted the proper authorities and were assured that the circumstances of the case were such as would justify the necessary dispensation from the Church. They then spoke to their father and their aunt, and succeeded in bringing them both to the opinion that a marriage between the two was permissible and would bring pleasure and happiness to the entire family. Father Machebeuf himself blessed this union, and it was the gladdest action of his ministry in France.

About this time the "little sister" finished her term of probation as postulant at the convent and was allowed to receive the habit of a novice. At this ceremony Father Machebeuf preached the sermon, and chose for her the name of Sister Marie Philomene, which she was ever afterwards to bear with honor. Her solemn profession as a Sister took place on November 7, 1839, but her reverend and much

loved brother was then far away just beginning the active exercise of the duties of his new career. Sister Marie Philomene, when the writer last heard from her, in June, 1904, was still in her convent home at Riom, in the full possession of all her mental vigor and with her physical forces without serious impairment.

Only one obstacle now remained in the way of Father Machebeuf, and that was the anticipated opposition of his friends, and especially of his father. The new missionaries were to meet in Paris in May, and as the time approached the anxiety of Father Machebeuf increased. As yet he had said nothing to his father of his plans, for he knew well the stern will of his parent, as well as his affection, and that the two combined would result in a direct command against his leaving home. He was, of course, a priest and must obey what seemed to be a call from God, but the evidence of this call would not be as clear to his father as to himself, and he did not wish that a direct command from his parent should be placed in opposition to his duty. In order to escape such a dilemma he consulted again his friends of the Seminary, and by their advice he determined to avoid this obstacle rather than attempt to remove it. His new plan was to leave home by stealth, and trust to Providence to soften the blow for his beloved father, and obtain forgiveness for himself for such a seeming flagrant violation of filial respect and duty. All his preparations were made in secret, and only by



SISTER MARIE PHILOMENE.

chance did his departure become known almost immediately to the members of his family.

Thirty years later, upon his first visit to his native diocese after he had been made a bishop, the *Semaine Religieuse* of Clermont graphically describes his departure in its issue of Sept. 13, 1869. It said:

On the morning of the 21st of May, 1839, two young priests of the Diocese of Clermont, dressed as civilians, passed hurriedly along the streets of Riom before sunrise, and went out of the city by the main road leading towards Paris. Upon reaching the open country they stopped to await the coming of the diligence which was to take them over the first stage of their journey to the Seminary of Foreign Missions in that distant capital. Their departure resembled rather a flight, yet, in spite of its secrecy the young ecclesiastics were seen, and one of them was recognized by a brother priest and former fellow-student. A few words explained all, and, as this friend grasped the hand of the young traveler in an affectionate farewell, he saw the emotion which shook the delicate frame of the voluntary exile as he cast a last tearful look back upon his native city. He realized that a terrible struggle was taking place in that heart whose tender sensibilities were so well known to him. In fact, a great and sublime sacrifice was being accomplished there at that moment. The young priest, in order to spare his family the heart-rending pain of a farewell, and likewise to escape their determined resistance to what he considered his vocation, had passed before the door of his father's house without stopping to enter. His young companion, whose own heart was still throbbing with the emotions of a similar sacrifice made only the day before, was scarcely less disturbed, but, drawing near to his sobbing friend, he lightly laid his hand upon his shoulder and pointed towards heaven. Silently they turned and continued on their way. The young fugitives were the Abbé Lamy and the Abbé Machebeuf.

The reality of the event differed but little from this account, although some of the dramatic touches were wanting. His own account was that he passed

his father's door in the diligence, and that he lay down on the floor of it in order to escape observation. This precaution was successful, and none of his immediate relatives knew of his departure until it was too late to make any attempt to dissuade him from the step. He had ridden rough-shod over the last obstacle, but he was yet to know the pain of it.

Years afterwards he used to speak of his leaving home as more of an escape, and smile at the recollection of the manner in which he had circumvented his friends and avoided their opposition. The event had its humorous side, and that seemed to remain with him after the pain had passed away.

It certainly was an unusual manner of going away, and it is probable that most of the missionaries would not have had the courage to go to America, or any other mission, if they all had the difficulties to overcome which faced Father Machebeuf.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival in Paris.—News of Their Flight.—Grief of Mr. Machebeuf.—Father Machebeuf's Letter.—Letter of Bishop Purcell.—Forgiveness.—Journeys.—The Sylvie de Grasse.—The Departure.—Members of the Party.—Joy in Exile.—The Hundred-fold Reward.

The two runaways, as we might call them, reached Paris somewhat fatigued but otherwise none the worse for the journey. Neither of them was very strong just at the time. Father Lamy was but recovering from a siege of illness, and Father Machebeuf was suffering for the want of greater activity. There was not enough of outdoor work in the parish of Cendre to supply him with necessary exercise, and, as a young priest he gave considerable time to the preparation of his sermons. He took frequent and long walks visiting the priests of the neighboring parishes, but his nature required more of the broad sky and open sunshine than he was getting, and it was languishing under the privation. They were made welcome at the Seminary of Foreign Missions where they were to await the coming of their three companions from Auvergne, the Fathers Gacon, Cheymol and Navaron, and where they were all to stay until Bishop Purcell had completed his business in Europe and was ready to start on his return voyage to America.

In the meantime, the young priest who had seen the two fugitives in their flight, brought the news

to the friends of Father Machebeuf. It was like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, but it was too late to protest, or stop them. The friends could only grieve, and in addition the father of Father Machebeuf was very angry with his son. His first thought was that this was another sudden impulse, and youthful enthusiasm had run away with common sense. And why this lack of respect and loss of confidence in a father who had always been his best friend and adviser? Was this the treatment due him after the life-long care shown to his first-born and best-beloved child? Ingratitude!

Father Machebeuf learned these things from a letter written the next day by his sister, and his own feelings were stirred to the highest pitch of grief and anxiety by the news. Immediately he sat down and wrote to his father the following letter of filial yearning and pathetic appeal. It will be seen that he addressed his father as "Dear Papa." This was the manner in which he addressed his father in all his letters, and it shows an affection becoming in the child and highly honorable in the man.

Paris, May 24, 1839.

Very Dear Papa:

I have just received a letter from my sister, and from it I learn that my departure has cast you into a state of sadness and grief which seems past all consolation. This is the very thing which caused me great anxiety before, and made so much harder for me the sacrifice which the good God asked of me.

The proofs of goodness and affection which I have ever received from you up to this moment have been too many and too great to allow me to doubt your love for an instant, and the presentiment that my departure would cause you sore af-

fliction haunted my mind and saddened me these many weeks. I beg of you to believe that, in acting as I did, I but followed the voice of conscience.

It is true that affection and gratitude would keep me near you, but the voice of God was calling me elsewhere, and I could not be deaf to it. All of my directors and superiors told me that the time was come for me to accomplish the will of God in my regard. They reminded me of the obligations I had contracted upon receiving Holy Orders of devoting myself to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Without being wanting in my duty I could no longer resist the inclination which I have so long felt for the missions.

But, what has, perhaps, caused you the most pain, is that I left without telling you, and without going to bid you a last farewell. Let me assure you that this was not through indifference or lack of consideration for you, but in reality through obedience to the Superior of the Seminary, who enjoined upon me the most inviolable secrecy. In the face of all the longing which I had to go and tell you good bye, he insisted that the interview would be too painful for both of us. I asked him then to allow me to go and see you often before leaving, in order to make up somewhat for our coming years of separation. It was for this reason that I made those frequent visits to Riom during the month of May, to show you that, if obedience prevented me from telling you my secret, at least I was doing all that I could to testify to you my love and affection. Then, dear Papa, do not think that it was through hardness of heart that I passed through the city without seeing you. The sacrifice was great for me, but my course was marked out and I had to hold to it.

When I learned that you had expressed a desire to see me once more, although fatigued by the journey of two hundred leagues, I was even then disposed to return to Riom, but a Vicar General from America and the Superior of the Foreign Missions where we are staying prevented me, telling me that the parting after such a visit would be more painful than what we are now suffering, and that we would be obliged to part in any case.

This, then, was the new sacrifice which they asked of me,—to give up this apparent consolation, and I trust that the good God will grant to both of us the strength necessary to bear all the trials which He may send to us. And, since you partake in the sacrifice, I hope that God may give you to partake also in

the recompense for whatever little good I may be able to do in that country where there is so much to be done.

As I told you, we are staying at the Seminary of Foreign Missions, Rue du Bac. The Superior and the Vicar General of the diocese where we are going received us with a cordiality and an affection truly paternal. Our Bishop comes from Bordeaux on Saturday or Sunday, and we shall embark some time during the month of June. Do not worry in the least about me; we are children of Providence and God will not abandon us. I beg of you then, in the name of that Providence, not to grieve so much over my leaving. It is God Who has willed it; may His holy will be done.

I sincerely hope that you have already forgiven me for all the pain I have caused you, and that you will kindly grant me the favor I now ask of you, and that is, to write me one word assuring me of the pardon which I urgently implore.

Embrace for me with your whole heart that good aunt whom it was so painful for me to leave, and also that dear brother so devoted to me. Adieu! Every day I pray to the good God for you all.

Your most affectionate son,

PRIEST JOSEPH.

When Bishop Purcell arrived in Paris and learned how things were, he also wrote a letter well calculated to console Mr. Machebeuf, and even to make him proud to think that he had a son capable of such a sacrifice. It was couched in the following terms:

Paris, May 26, 1839.

Dear Sir: My heart feels fully the sorrow that the departure of your dear son for the missions of America has caused you. I know all that such a separation should cost to so good a father.—to a father who knew how to rear his children so well in the midst of a generation so perverse and so little docile to our holy religion as is that of today. Yet I am quite sure that your regret, although very keen, is not without a mixture of holy joy that God has given you a son capable of such heroism, and that He has chosen among your children an apostle capable, like those of olden times, of leaving all things for His love. Yes, dear and venerable friend, the good Jesus Who has given us all, even to the last drop of His blood, well merits

that we should with a large heart make for Him the sacrifices which He asks of us. He knows well how to recompense us in God.

Then forgive this dear son if in leaving you his fears were too great to allow him to bid you farewell. It was in this manner that the great Apostle of the Indias, St. Francis Xavier, passed the house of his parents without saluting them, to go to a barbarous land much farther away than ours. In these days communication is more easy and more frequent than in the 16th century. We are walking in the footsteps of those early servants of God. For them the way was strewn with thorns; we have at least a few flowers, planted by a Flaget, a Tessier, a Dubois, a Cheverus, a Dubourg, a Garnier, a Bruté, and so many other French missionaries, whom it will be our Christian glory to imitate with all the exactitude, fidelity and humility that will be possible for us.

Adieu, good father. I bid you farewell for your dear son, who is now not only yours but mine also, that is, of two fathers instead of one. I shall love him for you; he will pray for you on earth, and in heaven by the numerous souls whom God propose to save through his ministry. Pray for him, and for me who will always be, with the greatest affection in the Lord,

Your servant and friend,

+ J. B. PURCELL,

Bp. of Cin'ti.

These letters had the desired effect of reconciling Mr. Machebeuf to the loss of his son, and he wrote to Bishop Purcell and to Father Machebeuf granting the forgiveness asked, and assuring them of his entire resignation to the will of God. It was a severe trial but he offered it for the future safety of his son.

During the interval before sailing Bishop Purcell had several visits to make in different parts of France, and he took Father Machebeuf along with him as his traveling companion, and also that the health of the young priest might be benefited by outdoor exercise and the pure air of the country. It

was again the "rest in action" which was essential to Father Machebeuf. He was never of a robust constitution, and his health was always a source of anxiety to his friends. His pale complexion and light colored hair had gained for him the name of "Whitey" among his companions, and he was as often called by that name by his familiar friends as by any other.

These journeys did him much good, and he kept his friends informed of the fact by letters to his sister. He also indicated the same in a letter written to his father just before he left France for America. This was in answer to his father's letter of forgiveness, and conveys his final farewell, but it also contains other matters which are not without interest at this distant day. It is a model which might be studied with profit, not merely for its outward expression, but more especially because of the foundation of Christian sentiments upon which it rests.

Havre, July 7, 1839.

My Very Dear Papa:

I cannot give you an idea of the pleasure your letter of July 3, has caused me. Mgr. Purcell was delighted that you were pleased to write him. He requests me to say to you in a special way all manner of kind things from him. He has promised to bring me with him when he comes to France again. You know that these missionary bishops never stay longer than seven or eight years without coming back for more means and more missionaries, and, since he took me with him traveling in France before our embarkation, I have every reason to hope that he will do the same when he is coming back to Europe.

Do not trouble yourself in the least about my health. It is not for myself that I am going to labor,—it is for the good God, and if He wants me to be good for something, He must

give me the strength. And then, too, if you knew how careful our holy Bishop is of us you would cease to worry. I feel just as much at home with him as with you, and I am quite confused by the attachment which he constantly shows me. It is just as he told you in his letter, that I have two fathers instead of one.

My health is getting better every day, and I find the journeys that we made to the north of France did me a great deal of good. I have taken some sea baths which have strengthened me. I have been traveling a good deal since I wrote to you. Last Monday we were at Dieppe, and from there Bishop Purcell went to Havre and I returned to Paris to be with my dear confrere, Father Lamy. What was my surprise upon arriving in Paris to find Father Lamy promenading after supper with Father Gacon and compere Cheymol, and talking about me! They did not think that I was so near. You can rest assured that during the two days we spent in Paris the conversation did not lag. I had so many questions to ask the newcomers about your health, about my good aunt, and about my brother and sister. One day we went out to the country house of Mgr. de Nancy, where we found Bishop Flaget and four nuns ready to go with us. I am happy to assure you that Father Lamy is well enough now to undertake the voyage.

When at Havre I visited the vessel several times on which we are to go, and I had not counted upon having so much luxury as I found there. The cabins, the dining-room and the ladies' saloon are all paneled in mahogany, with pilasters the bases and capitals of which are solidly gilt. Each cabin serves for two persons, and the berths, which are not much more than a foot wide, are placed one above the other. I do not know yet who will be in the same cabin with me. I saw the Captain several times and he was very polite to me. He is from Bordeaux and has traveled considerably in America. Bishop Purcell crossed the ocean once with him, in 1824. The vessel is called *The Sylvie de Grasse*. I visited several of the other ships in the harbor but found none as fine as this.

We shall have a Negro as cook, but I assure you there is nothing black about him but his skin. He is very clever at his profession. Every day we shall have fresh bread, milk for our coffee, fresh butter, and fresh fruit and vegetables during the first eight days. I visited every place, even the stalls for the cows and sheep, and the little store-room for the provisions of the kitchen. Thus you see that these vessels are veritable hotels, only that the rooms are but six feet square.

Dear and beloved Papa, my sister tells me that you regretted not having seen me in order to recommend yourself to my prayers. Do you think that I need to be reminded of that? Would not my religion, and my gratitude for all you have done for me, make that a sacred duty? Yes, dear Papa, rest assured that, although far away from you in body, you will always be present to my mind, and if I am interesting myself for persons whom I do not yet know, could you believe that I would be indifferent to your welfare, or that of my dear aunt and my brother who has been so affectionately attached to me? No! and I will pray for your welfare every day, for I owe you eternal gratitude for having furnished me the means of entering the sacred ministry which I to-day exercise, and it seems to me that I am just beginning to understand the words of our Divine Lord: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?" And if I dared at this moment to give you advice, it would be to exhort you to meditate seriously before God upon these same words. Yes, dear Papa, remember well that everything upon earth passes away; that life itself passes rapidly and that eternity awaits us. Let us force ourselves to win this eternity which is promised to us. We must merit it at whatever cost, and when we shall be there united it will be never to be separated. Pardon me the liberty I take, but it is my affection for you which dictates these few words which I cannot write without moistening them with my tears.

As you know, our departure is fixed for to-morrow. The Captain thinks that the voyage will last a month, or five weeks at the most. Present my respects to the pastor and his curate, to the good Sisters of Charity, and the dear Christian Brothers. Tell them that I ask for myself and my companions at least a decade of the rosary for a favorable voyage.

You offer excuses, dear Papa, for sending me so little money. On the contrary, it is more than I expected from you in your present circumstances, and the 500 francs have sufficed for all my wants. I do not think that I shall need any more this year. If I do I shall write to you in full confidence. I would like to write to my sister but I have no time. I only ask her to present my respects to the Sisters and recommend me to their prayers.

Dear Papa, I shall now close by assuring you anew of my sincere affection. Be my interpreter to my good aunt and my brother, and accept the embraces of

Your most obedient and affectionate son.

The heart of Father Machebeuf must have been heavy when he wrote this letter, but he gives little evidence of such a feeling. His thought seemed to be to lighten the sadness of parting for others. Certain it is that he could see nothing in his own future that should cast a gloom over his spirits. His hopes were roseate and his enthusiasm was almost unbounded, and these would not permit of any hesitation in his proposed course. Necessarily the grand picture in his imagination could never be fully realized, but at no time in his life afterwards did the moment come when he showed any regret for the choice he had made.

The departure, which was set for July 8, did not take place until the following day, and upon that date, July 9, 1839, Father Machebeuf gave up his beloved France and all it contained, and thenceforth his life looked forward and his thoughts were upon America to which he felt that he now belonged.

One circumstance which cheered him up in his departure was that he was not alone in making the sacrifice. His party numbered fifteen, and of these, twelve or more were leaving the land of their birth upon a mission similar to his own. Father Machebeuf tells us that there were the five friends from Auvergne, three from other dioceses, several Sisters, Bishop Purcell, Bishop Flaget and his Vicar General, the Very Rev. John McGill. Father Machebeuf made a mistake in his letter to his father when he spoke of Father McGill as the Vicar General of the diocese where they were going. He was the Vicar General of the Diocese of Bardstown.

These could naturally encourage and strengthen one another, and the fact that Bishop Flaget was of the party must have been a powerful source of encouragement to the younger volunteers. His words had given definite form and action to their first vague aspirations; his example now must have added force to their resolutions and kept the weakest from wavering.

The probability, however, of any of them giving place to regret was small, for there is something in religion which sweetens sacrifice and gives joy a permanent abiding place in the heart of him who makes the sacrifice for God. Laments, dirges and threnodies have been written for and by exiles from their native land, but who ever heard of a lament sung by a self-exiled servant of God who left all to follow Christ? The fulfilment of the promise of Christ is here plain. "Every one that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake shall receive a hundred-fold."

A thought comes here, foreign to the subject of this book, but germane to the idea of the reward for sacrifice for Christ's sake. The Church of France has always shown itself prodigal of its children and its substance when it was a question of spreading the faith in missionary lands. China, Japan, both the Indias, Africa, and America to the frozen north, have all been warmed by the zeal of French priests, have all drunk the blood of French martyrs, and all

have been pensioners on the bounty of French benefactors. The nearer we get to the beginning of the Church in these lands, the more we find of French labor and of French charity. Where the Church is yet undeveloped, there yet are the French apostles in the majority. The early priests, the early Brothers and the early Sisters came principally from France, and the furnishings of their early churches were the product of French generosity. The Society of the Propagation of the Faith has been supported mainly in France, and it has sent millions in money for the establishment and spread of Christ's kingdom among tribes and nations. These were sacrifices for Christ's sake.

At home the Church of France has been called upon to choose between Christ and temporal things. The choice was laid before it more than a century ago, and the answer forced a Concordat which left to it a remnant of its wealth. That remnant is now seized, but the offer is made of great riches and greater influence, if it will but give up Christ. The answer is given again by a unanimous episcopate, and if a priest has yielded he is one whose proper place was never in the ministry of Christ's Church. France has merited its hundred-fold. When Christ on the high mountain told Satan to begone, angels came and ministered unto Him. We are now waiting to see what angel God will send to minister unto His followers who have spurned the lying offers of Satan's imitators. The day of triumph is as sure in the future as the day of suffering is in the past.

CHAPTER IV.

Sails from Havre.—Incidents of the Voyage.—Arrival at New York.—Bishop Dubois.—On to Cincinnati.—Appointed to Tiffin.—Life on the Missions.—Hardships and Consolations. Explanatory.

The voyage lasted longer than they had anticipated, but the time did not lie heavily upon the hands of those who were able to make use of it. There were the inevitable inconveniences of seasickness, the usual amount of weariness of the sea, and the rejoicing at the sight of land, which are natural for those who “go down to the sea in ships,” especially for the first time. Father Machebeuf leaves us a fair account of the voyage, and although in outline it resembles all sea voyages, there are in it details such as never would be dreamed of by the passengers on one of our modern ocean greyhounds. The letter begins after a month’s experience of the sea and ends with their arrival in New York. With the omission of some minor details and family matters, it is as follows:

On Board the *Sylvie de Grasse*.
August 8, 1839.

Very Dear Papa:

As I know that you are growing anxious waiting for news from us, I sit down to prepare a letter to send you as soon as we arrive in New York.

Our departure from Havre, which was set for the 8th of July, did not take place until the 9th, owing to bad weather on Monday. On Tuesday morning at eight o’clock we went on board, and at nine, after all farewells were said, the sailors intoned the parting hymn and we passed out of the port in the sight of a curious gazing multitude of people who throng the

quay whenever a ship sails. The weather was very fine, but a strong wind was blowing against us, and we were obliged to have the help of a steamboat, which goes in spite of the wind. After a little while the wind changed somewhat in our favor, so that we were able to go alone, and soon we were upon the open sea.

It was towards evening before we lost sight of land, and then we began to make the acquaintance of the other passengers. We found that we were almost entirely surrounded by Protestants. About sixty passengers are in our part of the ship, and the majority of these are Protestants. There are several young men and women among them from New York who are returning home after finishing their education in Paris. New York is the port where we will debark. Others are merchants or men of means, who are going to locate in America. Among these last we have made the acquaintance of a Catholic gentleman and lady from Belgium, who are going to make their home in Cincinnati.

In the other part of the vessel there are nearly two hundred Germans—men, women and children, a few of whom are merchants, and the rest are of the peasant-farmer class. Among the Germans there are a few Catholics, a great many Protestants, and about forty Jews. This is but a sample of the incredible number of immigrants who are arriving in the United States from all parts. Judge for yourself, then, if priests are not necessary, both to sustain the faith of Catholics and to bring back the heretics.

These poor Germans are all lodged in one room, which becomes dining-room, sitting-room and sleeping-room, according to the needs of the moment. I have only looked into it over the partition which separates it from the quarters of the sailors, and the infection which exhaled from it forced me back in a hurry. Yet they seem to be all very healthy. They pay 150 francs apiece and are obliged to board themselves. The Captain furnishes them only with wood and water.

As for us, our position is quite different, and I must frankly say that we are treated too well for missionaries. The Bishop was directed to place us at the Captain's table so as to insure proper respect for our character and not to have us mixed up with the motley crowd, most of whom are without any education. Everything is abundant upon our table—fresh mutton, fowl, foreign wines, quantities of oranges, fresh bread every day, milk, butter, in fact everything of the best that one might find at a hotel in Paris. Yet in the midst of all this

abundance there is nothing that we eat with greater relish than potatoes, which are served with every meal.

As for lodging, you can imagine that we are not very much at large. We are six in the same room. The sixth is a Franciscan Father from Bavaria. The room is completely hung with beds and looks like a fruitstand with its many shelves. There are two beds on each of its three sides, one above the other, and he who has the lower one can hardly sit up in bed.

And now after making you acquainted with the ship and the passengers, I am going to tell you what has happened since our departure. The first few days were spent by many of us in bed. As for myself, I was among the fortunate ones, and was not compelled to stay in bed a quarter of an hour longer than usual. I escaped with no greater penalty than a few *restitutions*. I did not even lose my regular appetite, and while my companions were merely picking at a few dainties, I was managing things about the same as upon land. Thus, you see that I would have made a good member of the navy.

The indisposition of the sick did not last long. The one who was nearest to death was compere Cheymol. He was so weak that he thought he must die, and he was continually making his act of contrition and recommending his soul to God. On the fourth day I took him by the arm and made him get up almost in spite of himself, and when he was on deck he felt so much better that he thanked me for forcing him to get out of his "box." Bishop Purell and Father Gacon were sick only three or four days, but that was not the case with Father Lamy, who was not strong when we sailed. He was sick nearly three weeks.

With Bishop Flaget it was really wonderful. He never experienced the slightest indisposition—at least, he never showed that he did. He was always pleasant and cheerful. Every morning he was the first to get up and go to perform his devotions in the little saloon on the deck. I cannot tell you how long he prays, for it seems that he is praying or reading some pious book all day long. How could it be possible for any storms to come upon us while we had such a holy man on our ship? He was the last one, also, to whom we should expect anything to happen, but God did permit a little accident to befall him, no doubt, to give us an occasion to admire his patience and mortification.

On the second Sunday of the voyage he was walking upon deck, when suddenly a heavy beam rolled and struck one of his limbs. It made a bad bruise, which must have been very

painful, but the holy Bishop lost none of his ordinary cheerfulness, and when anyone asked him how he felt he would answer with sweetness: "How can I complain when I think of all that God has suffered for me?" No serious results followed, thanks to the careful attendance of the ship's doctor.

I must tell you that the same Sunday I had an experience with danger myself. I was sitting on the deck with Father Cheymol, trying to read English, when a rope broke over our heads and an enormous block, bound with iron, fell within three or four feet of us. The big rope, falling more than forty feet, came down upon my leg. One end of it struck Father Cheymol on the head, but his cap saved him from being hurt, but my leg began immediately to swell and was very painful for two days. I am perfectly well now and I thank God from the bottom of my heart for having preserved me in such danger, for, as one of the passengers said, a few feet more and my mission would have been ended.

"Land! Land!" called out the Captain this morning, and the cry was taken up by all the passengers, almost beside themselves with joy. Spyglasses and telescopes were brought into use upon all sides, but I tried all of them and could see nothing, not having, I suppose, good sea eyes. This evening we see it plainly, and can distinguish perfectly the country houses along the shore, the farms, forts, woods, lighthouses, telegraphs, etc. The bay is magnificent, and we are beginning to see the spires of the city. The forest of masts from the numerous vessels is superb.

Now our ship is at anchor and we are going to board a steamer to take us to land. The poor Germans must stay on the ship two days to wash and clean up. They have sad need of it!

God be a thousand times blessed! We are all now in New York, in good health, after forty-four days of navigation, August 21, 1839.

We have been to pay our respects to the Bishop of New York, who is a Frenchman, and he received us most kindly. We have also found here two gentlemen who were waiting for us, and who will go to Cincinnati with us. We hope to start forward tomorrow.

Receive, very dear Papa, the embraces of your most devoted and most affectionate son, and say a thousand good things for me to my aunt, my sister and my brother.

Ever yours, etc.,

We shall find that Father Machebeuf was a good letter writer. He was then young, and everything he met with was a new experience. His friends were interested in him, and as curious to know his experiences as he was willing to write them. He was aware of the wonder with which they would read in France of the things in America, so different from what they had ever seen, and hence, that great wealth of detail in all his correspondence. The situation, also, was new to himself, and he noticed many things as strange and unusual, such, for instance, as to find himself in the company of so many Protestants and Jews when on the boat. It was a good thing that all these conditions were combined here, for they resulted in leaving us a running history of his life and work which is absolutely true, and which nothing else could supply.

The stay of the party in New York may have been a little longer than Father Machebeuf anticipated, for Bishop Purcell was with his old teacher, Bishop Dubois, and his old teacher was in trouble. Bishop Dubois was very old, and the troubles arising from the lay trustee system had seriously affected his mental and physical faculties. The administration of the diocese had just been intrusted to his coadjutor, Bishop Hughes, and the aged prelate thought that this was a reflection upon his own ability and integrity. He was inclined to resist and make things unpleasant for the administrator, but, a writer says: "There fortunately happened to be another Bishop in New York just then, who had been

one of Bishop Dubois' favorite pupils. The old man loved him as a dear son. Bishop ————— threw himself on his knees before Dr. Dubois. He reminded him of his age and infirmity. He pointed out how the diocese was suffering for the want of a young, energetic, fearless governor, who could exercise a personal supervision over its remotest parts. He begged of him to submit promptly and patiently to the will of the Sovereign Pontiff. His words were not in vain. The momentary outbreak of human nature was repressed by the influence of divine grace, and Bishop Dubois yielded up his authority with the most exemplary meekness."

Ten years before, Bishop Dubois deplored a like resistance on the part of the Bishop of Philadelphia, and counseled submission when the administration of the diocese was placed in other hands, and years afterwards Bishop Purcell saw a coadjutor come and take hold of his own affairs, almost hopelessly entangled, though by no fault of his except his over-confidence in others.

The easiest and quickest mode of travel from New York to Cincinnati in those days was very laborious and very slow. There were no railroads, and many traveled by wagon or on horseback. The most rapid means were by canals and stage coaches. Having no conveyances of his own, Bishop Purcell chose these latter for himself and party, and arrived without accident at Cincinnati about the 10th of September.

One would naturally suppose that the learning

of the language of the country would be the first task laid before our new missionaries. This would probably be the case in our day, but at that time Ohio was being settled rapidly, and there was urgent need of priests to minister to the wants of the growing Catholic population. This state of things did not permit the new priests to pass through any training school, nor those of a foreign tongue to become proficient in English before starting out on the work of the missions. Neither was such a course absolutely necessary. The people were clamoring for the bread of life, and they cared not whether he who broke it to them was a countryman of their own, speaking their language fluently, or a stranger speaking little but a strange tongue, as long as he was a priest of God. In the midst of their work the stranger priests learned the language of the people to whom they ministered, and no one today thinks the less of those zealous and sainted missionaries of early times because of their imperfect speech and quaint expressions, carried with them to the day of their death.

Bishop Purcell began at once to arrange for the placing of his new recruits, and within three weeks after his arrival in Cincinnati Father Machebeuf was on his way to Tiffin, in the northern part of the state, there to begin his labors as a missionary. This was his entrance upon a species of work for which he seemed to be eminently fitted by nature, and which really made up the burden of his subsequent life. Missionary work was the principal occupation of all his after years, and he ceased it only when he laid

down his life fifty years later as a missionary bishop.

In Europe the idea of a young priest being sent out alone, or given the charge of a congregation, is beyond thought. When the friends of Father Machebeuf heard that Bishop Purcell had, almost upon his arrival in Ohio, sent him to a mission in the interior part of the state, their wonder was great and was not unmixed with indignation.

Father Machebeuf wrote to them, telling them of his appointment, but through some delay, he did not receive their letters promptly, and it was only at the beginning of the next year that he learned of their feelings, and was able to explain the conditions which justified the Bishop in thus putting them so early into the harness. This letter, and many of the succeeding ones, gives a picture of Ohio which no historian, writing at the present day, could paint with anything like equal exactitude and liveliness:

Tiffin, Ohio, January 24, 1840.

Very Dear Papa:

I have just received my sister's letter, dated the 25th of November. To say that it caused me the greatest pleasure would be useless, for it brought me the first news that I have had of you, and you may imagine that I was anxious to hear how you have all been since I left France. I did not receive the letter which she told me she wrote in September.

It seems that everybody was astonished because the Bishop sent us out so soon to our different congregations. I saw by the enclosure from my brother that you were almost angry with him, but I cannot understand why anyone should become alarmed in advance without knowing our position.

Well, to prove to you that the Bishop sought only our greater good in every respect in sending us out immediately, I have only to tell you that it would have been impossible for me to become accustomed to America if I had remained much longer at the Seminary. I was there but three weeks, and was

sick nearly fifteen days of that time. There was no one to teach us English. All the priests there were so busy with their classes, and with the exercise of the ministry, that a few moments after dinner were all that could be given to us. The Bishop himself was overwhelmed with business and visitors all day long, and it often happened that his room was filled with callers while he was taking his meals. You see, then, that left to ourselves, without anything special to do, and not knowing the language of the country, our stay in Cincinnati was in danger of growing very tiresome, and I can assure you that it was with great satisfaction that we received the news of our early appointment to the missions.

As you know, I have been sent to Tiffin. I came here with an Irish priest who is older than I am, but he was ordained only last Pentecost. He has been eight years in America, and before his ordination he was prefect at the college in Cincinnati. It was there that I made his acquaintance, and our dispositions seemed to agree so well that we both hoped we might be sent to the same parish, or congregation as they call it here. The longer I live with him the more occasion I find to admire his beautiful character. He has shown a great deal of zeal and patience, especially in teaching me English, and I am beginning to list it a little under his instructions. We live together like real brothers, with everything in common—books, purse, etc.—and there is neither pastor nor assistant, but each one does the best he can in his own way. I wish that you could be witness of the happy moments which we spend together beside a good warm fire when, after returning from our missions, we chat together and relate our little adventures. But I must give you a few details of my ministerial work.

The climate and the manner of life which we lead here have agreed well with me up to the present, and I assure you that I was never in better health than I am now. When Bishop Purell came to Tiffin a month ago, he said to me: "Oh, how fat you have grown!" and I have not lost any flesh since then, so you can be perfectly at ease on the subject of my health. It is as good as it possibly could be.

I think I told you that we are obliged to travel about almost continually to visit our Catholics, and our congregation is increasing every day. About thirty-five miles from here there is a priest who speaks German, French and English. The first thing he said to me when I met him, was to ask me if I would take charge of his parish, as he had received orders from his superior to go to another diocese. He belongs to the Con-

gregation of the Redemptorists. I told him that a French priest among the Germans, who compose almost his entire congregation, would likely be of little use, but in case that he must go, we were willing to try, and one or the other of us would go once a month to say mass at the church on Sunday, and we could visit the Catholics of the vicinity the week following. The hundred miles that we had to travel every month are thus increased to a hundred and eighty, and so it must remain until the Bishop can send another priest in his place. We have to say mass in the capitals of eight or nine counties, and each county is as large as a department in France.

Thus, you see, I have something to satisfy the desire I always had for traveling, yet, during the four months that I have been in America, I have not gone on foot as much as I formerly did in a week when I went from Cendre to Oreet and back.

The last time I went to see this German priest I bought his beautiful horse, with the buggy and harness, all for \$100. I paid part of it, and we will pay the balance when we can. All of the missionaries are not so well provided as we are, and we have no reason to complain.

I must tell you about our dress. At home we wear the cassock as much as possible, but on the streets, or when we go on the missions, we wear a frock coat, waistcoat and trousers, with a black cravat, and every one recognizes us as Catholic priests just the same as in France when we wore the cassock and three-cornered hat all the time. When visiting the settlements in the woods, where most of them are, we wear our old clothes, but we dress a little better in town so as not to give occasion to disrespectful comment, which might be made by the Protestants if they were to see a Catholic priest shabbily dressed.

For the missions we have a kind of portmanteau in the shape of a long bag, in which we put the vestments, the chalice, and everything necessary for saying mass. These things are small for greater convenience in traveling, and we lock them up in the bag, which is then thrown across the saddle and is therefore called saddle-bags. We have, also, a light four-wheeled, open wagon, which is very comfortable and saves fatigue. Today, after a journey of thirty or forty miles, I am less tired than I would be in France after a couple of leagues. When, in our journeyings, we come to the house where we are going to say mass, one of the children will hurry off to notify the nearest neighbor, who in turn will notify the next one, and so on until all the Catholics know that the priest has come.

Scarcely do we have time to get a bite to eat before the people begin to come—some of them to get acquainted and to talk to us, and some of them to go to confession, but so many of them are Germans that the task is not easy. My work so far has been mostly among the French, of whom there is a settlement about twenty-five miles from here, but I have begun to hear a few confessions in English. The next morning again we have to hear confessions, sometimes until eleven o'clock, when we say mass. At the mass we must always give an instruction or they would not be satisfied. At first I was obliged to preach by my silence, but for a month past I have been trying to say a few words as little imperfectly as possible. Last Sunday—the feast of the Holy Name—I was alone at Tiffin. I read the Gospel and some prayers in English, and gave them a short instruction on the feast, and, although I could not say much more than to tell them, as we tell little children, to be real good, they were quite pleased to hear me begin to speak their language.

After mass we baptize the children, and sometimes grown persons also. Thus, last Wednesday I baptized an American lady whose parents did not profess any religion. She was the wife of a French Canadian who had taught her the prayers and made her understand a little of the Catholic religion, and inspired her with a strong desire to be baptized. So anxious was she for baptism, that when I put the question of the ceremonial: "Do you wish to be baptized?" she answered with an eagerness which touched all present: "Yes, I wish it with all my heart!" Her brother, who was baptized two years ago, came to assist at the ceremony, and he went to confession before going away.

These are things which console and recompense us for the long journeys we have to make to visit our Catholics. I assure you that I have found many very edifying things on these visits—such, for instance, as when elderly and highly respectable appearing people come to throw themselves on their knees before a young priest to ask his blessing!

When we call upon a Catholic family for the first time they hardly know how to receive us. Their conveniences for receiving visitors are limited, and they think the priest is some extraordinary person who should not put up with ordinary things. Their hearts are good far beyond their means, but we put them at their ease, and after the first visit there is no more embarrassment.

As for the food, I have been around on the missions about ten times, and it happened only once or twice that I did not

have more than the strict necessities. Generally there is plenty and to spare. The beds are sometimes very good, and sometimes only passable, but I never lost any sleep on that account, especially after a long journey. But, lest you should accuse me of telling you only half of the truth, and of hiding our hardships from you, I am going to say a few words about our little *contretemps*.

In the first place, it is extremely cold here in January and February. To give you an idea of it, last week, with another priest, I was at the house of an Irishman away almost at the extremity of the diocese near the shore of Lake Erie. I was writing near the fire, with my inkstand in front of the fire, and as fast as I took the ink it froze on my pen, and I was obliged to break the ice in the bottle several times with my penknife. On my journeys I must often run beside my horse to get warm, but so far I have not felt the cold very much except in my hands and feet.

Before leaving Clermont we bought some heavy cloth, such as the mountaineers there use, and at Paris we had it dyed black and made into cloaks, lined again with black cashmere. Then we have knit jackets, woolen underwear, stockings, etc., and fur overshoes. When thus equipped we do not fear either the cold, the snow or the wind. After the heavy rains, in certain parts of the country where there are swamps, the roads are bad, especially in springtime. The most disagreeable time for traveling is when the north wind blows from Lake Erie. Sometimes I am obliged to cover up my face altogether, else I could not breathe, the wind is so strong and icy.

But if we have to suffer a little we are amply recompensed by the consolation of seeing the faith, the eagerness and the devotion of the greater part of our Catholics, and, above all, by the grace of our state which the good God gives us. And now that I see for myself all the good that a priest can do here, and note the good dispositions of most of the Protestants, I declare to you that, for all the gold in the world, I would not return to Europe to live there, and my companions are in the same disposition as myself.

You ask me if I see my companions often? I must answer like the Gascon—I see them every time that I find an occasion, but I am still on the lookout for the first occasion. Father Lamy is the nearest to me, and he is eighty miles away. So far I have seen only their names at the bottom of their letters, but the retreat, which will be given at the beginning of Lent, will bring us the pleasure of being all together again at Cincinnati.

You ask me for details. I think I have given you enough of them for the present. Be perfectly at rest upon the subject of my position here—I am happier than you think.

Remembrances, etc.

In further explanation of some of the points of this letter it may be stated, that the Irish priest who was the co-laborer of Father Machebeuf at Tiffin was the Rev. Joseph McNamee. His health was never very good, and most of the outside mission work fell to Father Machebeuf. Father McNamee left Ohio in 1847, and died at Pawtucket, R. I., in 1853.

Father Tschenhens, C. SS. R., was the German priest thirty-five miles from Tiffin, at Norwalk and Peru. He was one of the first Redemptorists to come to America. He went to Pittsburg as superior of the Redemptorists there, but returned to Ohio for a short time in 1841. He died in Baltimore in 1877.

The force of Father Machebeuf's remarks about his dress will be better seen when we remember that in France the priests always, even in traveling, wear the cassock, and never appear in civilian dress. When bishops and priests from America go to France, unless they put on the clerical garb, they are not recognized as Catholic clergymen, although they are sometimes set down as Protestant ministers.

The companions of whom Father Machebeuf speaks were the priests who came from France with him, and these were already doing duty in missions similar to his own. Father Lamy was at Danville in

Knox county, Fathers Gacon and Cheymol were at Fayetteville in Brown county, and Father Navaron was in Clermont county. All of them did good work and were greatly beloved by their flocks.

CHAPTER V.

Ohio Apostles.—The Work of One Week.—First English Sermon.—Lost in the Woods.—A Drive on the Ice.—A Good Hotel-keeper.—A Convert.—A Frisky Horse.—Reported Dead. A Primitive Court.—A Condemned Murderer.—A Prayer Answered.

When our Divine Lord sent the Disciples to preach the Gospel in Judea, He sent them without staff or scrip, or bread or money, neither should they have two coats. He told them to go, and at the house where they would be received, to enter and remain there, eating and drinking what would be set before them.

If we change the name of the place from Judea to America, and the persons from Disciples to missionaries, we will have a good idea of the position of the first priests in the missions of Ohio. It is probable that the lives and work of all the heralds of the faith since the beginning of Christianity have had a common general resemblance, and differed only in the details. It is these details which make up the individual history of each one, and they are drawn from the times, the place, the living surroundings and the general dispositions of the missionary. Fortunately Father Machebeuf was apt at description, and while the situation was new to him he spoke freely of his labors.

A few days after writing the foregoing letter he received the missing letter from his sister, and its answer is full of items of news and description which

today make it read like a romance even among the pioneers. The conditions, as then existing, can hardly be grasped as real by those now living in that once wild section of Ohio. It is a long answer, but we are glad of that for the information which it gives:

Tiffin, February 14, 1840.

Very Dear Sister:

At last I have received your letter of Sept. 20. A fortnight ago as I was passing the postoffice I went in to see if there might not be some letters for me, and you can imagine how agreeably surprised I was to find there the letter for which I was so long waiting. It must have met a good many storms while crossing the sea, for I saw by the postmark that it left France on the 27th of September and did not reach New York until the 17th of January. It gave me the more pleasure because I had waited so long for it. I was very much moved by the affection which so many persons wished to testify for me, and I have read and re-read it with an almost infinite pleasure, and each time the tears would come as I saw it signed by so many who are dear to me.

In order to give you a just idea of our missions I am going to tell you in detail what has occurred since I wrote to my father.

The 1st of February, a Saturday, I spent part of the day trying to prepare an instruction in English for the feast of the Purification. In order to get it done the sooner, I pillaged, as we used to say it at the Seminary, all the English books I could find, yet in spite of this precaution I had it only about half finished when night came. I was obliged to leave it so, and as I was about to put some closing touches on this masterpiece of English literature, I was interrupted by the arrival of a young Lutheran, who came to be instructed in the Catholic religion. You may be sure that I laid aside my sermon in a hurry and hastened to give him all the necessary explanations the best way I could. I was pleased to find that he was well instructed upon many points, for he was well educated, and had seen my confrere several times, and, besides, he had been reading some Catholic books very carefully by himself. He stayed until half-past nine, but the conversation was so interesting that the time did not seem so long. He was very friendly, and before going he

said that he wished to make his retraction the following day. I put him off for another week to try him further, and also for the reason that I did not yet dare undertake to hear his general confession. After he went away I let my sermon go, but said my office and prayers and went to bed "right straight," as the Abbé Onzon used to say.

The next morning, as it was known that I had begun to hear confessions in English, I saw a number of persons waiting at the door of the church. I began at eight o'clock and was kept busy until eleven, when I began the high mass. First came the blessing of the candles—not such candles as you have, but candles made here by the Catholics themselves. So far everything was easy and continued so as long as I had the book to read from, but when it came to speaking English without a book—that was another affair. However, I pulled through better than I expected. I said about all I had written, and then I reached out right and left for something more, and scolded them for not teaching their children their prayers, and finally, when I could find no more to say, I did as the Abbé Faure did when he was at the Seminary. He was preaching to us on the crosses and miseries of life, and losing himself in the middle of his sermon, he ended by saying: "My brethren, to shorten your miseries and my own, I will now close by wishing you everlasting life." I had one almost infinite pleasure, however, and that was to give communion to about a dozen persons whose confessions I had heard in English. This was the first time that I heard confessions in English in our home church.

The music was very well rendered at the mass, but the choir outdid itself at vespers. The only music teacher in the town is a German Catholic. He plays upon almost every instrument, and his daughter sings for us with several others of the young people of the place. Such was my Sunday work.

Monday morning I took our little wagon and started to visit a new congregation of twelve French and Irish families and two or three Germans. I discovered them by chance about a month ago. They had not seen a priest for eight years, and there was one young French girl among them who had never seen a priest before.

In the evening when I came near the place where the family lives with whom I was going to stay, I did not know the way any farther, so I left the main road and drove to the house of a German Lutheran to inquire the road. He directed me to a little road running through the woods, which I followed until it became so little that it disappeared altogether. There I

found myself in the midst of trees and brush without the possibility of going any farther. I then tied my horse to a tree and started on foot to find a way out of my difficulty. I had been at the house before, but I had come in by another road, and now I was at a loss to locate it exactly. I first went to the right and then to the left, but without success. Finally I saw a light in the distance, and I thought I would go and make further inquiries. To reach it I was obliged to climb several fences and cross fields, and when I came to it, it was the house of the German who had given me my first directions. This time his son came with me to show me the way, but another difficulty arose here, for in the darkness I did not know where to find my horse. At last, with the help of the light from the snow, we found him, and my kind guide did not leave me until he brought me to the house for which I had been searching. This is a sample of our little adventures, and they furnish us good subjects of conversation in our recreations at home.

On Tuesday I heard confessions and said mass at the house of a lady whose husband had died a short time before. After mass I heard her speak of removing the body of her husband to a Catholic cemetery, and I remarked that it would be better to build a chapel for the little congregation and have a cemetery of their own. She was so pleased with the suggestion that she offered to donate the ground and furnish all the timber for the chapel. I took her at her word, and calling together all those who had not gone away, I drew up a subscription paper which everyone generously signed, and arrangements were made for beginning the chapel next week. I myself chose the best location I could find for it—a place on a little knoll near the high road.

After dinner I went eight miles farther to visit an Irish settlement, and they all went to confession, men, women and children, except one man, and I hope to have him the next time.

Wednesday I said mass in a house which poverty made a good representation of the Stable of Bethlehem. There I blessed the union of a French couple who had been married civilly two years before and had not been able to find a priest since that time.

In the evening I left there to go to Sandusky City, and this is the way I took. Between the Irish congregation and the town there is a lake about four miles wide. The ice was so strong that one could drive over it the same as upon land. I know you will say that I was imprudent, but I was not the only one. Ahead of me there were three men in a wagon drawn by

two big horses, and this was the second time for them to make the trip that same day. I never had such a pleasant drive in my life. In the middle of the lake I had the pleasure of seeing a boat going upon the ice faster than ever it could go upon water. It had triangular sails and was set upon three skates, or iron runners, about a foot long, and it went by the force of the wind.

At Sandusky City I put up with an American, a Protestant, but one who has great respect for the Catholic priests. He keeps the best hotel by far in the place. The first time that I stayed at his house with my confrere he would not take anything from us, but told us always to come and stay with him. The second time he received me, not like a stranger, but like a son, and the next day, when I had not finished my work at noon, he kept the whole family waiting for dinner until one o'clock. I was really embarrassed by all the attentions he showed me. I made him a present of a book of controversy between Bishop Purcell and a Protestant minister, and he was enchanted with it.

Thursday morning I was kept busy with confessions, mass, etc., and in the afternoon with baptisms and visits. On Friday I set out for the other Sandusky, thirty miles away, where I found my confrere faithful to the rendezvous for which we had arranged. He was coming from a trip of three weeks on a mission a hundred miles from Tiffin.

On Saturday morning he went home so as to be at Tiffin for mass on Sunday, and I went to a parish about thirty miles away where the priest, a German, had left the diocese. There they were anxiously expecting the priest, and when I arrived I found the table set and an excellent supper ready for me. I did honor to the cook, who, I may say by way of parenthesis, is to come and be our cook.

On Sunday morning I heard confessions in English, and also in German by means of an interpreter, for I have not yet the gift of tongues. Perhaps you did not pray hard for me, as I asked you to do when I wrote to you.

As most of the people there understand English I thought I would preach to them, so I brought out my miserable little instruction of the previous Sunday, after having given it again at Sandusky City. It is a great help for us to be able to give the same instruction at different places.

On Monday I went to the house of a German about half way on the road to Tiffin, where I said mass the following morning in a chapel which they had built in the middle of the

woods, after which I continued my journey and arrived at Tiffin in perfect health.

The next day, Wednesday, the young Lutheran made his retraction in the presence of several persons, and I baptized him conditionally. We were all greatly edified at his faith, piety and recollection. The same evening I started again for a little town ten miles away in an adjoining county. I returned yesterday feeling quite well, but after another little adventure which I must relate to you.

On the way my feet were cold, and I thought I would get off my horse and walk a while to warm them. I do not know whether it was the umbrella they gave me against the snow that frightened him, or that he took a notion to warm his own feet, but anyway, he kicked up his heels and started off at a gallop. I could not hold him, and there I was, then, running after my horse, and he disappearing over a hill. My feet were warm long before I had any other news of him than his tracks in the snow, but finally, as I came to the top of a hill, I saw a young man leading him back to me by the bridle. I rewarded the young man for the service he had rendered me, and remounting, I continued my journey with my body and feet thoroughly warmed up.

Today, I have no need to tell you, after my necessary work all my time is employed in writing this letter. You will not complain that I do not give you plenty of details. I have chosen the largest sheet of paper that I could find, and I shall not stop as long as I have any space to fill.

Sunday there will be no mass here, as I start tomorrow to go and say mass at Lower Sandusky. That is my particular parish, for there are a great many French in the town and around about it. I expect to be gone about eight days.

A short time ago I went out to see a farm of eighty acres which belongs to Bishop Purell. It is five miles from here on a good road, but in the middle of the woods. We have the benefit of it, and get some hay, corn, etc., from it, but it does not produce much because it is not well tilled.

Before long we shall go to the retreat, and after my return I shall write a long letter to Mr. Molhon. In the meanwhile pray for me, as I do every day for you and the whole family. Many kind things to our dear Papa, our aunt and our little brother. Tell them not to worry about me. I am surrounded by friends, not only among the Catholics, but also among the Protestants.

In my last letter I forgot to ask for at least two sets of

the Stations of the Cross—one as large and fine as possible, for the new and beautiful church at Lower Sandusky which we are going to begin building in the spring, and the other such as it may be; it is for another little chapel now nearly finished.

Adieu, etc.

An examination of the map of eight or nine counties within a circle centering at Tiffin will give us a fair idea of the territory under the charge of Fathers McNamee and Machebeuf. In all probability the bishop of the diocese could not, without actual count, tell within a score the number of priests working there today. To be sure, it was not populated then as now, but that it was being rapidly settled up is seen from the fact that our missionaries said mass every day in different settlements, and considerable numbers always attended the holy sacrifice. Not a day need have been missed if human endurance could have borne the strain, and then the people would be lacking in all but the essentials.

In this immense district Tiffin was but the rallying point, to which the missionaries returned from their labors only to get breath for another run through the missions. Then, there were the sick calls in every direction, and funerals to attend, and again the race back to meet their appointments. Chapels and churches must also be built, and in these days, as in our own, little was done in that way unless the priest was there to provide the means and direct the construction.

Distance, bad weather, the lack of roads, etc., were words not found in their dictionary of excuses. They probably had no such book, or kept it locked

away in some secret drawer, for their lives seem to have been ordered according to a far different book where every chapter was headed: "For the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls."

Father Machebeuf's letters show that the people were well attended and the trials of the missionaries in these fatiguing and ever recurring journeys were only ordinary events, just furnishing "good subjects of conversation in their recreations at home."

Here was the true missionary spirit, the spirit of the Great Apostle who tells his beloved Corinthians: "You are in our hearts to die together and to live together. Great is my confidence with you, great is my glorying for you. I am filled with comfort, I exceedingly abound with joy in our tribulations."

The work of Father Machebeuf is not all summed up in the foregoing letters, neither are the hardships all told. While on one of his missionary trips he had an attack of malarial fever. Later the dread cholera came, and rumors of his death reached his friends. At this news Father Lamy hastened upon the sad mission of giving Christian burial to his remains, but was greatly astonished, and wonderfully pleased, to find his friend in life and upon the road towards recovery, although still very weak. Of this episode Father Machebeuf could afterwards, and often did, make a pleasant subject of conversation in his recreations. It also gave Father Rappe the occasion of calling him the Deceiver of Death—(*Trompe-la-Mort*).

Some additional lines to the picture of his life

during this time are given in a brief account which he wrote years afterwards, and from which the following extracts are taken:

In the beginning of November, 1839, I visited for the first time the Irish laborers working on the National, or macadamized, road, then being built through the Black Swamp from Fremont—at that time Lower Sandusky—to Perrysburg on the Maumee river. I was at Lower Sandusky, where I received kind hospitality from Mrs. Dickinson and Mrs. Rawson, two very respectable French ladies married to Protestant gentlemen, when I learned that a good number of Canadian farmers had settled on Mud Creek, nine or ten miles down the river. I went there immediately and found over thirty families, mostly from Detroit and Monroe, Mich. During the few days I spent with them I had the consolation of seeing all of them approach the sacraments in the best dispositions. A good widow lady gave a beautiful site for a chapel on the banks of the river, and to make a beginning, I appointed some pious ladies to teach the catechism on Sundays and a few days during the week, and I promised to visit them every month. To facilitate the keeping of my promise I bought a Canadian pony, on credit, and borrowed a saddle. Thus equipped, I returned to Lower Sandusky, where I rested a day and then began the long and tedious journey through the Black Swamp to the Maumee river.

The National Road was graded and partly macadamized, but it was very rough, and I traveled only a few miles a day. The first day I had gone only five or six miles when I came upon a party of good Irishmen working upon the road. They recognized me as a priest, and asked me to go to a large log cabin at some distance to attend a sick man. It was in November, and while I was warming myself, my pony was put in a stable and another cabin was got ready for me. I found that there was no sick man, but that they had perpetrated this pious fraud to keep me for the next day, which was Sunday.

I made no objection to the arrangement, for it suited me very well, so on Sunday I set up my little altar and said mass and ventured to say a few words to them in English. After mass I had four or five children to baptize, and the generous men were so thankful for the privilege of hearing mass in that wild country and of having their children baptized that they gave me almost enough money to pay for my pony. Promising to visit them again on my return, I set out for Perrysburg, re-

joining that I had been stopped on Saturday for the sick (?) man.

At that time Perrysburg was but a poor little village on the east side of the Maumee river. I found there only one Catholic family, poor Canadians, in a little cabin. I said mass for them and then crossed the bridgeless river with great difficulty and went to Maumee City on the other side. There I found two or three Catholics, said mass for them and set out for Toledo.

Toledo was then (1839) a real *mudhole*, on the banks of the Maumee. It consisted of a few frame houses, some log cabins, an extent of swamp and an array of ponds of muddy water. A worse feature was that a large number of persons were sick with the Maumee fever. There were a few Catholic families and five or six single men. I said mass for eight or ten persons in the frame shanty of a poor Canadian. There were a few other families along the river and in the country, so I remained a few days at Toledo to give them a chance to hear mass and go to confession.

As none of the houses of the Catholics was large enough to accommodate our little congregation, we rented a "hall" over a drug store and fitted it up with an altar made of dry goods boxes covered with calico. In my later visits I found a few benches and two brass candlesticks. This was the first church of the good Father Rappe when, in 1841, he was sent from Chillicothe to take charge of Toledo as its first resident pastor.

At Chillicothe Father Rappe lived at the house of Major Anderson, a pious convert who could speak French. It was here that I first met Father Rappe, while he was learning English from the good major.

From Toledo I went back to Maumee, and kept visiting the little towns along the banks of the Maumee river, such as Providence, Napoleon, etc. The most of the Catholics in this section were Irishmen, working on the canal, chiefly near Napoleon. As they all lived in miserable tents, crowded and filthy, there was no corner for me among them. On one occasion when I had engaged what was called the parlor at the village tavern, I came in after a hard day's work just in the mood for a good rest. I had heard confessions and said mass in the mess tent of one of the camps, and had visited several other camps, above and below the town. This time I was especially tired, and anticipated with pleasure a quiet evening by a comfortable fire.

When I returned to the tavern I noticed that a great many teams and saddle horses were hitched to the fences, and that the tavern was crowded with men. I was obliged to go in by the back door, and was told by the landlord that court was being held in the house.

Napoleon was the county seat, the tavern was the largest house in the town, and my room was the largest convenient room in the tavern. This, then, had been appropriated by the judge, who sat in my chair, the jury was sitting on benches and boxes, the prisoner was in one corner of the room, and the witnesses and spectators were in all the remaining space.

I went to an old log cabin, which answered for a dining room, and there I took my supper and said my office. When it began to grow late, and as I was very tired, I resolved to go to bed in spite of the fact that the court was still in session. I pushed my way through the crowd and found my bed occupied by three men sitting crossways. I whispered to them that this was my bed, and I would be obliged to them if they would move, as I wished to retire. They rather hesitated, but as I insisted they got out. Fortunately, the bed had curtains, and these I closed carefully, and behind them I proceeded to undress and prepare for bed. The situation caused a little merriment, but I did not mind that and was soon fast asleep.

Some hours later I was awakened by the adjournment of the court and the loud voices and heavy boots of the men. The prisoner came to my bed and asked me how I got along. I told him, very well, and asked him what was the decision of the court. He informed me that he got clear. He then left, and for the rest of the night I had a quiet and undisturbed sleep. The next day I continued my journey, going as far as Independence, where I found a few Catholic families.

Well pleased with my first visit to the public works, I returned slowly to Tiffin, where I remained until the end of December.

About that time I heard that Bishop Purcell was expected at a small town south of Tiffin, and I went there to meet him. The good Bishop received me very kindly and kept me with him a few days to help him in his visitation. Before returning he told me that as I was able to get along fairly well in English, he would appoint me pastor of Sandusky. Here there was neither church nor house, and only a few Catholic families, whose acquaintance I had first made whilst attending a sick call there from Tiffin.

Mingled with the hard work of Father Machebeuf there were many amusing incidents like those just related, and there were many other incidents that brought a special consolation with them. Among these latter was an experience which came to him upon one of his visits to Sandusky. Accidentally he heard that a murderer was confined in the jail and would be executed in three days. Thinking that he might be a Catholic, Father Machebeuf visited him. He found the man to be of no particular religion, but not averse to religious help. Already the Episcopal and Methodist ministers had visited him and prayed with him, but Father Machebeuf undertook to do more. He explained the doctrine of penance, and showed the unfortunate man the necessity of some special manner of repentance and atonement. Then, going over all the principal doctrines of the Church, he explained the Catholic teaching and convinced him of its truth. He spent the greater part of the three days in jail with the poor man, preparing him for the sacraments, which he received with great devotion on the morning of his execution. The preceding day he insisted upon fasting, in order to do some penance to make up for the total neglect of it during his previous life. He accepted death in the spirit of penance, and Father Machebeuf was greatly edified by his conduct in his last moments. The Protestant ministers made no attempt to interfere with his work, but when Father Machebeuf appeared on the scene they retired and never visited the jail again to offer any further ministrations.

Again, one night while going through the swamps along the Maumee river, he lost his way. Pushing on with difficulty he came to a house, and what was his delight to find it the home of a widow whom he had converted and baptized only a short time before. Her delight was still greater, for her father was sick and she had been praying that the priest might come and baptize him before he died. She had instructed him as well as she could, and he desired to die a Catholic. Father Machebeuf finished the work which she had begun, baptizing him that night, and before morning God had called to Himself the newly regenerated soul.

Such are a few of the things which offset the hardships in the missionary life of Father Machebeuf and made it sweet in its severity. Nor were they incidents in his life alone. All the missionaries had similar experiences, and they but illustrate what was of frequent occurrence in the lives of all of them.

CHAPTER VI.

Goes to Lower Sandusky.—The Place.—The People.—A Patriarch.—To Cincinnati in a Buggy.—Mardi Gras.—Meets the Future Bishop Rappe.—Castles in Spain and Churches in Ohio.—Railroads.—High Bridge.—Good Will of the People. Prepares to Build.—Removes to Sandusky City.—Household Arrangements.—Mixed Religions.—Troubles at Norwalk. Cooks.—Reqs and Borrows.—The Lord Will Provide.—Piety.

The year 1841 opened for Father Machebeuf under circumstances somewhat changed. He had been appointed pastor of Lower Sandusky and the surrounding missions, and had a less extensive field than formerly, but he had a heavier responsibility, for he was now alone to attend to the wants of the people scattered throughout his vast mission, and at the same time he must superintend the building of churches which were becoming necessary in many of his missions.

Lower Sandusky was then but a village on the Sandusky river. It was established about twenty-five years previously, and had just absorbed Croghanville, its rival on the opposite bank of the river. In 1850, when Sandusky City, on Lake Erie, began to forge rapidly to the front and overshadow its partial namesake, the name of Lower Sandusky was changed to Fremont. At the time of Father Machebeuf's arrival it was as flourishing as any town in his mission, and was centrally located, which made it the most convenient location for him in his visitations of the scattered settlements.

The manner of his appointment, and a description of the place and its prospects are best given by Father Machebeuf himself in a letter written to his sister under date of March 10, 1841 :

My Very Dear Sister :

It is now more than a month since I received your two letters—one of the 4th of October, and the other of November 14th, but when I tell you of the change in my position, and the long journey I have just made, you will pardon my delay in answering them. I am pleased to know that my letters have interested you.

I think I told you that Father Lamy came to see me at Tiffin in September, and as Bishop Purell told me in one of his letters that he would be at Danville, Father Lamy's parish, on the 15th of November, I chose that moment to return Father Lamy's visit and have at the same time the consolation of finding him there whom I regard as a veritable father. I was lucky enough to find the Bishop there, and also a German priest with whom I am very well acquainted. All of them, including the family with whom Father Lamy stays, received me most kindly and gave me a hearty welcome.

During my stay I was delighted to see all the good that my confrere has done. He has converted a number of Protestants, and among them a distinguished family from London. They were once wealthy, but lost their fortune, and are now following the humble calling of the farmer. The Bishop pleased the Protestants so greatly, and so thoroughly disabused them on the subject of the Catholic religion, that several of them have been converted and others are about to follow their example. Nearly all of them call him *their* bishop. I was witness to a controversy which he had with a Protestant minister who was the terror of the whole country round. We had the pleasure of seeing this man humble himself before the Bishop and ask his pardon like a little child.

When I rendered to the Bishop an account of our missions, and told him that a Protestant had given us a beautiful site for a church at Lower Sandusky, he advised me to attend particularly to that place, and visit it oftener than usual so as to oversee the building of the church. I told him that this arrangement would oblige us to give up the Irish who were working on the canal from fifty to a hundred miles west of Tiffin. He then decided that he would send a priest to the other side of the

Maumee where the Irish are, that Father McNamee would stay at Tiffin and that I would have charge of Lower Sandusky and Sandusky City, the capital of Erie county. In consequence of these arrangements I have been pastor of Lower Sandusky since the 1st of January, 1841.

Lower Sandusky is eighteen miles north of Tiffin. It is built on the Sandusky river, but in a narrow valley, and the plan of the town extends considerably back upon the hills on each side of the river. All the public buildings and a large number of other houses are already built. A magnificent paved road runs through the town from east to west, and steamboats and other vessels afford easy facilities of communication with Sandusky City on the shores of Lake Erie. A railroad, also, upon which they are now actively engaged, will soon connect us with the lake.

As we have no church yet I have rented a large store building and given it, as much as possible, the appearance of a church. I have had an altar made, also a confessional and benches with backs to them, as it is customary here, and I have rented all of them in order to meet my expenses. What will astonish you is that several Protestant families have rented some of them. Every Sunday a certain number of Protestants, drawn by curiosity, come to mass, and they seem to listen with interest to the instructions. There are no more than ten Catholic families in the town, and five of them are of mixed marriages.

Eight miles from here, on the river, there are about twenty French Canadian families. Among them there is a man whose father was a negro, and he is not a bad image of one himself, but he has given sixty acres of land to the church. For the present, however, he retains the use of it. On it they have built a little chapel, which will be plastered as soon as fine weather comes.

Four miles south of the town there are a dozen families of Germans, who live with such innocence and simplicity as might mark the first Christians. It is in the midst of these that I am living. The family where I stay is quite patriarchal. The good old father, whose long and ample coat with its immense buttons must date from the time of Henry IV, sings mass for me every Sunday, and in this he is assisted by his three sons and three daughters. He himself serves my mass during the week every day where I say it in my room, and he says that he would feel happy to serve it as long as he lived. He began when he was ten years old by becoming a server, then he became sacristan.

afterwards chanter, etc. Every evening after supper he gives me a lesson in German, but I think it will be a long time before I shall be able to read or speak it with any fluency. Besides the families I have mentioned there are many others scattered through the country, and some of them I do not know yet. I have counted about sixty families that come to mass.

I shall not say much to you about our church, as there is nothing certain yet about its location or size. I am counting upon a gentleman who, although of no religion himself, will alone assist us more than half of the parish. He is very rich, and his wife is a Canadian and a good Catholic. He himself has no confidence in any but the Catholic religion. I stop at his place when I am in town, and I am writing this from his house. Locations for the church are offered to us in different places, and I am embarrassed only in the choice. I am in charge of Sandusky City in addition to this place, and probably I shall go there sooner or later to live. We are going to build a church there soon.

Now I will tell you about our long trip. I had occasion to go to Columbus, the capital of Ohio, which is in the center of the state. I thought that, being so far, I might as well make the other half of the journey and go to see Bishop Purcell at Cincinnati. I made known my plan to Father Lamy and offered him a place in my conveyance if he wished to accompany me. It was not necessary to urge him much—he was ready a week before the day appointed.

We set out one fine day in February, after having placed ourselves under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, and it is impossible for me to tell you one-half of the pleasure and consolation we both felt during that journey. It was such a relief to find ourselves separated from the Protestants and free to talk over our own little affairs. And how we did talk about France, about our relations, about the Seminary, and our conferes! We enjoyed also singing together the canticles of the Blessed Virgin, and other hymns that we used to sing so often on the ship, and occasionally we varied our amusement by a little popular song, and you will not forget that I know quite a number of them.

We arrived in Cincinnati on Saturday morning, Feb. 20, after four days of traveling from the home of Father Lamy. To tell you that Bishop Purcell received us with affection and a welcome truly paternal is useless. He entered into the most minute details to learn if we needed any assistance, if we had been sick, etc.

Besides having the consolation of seeing the Bishop, we were agreeably surprised to find Father Gacon at the Bishop's house. His place is only forty miles from Cincinnati, and he had come to act as temporary pastor in the absence of Father Purcell, the brother of the Bishop. He is in fine health, and speaks English better than one would expect at his age.

As we intended to make our trip as complete as possible, we remained but two days at Cincinnati, and on Tuesday morning we set out with the expectation of spending the evening of Mardi Gras with Father Cheymol. We would also take part with him in the ceremonies of Ash-Wednesday and share in the Lenten supplies which Father Gacon gave us for him. Unfortunately we lost our way and had to pass the night at a little town fifteen miles from his church. The roads were frightful, and the next day when we found that we were only twelve miles from the main road to Columbus, we were tempted to sell Father Cheymol's provisions to the hotelkeeper and come back direct. But the desire of seeing our old friend made us brave all difficulties, and we pushed on to Fayetteville, where we arrived with no other accident than being covered with mud.

We found our countryman in excellent health, and scarcely able to realize that the three of us were united again in America and in his own parish. The next day we resumed our journey and he accompanied us a long distance on the way. The following Sunday we had the further pleasure of making the acquaintance of a French priest who arrived from Boulogne only three months ago. Finally, after making 550 miles, I arrived here last Saturday in good health, but with an empty purse.

The case with the vestments has not yet come, but it is safe and we will receive it as soon as navigation opens. Please thank the ladies of the Visitation for their goodness in sending me a vestment, also Sister Emmanuel Andraud, and tell all the others that I realize my obligation to them. Tell them also that I count greatly on their prayers, for, in the distracting life which I must lead here, I am not sure that mine are so very pleasing to God.

My respects to all the clergy of St. Amable and the Marthuret. Be also the interpreter of all my gratitude and affection to our dear parents. Tell them especially not to be uneasy about me, for I have not yet been in need.

Adieu, etc.

Father Machebeuf's descriptions furnish good material for real history. In them we recognize special conditions and individual events proper to the times, and which passed away with the pioneer settler, the woodsman and the missionary. Some things remained longer, such as sectarian opposition, and the preacher who thumped the Bible and the Catholic Church at the same time, and a few of the things are with us yet, as the mixed-marriage evil, etc.

It is unfortunate that Father Machebeuf did not think it necessary to give the names of more of those whom he met and labored with. They would be of little interest to those to whom he wrote, but to us they would be of special help in making up the history of those heroic times. The priest whom they met on their return trip from Cincinnati was Father Rappe, the future Bishop of Cleveland. It was altogether a distinguished company, for they were all destined to wear miters. Such meetings, however, were not uncommon in those days, for on the Ohio missions about that time we find such men as Machebeuf, Lamy, Rappe, Alemany, Henni, De Goesbriand, Neumann, Juncker and Miles.

Another letter written at this time gives additional details of his missionary work, and a fuller description of the early settlements on the borders of the Western Reserve. Even at that time there were indications of the great progress that was soon to follow, but the rapid and enormous strides of this giant civilization can better be estimated by seeing the past as it was in reality and comparing it with the

present. In the midst of progress we lose consciousness of its movement, and failing to realize the importance of successive and gradual changes in which we have had no part, we almost come to think that things were always as we find them at a given time.

The early church was in keeping with the early civilization, and both have made equal progress since Father Machebeuf wrote the following letter:

Lower Sandusky, March 26, 1841.

Very Dear Papa:

Although all the letters that I write to my sister are surely communicated to you, I think that you would perhaps be pleased to receive news from me in a manner more direct and official. I am going, then, to give you today greater details of my present position and work than I did in my last letter to you in February. I suppose that before this reaches you, you will have heard of the pleasure I enjoyed on my trip to Cincinnati, visiting Father Gacon and his inseparable companion, Father Cheymol, and all of that in the company of my dear confrere, Father Lamy, whom I call my neighbor, although he is at least a hundred miles from here.

But let me here express to you again my grateful thanks for the 500 francs you sent me at Paris. It was the last of that sum which enabled me to pay one-half the cost of the little equipage which has served me in such good stead.

You are aware that I am no longer in charge of Tiffin, but of Lower Sandusky, where I am living at present, and of Sandusky City, where I am going to take up my residence pretty soon.

What has determined me to leave Lower Sandusky is that the town is built in a hollow on both sides of the river, and the atmosphere is not healthy in summer. From August until October a good part of the inhabitants are down sick with the fever. As I think I paid my contribution in that line last year at Tiffin, I do not care to be laid under obligations again this year. Sandusky City, on the contrary, is extremely healthy the whole year, as it is built on the shore of Lake Erie, which is like a little ocean. Its position is rather elevated and its soil is gravelly, so that the air is never tainted with unhealthy

exhalations, and the wind, which has a clear sweep, keeps the atmosphere pure and wholesome.

Besides this, the city is destined to become a commercial point of great importance. Everything seems to contribute to the fact. From the north vessels and steamboats of all sizes arrive from almost every part of the United States, and if I wished to pay you a visit, I would only have to board one of these steamboats which would take me to New York by means of the lake, and streams and rivers which are very numerous here and nearly all navigable. From New York, no sailing vessel, but a steamer would take me to Liverpool in fourteen days. From Liverpool to Paris by railroad and the Straits of Dover, two days would be enough. Then from Paris to Riom is but a hop-step-and-a-jump for an American. That is the way Father Lamy and I have fixed up our plan, but we cannot carry it out until we have each of us built two churches. He must build at Mount Vernon and Newark, and I at my two Sanduskys. If, then, you can find some good generous Catholic who will send us 80,000 francs for each church we will both start within a year.

But perhaps I am annoying you by speaking of a project which must seem to you impracticable. Nevertheless, I assure you that it is a project definitely fixed, only we shall have to wait a few years before carrying it out. You will pardon this digression—"out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Means of travel appear so easy, and the voyage so agreeable, that I wished to have a foretaste, if only in imagination, of the happiness of finding myself once more in your arms.

To the South of Sandusky City there is a railroad finished to within eight miles of Tiffin, and it will be completed to Cincinnati in less than two years. This will give travelers the advantage of crossing the entire state of Ohio in a day and a night. It took me six days to make the trip in my buggy.

To the southeast there is another railroad that has fifteen miles in operation, and in a few years will reach Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Besides these two railroads another one will run along the lake shore, and will, I judge, be over 300 miles long. It will go through Sandusky City and connect directly with one which comes from New York. Then another one will cross the state from north to south. With such means of communication, you can judge if hopes for growth are well founded or not.

But, just at this time, everybody is complaining that the times are bad, that money is scarce and business languishing.

Before speaking to you of my Catholics, I want to give you an idea of a bridge they are building for the railroad at Lower Sandusky. As the town lies between two hills they are obliged to make this bridge high enough so that the railroad can pass on a level from one hill to the other. They say that it will be fifty feet high and perhaps a thousand feet long. It will pass higher than the houses, only a little to the north of the town. It will be entirely of wood, but extremely solid. There are already upon the ground about 500 timbers, some of which are from 40 to 50 feet long and a foot square. Perhaps this will astonish you, but you must not forget that here timber is superabundant and covers about three-fourths of the continent, although people are doing their utmost to clear it off the land. What a sight it will be to see a train of eight, ten or twelve enormous cars passing fifty feet above your head! They talk a good deal about the railroad from Brassac to Clermont, but I doubt very much that there is a bridge on it over the Cendre that is equal to this one.

My congregation at Sandusky City is composed of fifty or sixty families, the greater part of whom are Irish and the rest are German. The most of them are poor, with no resources other than their day's wages. Some few are in honest mediocrity, but, thank God, there are no rich, for if the rich of other parts of the world have so many difficulties to overcome in order to save their souls, I do not know how the rich people in this country could win their case before the Supreme Judge.

The Catholics are delighted at having a priest to attend them regularly, especially as they have had up to the present time only very short visits from a priest three or four times a year. There are many evils to reform, and I am glad to say that I have already noticed quite a change, and particularly among the drinkers. The women, however, are about the same all over the world. If you want to publish anything you have only to tell it to one of them in a secret. But everybody shows good will and has great respect for the priest. One thing that will astonish you is that the very Protestants have more respect for us than one-half, I should rather say three-fourths, of the Catholics in France have for their pastors.

Last week I was busy getting up a subscription to build a church, and although most of them have subscribed more liberally than I expected, it amounts to only \$1,400 or \$1,500, to be paid in the course of a year. A location for the church has been

offered to us for nothing in three different places, but I have not yet made any selection. You will probably be pleased to know that this church will not be of wood, but of stone, a thing rare in America. I have given commission for the renting of a house, and a young man, a German, with whom I am well acquainted, and who speaks English well, has promised to come and keep house for me.

Please present my respects to the pastors of St. Amable and the Marthuret, also to the Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers. Tell them that they can help to advance the work of God a great deal by their prayers.

Affectionately, etc.

In nearly all the settlements attended by Father Machebeuf there were Germans, and some of the missions were entirely German. More than any other nationality the Germans clustered together in exclusive settlements, and old and young spoke the mother tongue. The old must do so, and the young learned it and used it in their family communications. For these communities German priests were necessary, and one of the great difficulties of Bishop Purcell in those days was to procure German priests. In some places this want was supplied by the Redemptorist Fathers, the first of whom to come to this country were Germans. They did not come as a regularly organized community, but as individual members, and for a time, until the organization of their order in America, they took charge of missions in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, besides some few churches in the larger cities of the East.

Adjoining the mission of Father Machebeuf was that of Peru and Norwalk, which had been served by the Rev. F. X. Tschenhens, the Redemptorist, who had been called to Pittsburg. Another German priest came from Detroit, but he only succeeded in creating

factions and dividing the parish, and Bishop Purcell was obliged to send him away. Father Tschenhens returned a few weeks afterwards, but he did not remain long and was followed for a short time by the Rev. John N. Neumann. Father Neumann afterwards became Bishop of Philadelphia, and the holiness of his life was so great that petitions and processes for his future canonization have been prepared.

During the vacancies in the mission of Peru, including Norwalk, Monroeville and the intervening country, Father Machebeuf was charged with the additional work of attending to that district. In one of these intervals he wrote the following letter to his sister:

Very Dear Sister:

Norwalk, May 26, 1841.

The box of vestments which I have been so long expecting has arrived at last. One of our Catholics was in Cincinnati two weeks ago and Bishop Purcell entrusted the box to him. The following Sunday he brought it to me upon coming to mass here at Norwalk, where I am temporarily pastor.

Before telling you the reason for my being here, I want to thank you for the vestments and all the other things, with which I am extremely pleased. You must also express my gratitude to all those who contributed to the box. May God reward their good deed! It will be a pleasant duty for me to remember them in the holy sacrifice of the mass. If I had not the happiness to offer the holy mass I could even then say with truth what a good religious once said in all humility to her bishop, who had recommended himself to her prayers: "My Lord, I can well assure you of the quantity of the prayers, but I cannot answer for their quality!" The kind of life we lead here is so distracting that, very often, I have a great deal of trouble to keep my wandering mind upon subjects that should occupy me. At the altar, then, I shall offer the Holy Victim, Whose merits are infinite and independent of the dispositions of His ministers. As for other prayers, it is I who recommend myself to my good friends, hoping that they will also give me

this token of their interest in my work, and knowing that Our Lord will be more disposed to hear their prayers than any I could offer for myself. When you see Papa and our good aunt thank them for this new proof of their love. You must also thank the Mother Superior and all the contributors to the offering. I have already begun to make the people of this congregation happy by distributing medals among them, but for fear that I would not have any left I have sent everything over to my own parish.

My project of locating in Sandusky City was realized on the 1st of May, and I am now keeping house. I rented a house from a rich Polander who is a Catholic. He lives in New York at present. If I simply were to tell you that it is a frame house you would likely have but a poor idea of it. I can assure you that very few of the country pastors in Auvergne are as well housed as I am. Upon the ground floor I have a parlor, dining-room, kitchen, offices and study. The second story has two nice bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, and above these are the rooms for the domestics, and the attic. The house is painted white on the outside, and there is a large garden at the back of it, and a wooden stable which I bought for \$12, and which I shall take with me when I am going away. All around the garden there is a row of young acacias which are beginning to give shade. The rent is \$80 a year. This is far beyond my means, but it was the only house that was for rent, and even then we had to employ a little ruse to get it. It is at one side of the town, a thing that suits me very well, and my nearest neighbors are nearly all Catholics.

Within the last two months five Catholic families have come to town, and I know many others who intend to come and live here. My congregation, including those who live within ten miles of the town, numbers about sixty families, but I am sure there will be a hundred pretty soon. My church, as at Lower Sandusky, is nothing but a big hall converted into a chapel, and we were lucky to find a hall that would answer.

Last year I said mass three times at Toledo on Sundays. In the same building, and at the same moment, the Methodists were holding their meeting, and, according to their praiseworthy (?) custom, the minister made so much noise by his shouting and howling that we were seriously annoyed. I had one little bit of consolation in the midst of the annoyance, and that was the thought that I had them under my feet. We were on the second floor and they on the first. At Lower Sandusky, just across the street from our chapel, the Presbyterians hold

their meetings in a large hall loaned to them for the purpose. I can hear them singing, and it often happens that some of them come over to our chapel. A few of them rent our seats, and I notice with pleasure that prejudices are daily growing less, and that those who come to hear the explanations of the dogmas of the Catholic religion end by being convinced that the priests are not *monsters*, and that the Catholics are not *idolaters*, nor as ignorant and superstitious as they before imagined. At Sandusky City we are also about to begin building a church, which will probably be all of stone.

Now I will tell you why I am at Norwalk. You remember about the German priest, a Redemptorist, whose going to Baltimore left his mission without any spiritual attendance except the few visits made by Father McNamee and myself. Now, in America, as in Europe, Catholics are not angels. Trouble broke out, divisions arose and lawsuits were threatened. Bishop Purcell learned of the conditions and wrote to me to go and take possession of the church until he could come and investigate the affair. I came immediately, and am pleased to see that the turbulent spirits are beginning to quiet down, and I foresee that there will be no permanent evil results. It is now that a knowledge of German would be useful to me. Among the 110 families here, 100 are German, although half of them know English and speak it well. As soon as the Bishop comes I expect to return to Sandusky City.

I do not know how my housekeeper is getting along with his housekeeping. I think he must be hungry, for our stock of provisions was low before I left. He is about as good as an old man we had at Tiffin, who wanted to know if he should put the platter in the stove when he cooked the meat. But necessity, the mother of invention, has taught me a little of the science of the kitchen, and I am able to give the cook a few lessons. Then a good appetite is the best sauce, and, thank God, I have never lacked that. Although always "whitey," as they called me at the Seminary, I have been strong and hearty since last fall, and I hope to hold out bravely this summer.

If I had time to write to the pastor of Cendre, I would tell him for his amusement that the Catholics have already found out my weakness for salad, and they send it to me every day. I have a peculiar way of dressing it. To measure the oil they use a cornstalk, and it is a little singular that they always choose one with a knot about the middle of it. You may think I am getting silly, but olive oil is scarce here and costs money.

When you see our good father and dear aunt tell them how

often I think of them. They need not worry about me—I have never been in need of anything except money. I have often been in debt for books, for the wages of the workmen, for the rent of the chapel, etc., but in one way or another Providence has always come to my assistance.

Adieu! Pray with all fervor for the success of my mission, for I am convinced that you will further the work of God more by your prayers than we can by our journeyings and our instructions.

Thus early in his career we begin to notice some of the special characteristics of the whole missionary life of Father Machebeuf. Already he has begun to beg from his friends and relatives in France for furnishings for his new churches, and religious articles for his scattered flocks. The arrival of the case of goods spoken of in his last letter was only the first of a series which lasted as long as he lived, and in all the churches that he founded, from the humblest chapel to his very cathedral, may yet be found vestments, or sacred vessels, or stations, or pictures, etc., supplied to him in this way. Even the purses of his friends were called upon, and they were seldom closed against him.

Another thing to which he refers is his debts. For one born and educated in the heart of France, Father Machebeuf was singularly unlike what we would expect one to be who had been trained in a country where customs are fixed and change of any kind is unusual. The spirit of progress was in him, and pushed him a little ahead of the times in which he lived. Even as an American he would have been considered progressive. His plans in those early days, and ever afterwards, were more for the future than for the present. If such things were not neces-

sary at the time they would be in a few years, and as for the expense, why, God would provide. His confidence in God was unbounded, and "God will provide!" was an axiom with him. "*Auspice Maria*" was on his escutcheon, but "*Deus providet*" might claim equal right of place.

His plans, however, were not unreasonable, nor were his investments rash, and if they proved failures at times, it was more owing to circumstances than to any fault of his. Business depression, the failure of entire communities to realize their expectations, losses in values which came to him as they come to thousands of business men, hard times and high taxes, together with his almost unlimited generosity to the poorer churches under his charge, kept him always a poor man as far as money goes and accounts for the debts that always worried him. Had he been less generous and less solicitous for the welfare and accommodation of future generations, he might have died a millionaire instead of a penniless man as he always lived.

Again, in his letters he is continually asking for prayers from others and making light of his own as if they were few and worthless. This was the result of his faith and humility. Father Machebeuf himself was ever a man of prayer, even in his busiest moments. To the end of his life he made it a practice to attend all public services in his church, no matter who officiated, unless prevented by some special necessity, and at the clerical retreats he was among the most attentive. He was at the retreat for the clergy in Cincinnati in the summer of 1841, yet earlier in

that year, one week after this last letter in which he was discounting his own pious efforts, he retired to the solitude of the little church of St. Alphonsus at Peru, and spent several days in prayer and meditation.

The "Affections, resolutions and rule of life" which he drew up on that occasion are preserved yet in his own handwriting. He begins by saying that the rule was "drawn up at St. Alphonsus' in a short retreat made to unite myself with the intentions of the pious exercises of my dear confreres at the Seminary of Mont-ferrand during this octave of Pentecost," and he ends it with the following act of confidence in the Blessed Virgin, which no one could make who had not the spirit of prayer:

If I draw a rule of life, after having been so unfaithful in the observance of those which I have already made, it is under your auspices, O Mary, my hope, that I undertake this one. It is you, who, by your prayers to your Divine Son, withdrew me from the midst of a corrupt world, and led me in spite of myself into that asylum of piety where God showered upon me His graces and His favors. It was in pronouncing your holy name that I took the awful step which bound me to the service of the altar. It was during the month of May, which is consecrated to you, that I parted from my dear parents and relations to come here and labor to gain souls to your Divine Son. It was during the octave of your Assumption that my foot first pressed the soil of this land—the object of my desires, and during the octave of your Nativity I first saw the new city where I was to find another father. It was the day of the feast of your holy Rosary that I left it to go where Providence destined, and it was during your month again that I began this retreat.

The rule of life which he drew up insists particularly upon mortification, fidelity to his "little exercises of piety," and the beads *at least once a day!*

CHAPTER VII.

Visit of Bishop Purcell.—Churches Begun.—Manual Labor by Father Machebeuf and Bishop Purcell.—Domestic Concerns. Salary.—Money Scarce.—Laborers Paid in Produce.—Father Rappe.—Times Grow Harder.—Bank Failures.—Low Market Prices.—Church Grows in Poverty.—Patrons of His Churches. Goes to Canada to Collect.—Shipwreck.—Opening of the Churches.—Blessed are the Poor.

Bishop Purcell with Father Henni came to Sandusky City upon his visitation in June, 1841, and was pleased to find that, owing to the prudence of Father Machebeuf, the troubles at Norwalk had quieted down and the mission was in temporary charge of Father Tschenhens. At Sandusky City things were prospering, and upon the occasion of his visit there were 110 communions and a confirmation class of twenty persons.

While there Bishop Purcell formally instituted a Total Abstinence society which Father Machebeuf had ready for organization. This society was then, and for many years afterwards, a source of great pride for Father Machebeuf. On this same occasion also Bishop Purcell presided at a meeting of the congregation (June 29), at which arrangements were made for starting the new church for which upwards of \$1,600 had been promised.

Going to Lower Sandusky, they were hospitably received at the house of Mr. Rudolph Dickinson, where Father Machebeuf generally made his home when visiting that place. A lot for a church had been donated by Charles Brush, Esq., of Columbus,

and Mr. Dickinson made the liberal offer of all the brick necessary, besides other assistance to the new church. Father Machebeuf accompanied the Bishop and his party as far as Toledo, when he returned to Sandusky City to take up the work of building.

The summer was spent in the work of preparation, gathering money and material, until he was ready to lay the corner-stone, on October 13, 1841. This he did himself with the authorization of Bishop Purcell, and to make the occasion as solemn as possible he invited the Rev. Peter McLaughlin of Cleveland to assist him and preach the sermon.

The building of his churches added to the labors and trials of Father Machebeuf, but he never lost hope or courage, nor any of his cheerfulness and good humor, as we can see from the letters which he wrote to his friends during this season of his hardest labor when times were the most discouraging in Ohio.

Monroeville, Feb. 28, 1842.

Very Dear Papa:

I hasten to answer the letter which I have just received from my sister through the intermediary of Father Lamy.

I really cannot understand the uneasiness which you have all felt on account of my supposed sickness. It is true that I have not written to you since last summer, but I am positive that you have had news of me several times through the letters of my confreres. It was an agreement among us that each time one wrote he was to give news of all. Father Cheymol promised that he would write in a few days, and Father Lamy said he would not delay long after him. Relying on these two I put it off a little longer than usual, and that for good reasons which I will now explain to you.

You remember that when I told you of my appointment as pastor of Sandusky City and Lower Sandusky, I said that I had no church in either of these places. The first step, then, in organizing my congregations was to get subscriptions for San-

dusky City, where I fixed my residence. For that it was necessary to scour the forests and cross the Lake to the Peninsula and little islands near by to find the Catholics. Then I had to look out for a location for the church. Two rich property owners of Sandusky City, neither of whom is Catholic, were anxious to donate ground for that purpose. Mr. Follette offered us a magnificent lot in the eastern part of the town, and Mr. Mills would give us three lots in the western part of the town and \$100 in cash. I waited for Bishop Purcell to come before deciding the question, and Mr. Mills grew so apprehensive that we would accept the proposition of Mr. Follette, that he offered the Bishop five lots, with \$530 and all the stone and timber necessary for the building. You may imagine that Bishop Purcell did not hesitate long in his choice.

Immediately after the Bishop's departure our people began the work. Some of them set to hauling stone, others to cutting and preparing the timber, and during that time I went away for the retreat. I was absent five or six weeks, and upon my return I invited an Irish priest, who is my neighbor and lives also on the shore of the Lake, to come and preach for the laying of the corner-stone. A few days later about fifteen or twenty Catholics, the pastor among the number, set to the real work, and from the 13th of October until the winter came on every minute that was not consecrated to the ministry was given to the workmen. I have been at times architect, superintendent, mason, and even less than that, as the need may have been.

The day of the blessing of the corner-stone I made use of a very efficacious means to make my people work. The teamsters had unloaded an enormous pile of stone inside the plan of the foundations. It was right in our way, so, without saying a word, I took off my coat and hat and began carrying the stone outside of the foundations. The spectators all took the hint immediately and it was not long before all the stone was removed. In doing this I was only imitating our Bishop, who, at the head of his seminarians, used the shovel for half a day digging the foundations of his cathedral, while Fathers Gacon, Cheymol and others filled the wheelbarrows. You see that we are obliged to turn ourselves to everything.

My sister tells me that my aunt has advised you to send me some help. I strongly approve of that advice, and you can rest assured that it will not go to pay the doctor, but rather the shoemaker. It may seem extraordinary, but I have worn out three pairs of boots since last spring. This is a good proof that

I have not been confined to the house very much, and "the sad cause" of my not writing which my sister believes she saw in Father Lamy's letter, could not have been more serious than an occasional cold brought on by some sudden change of weather. To reassure you completely, I can say that we are the spoiled children of Providence, and if we have to undergo some little privations and make a few sacrifices now and then, the good God repays us a hundred-fold. As for Bishop Purcell, he is continually giving us proofs of his truly paternal tenderness. Every time that he writes to us he makes particular inquiries to find out if we need anything, and he often deprives himself to help us.

This letter was not sent away until March 2nd, when he added some items of information for his sister which are equally as interesting as what he had already written. Some of them give us an insight into his domestic life which we would never get were it not for a woman's curiosity. He writes to her as follows:

Finding myself now at Lower Sandusky I must not let this go to Papa without adding a little supplement as an answer to your last letters, all of which have reached their destination. You have asked me so many questions about my position, my manner of living, my friends, etc., that I really do not know where to begin to answer you. If I were not speaking to a father or a sister I would not enter into such details in writing of America, but I want to satisfy all of you in order that you may be well assured of my situation, and that henceforth your affection for me may not carry you so far that you might perhaps lose confidence in Providence.

The principal personage of my household is the most troublesome one. He is always flying around on some business or other and cannot keep quiet. His business is of such importance that my purse is continually a sufferer by it. This person is none other than your humble servant. Besides him, who is a permanent fixture, I have a family composed of a man and his wife and one little boy who is beginning to serve my mass. They do my housekeeping. As for the other servant, the old cook, whose knowledge was limited to cooking potatoes in their jackets, and for which I paid him seven dollars and a half a

month, I had to let him go. I give to this family only their rooms, with light and firewood. They board themselves and do my washing, etc. I have some difficulty to pay my house rent, and I had to sell my dear little wagon, which was so useful to me, but I have the horse yet, although he is a little lame just now.

We have no fixed salary. We take up subscriptions ourselves, but money is so scarce that the people are not able to give much. As for provisions, there is not a pastor in Auvergne as well supplied in that way as I am, and it happens at times, that not having any money, I pay my workmen with hams, etc. As soon as my church is built I shall begin my presbytery just beside it. I have already received donations of the stone and the framework, but where shall I find the money to buy the rest and pay the cost of the labor? Fully \$300 will be needed, notwithstanding the work which the Catholics will do gratis. Yes, indeed, if Papa's business permits him to follow the "good advice" which our aunt gave him his help will come very opportunely, but I leave that all in the hands of Providence.

Since I left Tiffin our original mission has been divided into four parts, but there is work for ten priests. Father McNamee, my old co-laborer, remains at Tiffin. The German priest of Norwalk has come back to his former place. Father Amadeus Rappe, a French priest and a particular friend of mine, has charge of Maumee, Toledo and the canal, and your servant is pastor of the two Sanduskys. Father Rappe came about a year ago from France, where he was for a long time chaplain of the Ursulines at Boulogne-sur-Mer. He is the most pious, the most learned, and at the same time the most amiable man whom I have met in America. When I am with him I can not help thinking of the good Mr. Chades. He is of the same age, the same height, and has all his good qualities. We make alternate visits and meet quite often. The railroad from Toledo to Sandusky will soon be in operation, and during the summer three or four steamboats go and come every week. He is, then, for me a sincere friend with whom I find consolation for both soul and body.

For several years financial distress was increasing in the United States. The business of the country was increasing as the country developed and was outgrowing the volume of currency. Added to this was the expense of the second Seminole war just

closed, which cost forty million dollars—a large sum for the government in those days—and almost every enterprise was short of funds. The demand for money became general, and the West felt the need sorely. One after another the banks failed: contractors could not pay their men because they could not get money themselves, and universal distress prevailed.

Father Machebeuf felt the full force of the hard times, for all of his resources were in the surplus savings of his people, and when there was no longer a surplus there was nothing for him. His credit was good, and he went on with his church buildings so far as to render them fit for service by borrowing money wherever he could find any, and in this way he went on with the necessary things, depending upon Providence and the future to help him out at the end. Upon this condition of affairs in general, and his own condition in particular, he wrote to his brother Marius on June 30, 1842:

My Dear Brother:

It was three years on May 15th since I saw you, and it will be three years the 9th of next month since I left La Belle France to come and evangelize, not savages, but Europeans who are coming in crowds to clear off the forests of America. This is my first letter to you, and I suppose you can join my sister and my father in accusing me of ingratitude. I shall offer no other apology than a denial, for I have thought often, very often, of you and of all the other dear ones whom nothing in the world could have made me leave if the voice of God had not called me, against my very inclinations, to my life of sacrifice and renunciation. But all my letters have been for all of you, and, as I could not write to each one separately, I addressed them to our dear Papa or sister, who could certainly interpret what my heart wanted to say to each one.

I wrote to my sister a short time ago, but another letter has since come from her, asking the same questions which I have already answered, and I shall say but a few words on them now. Besides the two Sanduskys I visit Port Clinton, a colony of French Canadians who live along the borders of the lakes and rivers and swamps, and support themselves by hunting and fishing somewhat like the Indians. I have to visit Catholics scattered over an extent of country twice as large as the whole Department of the Puy-de-Dome. I have only one church yet—the chapel in the French settlement—but I have three others under way. When shall I finish them? That I know not. When I gather money by dint of scouring through forests and woods to pay my present debts, then I contract more, for, to be a true American, one must have debts, and in that regard I am the genuine article.

My health is as good as I could wish, although I am the same old "Whitey," but appearances are deceptive sometimes. I have an Irish family keeping house for me. A little boy 12 years old takes care of my horse, runs errands, serves my mass, etc. My provisions cost me almost nothing, for I receive numerous donations of that sort, and even if my purse is mostly a reminder that some people have money else purses would not be made. I am happy, and more so than you imagine, or is suspected by my old companions at home, who would hasten to our assistance if they could only get rid of the false ideas that they have of the United States.

Now that you have gone into business you will probably want to know how business is here. I can answer in all truth that it could not be in a worse condition. Since the declaration of independence no one ever saw here such stagnation in business affairs. Not only is this true of Ohio, but in all the States of the Union. There is not the tenth part of the money in circulation now that people had in former years. Last spring most of the banks failed, to the great loss of a host of merchants, mechanics and others, and the few that did not fail will not lend any money, and in consequence every enterprise is at a standstill. The company that was building the famous railroad bridge I spoke of has thrown up everything, and now they are talking of tearing the bridge down and selling it piecemeal to pay the debts. Business is run principally upon paper money, a specimen of which I send you from one of the broken banks. Many of the Irish laborers who worked on the railroads, canals, etc., have lost half of their wages. By this my church has also lost, for my subscribers could pay me very little so long as they did

not get their own pay. We hope that times will get better after the harvest.

It appears that you have some thought of coming to America to engage in business. I advise you not to think of it just now. Fortune is more fickle here than anywhere else. Europeans are coming in great numbers, but it is to buy and improve land. These tillers of the soil are getting along very well and make a better living here than in Europe, but as you do not intend to take up the spade or the plow I advise you to stay in France.

The harvest of which Father Machebeuf speaks came and passed, but it did not bring the betterment in the times which he had hoped for. Yet he had the happy faculty of looking on the bright side of things. There was no situation entirely bad, and no condition without a great deal of good, and he was always able to find that good. The silver lining to every cloud particularly drew his attention and encouraged him. Temporal affairs might be languishing and material things might have to wait, but religion was flourishing and God's work was going on, and that was always a reason for Father Machebeuf to be cheerful and hopeful. He pushed his work forward in this spirit, and relied upon the Providence of God to help him carry it to a successful conclusion. That Providence sometimes waited a long time before manifesting itself, and forced Father Machebeuf to extraordinary exertions, but he never flinched nor drew back, but sought out new sources of relief when the old ones were becoming exhausted. This year of 1842 was, perhaps, the hardest of all upon him, and he gives us a further picture of it, and of the work he was doing in spite of the hard times, in a letter written to his father from St. Alphonsus', Peru, October 4, 1842:

Very Dear Papa :

Finding myself again pastor of the Germans for a few days. I profit by a leisure hour to give you some news of myself. You will excuse my paper—it was the best that I could find. I have written several letters without receiving any answer, but I shall not return the reproaches I received for my supposed neglect. I will simply say that whether you receive news from me directly or only indirectly, be perfectly easy in your mind, and resigned to that good Providence which treats me here as a spoiled child. In order to reassure you upon a point which your affection for me makes of special interest to you, I will begin by telling you that my health is all that could be desired. The air of Sandusky agrees with me perfectly.

Now, what news of America? If I had come here to make my fortune I would say that things could not be in a more sad condition. Business is almost dead and work is suspended upon all large enterprises. Grain is at such a low figure that it will hardly pay the cost of cultivation. Wheat, which should bring a dollar a bushel, and has brought that price, has gone down to 50 cents, and even to 35 and 40 cents in the interior of the state. It has been sold in Indiana for 25 cents. All other provisions are cheap in proportion. The best meat costs 4 cents a pound, chickens 12½ cents a pair, and an 18-pound turkey may be had for 25 cents. As for fruit, it is not sold except in the towns. In the country you can go into an orchard and eat and carry away as many apples as you want. Butter is 5 cents a pound, N. O. sugar 3 cents, and so on down the list.

You see, then, that no one need starve here. There is hardly any money in circulation, and as the majority of the population is composed of farmers, they are greatly embarrassed to pay their debts and procure clothing, which is much dearer here than in Europe.

But if I were to answer the question as a priest engaged in procuring the glory of God, the salvation of souls and the advancement of religion, I would not hesitate to answer that everything is most flourishing. Just as the holy religion to which we have the happiness to belong was established by Our Saviour only in the midst of poverty, humiliations and sufferings, and nevertheless spread through the whole universe in spite of the bloody persecutions, in the same way this divine religion ought to be established in this new world in poverty, in contradictions, and in the most atrocious calumnies on the part of Protestants. But it is a consolation for me to announce that while I am writing, there are more than fifteen churches being built to the glory

of God in the State of Ohio, and I am not speaking of a large number of chapels which the Germans, the Irish and the French are putting up in the country and in the woods, and that, too, when the times are the hardest. All of the French priests who came to America when I did are busy with a church or a chapel. Father Lamy has two churches almost finished—one of brick and the other of wood. Father Rappe, whom I mentioned to you before, has two churches almost ready to be blessed, one of which he bought from the Protestants two years ago. Father De Goesbriand, a Breton educated at St. Sulpice, has added 25 feet to a church which he found already built. As for me, I have two in the principal county towns and a chapel for my French people in the bargain. The one at Sandusky City is entirely of stone, with windows, front and corners trimmed with cut stone. It is 40x70 and is under roof. The church at Lower Sandusky is up to the roof, but it is of frame and is extremely simple. I shall send you a plan of them when they are finished. I know you will like the one at Sandusky City. It is in the pure gothic style. The first story of the belfry is 40 feet high, and the steeple will come later and rise 30 feet higher, so that the gilded cross will be seen shining far out upon the lake. I have a good portion of the stone ready for my presbytery, but when will I build it? I have not a single dollar to pay the rent of my house where I have lived since May, and I think that I shall be obliged to get a cheaper one.

I think that you will approve of the choice that I have made of the patron saints of my churches. My intention was to put the church at Sandusky City under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, but as there was one already dedicated to her on Lake Erie, the Bishop wanted me to give it to the Holy Angels. I did so choosing St. Michael, your own particular patron, as the principal patron, hoping that he would now protect the father in a more special manner while guarding the interests of the parish confided to the son. In the Seminary chapel at Cincinnati there was a fine picture of St. Michael, six feet high, that drew my attention. I asked the Bishop for it and he gave it to me. Since then I got two beautiful pictures four feet high, representing the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and this was the plan I used to pay for them. I had them placed on each side of the altar in the large hall that we were using for a church. The following Sunday my people were greatly surprised at seeing these fine paintings and wondered how and where I got them. They dazzled the good Irish especially, some of whom had never seen brass crucifixes, medals or paintings. After mass I said to them:

“These pictures are ours if we can collect the price of them, otherwise they must be sent back to Buffalo.” At the words “sent back” I heard a faint murmur that promised well. I told them that the young ladies of the parish had bought the artificial flowers, the vases, laces, etc., and now it was the turn of the gentlemen to make their little presents to the church, and that I was ready to take the names of those who would contribute towards paying for the pictures. The most of them came up eagerly to subscribe, and those who did not come I went to see, so that in less than three days our pictures were paid for, and even some Protestant ladies helped us in paying for them.

After this digression, already too long, I should tell you that the church at Lower Sandusky will be dedicated to St. Anne, that I may pray with greater confidence for my dear Aunt Anne.

Now, I think I hear Sister Marie Philomene ask if I have forgotten her patron. How could I forget her patron when it was I who gave her that patron? Her chapel is built by the Sandusky river on an elevated spot surrounded by trees where the scenery is most picturesque. It was consecrated to St. Philomena by the Bishop last year, and now my sister has permission to scold me for forgetting to tell her this piece of agreeable news. If my brother had a name which was more common in America I would have given it to my French chapel twenty-five miles farther away, but I found there were so many by the name of Louis that we dedicated it to St. Louis, King of France.

Apropos of the retreat, I must tell you of the joy and consolation which we all felt at being together again with our holy Bishop, and especially of the good we derived from our retreat. I felt my old impressions at Mont-ferrand revive, but I am afraid that the wild life we lead here, and, above all, the levity and inconstancy of my character, will cause me soon to lose the fruit of it. It was preached to us by the Rev. Father Timon, Superior of the Lazarists in the United States. There were thirty of us. What a difference from the Diocese of Clermont. Forty priests in a diocese as large as one-third of France, and 600 priests in the Diocese of Clermont! Forty priests in my parish would have plenty to do.

Church fairs, festivals and bazaars had not come into fashion in 1842, and even if they had been in vogue at that time they would no doubt have failed of success in the midst of the circumstances which

Father Machebeuf describes. Such things are for times at least moderately prosperous and for places thickly populated. His poverty-stricken villages could not have done much, and his rural population could have brought him only the produce of their farms. This would not have built his churches nor paid his debts, which were growing more and more pressing. But Father Machebeuf did not sit down and grieve, nor give way to discouragement. Ever resourceful, he thought of the prosperity of the English and the thrift of the French. If he could combine these two elements in his favor all would yet be well. He had confidence in Providence, but he knew that Providence helps those who help themselves. Thinking over these things during the summer of 1842, when the means of his own people were exhausted, his church-building at a standstill and his creditors pressing for money, he formed the resolution of appealing personally to the sympathy of his fellow-countrymen in Canada. Bishop Purcell approved of his plan, and gave him leave of absence with excellent letters of recommendation to the Bishops and priests of Canada. Father Machebeuf made his preparations with all haste, but it was really winter time before he was ready to start.

To appreciate the heroism of such an undertaking we must remember that it was 1842, when a great part of the country through which he must travel was a wilderness, with no railroads, few good wagon roads, and towns and settlements far less plentiful than today. It was also at the approach of a Cana-

dian winter, which alone is competent to test the endurance of man. It is true that travel was yet open by water, but navigation was liable to be closed at any time, and if he reached his destination before its closing, it was certain that his travels in the interior of Canada, and his return home, would be in the depths of winter and would have to be made by some other means. Then, his poor people of the Sanduskys must be left unattended during his absence, for there was no priest to fill his place and attend to their wants.

But all this did not deter Father Machebeuf. He was working for the glory of God, and he believed that the glory of God and the good of his mission called for this effort, and the difficulties and dangers of the undertaking were, in his estimation, outweighed by the prospective good results.

His success may not have reached his expectations, but it amply rewarded him for his labors and enabled him to go on with his churches, as we shall see from his subsequent letters, the first of which was written to his father from Montreal:

Montreal, January 12, 1843.

Very Dear Papa:

You are going to be astonished at receiving a letter from Montreal when my residence is at Sandusky City, a long distance from here. You will ask why I have undertaken such a journey in winter through a country where the cold is intense. I am willing to answer your questions, but first let me fulfill the sweet and pleasant duty of wishing you all spiritual and temporal happiness at the beginning of the New Year. Yes, dear Papa, if the good God will only hear my prayers He will grant you perseverance in the holy dispositions which animate you now, with good health to prolong your days till I am able to go and express verbally to you my gratitude for all your kindness.

I shall now satisfy your legitimate curiosity. Among the reasons which have induced me to take this journey there is one that I need not specify to you further than to say that the good Mr. Billaudele, under whom I made my studies in the Seminary, is here as Superior of the Ecclesiastical Seminary. I always corresponded with him, and his acts of goodness toward your "Little Rogue" were so many bonds which drew me notwithstanding the distance.

But you must not think that this pleasure, as lawful as it may be, was sufficient to make me undertake such an expensive journey. The real reason that has brought me to Canada is the necessity of finding the means to pay the crying debts which I created in building my two new churches. For this reason I have left my Catholics to Providence and their poverty, and am absent since the beginning of November. Bishop Purcell gave me a letter of recommendation, which guarantees me an excellent reception everywhere. The Bishop of Montreal is himself collecting for a hospital, so I went sixty leagues farther to Quebec, where I was perfectly well received. I found there six hundred families poor and without work, and I could expect nothing from them, but the Bishop of Quebec recommended me to the wealthy families, to the priests of the city and to the Ursuline Nuns. Besides donations of money, I received a present of a magnificent cloak of blue cloth which is most useful to me, as the cold has gone this winter to 25 degrees at Montreal and 30 at Quebec.

I have been traveling by "clerical post," that is, from parish to parish, and begging for the good God. You may well think that were it not for this object I would not have undertaken such a trip for all the gold of Peru.

In a parish near Montreal I sang the high mass and preached on New Year's Day, and about thirty families contributed to my assistance. This is a sample of my work, and in this way I have collected enough money to pay about one-half of my debts. I do not know where I shall get the rest, but I intend to return to the United States and continue my collections. I leave here on Tuesday next, and I have 350 leagues to make in spite of the weather. Happily, I am in good health. I write this in a hurry, but later I shall give you all the details.

Mr. Billaudele is in good health also, and I cannot tell you how glad I was to see him. He desires me to remember him most kindly to you, and you can see that he has not forgotten the old epithet of "Little Rogue." You need not worry about me. I am hardened now to all kinds of fatigues, bad weather, etc.

The details promised in this letter were not given later, for Father Machebeuf found so much to do upon his return to his parish that no time was left to him for a description of the minor incidents of his trip, although his family requested a more detailed account. We know from other letters that he got enough of the gold of Canada, if not of Peru, to pay most of his debts and resume the building of his churches.

From other sources we learn that he was shipwrecked on this trip and narrowly escaped being lost on Lake Ontario. The vessel was driven by a storm upon the rocks, but all the crew and passengers succeeded in reaching land with great difficulty and no lives were lost. They applied for shelter at a farm house, where all were kindly received until the owner discovered that there was a "popish priest" among his guests. The spirit of Orangeism is not the spirit of charity, and this past master in the craft ordered Father Machebeuf from his house. This inhuman treatment roused the indignation of the other passengers, and it would have gone hard with this brute in human form if he had not relented and graciously allowed Father Machebeuf to *sleep on the floor!*

A letter to his sister after his return tells of the work waiting for him, and of its prosecution in the spiritual sense, and also in the temporal sense until he had become again thoroughly Americanized by the contracting of fresh debts:

Feast of St. Anne, July 26, 1843.

Very Dear Sister:

It is not without reason that I choose the beautiful feast of

your patron to write to you. It is now six weeks since I received your letter, and I need your indulgence for not having prepared the "journal of my travels" which you ask for. You cannot refuse forgiveness when I say that I take up my pen after having offered the Holy Sacrifice for our good aunt, without forgetting Sister Marie Philomene or Papa, or the Gentleman of Clermont, our brother.

I was away from my poor Irish people four months and a half. You can form an idea of the work I found on coming back just at the beginning of Lent. Catechism every day for the children of the first communion class; three instructions a week at night for the grown people, among whom were many Protestants; then two sermons every Sunday, and all in bad English, but that mattered little—I was understood, and that was sufficient for me. The second week after Easter I set out to visit all my missions, which are growing in a wonderful manner, and since then I have done no other business and go in order to give at least a little satisfaction to my poor people. That which consoles us is that our little business is done. The good is done by the grace of God even if we do scarcely more than to pass through each congregation.

I shall not give the details of my journey with its adventures. I do not feel sufficient to know that I am in good health, although the same "Whitney," and that during the trip of 800 leagues, and four months and a half of time, I had no other indisposition than a cold for a few days in Canada. On the contrary, I felt better, and that proves that my vocation is to be a missionary. Blessed be God for it!

My new church at Lower Sandusky was opened in April. It is not yet consecrated, as it is not plastered. I hope to have it entirely completed before winter. Next Sunday I shall open that of Sandusky City, which would do honor to many a parish in Auvergne. It is not plastered either, but that does not make so much difference, as it is all in stone. I do not know when it will be finished, as our present means are exhausted, but I have an immense treasure in Divine Providence. I began it with two dollars, and in less than two years I have expended on it nearly \$4,000 in money, work and material, and besides this the walls of my house are finished and the frame of the roof is ready to go up. It is true that I am again at the bottom of the sack and have a number of little debts, but I am not discouraged at that. Blessed are the poor! Every time that I see Father Lamy we say, as the people of Aubieres: "Latsin pas!"—Never give up!

Father Lamy is well and hearty. Father Cheymol wrote me last week that he and his pastor are likewise in good health.

I was about to forget Bishop Purcell. He has gone to Europe to collect for his new cathedral, but we do not know to what country.

In regard to publishing my letters, I believe I told you long ago that if there was anything in them that would serve for the glory of God and the edification of the faithful, I could not object, but then I would not care to have you publish more than extracts from them.

The publication of extracts from the letters of Father Machebeuf did not take place. Events occurring immediately after the reception of this letter prevented it, and not until years afterwards was there an occasional note published in the *Semaine Religieuse* of Clermont. Yet these letters would have made edifying reading, and, no doubt, would have aroused the missionary spirit in many a zealous young levite and materially increased the number of priests in the early Ohio missions. Even at this distant day they should do good, for the same necessity for priests exists, although their work has changed in form. Preaching, teaching and the care of souls is a want as crying today as ever, and the increase of population has counterbalanced the narrowing of parish limits. Almost everywhere new churches are to be built, and in the West especially there are few priests past middle age who have not done, or may not yet be doing, similar work to that which Father Machebeuf did in Ohio sixty odd years ago.

CHAPTER VIII.

Life's Sacred Moments.—News of His Father's Illness. Plans to Return to France.—Disappointment.—A Sad Winter. Arrival Home.

There are passages in the life of every one which are too sacred for public gaze, and the making of them known can be justified only by extraordinary reasons. We have come now upon one of these occasions in the life of Father Machebeuf, and we would pass it over with a mere statement of fact were it not that it gives us a glimpse into his very interior life and reveals a depth of feeling which none but his most intimate friends would suspect. It shows, too, how he could subordinate his own feelings to other considerations when necessary, and suppress his own pain in order to comfort others. It was during the last illness and death of his beloved father when, in the torture of suspense, and later when the blow had fallen, he could rise above his own grief to console his aunt, his brother and his sister, while at the same time he would have given worlds to exchange places with them, were it only for a day.

The series of letters covering this sad event will constitute this short chapter by themselves. News of his father's serious illness and hopeless condition came to him from his sister, and it came with no gradual breaking—his father was sick, and sick unto death was the message, and he accepted it as an announcement bearing the final summons. His letter to his sister on this occasion was as follows:

Sandusky City, October 23, 1843.

Very Dear Sister:

Until now your letters have always been for me a source of great pleasure, but when your last came only eight days after the one of August 24, a secret dread seized me, and the reading of your letter proved it to be well founded. What pain was not mine when I learned of the sad condition to which that best of fathers is reduced—the one to whom after God I owe everything that I have in this world? In spite of the detachment and resignation which should characterize a missionary of Jesus Christ, I could not hold back the tears which would force themselves when I thought of the danger that threatened this father, so good, so affectionate and so dear. Only motives of faith and religion could avail to bring me strength or comfort, for they tell us that if he is taken from us in time he will be given back to us in eternity. I shall make all haste to return, but if I am too late for the consolation of seeing him on earth, I hope to meet him in heaven where we shall never separate.

In the absence of Bishop Purcell, who will not return until some time next month, I have written to the Vicar General, telling him of the reasons which oblige me to return to France, and asking his permission to be absent until the beginning of Lent. I expect his answer next week, and as soon as it comes I shall write to you telling you of his decision and when I shall start. When that letter reaches you I wish you would write to me at Havre, so that I shall have news of our dear Papa immediately upon my arrival there, and a couple of days later at Paris.

I am writing after having offered up the holy sacrifice for him, and I shall redouble my zeal and earnestness in prayer for his spiritual and temporal solace and improvement. I have written to my confreres asking them to pray for him, and I shall not pass a single day without praying most particularly for him.

I trust that it is not necessary for me to counsel you resignation and submission to the will of God, but I ask you not to neglect in your own grief to console our dear aunt and our brother, who are witnesses to his sufferings without being able to relieve them. A few lines from you to the dear one himself, whom also you cannot see, would be a consolation.

Good-bye for the present; I hope to be with you ere long to render my last duties to our dear father, if that be God's will. Pray without ceasing for him. Please give him the enclosed note from me if it be not too late.

Very Dear and Beloved Papa:

It is with a trembling hand that I write these few words dictated by affection and gratitude. Shall I have the consolation of knowing that they have reached you? It is one thing which I hope for from that sweet and loving Providence which has ever specially favored me. Oh, how I hope that the good God will prolong, at least a few weeks, a life which is so dear to us! Yes, I wish to bless you once more and receive your benediction before God calls you to Himself. This letter will precede me only a few days, for I have the confidence that our sweet Saviour will grant me the consolation of bringing to you the last helps of religion, but if it be the holy will of God that you should go to Him before I reach your bedside—if I must be deprived of the sad happiness of holding you once more in my arms—let us bow before His adorable designs and fear to offend Him by murmurs unworthy of Christians. Be assured that when death comes it will find you laden with the grateful and loving benedictions of your entire family, who will never cease to pray for you. Yes, we hope to obtain for you a holy and happy death, followed by the eternal recompense of a good life. It is especially in the Sacrifice of the Mass that the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, sacrificed for you, will intercede for you before the Sovereign Judge. Confidence, then, in the mercy of God which is infinite; confidence in His divine Mother who prays for you, protects you, and will conduct you to the Port of Salvation. This is the most ardent wish of your most devoted and most affectionate son.

Adieu, dear Papa: we shall meet in this world, I hope, but if not, then in heaven.

This was Father Machebeuf's last direct farewell to his father. The permission to go was granted to him only upon conditions impossible of fulfillment at the time, and before any favorable turn came in the peculiarly painful circumstances in which Father Machebeuf found himself his father had passed away from earth, let us hope, to the bosom of God.

The inability of hastening to the side of his dying father was a sore trial for Father Machebeuf, yet he made the sacrifice as he had made so many others,

and, although his own heart was breaking, he tried to console the loved ones at home in their impending loss and his unavoidable absence. He explained the circumstances that prevented his going and laid no blame upon any one, although a few months later he was granted by Bishop Purcell without conditions the permission which was refused by the Vicar General. When the answer to his request for leave of absence came from Cincinnati he wrote the following letter to his sister:

Sandusky City, Nov. 10, 1843.

Very Dear Sister:

In my last letter, answering yours telling me the sad news of our dear father's illness, I promised to start at once for France, but man proposes and God disposes. Writing under the weight of sorrow over the condition of him to whom I owe everything in this world, I did not foresee the insurmountable obstacles in the way of my leaving. The Vicar General could not allow my mission to remain without attendance, and I could find no one to care for it in my absence. Laborers and mechanics are at work on my church and presbytery, and the contracts must be fulfilled, and none of my confreres is able to assume the obligations in my place. Winter is upon us and the voyage in December would be full of danger, but I care not for that if all else were well. I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that my greatest difficulty would be to find the \$200 necessary to pay my way, while I have not five dollars in my possession. If I had even that much there would be twenty persons to ask for it.

Oh, how helpless I feel myself! and it almost looks as if I were excusing myself for a lack of affection, but I am *forced* to make this last sacrifice of ever again seeing our good father. Might it not also be that such a sacrifice would find favor with God, and He would prolong his life until such time as a voyage is possible? For the present we must submit to the Divine Will which imposes this privation upon us. Pray, yes pray with all the fervor possible that the good God may grant him all the graces necessary at that awful and supreme moment. I shall ask this every day at the altar, through the merits of our divine Mother.

Do not fail to write me as soon as you receive this, and give me news of our dear Papa often. Charge our good aunt, whose devotion and attachment are so well known to me, to renew to him the assurance of my gratitude and most filial affection. Tell him that I pray for him without ceasing and I think of him every moment of the day. As for my aunt and Marius, I know their hearts too well to doubt of their attention and anxious care of our dear patient. Console them with every motive of faith, and assure them of my sympathy in our common sorrow.

The weeks of winter dragged wearily and painfully for Father Machebeuf. Until his sister could receive this letter they would be expecting him home and would not write. Twice, then, must letters cross the Atlantic before he could expect any news, and in those days that meant months for a mid-winter journey from Sandusky to Riom and return. He made up his mind to the inevitable. To him his father was the same as dead, and he waited but for the confirmation of his death in the next letter. But, oh! how long and cheerless winter was!

Spring came at last, and with it came two letters—one from his sister and another from his brother, and both brought the same sad news, which ended the agony of suspense by the sharper agony of certainty that the life of his loved “Papa” on earth had ended. The cry of his heart went out when he wrote again in answer to these letters.

To his sister he says:

Forgive me even the short delay in answering your letter which brought me the sad news of the loss of our dearly beloved Papa. I was stricken as with lightning by the announcement of the misfortune, and I, whose duty as a priest and the eldest of the family should have been to console you and inspire you with sentiments of resignation—I could not con-

trol the emotions stirred up within me by this heartrending news. How my heart wished to be with you during these last few months, yet I dared not tell you so lest I should aggravate your already too heavy suffering! In the struggle I could not speak, but now in calmer moments I can write and tell you that if you have suffered much from the nearer view of the gradual but sure approach of the messenger of death, I have not suffered less in my absence and anxiety.

At last circumstances have changed, and, although late, I have the permission of the Bishop. The dangers of navigation have passed, and my last but not least difficulty you have removed by sending me the money to pay my passage. I must thank you for that, for I have been extremely poor these hard times when we must suffer equally with our poor people. I am in my new house, but I have a considerable debt on it and on my church. I shall leave here in May, and, with the help of God, I shall be with you in July.

Tell our good aunt how much I regret the pain my absence caused her, but I did not forget to pray for her, and for our dear father and the whole family. Often did I offer the Holy Sacrifice for this intention, and I am sure that you did not forget to pray with the same mind.

To his brother he adds:

My sister's letter of Feb. 12, was received the same week as yours written a month later, and I send you a note under cover of my answer to her, to thank you for the \$223, which reached me in all safety. Without it I could not now undertake the voyage. My sister will tell you of my plans now almost definitely settled for my trip.

I put off telling you many things until we have the happiness of meeting, when we may offer to each other a little mutual consolation in the loss that has come to us. I heard that you went to see our good father often to bear him company and cheer him up, and that you embraced him for me and assured him of my affection.

Excuse this short letter, but before going I must visit my missions once more, and put the accounts of my church and house in order, but I shall start as soon as is morally possible.

Adieu! Pray for your devoted and affectionate brother.

During this winter of suspense and anxious waiting Father Machebeuf did not neglect his work. That

went on, and his zeal was rewarded by at least five converts. He had the practice of giving away books on religious topics, and he had the practice also of praying for those who were in darkness and the shadow of death, and of asking others to pray for them. He had four societies connected with his church, and the last of them, established this winter, was the Confraternity of the Rosary for the conversion of sinners. One of his strong societies was his total abstinence society, of which he himself became a member as a matter of encouragement to others, and he speaks with evident pleasure of the 150 members who went to communion in a body.

During his absence he had no one to replace him constantly and keep up his work, but he secured the promise of some of the neighboring priests to visit his people once a month and show them that they were not entirely abandoned.

At the end of May he went to Chillicothe to meet Bishop Purcell, who wished to entrust him with some important commissions. At Chillicothe he expected to meet Fathers Gacon and Cheymol, to whom he had written, but in this he was disappointed, for he says, "they are living like hermits, unwilling to come out of their cells." His bosom friend, Father Lamy, came all the way to Sandusky to visit him and console him, and even promised to pay an occasional visit to the mission in his absence.

The final arrangements were to confer with two Alsatian priests who were also going home for the first time in fifteen years, and they wished to make

the voyage all together. They appointed a rendezvous in the city of New York for the third Sunday in June, and they would take the first boat for France after that date. They left New York on the 26th of June, and a very favorable voyage of seventeen days brought them to Havre on July 13, 1844.

Father Machebeuf had some special business for the Diocese of Cincinnati which caused him a delay of some days at Boulogne, but as soon as this was accomplished he hastened to Riom, where for the present we leave him in the midst of his sorrowing relatives, to whom his return was like the light of another day after a night of gloom.

CHAPTER IX.

Going to Rome.—Types of Travelers.—Visits Rome's Wonders.—Audience with Pope Gregory XVI.—At Loretto, Venice, Milan, Turin.—The Ursulines of Beaulieu.—Appeals to the Royal Family for Aid.—Prepares to Return.—Corpus Christi on Board Ship.—New York to Cincinnati.—Installs the Ursulines at Fayetteville.—Home Again.—Renewed Activity.

The saying that all roads lead to Rome is as true now as it was in ancient times, and just as many people travel upon them. Father Machebeuf remained with his family long enough to console them and to arrange for the legal settlement of the family estate, and then he thought of satisfying a desire which is common to all priests, that of going to Rome to visit the Father of the Faithful, and of looking upon the great monuments of every age of Christianity from the days of the Apostles down to the present. This was also a part of his plan when he left America, and Bishop Purcell gave him some commissions, besides letters of introduction and recommendation to several influential persons in Rome and other Italian cities.

It was October before he could undertake this journey, and then he made it by slow stages. At Lyons he had some special business to transact, and purchases of church ornaments to make. The trip from Lyons to Marseilles was made by boat, with a stop at Avignon, once the residence of the Popes.

Accustomed as he was to American modes of travel, Father Machebeuf could not help commenting

unfavorably upon the lack of comfort on the French boats. He found no private cabins or special state-rooms, but passengers, baggage and freight were mixed up pell-mell, and even vehicles were stowed away wherever place could be found for them with no thought of order or convenience. Several such were on this boat, for many, especially foreigners, then traveled with their own conveyances, and took advantage of the boats on the rivers to advance the more rapidly with less fatigue over the longer stages of their journey.

Among the passengers there were many English, and they were glad of the company of Father Machebeuf, as he spoke English, and they were continually applying to him for information and the history of places and objects of which, he says, he was as ignorant as they were. One elderly Englishman seemed particularly taken with him, but he would persist in attempting to converse in French, with equal torture to the language and to Father Machebeuf, for the purpose, as he said, of getting a practical French lesson. The conversation turned upon France, England, America, politics and religion, and upon all these subjects this Protestant Englishman agreed with Father Machebeuf in everything until they spoke of English rule in Ireland. Here the Englishman flared up and declared himself unalterably opposed to the Repeal Bill. If the bill were to pass, said he, the Catholics would immediately take away the property of the Protestants. Father Machebeuf asked him why should the Catholics take away their property?

what property it was, and where did the Protestants get the property which they were afraid of losing? At this the Englishman muttered some incoherent reply and went to hide himself in his chaise, where he remained until Father Machebeuf left the boat at Avignon.

Another English family, but a more polite one, stopped off at Avignon like himself, and they were glad of his company, as they did not speak French and made no pretensions to do so, nor did they desire to take any lessons from him.

After visiting the ruins of the Palace of the Popes and other monuments they invited him to dine with them. It was Saturday, but the law of abstinence on Saturday was still in force in France, and the English family could not understand why Father Machebeuf refused to eat the chicken while he did not scruple to order and eat eggs without any qualm of conscience. Father Machebeuf asked them if they would be willing to forego the chicken and make their dinner on eggs. To this they gave a decided negative. "Then," said Father Machebeuf, "you acknowledge that there is a difference, and in this you will perceive the privation. If I desire to practice this little mortification in sympathy with my suffering Saviour, do you find anything blamable in it?" They acknowledged that they had never before looked upon it in quite that light, but had regarded it as a mere church regulation without any reference to Christ. Before separating they gave Father Machebeuf their address in London and urged him to visit them, and he gave them his address in Sandusky, as

they said that they intended to visit America the following year. As a matter of fact he never met them again.

Rome was the Mecca on the Continent of all these travelers, and of nearly all tourists doing Europe. They visited other cities and places of interest on the way, but it was in a perfunctory manner only. These places were looked over because they came in their way—Rome must be visited or their trip would be lacking its main point of interest. In their slow movements none of Father Machebeuf's fellow-travelers on the boat overtook him in his more rapid schedule.

He arrived in Rome in the early part of November, and with his letters of introduction he found no difficulty in making the acquaintance of many who helped him in his desire to see Rome. There was a former French army officer who was preparing for sacred orders, and with him Father Machebeuf spent a week. The Abbé Brosseur, who in his younger days before he became a priest was a collaborator with de Lamennais and Lacordaire on the *Avenir*, took an interest in him, and he met some French priests whom he had known in Canada. These were all familiar with Rome, and thus he was able to see much of the Holy City during his three weeks' sojourn in that ancient and venerated capital of the Christian world.

Many times he visited St. Peter's, and each time it seemed to grow more and more upon him. He mounted to the dome, and even to the ball at the foot of the cross which, he says, would hold ten per-

sons. He descended into the crypts and said mass upon the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. He did the same in the room where St. Ignatius lived, and upon the altars of St. Stanislaus and St. Francis Xavier. Also in St. Mary Major, St. John Lateran and at other shrines of world-wide celebrity. He saw and venerated the sacred table upon which Our Lord established the Blessed Eucharist, and the altar upon which St. Peter offered the Holy Sacrifice. He went down into the Mamertine prison where Peter was immured; he saw the column to which the Saint was chained; he drank from the spring which burst forth for the baptism of Peter's jailor; he gathered up as a precious relic a little of the dust from the ground upon which St. Peter lay, and also from the spot where his cross was raised. There were but few of the famous sanctuaries which he missed where time permitted a visit.

He saw the Coliseum where 10,000 pagan spectators often gathered to witness the torture of the Christian martyrs, the Pantheon which the pagans dedicated to all the gods and the Christians to all the Saints, and the arches of Titus, Septimus Severus and of Constantine, and many other monuments of sacred and profane interest.

The great event of his visit was his audience with His Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI, on November 17. The Holy Father was greatly interested in his account of the missions, and gave him the apostolic benediction for himself and his flock, and Father Machebeuf still further remembered his flock by ask-

ing the Pontiff to bless for them the supply of rosaries, crosses and medals with which he had provided himself for the purpose and occasion.

The interview made a lasting impression upon him, and the words of the Holy Father—"Courage, American!"—were never forgotten by Father Machebeuf, who often recalled them afterwards, and always with a strengthening effect.

From Rome his itinerary was to Loretto and Ancona, thence by steamer on the Adriatic to Venice, and home through Milan, Turin, Chambéry, Grenoble and Lyons. In most of these places he had business which gave him an opportunity of seeing some of the sights, which he could not have done otherwise, for he had very little money to spend for the mere curiosity of travel. He tells us that he traveled on the boats in France because it was cheap, and how he saved money in Rome, where his room cost him 15 cents a day, his breakfast 4 cents, dinner 25 cents and he supped "by heart."

His visit to Rome was one of faith, for upon every side he saw things which spoke of the struggles and triumphs of the Church, of the conflict between the faith of Christ and paganism, heresy, infidelity and error during 1800 years, and something was there to mark the grave of every cause, and of every individual choosing it, against Christ and His Church. Father Machebeuf took note of these things, and his own faith grew warm and stirred within him as he had never before felt its action.

At Loretto his visit was one of wonderful edifi-

cation. His account shows that he was literally overwhelmed at finding himself in the house where "The Word Was Made Flesh" and lived for thirty years; where the Archangel Gabriel came to announce to Mary that she was to become the mother of the Redeemer! These were the same walls, the same roof, the same windows, and the same little hearth where the Blessed Virgin must have prepared the daily food of Him Who nourishes the world! And the miracle of its preservation! He saw the walls resting upon no foundation, with even vacant spaces between them and the pavement beneath them, while the white sculptured marble which covered the exterior walls stood away from the walls as from something too sacred to be touched! How happy he was there where Jesus was obedient to His parents, where He grew in wisdom and grace as He grew in age, where He spoke at His leisure with Mary and Joseph of the kingdom of His Father, and where Mary laid up in her heart the words of Divine Wisdom. What consolation and fervor did he experience in kissing the venerable bricks which recalled such precious souvenirs!

All this he tells in letters of which the above is the substance, but he says that his words can give but a shadow of what he felt at this holy house of Nazareth. Twice he said mass upon an altar resplendent with gold and precious stones, and he had another supply of beads and medals blessed there and he gathered a little of the dust from the walls as a relic from the sacred place. To keep his memory of all these

things fresh in order to make these wonders known to pious souls, he bought there a little book giving an authentic account of the translation of the sacred edifice from Nazareth to Loretto. The iconoclastic critics had not begun to waste their time and talents in futile attempts to discredit the miracle of the translation of the Holy House, and Father Machebeuf was too devoted a client of the Blessed Virgin to have listened to any vain argument against the venerable tradition.

At Venice he delayed but a short time, yet long enough to see its grand Cathedral, the Doge's Palace, and to sail upon its romantic canals. His route from Turin was over the Pass of Mont Cenis to Lyons, where he spent all the money he had left in buying more vestments and furnishings for his mission churches.

In his letters, which but interpreted his feelings, Father Machebeuf had many times bewailed the fact that the condition of the missions, the work of the missionaries and the consoling fruit of their labors, were so little known in Europe. If these things were known as they were in reality, this knowledge would arouse the zeal of many and direct their steps in the path of the few who had gone to labor in the missions where there was so much to be done, and where the work was growing out of all proportion with the number of the priests. Wherever he went he did not now fail to speak of his missions, and his words had their effect. At Rome he received the offer of a young man, whom he speaks of as "an Irish student of the

highest talent and piety," and whom he left there preparing for the doctorate in theology. At Venice he found a French priest anxious to go to America, and in France he inspired several others with his missionary spirit. Some of these accompanied him on his return to America, and some, unable to come then, waited a more opportune time and followed later.

This was among the commissions given him by Bishop Purcell, and another was to try to secure a teaching order of Sisters for an academy in Ohio. For this latter purpose he addressed himself to the Ursulines of Beaulieu in Corr eze, not far from his own home in Auvergne. Through some misunderstanding at Beaulieu he was arrested by the *gens d'armes* for a supposed intended violation of some of the complicated regulations of the government in regard to religious foundations, but through the good offices of a brother of one of the nuns he was released. What those regulations were is hard to find out now, but when the nuns started to America some of them were obliged to steal away from their convent in lay attire disguised as servants, carrying their uniform tied up in their bundles to Paris, where they again resumed their religious garb.

The project of founding a religious house of their community so far away was a momentous undertaking, and the good nuns could not decide upon it without advice, consideration and prayer. Father Machebeuf tells us how they prayed and deliberated. In a letter to his sister he says:

I have good news of the work in hand. It is now definitely decided. The whole community has been praying for a long time to know the will of God in regard to a foundation in America. The result of their prayers has been that the two or three who were indifferent are now as anxious as the rest, and four or five of the most capable sisters are sighing for the opportunity of following the attraction which God has given them for the foreign missions. I have had reason to admire the fervor, the zeal, and above all, the union and charity which reign in this community. It is a veritable family where the Superior is their mother by many titles. The sisters were all educated at Beaulieu under her and here they made their profession. I much regret that her health will not permit her to follow her dear daughters, as she calls them.

There is here also an old religious who came as a novice at the founding of the house before the great Revolution. She has been professed 62 years, and she is willing to go, but, of course, such a thing would be impossible. I never saw such courage in a woman of 79 years. She did not know our plans, but she suspected there was something going on, and she never ceased to pray that the will of God might be done. She is a person of extraordinary virtue, and spends most of her time before the Blessed Sacrament, and for more than twenty-five years she has been a daily communicant. It brought tears to my eyes to hear her speak of the pleasure of living and laboring for God. For many reasons I thank God a thousand times for having directed me to Beaulieu.

Besides being animated by great fervor, these religious are very talented, and there are four or five of them who are so in a marked degree. I do not know if they will all go at the same time with me, or if some may not remain to settle their temporal affairs. Tomorrow I go with their ecclesiastical superior to make some final arrangements with the Bishop of Tulle. I saw him before, and he told me he would be most happy to favor Bishop Purcell, whom he knows, by sending him as many subjects as he could spare.

It was arranged that the Convent of Beaulieu would send out eight sisters with him, while four more would come from another house of their order at Boulogne. He also secured a colony of the Sisters of Notre Dame, who set sail from Antwerp accom-

panied by a priest and a seminarian whom he sent to guide and assist them in their long voyage. For his own party he kept with him Father Peudeprat, whom he hoped to have with himself in his missions, and two seminarians from St. Flour for the Diocese of Cincinnati.

The question of money to pay the expenses of his party was now a serious matter with Father Machebeuf, and it caused him no little worry. He was a good beggar, but it was a severe test of his talent as such to provide sufficient funds for his needs in the present circumstances. In the partial settlement of his family affairs he had received some means which he used for present purposes, and he appealed to his friends and other well disposed persons for more. "I do not know," he says, "what success I shall have with the Royal Family, but I have written to all of them, beginning with the King, then his sister, Madame Adelaide, the Duke D'Aumale, who is so rich, and the Princess of Joinville, who is an American. The Queen has not sent me the little assistance she promised. Perhaps it will all come at the same time, and perhaps—*nothing!* But I lose nothing by asking."

If the King gave him anything Father Machebeuf did not consider it worthy of mention, for two weeks later he says: "Yesterday the Curé of the Royal Parish promised to remind the King and Queen of my request, but I do not expect much from them. Madame Adelaide gave me—Guess how much. About 2000 francs, you say? Just cut off one zero!

The 2000 francs would have been little enough with all her wealth."

It was the first of May before he gathered together all his party at Havre ready to embark. They were fifteen in number, and of these, eleven were the Ursuline Nuns for the new foundation in Ohio. In consideration of the large number the Captain of the ship made a reduction of 200 francs from the regular price for each passenger, and carried them for 450 francs, besides carrying free all the baggage, of which they had sixty-five trunks and boxes.

Of the return voyage Father Machebeuf gave but a short account, but the Sisters wrote a fuller report, and from this we select the more interesting portions and condense them into a continued narrative. They were written to their Superior and Sisters at Beaulieu:

On Sunday, May 4, we went aboard the ship Zurich, which was to bear us away from our beloved country into the unknown New World. They told us that we were lucky in the choice of our vessel, for the Zurich is one of the largest and best equipped sailing vessels on the sea. Our rooms are small but comfortable, and we have the exclusive use of the ladies' cabin, which is large and separated from the general cabin.

At one end of the cabin we have put up a little altar, and we have two masses every day when the sea is not too rough. We had some bad weather, and it once happened for a whole week, including two Sundays, when Father Machebeuf did not think it prudent to attempt to say mass. With this exception we have made our communions just the same as in community. Every evening we had our May devotions, and we had also the happiness of having the Blessed Sacrament in the room of our Mother Superior the whole time of the voyage, where we made our adoration every day, and during the octave of Corpus Christi we had perpetual adoration.

Our celebration of Corpus Christi was quite solemn, and so far out of the common that it deserves to be described.

Father Machebeuf had a very pretty little ostensorium, and after mass he gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, for which we sang the hymns in a subdued tone so as not to disturb the Protestants. He then put the Blessed Sacrament in a little ciborium not bigger than your hand, and we formed a procession with Father Pendeprat and the two seminarians carrying lighted candles, and thus we marched to Mother's room where the Blessed Sacrament was put in a little mahogany box securely fastened on a shelf, and there we considered it exposed for our adorations.

Father Machebeuf called it our Corpus Christi procession, and he remarked that this was, perhaps, the first time that it had ever been made on the ocean. To tell you the sentiments that filled our hearts during this ceremony would be impossible. Your own feelings and piety will suggest to you what they must have been.

At the entrance of the harbor of New York a steamboat came out to take off the passengers and we left the Zurich at 5 o'clock p. m., on June 2, 1845. An hour later our feet touched the soil of America, having last touched land in our native France just 29 days before. Every one was surprised at our quick trip, except one gentleman, who gallantly remarked that it should not be a matter of surprise, as the Zurich carried eleven more *voiles* (the same word means *sails* and *veils*,) than any other vessel.

A conveyance took us to the house of a French Catholic lady near the French church of St. Vincent de Paul. In this church we heard mass and performed our exercises of piety every day during the eight days which we spent in New York.

From New York we went to Philadelphia partly by steamboat and partly by railroad, and then again by boat to Baltimore. We remained two days at Baltimore at the Convent of the Visitation, and then started on the last long and most fatiguing portion of our journey. We went by rail from Baltimore to Cumberland, where we took stages for a two days' ride over the mountains to Wheeling on the Ohio river.

After resting there two days we were ready again for the onward march. Many of the people of Wheeling, including Protestants, wished us to remain and open a school there, but that was not possible, and with many regrets on their side and lively feelings of gratitude on ours, we went on board the steamer "Independence," which was to take us directly to Cincinnati. The weather was so hot that we could not occupy our rooms at night with any comfort, so we slept on deck in

the open air. Finally, on June 19, we reached Cincinnati, where we were received by the good Bishop Purcell as by a father who was receiving home again his long absent children.

During all this long voyage Father Machebeuf was our guide, our provider, our servant, our messenger, our guardian angel, our spiritual father, in fact he was everything to us and we were like helpless children on his hands.

We stayed in Cincinnati at the house of a Mrs. Conn for a whole month, when, on July 21, still under the guidance of Father Machebeuf, we went to Fayetteville in Brown county.

Father Machebeuf felt much interest in these Sisters, who had come to America at his representations and who had been so long under his care that he could not leave them until he saw them comfortably settled. He felt that it was his duty to help them, and to cheer them up in their exile, and he remained with them in their new and final location until about the middle of August. These few weeks gave them an opportunity of examining their surroundings and judging of their prospects, and their observations resulted in their becoming so thoroughly Americanized that they could close their long letter by saying:

One thing will show you the zeal of the Catholics here, and that is the way they importune us to take their little boys. They have none but Protestant schools, and they tell us that in these they cannot get the proper instruction for their children. Oh! if the priests and religious of France knew the need that America has of their labor, we have not a single doubt that many of them would not hesitate to tear themselves away from the bosom of their own country and hasten to come here and work for the glory of God in this vast field. And, moreover, we have no doubt that if your parents and friends had a correct idea of Fayetteville, and of all the good that you could do here, they would gladly consent to make the sacrifice of you to God Who has done so much for them. Now that we have seen, we are not afraid to affirm that in France they have a false idea of America. As for us, we are delighted to be here, and we would not change our lot for anything in the world.

The return of Father Machebeuf to Sandusky City after an absence of fourteen months was the cause of great rejoicing among his people, who had been but poorly and irregularly attended during all that time. The material part of his parish had been lying as dead, and the spiritual part was far less vigorous than before his departure. There had been an increase in the number of families, but they had not been visited by priests in their own homes, whilst the preachers had been active, and much of their activity was spent among the Catholics. They had gained some influence over a few of the members of the congregation, and one young woman they had succeeded in perverting entirely. In vain did Father Machebeuf try to recall her, but let us listen to him when he speaks of the "veritable wolves in the garments of the shepherd":

A young woman, reared by Protestants from the time she was ten years old, but professing the Catholic religion, has been persuaded to join the Methodists. Do not be scandalized if I speak of revenge. The honor of religion demanded it and I took it, and I have the consolation of saying that I took it with good measure. All of the ministers of the city did their utmost to entice my people to their churches, but I made them pay dearly for their tenacity, for I have received into the bosom of the Catholic Church four Episcopalians, among whom was Mrs. Mills, the wife of one of the wealthiest men in Sandusky, five Presbyterians and two Methodists. There are considerable other breaches to be repaired, and, like, the Israelites after their captivity, I must work with the trowel in one hand and the sword in the other.

The spiritual good of his missions required the greater portion of Father Machebeuf's time and care. His seven stations called for immediate attention; the older members must be brought to the sac-

raments, and the younger members must be instructed and prepared for the same. Then, his buildings must be looked after, and, to add to his work, Bishop Purcell gave him charge of the new parish of Norwalk, where the unfinished church was about to be sold for debt by a fanatic from whom some of the material had been obtained on credit.

All this work took time, but Father Machebeuf was successful upon all sides. He gave himself up so completely to his work that he had not even time to correspond regularly with the members of his family, and when they complained of his apparent neglect, he said:

You are well enough acquainted with me to know that when I undertake a thing I give myself to it and cannot occupy myself with anything not connected with it. When I was in France I was wholly engaged in the business which brought me there, to the neglect of my American affairs, and you had no reproach for me on that account. Now all my attention and all my efforts must, for a time, be for America. If you were to see the pitiable condition of my churches, and the difficulties that I have to put them in order, you would not wonder that I leave it to the good Ursulines to give you news of me. And if you saw the vice and disorders which have crept into my parish during my absence, and which would become incurable in a very short time if I did not hasten to apply the remedies, you would not be hurt if I were to reply to your complaints in the words of the Holy Child Jesus: "Did you not know that I must be about the business of My Father Who is in Heaven?"

CHAPTER X.

Cold Comfort.—Churches Blessed.—Excess of Good Will. Christmas Celebration.—New Diocese of Cleveland.—Faith in Europe and America.—Appeal for Priests.—New Buildings. Fears for France.—The Famine in Ireland.—Embarrassments. Visit of Father De Smet.—Almost an Indian Missionary.—Better Prospects.—Father Lamy Made Bishop.—Father Machebeuf His Vicar General.—Leaves Sandusky.—A River Steamer. “Into the Keeping of Providence.”

Father Machebeuf thought that he was bringing an assistant with him from France in the person of the Rev. Peter Pendeprat, who accompanied him from Clermont to Cincinnati and Sandusky. The assistance, however, which he rendered was hardly worth the name. In the beginning Father Peudeprat could help him only in his French settlements, and in the following December, when he could speak a little English, he was sent to replace Father De Goesbriand at Louisville, Ohio, who had been made assistant to Father Rappe at Toledo. Father De Goesbriand passed through Sandusky City going to his new position, and Father Machebeuf wrote the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati an account of their trip to Toledo, relating a little incident which took place on this occasion. It was thus:

I had the pleasure of seeing the Rev. Mr. De Goesbriand on his way to Toledo, and as the ice was good on the bay and along the lake shore, we went to “give church” at the Canadian settlement on the Toussaint river, and then proceeded to Toledo, all the way on the ice. But I must say in passing that we enjoyed somewhat of the comfort our friends, the Baptists, must feel when, in the heart of winter, they are “dipped,” for owing to a little forgetfulness of the track by our guide, we

broke in, about fifteen miles from Toledo. Fortunately, the water at that spot was not more than five feet deep, and had it not been that the vestments and books of my reverend friend were injured by the water, everything would have turned out in fun. We made land as soon as we could, and having built a fire on the edge of the lake we dried our clothes and continued our route to Toledo. Upon arriving there our mutual and good friend, Father Rappe, made us forget our little mishap with warm refreshments before a warm fire.

Bishop Purcell consoled Father Machebeuf for the loss of his assistant by telling him that he would send Father Lamy to Sandusky as soon as he could find a priest to replace him at Danville. This rejoiced both Father Machebeuf and Father Lamy, for these two friends would then be together, and this for each of them was more happiness than they had dared to hope for. In the meantime Father Machebeuf went on alone with his work, cheered up by this hope which was sweet as long as it lasted, but it was never realized in Ohio.

In June, 1846, Bishop Purcell visited Sandusky and blessed Father Machebeuf's churches, of which there were now three, and gave confirmation to 136 persons in the mission. The Bishop was pleased with what he saw, and admired particularly the fine stone church at Sandusky, 40x70 in dimensions, in gothic style, with its spire 117 feet high, surmounted by a cross, as Father Machebeuf says, "made by an English Anabaptist, gilded by an American infidel and placed upon a Catholic church to be seen shining by mariners far out upon the lake."

This church had also the luxury of a bell, and in connection with this Father Machebeuf used to re-

late the following incident: "When I was telling them a few weeks before Christmas that I expected to find a man of good will who would volunteer to go to Toledo for the bell before Christmas, one of them in an excess of good will, forgot that he was in church and cried out immediately, 'Say, priest, I'll go tomorrow,' and he kept his word."

For that Christmas he prepared a great celebration. He brought evergreens from across the bay and festooned the church. Three hundred candles were distributed at the windows, in the gallery and around the sanctuary, gilt stars gleamed from the arched ceiling, and over the altar was placed a transparency representing the adoration of the shepherds. Protestants and Catholics thronged the church for the midnight mass, for which he had the best singers in the town, with the addition of an orchestra. Such pomp impressed the outsiders and set many of them to thinking, and with some of them it resulted in their becoming Catholics. Father Machebeuf helped them along, and we find him at that time asking his friends to pray for the wavering ones, and he specially recommends the wife of a Methodist minister who seemed to be held back only by human respect and worldly considerations.

The question of an assistant was finally dropped as far as Bishop Purcell was concerned, for about this time the Bishop asked for a division of the diocese, and the establishment of a new See at Cleveland with Father Rappe as its Bishop. Action on this matter was delayed for more than a year, and the

priests were growing impatient. Father Machebeuf shared the common feeling and showed it by the following summing up of the situation :

Although I regret to separate from him who is a veritable father to his priests, and to me in particular, I am consoled by knowing that Father Rappe has been proposed for the new Diocese. He was alarmed at the thought of the burden, and now he rejoices in the delay, but we, with our parishes 60 and 75 miles in extent, seldom see a bishop, and suffer by the slowness of Rome, where they do not realize the rapid growth of our Catholic population. My own church, supposed when built to be large enough for ten years, will not accommodate two-thirds of my people now. Six years ago I had thirty families, and now I have two hundred. I have need of an assistant now more than ever, and at the request of Father Rappe and others I have written for priests to Mr. Hamon, the Superior of Mont-ferrand, and to Rodez, St. Flour and Tulle.

When Father Machebeuf was in France as a young priest he looked upon the condition of the Church as one who knows of nothing different, and he lamented, like other good priests, the lack of faith among the people. It seemed to him that religion was dying, especially among the men, and without them there were sad times in store for the Church. His few years in America, among a scattered people hungering for the facilities of practicing their religion, had opened his eyes in a wonderful manner, and when he went back to France he noticed, as he never did before, the local situation, and the little appreciation that so many had for all religion. Priests were plenty, but they were powerless under a government which paralyzed their efforts and killed their zeal. In such circumstances they appeared to him to be too numerous and in one another's way, one-half of them waiting for the shoes of the other half. He

was astonished and consoled at what was certainly a grand and unusual spectacle—the sight presented by 3,000 men receiving Holy Communion in a body at Notre Dame in Paris—yet the general impression rested with him that the life of faith was passing from France and Europe over into the New World, and he lamented that the priests of Europe could not see its sure and steady course and put themselves in the front of this religious movement.

In his appeals to his fellow-countrymen he embodies this idea, and he tries to make it clear to them by showing what is being done in America. He cites his own little parish as an example of what the scattered missionaries are doing everywhere, and he tells of the greater works which might be done if there were more men and means to undertake them. He says:

Help me to thank God that I have more work than I can do. While the Catholic faith is gradually disappearing in so many parts of Europe, and especially in France, because the people have rendered themselves unworthy of it, our Holy Religion is being established in a solid manner in all the States of the Union. New dioceses are being formed at every Council, magnificent cathedrals are being raised to the honor of the One Church of Jesus Christ, and hospitals for the sick and asylums for the orphans are being built by the charity of poor but generous Catholics.

Here we enjoy in church matters the liberty which the priests in France have been so long sighing for. We are not tied up with chains of gold and silver like the clergy of Europe—that is, we are not subsidized by the State, which does not bother itself in any way with any particular form of religion, but leaves every religion free and gives equal protection to all. We Catholics profit by this condition to establish ourselves solidly, and in this we have succeeded to an extent that would surprise those who are accustomed to none but European ways.

You may hesitate to accept my estimate of the advantages of America and attribute my words to enthusiasm, but I am going to give you some proofs of them.

A few years ago I came to Sandusky as poor as Job, having neither church nor presbytery, nor ground to put them on, nor money to buy it with. Today we have a beautiful church of stone, a presbytery of twelve rooms, a cemetery of two acres, and a school for boys beside the church—all to the value of \$7,000 and not a cent of debt on any of it. And I cannot rest there. Other works call for attention, and I have bought a large two-story house with spacious grounds and all outside conveniences, such as barns, out-houses, trees and fences. In this we intend to install an orphan asylum and a free school under the Sisters of Charity. Still another is a three-story stone building which the owner was unable to finish, and which thus providentially fell to us at a low price. This is intended as a boarding and day school for young ladies, both Catholic and Protestant. Many of these latter become Catholics before their education is finished.

The first of these houses cost \$1,900, and the second cost \$2,250. I have paid a part on each by a loan, and the rest I am to pay in five annual installments. Where shall I get the money for these payments? Well, Providence will provide as it has always done, and before two years the academy will be filled and prospering so well that it will need to be enlarged. The Sisters of Notre Dame at Cincinnati have succeeded so well that they have paid nearly all their debt and are going to build again, and the Ursulines at Fayetteville paid their expenses from the first year, and saved a thousand dollars to pay on their debt.

Things go by steam in America, but it must be so or many of the emigrants from Ireland and Germany would be exposed to the danger of losing their faith.

Oh! if a good number of the young priests of the Diocese of Clermont and elsewhere who are in one another's way, and are forced to remain sinecures for years, could but see the sure and certain good that they could do in America, we would not have the sorrow of finding every day Protestants and infidels who are the offspring of Catholic parents, but who were not brought up in the faith because there were no priests to instruct them.

All of these plans of Father Machebeuf were not carried out immediately on account of the difficulty of

finding Sisters to take charge of the different establishments, and some of them were not realized in Sandusky until after he had gone.

From what he says we can judge that his work was heavy and that he had great need of an assistant. The first one who came to him was an old man, and Father Machebeuf felt some delicacy in dictating to a man much older than himself. Then it was a young man just ordained, and Father Machebeuf speaks highly of him and mentions that he could speak German as well as English. It was then that he fitted up the basement of his grand stone building, "situated in the finest quarter of the town," for a chapel, and said mass in it every Sunday for the convenience of those living in that part of his growing parish.

When his payments came due on his new purchases he found himself unable to meet them, and his parish was not in a condition to help him to meet his obligations. In these straits he was obliged to sell his patrimony in France and use the proceeds to tide him over the difficulty. He also solicited donations from his relatives and other well disposed friends, and he was continually asking for vestments for his churches and chapels, and other things necessary for church services.

After the consecration of Bishop Rappe, Father Machebeuf expected to receive special relief through him, for he was near at hand and knew the condition of things from close and continual observation, and, in fact, some of the enterprises of Father Machebeuf had been undertaken through his advice and persua-

sion. Bishop Rappe had friends in France, and being a bishop was enough to give him influence among others. But Bishop Rappe did not think it wise to go to France while that country was in such a disturbed condition, and so Father Machebeuf was obliged to face his difficulties as best he could and wait for better times.

Father Machebeuf was French, and his love for America did not drive away from him his love for France. Hence, when revolution broke out in France in 1848, he could not conceal his uneasiness, and he prayed for the return of peace and tranquility. "I am grieved," he wrote, "at the sad news of this frightful revolution which has broken out. I hope, however, that the Parisians will be as expeditious in these governmental changes as they were in 1830, and that peace will soon be restored. I fear that the general uncertainty will be bad for all kinds of business. If the French only knew how to be moderate. Perhaps Lamartine will be able to maintain order and peace, but it will not be an easy task." Lamartine was the minister of foreign affairs in the new provisional government.

With his practical views Father Machebeuf saw the possibility of deriving some benefit from the misfortunes of France. It occurred to him that some of the priests might be driven from France, and America could profit by offering them an asylum. He told his sister of his thoughts, and added: "If the evils of the times force you to quit Riom, or perhaps France, you know that we have a house ready to receive you

and all those capable of learning English and teaching in our schools.”

This would solve, to a certain extent, the financial problems with which he was wrestling, and help him out of his most pressing difficulties. It was, however, only one of the remote eventualities, and it is not probable that he ever counted much upon it, and any expectations which he may have had from that direction were soon dissipated, for the revolution did not turn directly against religion, and the blood of Monsigneur Affre, the Archbishop of Paris, served to frighten the Communists back to a show of reason and stay the hand of anarchy. The French Sisters were not disturbed, and the French priests stayed at home, and Father Machebeuf was left alone to struggle with his debts and work.

Here, in the midst of his trials, a new embarrassment came upon him. The famine in Ireland was felt in far off Sandusky in an indirect way, and Father Machebeuf was one of the principal sufferers from it. In the beginning of 1849 he wrote to his sister telling her of the fresh difficulties in his affairs, and the change in some of his plans to meet the most pressing necessities :

The news I send you is always about the same, for it is that my work grows heavier every day. Now it is caused by the immigration of the poor Irish who are driven from their country by famine and the tyranny of the English government. The number of our poor and sick has so increased that I shall commence by a school for the poor and an asylum for the orphans if I can get the Sisters of Charity, or of Mercy, to whom I have written. But the need of them in the large cities is so great, and so many are asking for them, that I have not yet received any definite answer. I am thus left alone to pay for my two

houses, bought last year in the almost certain hope of having the Sisters to take charge of them. You can, then, form an idea of my pecuniary embarrassments, and I wish you would urge my agents to send me what money they can to pay a part of my loans.

To cap my misfortunes, such misery exists in Ireland that my Irish people send to their relatives and friends every cent they can spare, and that leaves me with nothing for our institutions. The moment we succeed in opening one of them I shall breathe easier, but in the meantime the burden is so heavy that I fear lest I may sink under it.

If the great number of young priests had the courage to make the voyage to America, and see with their own eyes the need that the churches here have of their help, they would feel a thousand times more consolation and happiness in giving their lives and fortunes for the propagation of the faith in the New World than in all their reunions and assemblies.

But take courage on the subject of my difficulties. The more there are of difficulties, the greater should be our reliance on Providence. It is the work of God, and He must make the way smooth. Ask the prayers of the community for me.

In moments like these Father Machebeuf needed all his courage, and the words of the Holy Father, no doubt, were recalled whenever the load pressed hard upon him—"Courage, American!"

It was about this time, and perhaps at a moment when he felt that every step cost so much and his best plans brought but disappointment, that he received a visit from Father De Smet, whose name has since become famed the world over as indicating the greatest missionary among the Indians of the Far West.

Father De Smet had heard of Father Machebeuf, and the disinterested zeal and labor which distinguished him above all the other priests in Ohio, and he saw in him a man after his own heart—one who would fit admirably into the new field just opening among God's untutored children of the Western

plains and mountains. He spoke to Father Machebeuf of the Oregon missions, and of the harvest of souls there waiting, not so much for worldly means to build expensive churches and carry out costly plans, as for apostles to teach them the Word of Life.

Father Machebeuf was impressed by the representations of Father De Smet, and attracted by this kind of work which promised immediate results from labor, without so many hampering and nullifying obstacles. His mind was strongly turned towards this new idea, which appealed to him as the ultimate fulfillment of his missionary vocation.

Before he had taken any decisive step, however, in the matter, a rumor of his intention reached Father Lamy, who lost no time in visiting him for the purpose of dissuading him from such a move. Their conference was long and earnest, and ended only when Father Lamy said: "My dear friend, when we came to America we made an agreement that we would keep together as much as possible. Now, if you go, I shall follow you!" This was more than Father Machebeuf had counted upon. He might do as he pleased with himself, but he could not force this alternative upon his best friend, so he gave up the idea.

It was but a postponement of the call to the Rocky Mountains, and when the call did come later, it was a day of sadness for Father Machebeuf, and a day of sacrifices which he found very hard to make.

As the year 1849 advanced, the affairs of Father Machebeuf assumed better shape. Bishop Rappe

was preparing for his trip to Europe, and it was his intention to bring back priests and Sisters for his diocese, and, no doubt, many of the charitably disposed among those whom he would meet would assist him from their abundance. Thus the greater personal and material needs of the diocese would be relieved, and in the distribution the important and growing parish of Sandusky would not be forgotten. Father Machebeuf had several conferences with Bishop Rappe, and together they had planned to make the proposed trip a success. In some way or other, also, Father Machebeuf had met his most pressing obligations and arranged temporarily the greatest of the difficulties which had worried him. His own personal affairs were brighter, and he was beautifying his home and adding many little comforts to it. Among these was a vineyard, which he planted with cuttings from American, German and French vines. His vines were so fruitful that others followed his experiment, and thus we see Father Machebeuf as one of the pioneers of grape culture in northern Ohio, where that industry has since grown to such great proportions.

On May 10, 1849, he wrote a letter to his brother in a most cheerful vein. He thanked him for various donations received, and told him of brighter prospects ahead. The completion of the railroad from Sandusky to Cincinnati had given a fresh impetus to business and the town was prosperous and growing. He was pleased to mention that he had a free pass on the railroad and was making good use of it. Relig-

ion was flourishing, and at that moment the Bishops were gathered in a National Council at Baltimore to confer for the good of the Church in America.

Father Machebeuf had no thought of the change being unconsciously prepared for himself in that gathering of bishops. On May 11, the day after the date of his letter, the Bishops formulated their petition to the Propaganda for the erection of the Vicariate Apostolic of New Mexico, and recommended his friend, Father Lamy, as its first Vicar Apostolic.

This was pleasing news to Father Machebeuf, and he would rejoice to see his best friend honored. It would mean their definite separation, but under the circumstances a separation would be welcome and he would speed the parting friend without any real regret. His own work was sufficient to occupy his mind and body, and, with all his energies bent upon the accomplishment of his cherished plans, he would have no time for lamentations.

The expected came to pass here, and Father Lamy was named Bishop of Agathon and Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico. The official news of the appointment came to Father Machebeuf in a letter from Father Lamy himself, and with it came a proposition which upset his mind and threw him into a state of uncertainty, hesitation and fear. But we shall let Father Machebeuf's pen tell the story of this year and close this chapter, and with it the chapter of his life as a missionary in Ohio:

On Board the Peytona, Jan. 20. 1851.

My Dear Brother and Sister:

You have been waiting a long time for news from me,



A friend of Larry
obp.

and I can almost hear you scolding me from this distance, yet my justification from the accusation of negligence will be clear to you before you finish reading this letter.

But first, I hear you ask: "What is the Peytona? and where is he going?" The Peytona is one of the largest and most beautiful steamboats on the river between Cincinnati and New Orleans. It carries a truly surprising assortment of persons and things. Catholics and Protestants, believers and infidels, priests and laics, freemen and slaves, Germans, French, English, Irish, Poles, Americans, Africans, etc., in fact it is a miniature world. There are 200 passengers in the first cabin and 50 in the second, besides over 100 blacks, and two-thirds of these are slaves whom their masters are taking, some to New Orleans and some to Liberia in Africa.

In addition to this mixed assemblage of human beings, we have on board 160 horses and mules, 100 fat beeves, 400 sheep and 75 gamecocks, bought at Louisville, Ky., for \$5 apiece, for the amusement of the lovers of cock fighting at New Orleans. Then we have 400 bales of cotton, 200 or 300 tons of flour, and various other kinds of produce.

I cannot pass over in silence a revolting scene which took place at Memphis where we stopped for a few hours. We had a slave dealer on the boat and he sold two poor young negro girls to a merchant of that town. The buyer examined them, had them walk back and forth before him, made them talk, and asked them what they could do, and why their master had sold them, etc. Finally, after assuring himself that he was getting the worth of his money, he bought them for \$650 each. It was truly pitiful to see these young girls following their new master away, clad in little more than absolute rags. However, it is said that many of the masters treat their slaves with great kindness, and in many cases the slaves would not leave the masters even if they were given their freedom.

Now, where am I going? A word will tell you all.

You have heard that my friend, Father Lamy, has been named Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico. Well, I am on my way with arms and baggage to join him at New Orleans, where he has been awaiting me for the last month.

As soon as the Bulls arrived from Rome his Lordship wrote to me, first to tell me the great news, but principally to propose to me that I accompany him in the quality of an intimate friend upon whom he could depend, as well as an assistant upon whom he could lay a part of his burden—in fine, he wished me to go as his Vicar General. With his usual simplicity and humility

he said to me: "They wish that I should be a Vicar Apostolic, and I wish you to be my Vicar General, and from these two years we shall try to make one good Pastor."

At first I did not know what kind of an answer to give to such a proposition. I felt willing enough to follow him.

Whatever he would go and share his crosses as well as his consolations, but I could not make up my mind to accept an office for which I did not think I had the necessary talent, nor virtue, nor patience.

I waited ten days before giving any answer to the proposal, during which time I went to Cleveland to confer with Bishop Renge and the priests of the Cathedral. The Bishop was not willing to give me any positive advice, saying that he feared he might be opposing the will of God if he hindered my departure, but that he could not without great pain see me leave Sandusky where I had been for the last ten years, and where I had contracted so many obligations on account of my plans and projects. The other clergymen whom I consulted told me that they had expected Bishop Lamy to ask me to go with him, and they thought it clear that Providence designed that I should go. They said that if I went with him, I ought to accept his proposition in its entire extent, and if I did not do this I ought to stay at Sandusky.

I then went to Cincinnati in order to see Bishop Lamy himself and settle the matter once for all with him. As soon as he saw me he grasped my hand and summoned me to keep my part of the agreement which we made never to separate, and he spoke of the time when he was willing to go with me to the West.

Ever since the time when I saw the celebrated Father De Smet, that premier missionary of Oregon, I never got the thought of the Western missions quite out of my head. I could not forget his many efforts and solicitations to induce me to follow him to the Rocky Mountains. But for that the designs of Providence were not perfectly clear, and I dropped it and tried to forget it. I had brought myself to think that my special province was now to care for my parish, and carry out our great project of a Catholic school. It may seem singular, but in spite of the news which we all expected from Rome in regard to Bishop Lamy, the thought never presented itself to me that I should wish to follow him, or even that he would ever dream of asking me. It was only after two letters from him that I began to think seriously of it as a practical question. Now, after two months of fluctuating first with doubt and uncertainty, and then

with all sorts of difficulties. I have left my dear Sandusky. I can hardly think of it without tears, not of regret, for I believe it was for the greater glory of God, but the separation was too painful that I should so soon forget it, or be able to think of it without emotion.

From the moment when I was obliged to tell my congregation of my going, I was continually surrounded by my poor people, who begged me not to leave them. When the day came that was set for the sale of my furniture, nobody would buy anything, but they prepared two petitions—one for Bishop Rappe and the other for Bishop Lamy—and a deputation of four of the principal men of the parish was selected to represent the wishes of the people to the two Bishops. But God permitted that their efforts should come to nothing. The two men who went to Cincinnati to wait upon Bishop Lamy could not see him, as he was making his retreat at Fayetteville, and the two who went to Cleveland were not more successful with Bishop Rappe.

The day of the consecration Bishop Rappe did everything that he could to induce Bishop Lamy to go to Europe and get priests who could speak Spanish, but it was of no use. All the other Bishops and priests advised me to go with Bishop Lamy, so I yielded to the pressure of circumstances, or rather to what I believe is the will of God, and now am far from Sandusky, nearly half way to Santa Fé, the future episcopal residence.

I am not able to give you any reliable details of our new mission. Communication is very difficult, and it was so little known before its conquest by the United States that the geographers said hardly a word about it. We know that there are about 40,000 Catholics, mostly Mexicans or Spaniards, and some other Europeans in the larger towns, like Santa Fé, etc. To reach there we must join a caravan at San Antonio, Texas, and travel by land with our own conveyances. We hope to make the trip during the course of the next month with a detachment of soldiers who are going to Santa Fé. I have begun the study of Spanish, and I find that it resembles French and Latin a great deal, and has a certain affinity with the *patois* of Auvergne.

While I am writing we are passing magnificent plantations of cotton and sugar. Each resembles a little village. First, there is the house of the master, generally of brick, two stories high, and very large. Then, at one side are the little cabins of the slaves, from 25 to 40 feet apart, and each negro family has its little house and garden. The slaves are always working

for their masters without receiving anything but their food and clothing, and these are coarse enough in both instances. Yesterday while the boat was stopped to take on wood we visited one of these plantations. In one of the cabins we found a very old negro, whose color contrasted strangely with his long beard, white as wool. He asked for a little alms, which we gladly gave him. We are beginning now to see signs of verdure, and expect soon to see oranges growing in the open fields.

Jan. 25.—We landed here at New Orleans on the 21st, after a long but pleasant trip of nine days, but I was not prepared for the unpleasant news which awaited me. Bishop Lamy left here two weeks ago for San Antonio, where he will wait for me. The commander of the troops with whom we are to travel offered him a free pass on a government boat, but he arrived here one day too late. Thinking to overtake them at Galveston, where they were to stop for a few days, he took a boat for that place the next day. The boat was so old and worn out that it was unable to withstand the storms, and it was wrecked near Galveston. It was broken into a thousand pieces and went to the bottom of the sea. Fortunately, the passengers saved their lives, but nearly all their baggage was lost. Bishop Lamy succeeded in saving his vestments and one box of books. The greatest loss for him was a fine new wagon which he bought at New Orleans for the trip over the plains. Altogether his loss was about \$350.

One sad feature of his going was that his sister, who was sick with the Sisters in New Orleans when he went, died the day after his departure. He left a letter for me, urging me to join him as soon as possible, and I leave here on Saturday—a day consecrated to the Blessed Virgin. I hope that this good Mother will preserve me from all danger.

Onward, then, into the keeping of Providence!

CHAPTER XI.

Goes to San Antonio.—Visits the Frontier Posts.—Incidents on the Way to El Paso.—Government Favors.—Up the Rio Grande.—Local Receptions on the Way.—Plenty of Faith but Few Works.—Apathy of the Clergy.—Triumphal Entry Into Santa Fé.

Father Machebeuf spent no more time in New Orleans than was necessary to transact a few commissions for Bishop Lamy and make arrangements for the continuation of his own journey. Following the route taken by his superior, he hurried forward, reached the coast of Texas by water without accident and pushed on to San Antonio. There he found Bishop Lamy in apostolic poverty, with only the staff and girdle of the pilgrim, but full of courage and thankful that his life had been spared, and that he was none the worse physically for his thrilling experience in the waters of the Gulf. He found him, however, suffering from an accident received just as he was approaching San Antonio. With his single trunk saved from the wreck, Bishop Lamy was endeavoring to overtake the soldiers, and, when nearing San Antonio, his mule took fright and ran away. To escape greater danger the Bishop jumped from his cart, but in alighting his foot turned under him and he suffered such a severe sprain of his ankle that he was unable to put his foot to the ground for six weeks.

Upon arriving at San Antonio, Father Machebeuf found that a considerable time must elapse be-

fore the departure of the government train for Santa Fé. He could not bear to remain idle, but his ignorance of the Spanish language prevented him from engaging in regular ministerial work at San Antonio or the hamlets in that part of Texas. Most of the resident Catholics were Mexicans, settled in scattered groups along the streams to the southward as far as the Rio Grande. With the Bishop, he put in most of his spare time studying Spanish, and acquiring a practical use of it by conversing with the Mexicans with whom he became acquainted.

Texas, at this time, had been annexed to the United States only a few years, but immigrants were coming in from the other states in considerable numbers, and the United States government had established a number of forts along the frontiers as a protection against the Indians, and for the general security of the country along the borders of Mexico. Among the troops manning the forts there were many Catholics, and Father Machebeuf, with the permission of Bishop Odin, of Galveston, visited a number of these forts, going as far as Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande. Thus he traveled several hundred miles in Missionary work during the month of April and the early part of May.

It was the middle of May before the caravan got away on its long journey over the plains, but it was soon enough for Bishop Lamy. The loss of his wagon and other belongings in the shipwreck left him with crippled resources and greater expenses of preparation. By combining their individual funds,

and adding to them what they had been able to collect on their various little mission trips, they managed to secure a large wagon for their necessary baggage and provisions, another smaller conveyance for greater convenience in riding, and a couple of saddle ponies. Another wagon would have completed their equipment if they could have gotten it, for besides Father Machebeuf, Bishop Lamy had two priests—probably Fathers Pinard and Groskowski, commonly known as Father Polacco—and each had his modicum of baggage. As it was, Father Machebeuf was forced to leave behind him a great part of his heaviest baggage, with instructions to have it brought to him at Santa Fé by another caravan of merchandise which was to start some time later.

The train with which they traveled was made up of nearly 200 government wagons, each drawn by six mules, about 25 wagons belonging to merchants and other civilians, and a company of U. S. cavalry. With this immense cavalcade travel was necessarily slow, and when we consider that the distance from San Antonio to Santa Fé was over 1,000 miles, we can imagine what an undertaking such a journey was. The first part of it, from San Antonio to El Paso, was over 600 miles, and it was by far the worst half of the journey, for it was mostly through barren wastes where wood and water were scarce, and where the Comanche Indians roamed in their wild freedom. The Indians were not liable to attack such a caravan, but, owing to bad water, many suffered from the cholera which attacked them in a mild form and no deaths resulted from this cause.

Six weeks were required for this part of the journey, but its hardships were partially offset for the Bishop and his party by some special advantages not generally found in those long journeys of the Western pioneers. Father Machebeuf gives a good account of this trip as far as El Paso in the following letter :

It is well understood that each one must provide himself with all kinds of provisions for six weeks or two months in advance, for we have 675 miles to make without meeting any human habitation. With the exception of a few fertile valleys along the rivers, nearly the whole country from 100 miles west of San Antonio was nothing but a desert or a succession of high hills. The journey was a trial upon patience and human endurance, but we had some advantages over the other travelers. General Stephen W. Kearney, whose wife is a good Catholic, gave us the privilege of drawing rations each week from the government supplies, such as were issued to the officers, and of paying for them at government prices. This was about half the price we would have paid if we had bought our provisions at San Antonio and carried them with us. By this arrangement we were never in need of anything, except water, which, at times, was very scarce. In fact, we had often to carry water along with us in barrels both for ourselves and our animals.

We had fresh meat three times a week, and milk was brought to us daily by the Mexicans who had charge of the herd of cattle. From time to time our driver, who was a Canadian Catholic, treated us to game, such as antelope, rabbits, ducks, grouse, etc. But the greatest treat was the abundance of fish. On many occasions we actually had the pleasure of catching them with our hands.

As we stopped only to camp for the night, or to let the mules graze where we found good grass, we had no opportunity to bake, so we had to content ourselves with sea-biscuit, such as the soldiers use, but after a few days we became accustomed to these and found them very palatable. We had a good tent, loaned us by the General, but the nights were so calm and beautiful that we almost always slept in the open air. And, oh, how well one does sleep under a blanket with his saddle for a pillow after a day's ride on horseback!—and especially, what

an appetite one has! Altogether, we had a very fair trip in spite of a few privations and an occasional storm which scarcely deserved the name.

Finally, after six weeks' traveling across plains and over mountains infested by Indians, we reached El Paso, the only Mexican town we saw, and that was not worthy of any special notice. We stopped there a few days to rest, and the Bishop and myself were very cordially received by the pastor, Father Ortiz, who proffered us every hospitality in his power.

The usual route from the States to Santa Fé was not by the way of San Antonio and El Paso, but from Independence, Mo., over the old Santa Fé Trail. Boats from St. Louis ascended the Missouri river and landed at Independence, making this the great shipping point for our newly acquired territory in the West. The offer, however, of military protection through a country inhabited only by savages was an inducement for Bishop Lamy to take the longer route on this, his first trip to his new and distant field of labor. He wished also to visit New Orleans where he had relatives, and then he had a prospect of getting a few priests to accompany him to New Mexico from these Southern missions. For a considerable portion of the journey also he would be traveling in his own territory, and thus would be able to form some opinion of the nature of his work upon his arrival at Santa Fé.

From El Paso, on the borders of Mexico, to Santa Fé, the distance was nearly 400 miles. Part of this, from Doña Ana to San Marcial, about 80 miles, was through *La Jornada del Muerto*, or the Journey of the Dead. This was a "formidable desert, where along the road the bleaching bones of mules

and horses testify to the danger to be apprehended from the want of water and pasture, and many human bones likewise tell their tale of Indian slaughter and assault.”

The balance of the way was along the fertile valley of the Rio Grande. This valley was fairly well peopled with Mexicans engaged in agricultural or pastoral pursuits. This made it possible for our travelers to get fresh vegetables and many other necessaries along the way, and thus, with lightened loads and abundant pasture and water, they were able to travel with less inconvenience in New Mexico than through Texas.

The news of the coming of Bishop Lamy preceded him on his journey to New Mexico, and, strange to relate, it was not received with unmixed joy. The simple people hailed him with delight, but many of the influential class held aloof, and among the clergy there was a marked lack of enthusiasm. Some felt that his coming meant reform for them or the discipline, and neither of these was a pleasant prospect. There was also a strong prejudice against foreigners, as all not of Spanish blood were termed, and special hatred against those who came from the States. The clergy shared this with the people, and some of them encouraged the bitter feeling among the people. So strong was this prejudice among the clergy that more than half of the priests of New Mexico removed to Old Mexico rather than live under American civil rule or religious discipline.

The Church in New Mexico had long been under

the jurisdiction of the Bishops of Durango in Old Mexico, and the distance of 1,500 miles made it extremely difficult for them to visit this part of their diocese. Bishop Zubiria had visited Santa Fé twice before the American occupation and once afterwards, but each visit was with great trouble and expense, as he was obliged to have an escort for protection against the savage Indians who made frequent forays into the more settled parts of New Mexico.

At this time the head of the Church in New Mexico was a Vicar Forane, the Very Rev. J. F. Ortiz, who resided at Santa Fé and was a medium between the priests and the Bishop, but he appears to have exercised very little practical authority. Discipline had greatly relaxed among the clergy, the apostolic spirit was gone, and the essential practices of religion had fallen to a very low ebb among both priests and people. The sense of faith was still strong among the people, but it was more from traditions of their early missionaries than from the teaching of their present pastors. They knew of no other conditions of religion than those they saw around them, and they could make no comparison of the present with other times and other places. Hence, they failed to realize the abuses which had crept in, and did not see the obligations of the Christian faith as we understand them. Many of them were Indians, and a majority of them were only a step removed from the Indian, and all of them had the Indian love of display which makes outward show a strong factor in the computation of moral worth. They were also at the disad-

vantage of living in virtual slavery to the landholders and quasi-lords of the country, who were not much better instructed, and who were far more occupied with temporal things than with their own or their subjects' spiritual welfare.

The following description given by Father Machebeuf of their reception along the way will explain the conditions which Bishop Lamy had to meet upon going to New Mexico in 1851 :

After having renewed our stock of provisions for the journey we resumed our route towards Santa Fé, which is 380 miles from El Paso. With the exception of 80 miles through a country uncultivated and frequented by savages, this part of the journey was as pleasant as the first part had been disagreeable. Almost every few miles we came across some little parish or mission, and everywhere the people showed the greatest respect for the Bishop. Whole villages turned out to receive him in procession. At the entrance to the villages they erected triumphal arches, under which the Bishop and his party must pass. The party consisted of myself and two others, a Polish and a Spanish priest, who had come with us from Texas. In front of the churches the women spread their shawls and cloaks on the ground for us to walk upon, and men, women and children came in crowds to receive the episcopal blessing and to kiss the Bishop's ring.

This is a country of ancient Catholicity, but, alas, how times have changed! Instead of that piety and practical religion which marked the days of the Missions, we have now but the forms and the exterior of religion. The people are all very exact in their attendance at the church services, they observe all the feasts and keep up their confraternities and societies, but the reception of the sacraments is sadly neglected where it is not entirely abandoned. In a population of 70,000, including the converted Indians, there are but fifteen priests, and six of these are worn out by age and have no energy. The others have not a spark of zeal, and their lives are scandalous beyond description. It is plainly evident that Bishop Lamy will need to exercise the greatest prudence, as well as zeal and devotedness, in the government of such a diocese.

The people in general show the best dispositions. They

have the docility of children towards the priest, and if the few remaining Mexican priests who have still the force of youth in them were animated with any good intentions, it would be the easiest thing in the world to bring these people back to the practice of their religion. But, alas! the great obstacle to the good which the Bishop is disposed to do among them, does not come from the people but from the priests themselves, who do not want the Bishop, for they dread a reform in their morals, or a change in their selfish relations with their parishioners. One of the great neglects of the priests of New Mexico is that they seldom or never preach. But how could such priests preach?

Their approach to Santa Fé was heralded a long distance in advance, and preparations for receiving the Bishop were begun on a scale which made it an event in the history, not only of the Church in New Mexico, but of the Territory itself. The civil authorities, the military authorities, the ecclesiastical authorities, the people and even the various tribes of Indians determined to take part in welcoming the Bishop, and made their preparations accordingly. Of this, and the numerous other demonstrations along the way, the Bishop and his party had no knowledge, only as a rumor might meet them of what they could expect, but they were totally unprepared for the magnificent ovation with which they were greeted upon their arrival at Santa Fé. A record of the principal events of this reception was made by Father Machebeuf a few days after it occurred, and we give his account:

We arrived at Santa Fé on the 5th of August, and the entry of Bishop Lamy into the Capital was truly a triumphal one. The Governor of the Territory with all the civil and military authorities, and thousands of people, met him six miles out from the city with the finest carriages and coaches of the city, and vehi-

cles of all sorts for thirty miles around. Some eight or nine thousand Catholic Indians came also, dressed in the fashions of their numerous tribes, and their gaudy and grotesque, yet picturesque, costumes were a sight to behold.

The meeting of the Bishop and the advancing cavalcade was most impressive, and the welcome he received was warm and earnest. The spectacular features of it were increased by the Indians on horseback and on foot as they went through every motion and evolution of war and victory.

As the monster procession neared the city the commander of the fort ordered a salute of artillery in the Bishop's honor, and the glad shouts of the people met him at every turn, while in the background, filled with rage and envy, were the four Protestant ministers who had been losing their time for the past two or three years among the Mexicans of Santa Fé.

After the *Te Deum*, which was chanted to the accompaniment of Mexican music, the Vicar of the Bishop of Durango received Bishop Lamy into his own house, which he had profusely decorated and converted into a real episcopal palace, and all the authorities were invited there to a grand dinner which made us forget our long trip across the arid plains of Texas. Here, also, lodgings were prepared for us, and here probably we shall make our home, for it is the intention of the Bishop to buy the house, as it stands close to the principal church.

This is a recital of the bare facts and does not touch on the sentiments which lay behind, nor on those which must have been aroused by this universal demonstration of joy and good will. There is no doubt that the civil and military authorities looked upon the coming of Bishop Lamy as a blessing. It detached the Church in New Mexico from its Mexican affiliations, and made it dependent upon conditions in the United States. This would have the effect of strengthening the relations of the people with the new government, while it removed the danger of any Mexican influence that might be hostile to the new order of things. There were no serious indications that the few remaining natives of the Mexican clergy

would have opposed American rule, but the United States government must have been favorable to a policy which in our days it has pursued in the case of the Philippine Islands. An ecclesiastical establishment with superior authority in St. Louis would naturally be more acceptable than one dependent upon Mexico.

The people must have rejoiced for other reasons. Situated so far from the episcopal city they could not expect to see a Bishop very often. The Sacrament of Confirmation had been a rare thing, and now, if the people were instructed in its utility, they must have rejoiced in the opportunity of receiving it. In any case, he was their Bishop, and he was come to live among them, and as they loved honor and dignity, the presence of a Prince of the Church among them was not to be lightly estimated. The sentiments of the clergy are not recorded, only in so far as the Vicar, who personally was a very estimable priest, seemed to enter heartily into the welcome accorded to the new Bishop.

The manifestation of all this in the enthusiastic welcome given to him must have brought to Bishop Lamy the deepest satisfaction, and tended to reconcile him to his position as a bishop of a semi-civilized diocese. It augured well for a rapid development of religion, and for a vast amount of good which could be done among these simple children of nature. The only discordant note in the universal harmony was the thought that the clergy was not the zealous body that it should be in so high a calling. If he could

find some means of re-animating it with the sense of duty and the spirit of sacrifice, what a bright future he could see for religion in New Mexico. If this could be done by gentle and kindly means—in a manner to bind them to him in the same spirit of love and labor, there would be a glorious transformation, and where sin abounded grace would the more abound.

This occasion, and his previous experiences and observations, would suggest thoughts of this nature, and among such thoughts another would thrust itself—what if the clergy did not respond to his earnest desires, and his paternal efforts in their regard should result in failure? Today let that thought be put aside—time enough to raise the umbrella when it begins to rain.

CHAPTER XII.

Extent of the Vicariate.—Mixed Races.—Christian and Pagan Indians.—Santa Fé.—Some Events in Its History.—The Palace.—The Churches.—The Bell.—The Blander of a Drunken Judge.—How He Was Made to Rectify It.—Bishop Lamy Goes to Durango.—Father Machebeuf as Administrator.—Missionary Work.—Religious Ignorance and Its Consequences.—Need of Christian Schools.—Building Bought.—The Sisters of Loretto. Academy of Our Lady of Light.

In 1851 New Mexico was of much greater extent than today. Its boundaries were not definitely determined, but they included all of what is now New Mexico and Arizona, except the southern portion, which came in later as a part of the Gadsden Purchase, a part of the present State of Nevada, and most of that portion of Colorado lying east of the Continental Divide and south of the Arkansas river. Beyond the limits of his vicariate proper, Bishop Lamy had charge of Utah and some other parts of the Mexican Cession of 1848. The great bulk of his subjects, however, were within the present limits of New Mexico, with a few scattering missions in Arizona. The rest of the vast territory was mostly a wilderness and a home for roving tribes of pagan Indians.

The people of New Mexico were the descendants of former colonists from Old Mexico. Some of these were of pure Castilian blood, and some were of mixed blood, as many are found to be in Old Mexico. Again, a new mixture of blood was added in many cases by

intermarriage with individual members of the various tribes of New Mexican Indians.

These classes formed the majority of the population, but there was a large element of the pure Indian race, which might properly be considered as belonging to the population of New Mexico. These were Indians of sedentary habits, who were living in groups, or villages, called pueblos. They tilled a little of the soil, kept a few goats, sheep or other animals, and lived generally in a hand-to-mouth fashion. In some of the arts they were quite skilled, and made blankets and woolen stuffs of wonderful merit, and fair samples of pottery. In almost everything they had the usual Indian characteristics except the roving disposition, and their constant intercourse with the Mexicans gave them a touch of the imperfect civilization around them.

These Indians were not all Christians, but many of them were, and all of them might have been if New Mexico had been left to the Franciscans, or if these Fathers had been succeeded by a zealous body of missionary priests. The Apache Indians were pagans, so were the Navajos and the other predatory tribes which made their homes in these regions.

The faith was first brought to the Indians of New Mexico by the Franciscans in the 16th century, but the early missionaries were put to death by the Indians, and left no permanent work. The first permanent missions established date from the end of the 16th century—the oldest being that of *San Francisco de los Espagnoles*, or San Gabriel, at the mouth of

the Rio Chama, and next came that of *La Villa Real de Santa Fé de San Francisco*, a name now abbreviated into Santa Fé. These missions became permanent centers of religion, and also of colonies which finally reclaimed New Mexico from savagery. San Gabriel was the first residence of the Spanish Provincial Governor, but he soon saw the superior advantages of Santa Fé and made that the seat of the government.

During the succeeding centuries Santa Fé met with varying fortunes. It was several times taken by the Indians, who rebelled against Spanish rule, but was always recovered again by the Spaniards, yet in all these vicissitudes it never lost its individuality, and thus is the oldest city in the United States with the single exception of St. Augustine, in Florida. Its population was never more than a few thousands, but commercially it was of considerable importance, and at the time of its acquisition by the United States its trade amounted to about one million dollars annually.

When Mexico threw off the Spanish yoke, in 1821, all Spaniards were ordered from the country. The decree affected the Spanish Franciscans, who at that time had charge of twenty Indian pueblos and one hundred and two towns and ranches in New Mexico. The Bishop of Durango found it impossible to fill their places, but he did the best he could to supply the more important missions. In 1832 he sent the Very Rev. Juan Felipe Ortiz to Santa Fé as Vicar Forane, with jurisdiction over New Mexico, but the

scarcity of priests, and the nature of those whom he did have, left the people in a sad condition of religious neglect, and, as for education, scarcely any effort was made either by the government or the clergy for any kind of instruction.

These conditions lasted, and were growing worse, until 1846, when General S. W. Kearney took possession of Santa Fé and established Fort Marcy on the heights above it. The treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo confirmed the title of the United States, and New Mexico was organized as a Territory in 1851, with Santa Fé continuing as its capital as it had been under Spanish and Mexican rule.

In Santa Fé there were no imposing sights, such as are found in many other cities. The buildings were nearly all very plain, built of adobe, and few of them more than one story in height. The old government building, called "The Palace," built before Jamestown on the Atlantic was settled, is of historic interest. It occupies one side of the *Plaza*, is of adobe and only one story high, but it presents a striking appearance with its massive walls and colonnade along its entire front. Originally it formed a square, with a courtyard within, where the Spanish garrison was quartered, but that portion of the rectangle fronting on the Plaza is the only part now preserved. Bandelier says of it (1890):

This ancient palace surpasses in historic interest and value any other place or object in the United States. It antedates the settlement of Jamestown by nine years, and that of Plymouth by 22, and has stood during the 292 years since its erection, not as a cold rock or monument, with no claim on the interest of human-

ity except the bare fact of its existence, but as a living center of everything of historic importance in the Southwest. Through all that long period, whether under Spanish, Mexican or American control, it has been the seat of power and authority. Whether the ruler was called viceroy, captain general, political chief, department commander or governor, and whether he presided over a kingdom, a province, a department or a territory, this has been his official residence. From here Onate started, in 1599, on his adventurous expedition over the Eastern plains; here seven years later, 800 Indians came from far off Quivira to ask aid in their war with the Axtaos; from here, in 1618, Vincente de Salivar set forth to the Moqui country, only to be turned back by rumors of the giants to be encountered; and from here Peñalosa and his brilliant troop started on the 6th of March, 1662, on their marvelous expedition to the Missouri; in one of its strong rooms the commissary general of the Inquisition was imprisoned a few years later by the same Peñalosa; within its walls, fortified as for a siege, the bravest of the Spaniards were massed in the revolution of 1680; here, on the 19th of August, of that year, was given the order to execute forty-seven Pueblo prisoners in the Plaza which faces the building; here, but a day later, was the sad war council held which determined on the evacuation of the city; here was the scene of the triumph of the Pueblo chieftains as they ordered the destruction of the Spanish archives and the church ornaments in one grand conflagration; here De Vargas, on September 14, 1692, after the eleven hours' combat of the preceding day, gave thanks to the Virgin Mary, to whose aid he attributed his triumphal capture of the city; here, more than a century later, on March 3, 1807, Lieutenant Pike was brought before Governor Alencaster as an invader of Spanish soil; here, in 1822, the Mexican standard, with its eagle and cactus, was raised in the token that New Mexico was no longer a dependency of Spain; from here, on the 6th of August, 1837, Governor Perez started to subdue the insurrection in the North, only to return two days later and meet his death on the 9th near Agua Fria; here, on the succeeding day, Jose Gouzales, a Pueblo Indian of Taos, was installed as governor of New Mexico, soon after to be executed by order of Armijo; here, in the principal reception room, on August 12, 1846, Captain Cooke, the American envoy, was received by Governor Armijo and sent back with a message of defiance; and here, five days later, General Kearney formally took possession of the city and slept, after his long and weary march, on the carpeted floor of the palace. (He might have added that here also, while gov-

ernor of New Mexico, General Lew Wallace finished his tale of Ben Hur).

From every point of view, it is the most important historical building in the country, and its ultimate use should be as the home of the wonderfully varied collection of antiquities which New Mexico will furnish.

The old Church of San Miguel, perhaps the oldest now in the United States, was built nearly 300 years ago. It was burned by the Indians in 1680, but was restored, and stands substantially the same to-day, except the front and tower, which were changed by modern restorations.

In a little room at the base of the tower of San Miguel is the sweetest-toned bell in America, and perhaps the richest. It, too, has its history, filled with poetry and romance of the ages of faith.

In 1356, so the legend runs, the Spaniards were fighting the Moors. Battle after battle was fought and lost by the Christians, until the people vowed a bell to St. Joseph as a gage of their confidence in his assistance. They brought their gold and silver plate, their rings and their bracelets, their brooches and ear-rings and cast them into the melting-pot with the other metal. The bell was cast, and in its tone were the richness of gold and the sweetness of sacrifice. It sounded the defeat of Moslemism in Spain, and then came to ring in the birth of Christianity in Mexico, and with the Padres it found its way up the Rio Grande to rest and ring out its sweet notes over the City of Holy Faith.

“In the old adobe church stands the bell—
From the ancient tower its notes have ceased to swell
O'er the houses, quaint and low,



OLD SAN MIGUEL'S CHURCH.

Whence it summoned long ago
Spanish conquerer, Indian slave,
All to gather 'neath this nave.
Pealed it many a bygone day
O'er the roofs of Santa Fé.
And before that, century long,
Had it sent its sacred song
O'er the hills and vales of distant, sunny Spain.
Six long centuries have passed
Since the ancient bell was cast,
And sounded forth its first long sweet refrain.
Strike it now and you shall hear,
Sweet and soft, and silver clear,
Such a note as thrills your heart
With its tender, magic art,
Echoing softly through the gloom
Of that ancient, storied room,
Dying softly, far away,
In the church at Santa Fé."

There were several other churches and chapels in various stages of preservation and decay, and among them the Parrochia, built on the site of the first church erected by Fray Benevides. At the time of the coming of Bishop Lamy this church was occupied by the government officials, but it was returned to the Bishop, and upon this site he built his cathedral.

As a city, Santa Fé has but little of the wonderful, yet it is a picture in itself. The narrow, winding and irregular streets, the long rows of low adobe houses, with bleak fronts relieved only by doors leading to unseen courts and gardens within, the strange figures upon the streets—Indians in bright blankets, Mexicans in every hue and gaud of color, children almost in nature's garb, *cabelleros* in boots, spurs and tasseled finery, women with loads upon their

heads, and moving mountains of wood and cornshucks under which by close inspection you will find a burro, the apparent absence of all worry, the certain absence of all haste, the bright sunshine and the clear atmosphere of 7,000 feet elevation—put all these together and you have something of Santa Fé.

This brief description of New Mexico and Santa Fé will give us a better understanding of the conditions under which Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf had to work. Bishop Lamy had told Father Machebeuf that he wished him to come with him to New Mexico “to share his burdens,” and as Vicar General he had a share in them all. In some cases the share equaled the whole, and such burdens were generally the most disagreeable.

The first trouble came from an unexpected quarter, but Father Machebeuf was not alone in it. Their first care had been to get possession of the churches, chapels and all ecclesiastical property. There was no difficulty with any of these except in the case of the church which had been taken by the secular authorities during the late troubles. The question of right seemed to be clear, but an anti-Catholic prejudice was somehow raised and the Judge of the Supreme Court at Santa Fé was strongly imbued with it. He was not a total abstainer by any manner of means, and this was the cause of his undoing.

One certain Sunday night, when he had indulged far beyond the limits of prudence, and while laboring under the effects of his indiscretion, he announced defiantly that he would not give up the church to

Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf, but that he would have them both hanged from the same gibbet. Such an expression might pass in the community where he had been reared and schooled, but he miscalculated his audience when he gave utterance to it in the presence of five or six Mexicans. Early next morning the Judge's remarks were known throughout the whole city, and indignation ran high. A petition was gotten up and signed by more than a thousand Catholics, Protestants, civilians and soldiers, asking for justice and the return of the church to the Bishop. In the meantime an excited mob gathered and marched to the place where the bigot Judge had taken refuge. He called upon the military authorities for protection, but the Commander of the Fort was disgusted with him and refused his demand, at the same time sending an officer to Bishop Lamy to assure him that the entire garrison was at his service in case he needed any protection against the Judge or his adherents. For two hours Father Machebeuf and a Catholic officer from the Fort stood between the mob and its trembling victim, who begged for mercy and promised to do justice. That evening he went to Bishop Lamy to beg pardon and apologize, and the next day in open court, held in the church itself in the presence of the governor and all the civil and military authorities, he solemnly turned over the property to its rightful owner, and the episode ended happily. This was the first and last attempt to raise the standard of Know-nothingism in New Mexico.

This matter being settled, Father Machebeuf

took charge of this particular church and proceeded to put it in condition for service. When this was done Bishop Lamy decided to make this his cathedral until a better one could be provided.

Besides these churches there were several smaller chapels for public use, one dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe, one to Our Lady of the Rosary and one to Our Lady of Light. This last chapel was also under the special charge of Father Machebeuf.

Having thus formally taken possession of his diocese and arranged the preliminaries satisfactorily so far, Bishop Lamy and the Vicar of the Bishop of Durango set out for Old Mexico. The cutting off of the territory of New Mexico from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durango appears to have been done without asking his consent, and he made some objection to the yielding up of his authority to another without the usual formalities. This hesitancy on the part of the Bishop of Durango gave to some of the New Mexican priests the color of an excuse to refuse to acknowledge the authority of Bishop Lamy. It was not that they had any doubt of his authority, but that they did not want a bishop so near them who might insist upon a change in their manner of living. It was to arrange these matters with the Bishop of Durango and get his formal renunciation of authority that Bishop Lamy set out on this new journey of 1,500 miles only six weeks after his arrival in Santa Fé. The business of the trip was successfully and amicably arranged, but Bishop Lamy did not return until about Christmas, and during this time the ad-

ministration of the new Vicariate was in the hands of Father Machebeuf.

Although Father Machebeuf did not attempt any great reforms during this period, it was in reality the most trying portion of his career in New Mexico. His knowledge of Spanish was very imperfect, and his duties left him very little time for study, yet he was obliged to receive all sorts of visitors and keep up a correspondence in Spanish with priests and people, and he complained of the unusual strain upon his possibilities, but he never ceased in work or endeavor. On the contrary, he added to his labors by beginning to instruct the people in short sermons. It was a renewal of his first experience at Tiffin and Sandusky, but this time he had greater confidence, brought by time, and also by the nature of his hearers, most of whom were sadly lacking in education, and were not disposed to be critical.

The scarcity of priests was so great that both Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf were obliged to become real missionaries again. When Bishop Lamy went through his diocese he traveled as a missionary and did missionary work everywhere, and when he was at home he took his share in the parish work like an ordinary priest and sent Father Machebeuf on missionary duty to vacant parishes, and also to those that were not vacant in order to revive the faith of the priest and the people. Where the Mexican priests could be reanimated with zeal they were assisted and encouraged, but where nothing could be done with them in this way they were relieved from

duty and permitted to go away, or they were suspended from all exercise of their ministry.

A few exemplary and zealous priests were found by Bishop Lamy during the first few months of his administration, who were willing to devote themselves to the care of extensive districts until more help would come, and thus the faith was at least kept alive. The city of Santa Fé was so well provided for that, in April, 1852, Bishop Lamy felt able to absent himself in order to attend the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, and to leave Father Machebeuf sufficiently free to look after the affairs of the diocese without being bound down by parish work at one place. How Father Machebeuf enjoyed this semi-freedom with hard work may be seen from his own words in the following extracts from a letter to his sister from Peña Blanca under date of May 31, 1852:

I write you from the beautiful village of Peña Blanca on the banks of the Rio del Norte, located in a charming valley between two chains of mountains with the river flowing down the middle. From the window of my room I can see the richness of the soil in the abundant harvest of wheat, corn and wine promised to the laborer, and beyond the limpid Rio the picturesque mountains with their slopes covered with majestic pines, and their summits crowned almost with eternal snow, which the winds and heats of summer fail to dissolve. But it would require the poetic temperament of a Father De Smet to appreciate it fully and describe it, as he described such scenes to me from his own experience of travel in the mountains. I am now quite accustomed to scaling the mountain heights and crossing the winding streams, but I have not the grand and beautiful boats as once upon the Ohio, only a pair of neat Mexican ponies with no poetry in them, and in their company the Muse refuses to mount to Parnassus. But what need have we of poetry?

You will, perhaps, ask what I am doing in this village of Peña Blanca? During the absence of the Bishop, who went, the

first of April, to assist at a Council of the Bishops at Baltimore, I am not too busy at the Capital, and I put in my spare time visiting the abandoned parishes and villages. When I say abandoned I do not wish you to understand that they are entirely deprived of the services of a priest, but that they are visited only two or three times a year.

The lack of instruction and other helps has left religion in a deplorable condition in New Mexico. Its practice is almost entirely lost, and there remains little but the exterior shell. With such ignorance the consequent corruption can easily be imagined, and all the immorality that must flow from it. Then, like the physician who must breathe the pestilent air while applying his remedies for the cure of the sick, we are obliged to go everywhere, and give to all an opportunity of hearing the word of God, for which most of them are famishing. In spite of their ignorance and immorality, they hunger for instruction, and they have a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It is a blind devotion, and is sometimes mixed with fanaticism and superstition, but it gives us hope that, explained and properly directed, it will lead to good results.

A priest in our position, if he wishes to remain faithful to his sacred character, feels the necessity, here more than anywhere else, of the protection of Mary, the Queen of the clergy, and the assistance of pious souls. Gladly, then, do I accept the offer of a union of prayers with the members of your community and other pious persons, for, if the zeal and charity of pious souls can do anything to help the missionary, this, of all the places in the world, is where it ought to be done, where we are surrounded by a thousand dangers unknown in France. But, since it was solely obedience to the designs of God that tore me away from my dear Sandusky and placed me in this portion of His vineyard, so overrun with thorns and thistles, I hope that His grace will sustain me, and while I am occupied combating His enemies I trust that you and others will not cease to raise your hands and voices to heaven in prayer for us all.

As the source of evil here is the profound ignorance of the people, the first remedy must be instruction, and for this we need Christian schools for the youth of both sexes, but especially for young girls. The means of forming them to virtue, and to good example, which is rare in New Mexico, is the establishment of religious houses conducted by persons devoted to their calling, and filled with the spirit of self-sacrifice. To this end the Bishop has already opened a school for boys in our house, and he has

knocked at many a door in the United States in order to secure Sisters for the girls.

I do not know if his Lordship will succeed in this while he is away, but in order to have everything ready upon his return in August, I bought, just three days ago, a large house at the other side of the church. It has a frontage of more than two hundred feet, and a large court in the middle with a portico all around in the form of a cloister. Besides some outbuildings there are twenty-six rooms, five or six of which are very large, and as it is surrounded on all sides by wide streets there is nothing to fear from the neighbors. I bought it from a Frenchman who lives in St. Louis, and he was very generous in his price and in the manner of payments. It costs us \$6,500. I do not know where we shall find that sum of money, but the acquisition was indispensable. The Bishop wished to buy it before he left, but he did not have the time and he authorized me to buy it in his name. We can now expect to see a religious establishment soon flourishing in Santa Fé, and there are over thirty children of the wealthiest families impatiently waiting for its opening.

Of the many doors at which Bishop Lamy knocked for Sisters, at least one opened to him and received him with good will. This was the Mother-house of the first-born Sisterhood of the West—the Lorettes of Kentucky. They could hardly refuse to listen to his appeal, for the work which he offered to them was in direct line with the plans of their venerable founder, Father Nerinckx.

The founding of the Order of the Sisters of Loretto, in 1812, was a timely work. There was a special harmony of adaptation among all the elements and circumstances of its establishment. The condition of the Western settlements of America in 1812 was one of poverty and limited means of instruction. There, as everywhere else, ignorance, and especially religious ignorance, was the prolific mother of evil, and the later sins of New Mexico were not unknown

among the ignorant ones of early Kentucky. Hatred for the Church was growing as another consequence of ignorance, and open persecution was not far removed down in the category of probable coming evils. Religious instruction would be the saving of those who should be of the faith—it would reach many others directly, and indirectly thousands of others would be affected until the leaven of good would gradually work through the entire mass of the population. Christian education was a crying need in Kentucky; a conscious need for the Catholics; unconscious for the others, but not the less real.

If God ever raised up a man with the spirit of self-sacrifice of the kind necessary to meet the call for instruction in these very circumstances, that man was the Rev. Charles Nerinckx. He had felt the ultimate fury of ignorance and wickedness, and was a victim of their supreme and ready appeal to persecution. The sins of others had made an apostle of Father Nerinckx, and he deemed his life, his labors and fortune of little moment if by them he could only spare others the contamination of sin, or avert from them its consequences.

But, to give any practical effect to his ideas of instruction for those who could not receive it under the present difficult conditions, he needed an exceptional body of teachers. Others forestalled him in his plans for young men, but not before he had succeeded in his efforts for the female sex. For that part of his work he was wonderfully fortunate, and

he might have searched the world over in vain for better material to aid him in carrying out his ideas of letting in the grace of religious enlightenment upon the souls of the young to show them the beauty and the reward of virtue. His assistants came to him ready and competent to fulfill the desires of his big heart, and they and their successors were worthy of their founder. A field for their labors never lacked them, and, while the visible results of their work are magnificent, the greatest portion of the good which they have done lies hidden with God.

Men are prone to judge of the success of an institution by the signs of its material prosperity. Such a judgment will ever be among the possibly erroneous, unless it be of a financial or industrial institution, but judged even by this standard, Loretto has been a grand success, and who will calculate the far-reaching work done in lives which otherwise would never have known the beauty of virtue as they learned to know it there, and the inspiration given to those lives which made them a well-spring of virtue to others?

Great monuments are erected with money; money measures services which have had their reward in Mammon, but God's work is silent, and labors for the poor build monuments not on earth but in heaven. There is a thousand times more of God's history in the plain statue erected in New Orleans, with the single word "Margaret" on its pedestal than in any palace that was ever built. The great world will say that it never heard of that

statue, while it has heard of many palaces. This proves that God works in secret, and the world emblazons forth its deeds. Go and learn something of that statue; the subject is worthy of the study.

The early days of Loretto were days of poverty and privation, but they were days of honor. Every one of her old institutions and old buildings can tell a story of love and labor for God and humanity which cannot be written in the sculptured marble of modern piles, where every line of the artist's chisel means an increase in the distance which separates their work from God's poor, and that means from the masses of humanity. These must make sacrifices for necessary things; the rich alone can pay for life's luxuries. Good Father Nerinckx understood the divine plan of preaching the Gospel to the poor, he embodied a portion of it in the Sisterhood of Loretto, and his spiritual daughters carried out well their part of the work. Every day we are passing away, and as each one passes there is a reverent memory that lingers, and attaches, not to walls of brick or stone, which we may have erected, but to the grandeur of character, which may have been clothed in the simplest and humblest exterior, but which sought God's glory, and counted "all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ."

The memories that remain of the departed Sisters of Loretto prove their devotion to the great object of their order, so well carried out at the Motherhouse, at dear old Bethlehem—the brightest star in the mother's crown, for it is nearest to the heart of

the work as Father Nerinckx knew it, and it must be nearest to his heart in heaven—and in their many other similar establishments throughout the length and breadth of the land.

To instruct and save the ignorant was the aim of the saintly Nerinckx, and to this end Loretto has applied itself and its means. Wealth was the great danger which he feared for it, and the legacy of precious rules, drawn up by his own hand for its guidance, concludes with the prayer that this child of his pains and labors may never meet with the temptation of riches. Its great work was to be among the poor, and when it ceased there to labor, then would its right arm be paralyzed. The field will never be lacking: "The poor you will ever have with you." "Esto perpetua!" Go on thus, and be thou perpetual!

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice—
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Such an institution could not refuse to listen to the appeal of Bishop Lamy for assistance in saving the young of New Mexico. Neither God nor His Church recognizes any patent of nobility based upon race, color or social standing. If Father Nerinckx showed a preference it was for those whom the world esteemed least, and his worthy daughters did not hesitate now. The distance, the dangers of travel, the difficulties of language, the certainty of poverty and the dreary prospect of a life of exile in a strange

land among a strange people did not frighten the Sisters. For every one of these things they had the example of Father Nerinckx, and surely they would now have his prayers in heaven while following so faithfully in his footsteps on earth. It was like a favor to be asked to go, and many a Sister prayed that she might be worthy of the call.

Six were chosen, but only four of the number reached Santa Fé; God was satisfied with the sacrifice of the others. Sickness forced one to return to Loretto after half the journey was made, and another was taken by the angel of death, and her mortal remains were laid away by her weeping sisters in a tomb on the border line between civilization and savagery.

Their arrival in Santa Fé marked an era in the history of the Church in New Mexico. Then began the wonderful work of reformation which Father Machebeuf foretold would be accomplished after the application of this first remedy. The most sanguine of the trembling hopes of the Sisters was more than realized, and their fears, if ever they had any, never returned to darken their brightest prospects. Their school prospered from the beginning, and ere long, in that land so sadly pictured by Father Machebeuf, a novitiate was established where the daughters of New Mexico hastened to consecrate their virginity to God, and their lives to the redemption of their sisters.

Enlightened religion has done much for New Mexico, and a great portion of the credit for its spread must be given to the Sisters of Loretto in

their well-named Academy of Our Lady of Light in Santa Fé, and its dependencies in various other parts of the Territory.

Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf, in preparing for the Sisters of Loretto and bringing them to New Mexico, builded better than they knew at that time, for, humble, painful and unpromising as that beginning was, it was fruitful in consequences for good, and no less than twelve other establishments trace their origin to it directly or indirectly.

CHAPTER XIII.

Coming of the Sisters of Loretto.—Father Machebeuf Goes to Albuquerque.—Opposition of the Former Padre.—Firmness of Father Machebeuf.—Erection of the Diocese of Santa Fé. The Novenas.—Obtains Possession of the Parish House.—Installs the New Pastors.—Goes to Kansas City to Meet the Sisters. Surrounded by Indians.—Meeting Hostile Indians.—A Certificate of Character.

The expected return of Bishop Lamy from the States did not take place until towards the end of September, 1852. He had secured six Sisters of Loretto at the Motherhouse in Kentucky for the new academy, and together they started on their westward trip. In later years New Mexico was under heavy obligations to Auvergne in France for its religious teachers, when nearly all its priests were natives of that province, but in the beginning Kentucky had the strongest claims upon its gratitude. Bishop Lamy was pastor of a church in Covington, Ky., when he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico, and now the teachers who were to take such an important part in the religious education, and consequent uplifting of the people of New Mexico, were sent out by the same Mother Diocese of the West.

All the Sisters, however, who set out on that first mission were not to reach their proposed destination. The dreaded cholera broke out on the boat upon which they had taken passage from St. Louis to the frontier town of Independence in Missouri. Sister Matilda, the Superior of the little colony, died on the boat, July 13, and was buried at Independence

the following day. Two other Sisters were attacked by the scourge and their lives despaired of, but they eventually recovered. One of them, however, Sister Monica, was so enfeebled by the attack that she was unable to endure the trip across the plains, and she remained at Independence until sufficiently recovered to return to Loretto. Sister Mary Magdalen Hayden was chosen Superior to succeed Sister Matilda, and with Sisters Catherine, Hilaria and Roberta, began their long journey over the desert.

To say that the trip was without incident would be putting it very mildly. There were no exciting episodes, but every day of that long journey was a day of painful and wearying toil. The sun poured down upon them during the day and its heat was reflected back from the dry and parched prairies, and were it not for the welcome coolness of the nights, their sufferings would have been almost unbearable. They met with no hostile demonstrations on the part of the Indians, and it was with the greatest sense of joy that they descried Father Machebeuf coming to meet them, on the Red River seven days out from Santa Fé.

Their trip from that time was comparatively easy, for they were in a partially settled country. Bishop Lamy left them for a time to visit a few of his parishes, but he met them again, and their entrance into Santa Fé was made by the people an occasion almost similar to that with which Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf were greeted upon their first arrival a little more than a year before.

The Sisters prepared themselves for their work by a short but earnest term of study of the Spanish language. The people were anxious for the school to open, but this preparation was necessary, and material arrangements had to be made and the school could not be opened until January, 1853, but it closed a most successful term in August with forty-two pupils. From that time the history of the Sisters of Loretto forms one of the bright volumes in the records of New Mexico.

But to return to Father Machebeuf. A hint is given in the preceding chapter that bishops sometimes assign the unpleasant duties to their vicars-general. Some work of this nature fell to Father Machebeuf in the attempted reformation of the Mexican priests. There was an apparent betterment in some of them, and a greater display of zeal, but all did not respond to the paternal advice and efforts of Bishop Lamy.

Among those who refused to listen to the kindly counsels of the Bishop was a certain Padre Gallegos, pastor of the important church of Albuquerque. We have no hesitancy in naming him, as the whole affair was public, and his previous and subsequent career was well known.

Albuquerque was the second city of importance in the Territory, and was headquarters for a large number of American troops. The Padre was very popular with certain classes in the parish, and these were the rich, the politicians and business men, few of whom had any practical religion. With these he

drank, gambled and danced, and was generally a good fellow. He was a man of more than ordinary talent, and on that account he received considerable respect and deference. His conduct, however, gave scandal to the good within the fold, and also to those without the fold, for it furnished them an occasion for reviling the Church.

Failing to effect any good by exhortations and warnings, Bishop Lamy was obliged to withdraw all privileges and faculties from the recalcitrant priest, and Father Machebeuf was sent to take charge of Albuquerque and conciliate the people. But we shall let Father Machebeuf tell the story of his experience on this occasion :

My position was sufficiently delicate and difficult, for he was very popular with his set. I took advantage of his temporary absence in Old Mexico to take possession of the church and to announce from the pulpit the sentence of the Bishop, suspending him from the exercise of any priestly function.

Some time later, when I was visiting some Indian parishes in the mountains, about seventy-five miles from Albuquerque, I heard that the Padre had returned and was going to dispute the possession of the church with me the next Sunday. This did not alarm me, but I thought it best to be prepared, so I sent a messenger in haste to the Bishop to get a confirmation in writing of the sentence pronounced upon the Padre, and my authorization in clear terms to administer the affairs of the parish.

I returned to Albuquerque on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning I went to the church an hour earlier than usual in order to be on the ground and ready for anything that might happen. What was my astonishment upon arriving there to find the Padre in the pulpit and the church filled with people whom I knew to be his particular friends. These he had quietly gathered together, and now he was exciting them to revolt, or at least to resistance. I tried to enter the church through the sacristy, but this communicated with the presbytery which he still occupied, and I found the doors locked. Going then to the main door of the church I entered, and assuming an air of bold-

ness I commanded the crowd to stand aside and make room for me to pass. Then, as one having authority, I forced my way through the crowd and passed up by the pulpit just as the Padre pronounced the Bishop's name and mine in connection with the most atrocious accusations and insulting reflections.

I went on until I reached the highest step of the sanctuary, and then turning I stood listening quietly till he had finished. Then all the people turned to me as if expecting an answer. I replied, and in the clearest manner refuted all his accusations, and I showed, moreover, that he was guilty of the scandals which had brought on his punishment. I then took from my pocket the letter which my courier had brought me from the Bishop, and I read it in a loud voice. To finish, I called upon him to justify himself, or at least to answer, if he had any reply to make. But, not a word; he went out as crestfallen as a trapped fox and left me in peaceful possession of the church. I sang the high mass as usual, and preached on the Gospel of the day without making the least allusion to the scene which had just taken place.

A few days later, to repair his humiliating defeat, he went to the neighboring villages and used every means to arouse the people, and he succeeded in getting together twenty-five or thirty of the most influential and the richest, with some of his intimate friends from Santa Fé. These, profiting by the absence of the Prefect, who was an intimate friend of mine, came to me in a body, and, with an air of insolence and bravado, ordered me to leave the parish, adding that they did not want any of my administration, and if I did not go they would have recourse to other measures.

At that moment the good God must have given me patience and strength that were more than natural, for I answered them with firmness that I had come to take possession of the parish by order of the highest ecclesiastical authority, and that I would receive no orders except from that same authority. I told them that they might take such measures as they saw fit, but, like the sentinel on guard, I would not quit my post, and as the shepherd of the flock I was ready to die for my sheep rather than abandon them.

This short and forcibly given answer disconcerted them: they did not have a word to say in reply, but returned to the Padre to apprise him of the little success of their mission. They did not know that I was an Auvergnat. "*Latsin pas.*" Never give up!

Hardly had they left me when the Prefect, whom some one

had notified of the affair, came up in a fury. He had already given orders for their arrest and appearance in court, but I reasoned with him and finally persuaded him to drop the matter, for I was sure that such a course would be the best in the end. This, in effect, was the case, for a reaction took place in my favor and several deputations waited upon me to offer their services and protect me if necessary. I thanked all of them for their good will, but I declined any protection, as I did not fear any trouble. This scene took place on Saturday, and on Sunday morning I went to the church unattended by anyone except the sacristan, and the only change I noticed was that everyone I met saluted me with apparently greater respect than ever. There were only three men from Albuquerque who took part in the rebellion; all the rest were from the Ranchos, or villages on the lands of the rich proprietors.

From that moment the Padre lost all hope of driving me away, and, abandoning the Church, he went into politics. There was no doubt about his talents, and he used them to good effect in his new field, for through them he worked every kind of scheme until he succeeded in getting himself elected to the Congress of the United States as Delegate from the Territory of New Mexico.

This was the most serious trouble which Father Machebeuf had to meet while he was in New Mexico. Any other priest sent to Albuquerque would have had the same trouble and might not have gotten over it so well, but with his firmness, fearlessness and authority as Vicar General, Father Machebeuf commanded an admiration which his opponents could not refuse to give him, and which gained for him respect and obedience. His conduct, too, when contrasted with that of his predecessor, showed such disinterestedness and zeal for the good of the people that they soon came to love him as they never thought of loving the Padre. It was not the love for a boon companion, nor for a master, but for a father whom they saw seeking their own good both in this world and in the world to come.

Elsewhere also in New Mexico matters had taken a more definite shape. The discipline of the Church was restored and the work of instructing and saving souls well inaugurated. The vigor and zeal of Bishop Lamy's administration was recognized at Rome, and by letters from Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, bearing date of August 12, 1853, it was announced that Santa Fé was raised to the dignity of a diocese.

To sustain and advance the work of reformation among the people Father Machebeuf seized upon every means. We have seen where he spoke of their blind and unordered devotion to the Blessed Virgin. This he undertook to regulate within proper bounds and direct in legitimate channels. Without destroying any of their fervor or confidence, he placed the devotion on its proper basis, and encouraged it especially among the younger element of the people.

Another custom among the Mexicans was to have a novena of high masses just before Christmas. This novena had been made one long celebration by the people, and was a season more of revelry and dissipation than of spiritual improvement. Father Machebeuf did not suppress this celebration, but he determined to make it an occasion of a religious revival in a real Catholic sense.

The departure of the Padre had caused no lasting regrets, and, as Father Machebeuf now had the people well in hand with a growing popularity, he announced the novena and promised an instruction each day. These instructions were practical talks

suiting to the capacity of the listeners. "on the great truths of religion, the sacraments, and the dispositions necessary for their worthy reception." He tells us of the wonderful success of the exercises in the following lines :

Every day the church was filled, and not even one of those leaders from the *Ranchos* was missing. The last four or five days were spent in hearing confessions up to two o'clock in the morning, and I had the consolation of seeing some of those approach the sacraments who had been the most bitter against the Bishop and me. But what touched me most was, that the people from the *Ranchos*, whom I had advised to build a little chapel of their own, came to me and insisted that I should go and say two masses of a second novena in their chapel, or rather between its four walls, for the cold weather came earlier this year than usual and stopped the building before the roof was finished. Yet they put boards over it and hung up carpets, etc., which made a temporary and quite ornamental covering. They also bought two bells, which the women decked out with silks and flowers, and I blessed these with all the ceremony possible. There were about fifty communions of men and women on this occasion.

The other masses of the novena I sang in another chapel large enough to hold about 300 persons, and I do not remember ever in my life to have experienced greater consolation than on these last days of this novena. Besides whole days, I was obliged to spend the nights in the confessional until two, and even four o'clock in the morning. The day of the closing of the novena, when I saw coming up to the sanctuary many an old sinner who had long abandoned the practice of religion, and even some of the leaders in the late mutiny, I was so moved that I could hardly speak. I wanted to liken this occasion to the feast prepared by the father at the return of the Prodigal Son, but my voice failed me. My emotion choked me, and the sobbing of the people forced me to stop three different times, while men and women shed tears of repentance and devotion. When I announced to them that I would be obliged to leave them and go to live at Santa Fé while the Bishop was away, the entire audience burst into tears again and would not be comforted until I promised to come one Sunday in the month during his absence. It was a hard parting for me, but a softening feature came into it when many of the hitherto neglectful

ones came to tell me that they would prepare themselves for the sacraments at my next coming.

These are things which console us in our isolation, or species of exile where we are cut off from the world, surrounded by high mountains, and separated from the United States, Mexico and California by vast plains. Oh, if the Bishop could bring us from France a few good priests what an immensity of good could be done! What pleasure I would have in seeing my *Rancheros* coming back—these same men who came to my room to insult and threaten me! Yes, the grace of God is powerful.

The absence of Bishop Lamy, to which Father Machebeuf refers in the foregoing, was for the purpose of a voyage to France and Rome. It would be the occasion of his first visit *ad limina*, and he hoped to induce some of the young and zealous ecclesiastics of his native country to come to New Mexico. He had influenced a few by letter, but he felt that he would be far more successful if he could speak to them personally. He left Santa Fé about the 1st of February, 1854, and was absent until the 18th of November.

During the absence of Bishop Lamy, Father Machebeuf was in full control of all the church affairs in New Mexico. With one assistant at Santa Fé, he attended to all the needs of that place, caring for the parish and schools, and paying his monthly visit to Albuquerque. Other parishes and missions he visited occasionally, and things went on with no friction. Nothing new could be undertaken, for the stubborn members of the old clergy had been disposed of and their places were not yet filled. Those who remained, and the few whom Bishop Lamy had introduced into the diocese, were doing the best they could to visit the people as often as possible, while

giving them hope that the Bishop would bring them permanent pastors upon his return.

The only extraordinary affair during this period was an echo from the old trouble at Albuquerque. The former Padre refused to give up the presbytery, and showed title deeds purporting to be from the Bishop of Durango conveying the property to him. Father Machebeuf began a suit of ejectment, and recovered the property by laying before the court officials letters from the Bishop of Durango denying any transfer of the property. The Padre's title was, in consequence, pronounced fraudulent by the court and Father Machebeuf entered upon possession without further trouble. The cause of the Padre had no longer any adherents, and when Father Machebeuf at last told the people of Albuquerque that the Bishop would return in a few days, and that his next visit would be to take up his permanent residence among them, their joy knew no bounds. His own joy was great also, for he was as anxious to be with them as they were to have him. Of them he says :

They are dear to me, for the more a mother suffers from a sick and petulant child, the more she loves it. So it is with me, and every day I have new proofs that my parishioners share my sentiments. They never before testified such respect and confidence as they did at my last visit when I told them that I would soon come to fix my residence again with them.

Another grand welcome met Bishop Lamy upon his return. The whole population turned out to meet him, triumphal arches were erected over the streets where he had to pass, a body of cavalry escorted him and salvos of artillery hailed him. The one sad note in the chorus of universal joy was the death sigh of

one of the Bishop's party, a young subdeacon, of whom Father Machebeuf writes:

The same day occurred the death of Abbé Vaure, a young subdeacon of great talent and eminent virtue. The next day we had another procession, but it was a sorrowful one. It was sad to see the three subdeacons and one deacon carrying the corpse of their dear dead countryman. I hope that the Lord accepted his sacrifice and will take account of his pious desires.

Several priests also arrived with Bishop Lamy, and Father Machebeuf installed them in their new positions and introduced them to their congregations. He accompanied Father Juillard to Belen, and Father Martin to Isleta, while Father Avel was left to assist with the work at Santa Fé.

It may be a matter of some wonder that these priests were sent out so soon among a strange people with whose language they were not yet familiar, but the necessities were such that it could not be helped, and it was but a repetition of Father Machebeuf's own case, for he was sent out after three weeks' preparation, and no one can say that his work was not efficient and successful.

The new priests were not long in mastering every detail of their work, and under the united efforts of a more numerous and zealous clergy religious conditions improved rapidly. The people were instructed in doctrine and made to see its practical obligations, and their moral tone was proportionately elevated. They grew more anxious for instruction for themselves and for their children. The excellent work of the schools was evident everywhere a pupil returned home from the care of the Sisters, and more

and more the families desired to have their daughters educated by these teachers who could make them such refined and Christian gentlewomen. In a short time the original colony of Sisters found themselves unable to meet the demands made upon them, and it was necessary to increase their accommodations and strengthen their teaching force. They applied to the Motherhouse in Kentucky for additional help and a new band was sent out to assist them in their work.

The journey of this new colony of Sisters was much the same as for all travelers over the Santa Fé Trail in those days, but there was one event which was a little out of the ordinary, and entirely new in the experience of the Sisters.

They left Louisville, Ky., on May 12, 1855, and towards the end of June they reached Independence, Mo., where they met Father Machebeuf, who was to be their guide for the remainder of their journey. The incident was related by Mother Ann Joseph, who was of the party, and who came from Santa Fé to establish St. Mary's Academy in Denver in 1864. She died at Florissant, Mo., only a few years ago:

All went well with us until July 16, when the caravan with which we traveled halted for breakfast. As the ambulances of the Sisters were the last to enter the circle of wagons they were placed in the center. Father Machebeuf had put up his tent, in which he said mass and all the Sisters received holy communion.

After our thanksgiving we had breakfast, and while seated at our improvised table talking cheerfully we heard the alarming cry: "Indians! Indians!" Looking towards the east we saw the whole bluff covered with Indians on horseback, their faces and arms painted in warlike style.

They swooped down upon us like so many eagles. We were told to get into our ambulances, the curtains were drawn down

and fastened, and the heavy duck covers for protection in time of storms were tied down over them. The horses and mules, to the number of about 200, were driven within the circle of wagons, and there we were in the midst of them. The outside temperature was about ninety degrees, not a shade tree was in sight, and there we were with no protection but our closed ambulances.

Soon the savages entered the circle and became very curious to see what was in the ambulances. The drivers sat on the seats in front, and every time an Indian tried to lift the covers and peep in they used their whips upon him. The merchants who owned the wagons and the merchandise with which they were laden, were very generous to the savages, and gave them many presents of blankets, calicoes, manta, sugar, tobacco, molasses, etc. Father Machebeuf gave them many medals, and he was anxious to redeem a captive Mexican whom the Indians had, but he did not succeed.

After keeping us shut up in our air-tight prisons from ten o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon about half of the Indians left, but the rest of them hung around until about five o'clock, when the caravan started for a better place to camp for the night. After a short drive we reached a convenient spot for camping, and when we descended from our ambulances where we had been imprisoned for so many hours, we were unable to stand on our feet for some time. However, we were thankful that it was no worse. We have often since laughed at our predicament when we were in the close, hot ambulances, praying as hard as we could, with fear in our hearts and the perspiration oozing from every pore, but it was no matter for amusement at the time.

During our journey the good Father Machebeuf often sent some of his men ahead of the caravan to select a good spot in which to camp for the night, and instructed them to plant young trees so as to represent a grove whenever we came to a wooded part of the country, and he would go on in advance and be on the spot to welcome us to our little garden or grove. He would often bring into camp beautiful flowers, or shells found upon the prairies, and in every way try to cheer us after a long weary day of travel. We arrived at Santa Fé on July 24th.

This same story was among Father Machebeuf's interesting stock of anecdotes. He had a fund of such, and there were many others which he did not tell, as they seemed to him to be only ordinary inci-

dents. He traveled much and often met with bands of roving Indians. It was never safe to trust these too far, for on many an occasion like the one just described they did not hesitate at a massacre when they saw that they had the mastery. It was the consciousness of their own weakness that often made the Indians apparently friendly, but in the midst of their strongest professions of friendship they were keenly on the scent for every opportunity of stealing. But friendly or hostile, they never attempted any harm to Father Machebeuf, and he did not seem to have any fear of them. He never put off any journey because the Indians were on the war path, but he would calmly set out, saying: "Oh, the Indians would not hurt me!"

On one of his trips Father Machebeuf, with several others, was making the ascent of Apache Canon. The Indians were more troublesome than usual, and had killed several soldiers in the vicinity only a few days before. When part way up the steep ascent he mounted his horse and rode on, leaving his companions toiling slowly along. At the summit of the mountain the stage people had a station for the change of horses. When Father Machebeuf came near the station he found it besieged by a party of Indians. Without any signs of fear he approached and the chief met him half way.

"Are you Captain?" asked the Indian.

"No, Captain," said Father Machebeuf, showing his crucifix.

"You Padre?" said the chief.

“Yes, I am Padre,” answered Father Machebeuf.

“How d’ye do?” said the chief.

Then the chief and all the Indians shook hands with him. Next they asked him if he had seen any soldiers on the road, and Father Machebeuf told them that there was a troop now coming up the mountain. The Indians then held a consultation, and mounting their ponies they cried: “Adios, Padre,” and rode away. Father Machebeuf found three Americans in the besieged station, and they looked upon him as the preserver of their lives, which was probably true, and they made him stay with them until the next day.

An amusing instance of his experience with the Indians which he used to tell, was when a band of Indians with a petty chief early one morning rode into his camp on the plains. It is the singular privilege of an Indian to be always hungry and asking for something to eat. This band, of course, was hungry, and Father Machebeuf supplied them as liberally as he could from his own slender store. The chief became very friendly and insisted upon sounding his own praises, and repeating that he was “Heap good Indian.” To prove his assertion, he produced a certificate of good conduct which he had received from an army officer in the service of the United States at some post on the frontier. He was very proud of it and he wanted Father Machebeuf to read it and be convinced. Upon looking at the paper, Father Machebeuf found it to read as follows:

“I hereby certify that the bearer is the biggest thief unhung, and I warn all who may read this paper to be on their guard against him.”

Father Machebeuf smiled when he read the paper, and the Indian, taking this for a sign of approval, insisted upon an additional line from him. The more recommendations he had, the better would be his chances in begging. Feeling that he could not well refuse, Father Machebeuf added the following postscript: “I have met the person described in the foregoing, and I have found no reason to dispute the truth of the above declaration, or the necessity of the warning.”

Carefully stowing his double certificate of character in a greasy pocket the savage went off prouder than ever, no doubt fully convinced that he could now prove to the satisfaction of the most skeptical that he was indeed “Heap good Indian.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Building Material.—Repairing the Churches.—New Organ.—Father Machebeuf Starts for France.—Incidents of Travel.—In France.—New Recruits.—Double Celebration at Sea.—Arrival at New York.—Interesting Relation by Father Ussel.—Returns to Albuquerque.—Grand Welcome.—Begins to Preach in English.—Converts.—Establishes Catechism Classes.—Goes Again to the States.—Tricks the Indians.—Return Party.—Mademoiselle Lamy and Companion.—Leaves Albuquerque for Santa Fé.—Efforts to Retain Him in Albuquerque.—Reception at Santa Fé.

The ordinary material for building in New Mexico was *adobe*. This was the natural clay of the soil made into large bricks and dried in the sun. Walls built of this, if laid upon foundations of stone to raise them above the moisture of the earth, would last for ages. The old Missions were built of adobe, and their walls, from three to eight feet thick, still stand. The churches and chapels were built of the same material, and some of them were of very early date, but proper care had not been taken of them, and at the time of the arrival of Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf many of them were sadly in need of repairs. The old clergy were too busy in providing for themselves to do much for the churches, and the first material care of the new priests was, of necessity, to repair the churches, decorate them and supply them with new vestments, altar furniture, linens, etc., of which all of them were in need, for in those distant missions they had been but scantily provided with these things in the beginning.

At Albuquerque Father Machebeuf set about re-

pairing and renovating his church, and when it was done the people were so pleased that they looked for the opportunity of doing more, and one of the principal members of the parish offered to provide an organ at his individual expense. The organ was an instrument almost unknown in New Mexico at that time, and were it not for a providential circumstance Father Machebeuf would have been obliged to refuse the gift, for there was no one in Albuquerque who could play upon it. It happened just then that the old organist whom Father Machebeuf had for two years in Sandusky was anxious to go to New Mexico to be with his old pastor, and had written letters to Father Machebeuf upon the advisability of the move. Father Machebeuf accepted the offer of the organ and wrote his old friend to come. Both his friend and the organ arrived at about the same time and were duly installed, and the music fairly enraptured the Mexicans, who, from time immemorial, had been accustomed to hearing the mass sung to the accompaniment of a violin. On grand occasions another violin and a few guitars might be added, but only a few places could afford such magnificence. In many churches of the Mexican and Central American States the entire musical service is today rendered by an automatic music box. Albuquerque, with its new organ and professional organist, was on the advance line of civilization and culture. The chant was mostly in the Gregorian style, from ponderous tomes which may yet be seen, and which are still used in some places where the

vocal musical (?) program is carried out by the older members of the parish.

When Bishop Lamy was in France in 1854, he tried hard to interest the students and young priests of Auvergne in his missions. We have seen that several came to New Mexico with him, but there were others who could not make up their minds at that time, or were not sufficiently advanced in their studies to offer themselves. Those who had come in the early part of Bishop Lamy's administration, and those who came with him in 1854, had written to their friends of the good work that was being done, and of the still greater work that remained to be done, and thus the missionary spirit was aroused and kept active. Bishop Lamy now judged that the time was again propitious for securing more help, and accordingly he sent Father Machebeuf on this missionary errand to France.

Father Machebeuf left Santa Fe about the middle of March 1856, with a few companions to see him safe across the plains, and his farther journey was to St. Louis, thence by boat to Louisville, Ky., and from there to Loretto, Gethsemane, Cincinnati, and to Fayetteville in Brown county, Ohio, where two of his former conferees were with the Ursuline Sisters whom he had brought from France in 1845. Only one portion of this journey is reported, but that part shows some of the incidental happenings in the life of the early missionary in the Far West.

When we were four days out from Fort Union on the borders of New Mexico, the light vehicle in which we rode broke down. We had but one other small wagon for our baggage and

provisions, and for two days we were obliged to walk through the snow in order to overtake a caravan of Mexican and American merchants who were going to the States to buy their stock of goods. They took pity on us and loaned us an enormous wagon drawn by ten mules. In this there were six passengers with their beds, baggage, provisions, and corn for twenty beasts. It was not a very fashionable nor a very agreeable mode of traveling, but we had our recompense in other ways. We saw thousands of buffaloes, deer, antelopes, etc., and they were the main supply of our table, which we set up in the snow and at which we ate standing, like the Israelites, with our staffs in our hands and our loins girt for our journey.

After the long and tiresome days of such traveling we passed no wakeful nights, but always slept well between two buffalo robes, even when we lay upon snow and an additional covering of six inches fell upon us during the night. The wolves were so plentiful and bold that they came into our camp every night, and they would carry off everything eatable that they could find. They even took parts of our harness. One of my companions saw them several times prowling about my bed, but I had forgotten all about the world at that time and their presence did not worry me.

The rest of the journey was made by the ordinary modes of travel, and he reached France strong in body and buoyant in spirits. It was eleven years since his last visit to his home, and this visit was consoling both for himself and his relatives, but he lost no time in sentiment. From the time of his arrival, about the middle of May, until the first of August he worked for the object of his mission so well that he succeeded in getting six volunteers for New Mexico and a large assortment of articles necessary for the churches.

When the time drew near for them to start on their long sea voyage Father Machebeuf grew solicitious, as was his custom, for the comfort of those who were to travel with him. He had secured passage

for his party, but he wished to make sure of comfortable quarters for them, so he went to Havre in advance, and on July 30, he wrote:

Not being able to form an exact idea of the places they had reserved for us, I left Paris yesterday evening for Havre where I arrived at five o'clock this morning. After waiting a little while so as to give time to the employes of the Bureau to get up and take breakfast, I went to inspect the vessel, the Alma, before speaking to any one. I took note of the cabins and thus was able to make very advantageous arrangements with the Director.

First, we shall have the same table as the Captain, with wine and all other privileges granted to the passengers who pay 550 francs, and we shall pay but 400. Then, we shall have very comfortable cabins, but less luxurious than some of the others. We are thirteen persons—the seven from Clermont, the Abbé Maurice who is returning to Buffalo with his sister, and the Abbé Martin from Brest with three Sisters for the Diocese of Cleveland.

I have always had the happiness of starting out on my journeys, or arriving at the end of them on some feast of the Blessed Virgin, or during an octave, or the month of May. I ought not to be afraid when the Lord arranges such co-incidences. It is exactly on the feast of Our Lady of the Snows that our steamer will weigh anchor.

Good Protestants and all sorts of infidels will look upon this pious confidence of Father Machebeuf as superstition, but would they take any notice of the fact that there were thirteen in the party! That did not seem to strike Father Machebeuf as anything objectionable, and all his long journeys were singularly fortunate, which, perhaps, drew his attention to the co-incidences. He did not forget, however, to ask for prayers for his safe journey, and he tells his sister to ask her little pupils to remember him in their prayers, and he recalls to her mind an occasion which profoundly impressed him when, he says, “I

saw them all in their little chapel, dressed in white and singing hymns worthy of the angels, and I seemed to be no longer on this earth but beholding some celestial vision."

They sailed under these happy auspices, and on the feast of the Assumption, which was the national feast of France also, they had a double celebration. Father Machebeuf gave an account of this celebration and of their further journey, from which we take the following incidents, leaving it for another of the party to give a fuller account of the voyage, which to him was memorable as being his first, and among scenes that were entirely new.

On the 15th of August they had a high mass at which Father Machebeuf preached a sermon in French. The cannon was fired at the Elevation and again at the close for the Te Deum. There were twelve communions at the mass, and a singular phenomenon was observed on the occasion. It was raining before the mass, but the sun came out and shone brightly during the whole time of the mass, and as soon as the mass was finished the sky suddenly darkened and they had barely time to dismantle the altar, which was set up on the deck, and carry the things to a place of safety before the rain fell again in torrents. A grand dinner was served to all the passengers by Captain Bocandy, and again the cannon boomed, while the intervals between the discharges were punctuated by the popping of champagne corks and toasts to the Emperor, the Church and France.

They reached New York, August 21, and four days later started westward on their land journey across the continent. They rested a few days at Sandusky and Cleveland while Father Machebeuf went to Cincinnati to visit Archbishop Purcell who, he had heard, was sick. There he found his old fellow-missionary, Bishop de Goesbriand of Burlington, Vermont. His visit was concluded by a call upon his friends in Brown county, to whom he brought the latest news from France.

Returning to his party he resumed his journey, and towards the end of it he wrote the last letter of his trip: "From Our Camp in a Dense Forest, Twelve Miles from the First Habitation of New Mexico, November 3, 1856." In this letter he tells Mr. Desjardins, the Superior of the Grand Seminary of Montferrand, that he is writing at eleven o'clock at night by the light of a blazing fire of pitch pine logs, while his dear charges are soundly sleeping upon a soft mattress of snow. He says that they are in excellent health and seemingly stronger from their experience of the wild life of the desert. Only twice were they visited by Indians, and these they satisfied by giving them a little flour, biscuit and sugar. He hoped to make the remaining hundred miles to Santa Fé before the following Sunday.

Of that journey under the guidance of such an experienced traveler and solicitous father as was Father Machebeuf the venerable Father Ussel, the present cherished pastor of Walsenburg, Colo., gives us his recollections in the following very interesting narrative.

My first acquaintance with Father Machebeuf was in 1856, when I was a deacon in the Seminary of Montferrand. Father Machebeuf came there from New Mexico to enlist the services of missionaries for the Diocese of Santa Fé. I was struck by the high consideration in which he was held by the venerable Bishop of Clermont, as also by the Sulpician Fathers of the Grand Seminary and the clergy of Clermont in general. He was Father Machebeuf and the Vicar General of Bishop Lamy, and that was sufficient recommendation.

Bishop Lamy had been over two years before and had taken the Fathers Eguillion and Juillard, and the Messrs. Paulet, Guerin and Vaure with him to America. Now he had sent Father Machebeuf for more help. In answer to Father Machebeuf's appeal in the Seminary of Montferrand six seminarians offered themselves, namely: the deacons, J. M. Coudert and Gabriel Ussel, and the Messrs. Fialon, Fayet, Ralliere and Truchard.

The day set for sailing found us all ready and cheerful at Havre, but for the next few days we were a sick lot of clerics. We were over our sea-sickness and well enough to celebrate the feast of the Assumption, as Father Machebeuf has described it, and to enjoy the hospitality of Captain Bocardy and finish a glorious day with the singing of the Ave Maris Stella, which was intoned by the stentorian voice of Mr. Truchard.

At New York there was the usual delay at the custom-house, and, as our ignorance of English prevented us from giving any help to Father Machebeuf, we put in the time quietly resting or seeing the city from the street cars.

From New York we went to Niagara and Father Machebeuf gave us a drive out to the falls. We had read Chateaubriand's description of this eighth wonder of the world, but the sight of it was really overpowering and at the same time inspiring.

Our next stop was at Sandusky, which was the former home of Father Machebeuf, and the reception they gave him there will never leave my memory. Crowds came to see him, and a mere shake of the hand was not enough—they stayed to talk and listen, and their hearty, happy laugh showed how interested they were in his history of New Mexico, of the Indians, and of his life in the Far West. They pressed him to make a long stay with them, and in this they were joined by their pastor, Father Boff, but Father Machebeuf could not promise to stay longer than two days. That very night he must preach and give the Papal Benediction, and for two days it was like a high

festival, with mass and communions, preaching and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the Te Deum in which every one took part. It gave us a higher idea of our good Father, and a greater love for him.

At St. Louis we went to the College of the Jesuits, and, as it was yet vacation, we had the run of the whole house and grounds for nearly three weeks, thanks to the generous hospitality of the good Fathers. There I had the pleasure of meeting that great Indian missionary, Father De Smet. In after years I learned that he had tried, but without success, on some of his mission trips in the vicinity of New Mexico to get into communication with Father Martinez of Taos, one of my predecessors in that parish. On Sundays I caught myself in a distraction wondering at the strange mixture of whites and blacks kneeling together before the same altar in harmony and without apparent distinction. "You wonder at that," said Father Machebeuf, "just wait until you see the Indians with Mexicans and Americans together in New Mexico."

At St. Louis Father Machebeuf had the honor of being appointed to lay the corner-stone of a new church in the then suburbs. It was actually in the woods, and our wagon came near being upset as we drove out to it. When the ceremony was over we found dinner prepared for us at a farm-house close by.

The reason for this long delay in St. Louis was that we were waiting for the wagons to come from Santa Fé to meet us at Kansas City. Father Machebeuf wrote to Bishop Lamy when we arrived in New York, and we were to receive word at St. Louis when all would ready for us. While here we were joined by another student, Mr. Thomas Hayes, who was then in minor orders.

As soon as all was ready Father Machebeuf received his letters and we left St. Louis, going by railroad as far as St. Charles where we took the boat on the Missouri river for Kansas City.

We stayed a few days at Kansas City, for we had more baggage than the waiting wagons would carry, and Father Machebeuf had to buy more mules. Kansas City was a small place then, with no large buildings of any kind, and the only Catholic church there was a log building about 25x40, set in the midst of a thicket of oaks.

Towards evening on October 4, we left Kansas City on our journey across the plains. A few miles out we camped for the night, and such a night as we spent. It was our first experience in camping out, and the beds, spread upon the ground, were hard and uncomfortable, and the coyotes howled the whole

night. The next morning when we complained to Father Machebeuf he said: "You dreaded the monotony of the plains; these are a few of their many distractions. You ought to be glad to have a free band to serenade you. If you do not like the music, Mr. Truchard with his magnificent voice can intone the Ave Maris Stella, as he used to do for us on the ship." This Mr. Truchard then did and we all joined in the singing, and it was our regular hymn every evening during the trip, except when we were afraid of the Indians.

We did not see things in as favorable light as Father Machebeuf did, and when we relapsed again into a moody silence he said: "Well, young men, what is the matter? Have you lost your voices? You do not seem to be enjoying your breakfast; perhaps the coffee does not agree with you? Well, let me work a miracle." and with that he went to the wagon and brought us in a vessel some good wine, and it brought our spirits back like a charm.

After breakfast Father Machebeuf decided to apportion out the little duties and services of the trip, and addressing us he said: "For order and good government we must elect officers. Honors first to the deacons, as is their right. Mr. Coudert is proposed for chief cook and superintendent of the provision wagon." To this we all agreed. "Elected," said Father Machebeuf, "and now for fireman to gather wood, and other combustibles when wood is scarce Mr. Ussel has every vote, so he will be our man of wood, and for the double office of wagon boss, to pick out good camping places, etc., and as majordomo, to get you up in time in the morning, we will appoint our good, strong Mexican, Filomeno." Thus were the offices parceled out, and every selection was an excellent one.

The next morning before daylight Filomeno roused us with the cry: "Up, Señor Ussel, and make the fire." "Señor Coudert, hurry up with the breakfast." "Señor Fialon, tend to your carriage mules." It was a jolly party even if the circumstances were somewhat adverse.

Only the second day out Father Machebeuf said: "Why don't you speak Spanish with our men?" To our answer that we did not know how he replied: "Oh yes you do! and I shall prove it to you. Now, here are the conversation books; I shall read the Credo very slowly while you follow me in Latin." Then he gave us some simple rules for the formation of words and we had mastered the system in five minutes. After that we had no great difficulty in conversing with our Mexicans.

When Sunday came Father Machebeuf said: "We will

have mass this morning, and now while I prepare the altar you may prepare yourselves for confession," and at eight o'clock we had a congregation of sixteen persons besides four non-Catholics who were traveling with our party. We had mass every Sunday, and a few other days when the caravan did not start too early. We traveled at the rate of about twenty miles a day, and once in a while the caravan stopped for a day or two to rest and recruit the animals where the grass was good.

We got sight of great herds of buffaloes, and for three weeks buffalo hunting was the sport of many of our caravan. Bishop Lamy had sent us a fine hunting horse and our men kept us well supplied with fresh meat. During this time especially the coyotes besieged our camp at night, and the wolves came also, but they kept at a respectable distance,—they probably smelled the smoke of our powder. The weather was very favorable—there being but two little storms during the thirty six days of our trip.

The Indians were peaceable, and only once was there any excitement, and that proved to be a false alarm. Shooting was heard, and the cry of "Indians!" was raised, but upon slowly advancing we met a troop of U. S. cavalry and found that the shooting was by a soldier who had mistaken one of their mules for a bear.

Just before coming to the crossing of the Arkansas river a party of Indians came upon us. They were friendly—in fact, too friendly, for they annoyed us by their incessant begging for money, bread, sugar, etc., and they admired our fine animals in a very suspicious manner. In order to get rid of them we pushed forward until ten o'clock at night, and very early the next morning we forded the Arkansas river and kept on until two o'clock in the afternoon before stopping. Then we halted for dinner, and a good dinner we had, for Father Machebeuf had provided many delicacies, such as pickles, preserved fruits, etc., and we had fresh meat, dried meat, salt meat, vegetables, bread, butter, coffee, etc., and Mr. Coudert proved himself an expert cook. We had also a real table and camp chairs, and all necessary table furniture. Father Machebeuf said grace, a custom he never omitted, and we all sat down. Just then four or five of our Indian friends of the day before rode up, and following them in straggling bands came as many as fifty in all, men, women and children, on horseback.

The Chief introduced himself as Captain Napa, and immediately bent over the table and helped himself to several spoonfuls of sugar. We had not recovered from our astonishment

at his assurance when Father Machebeuf offered him a pickle. While eating it he made a grimace which set us all laughing, but he, without further delay, asked for another, which he gave to his squaw, who just then came up, and then he had a great laugh at her.

In the course of the conversation he told Father Machebeuf that he had six wives, but only one of them was the real wife, and her son was heir to his dignity as chief. The others were but second-class wives, and his greatest desire now was to find another one.

During the dinner the teamsters discovered that there was a captive Mexican boy among the Indians. He had been taken from some village in the southern part of New Mexico which he named, but he could not remember the name of his parents. Father Machebeuf wanted to redeem him and restore him to his family, and, after some bargaining, the Chief said that he would trade the boy for a mule and a hundred pounds of sugar. Then the Chief went to speak to the boy, and when he returned he demanded his sack of sugar and two mules. Father Machebeuf then judged that the boy was too much interested in the trade, and that probably he would run away the next night and go back to claim his mules and a share in the sugar, so he dropped the matter. That night we traveled all night to get away from the Indians and save our mules, for Father Machebeuf did not like the way they admired them. At our next safe stopping place Father Machebeuf told us of many cases of captive Mexicans among the Indians, and then he suddenly said: "And that boy wanted my best mules. Now let me tell you a little story about that span of bay mules.

"Some four years ago, when I had so much traveling to do all over New Mexico, it happened that my saddle horse gave out near Albuquerque. There was the ranch of a rich Mexican close by, and I went there to try to borrow a horse to take me to Santa Fé. I was not acquainted with the proprietor of the place, but I introduced myself and made known my wants. 'Certainly,' said the owner, 'but do you prefer a horse to a mule?' In a few moments both horse and mule were brought out, and I was told to take my choice. 'No,' said I, 'you know more about them than I do and can make a better choice.' 'Very well,' said he, 'that bay mule is a good traveler, gentle under the saddle and in the harness—in fact, he is my favorite animal.' 'And how long may I keep him?' I inquired, 'a week, a month or a year?' 'Oho!' answered the man, 'I think I see your point, Señor Vicario. Just wait a minute.' And with that

he sent a peon for another mule, which was a perfect match for the first. 'Now,' said he, 'there are two mules; do you think you need them both?'; 'Surely,' said I, 'Bishop Lamy needs a mule as badly as I do; but how long may we keep them?' 'I leave that to you, Señor Vicario,' he answered, 'and I shall not object to your time.' 'Then,' said I, 'we need them for sixteen years!' 'All right, Señor Vicario, you have said it,' he returned; 'you may take the mules, and I am happy to be able to do you this little service.'

"'And now,' added he, 'in return would you do me a very great favor? Have the goodness to stay with us all night, or my old wife will declare a regular war with me, so please do stay.' 'I shall do so with great pleasure,' I answered, 'and say mass in the morning, but the Señor Vicario has the invariable custom of requiring all in the house where he stops to go to confession and communion. Now, do you see that point also?' 'Yes, Señor Vicario,' he replied, 'and I shall be at the head of the procession.' And he was as good as his word.

"'Now, my young friends,'" said Father Machebeuf, "we will hitch up, and I wish you as good luck in getting your mules, and at the same price. And that little rascal wanted my span of bay mules! No, never!"

On November 1, All Saints' Day, we had our last mass in the wilderness. On that day Father Munnecom came to meet us and pay his respects to the Señor Vicario, and in the evening we reached Fort Union. It did not correspond to our idea of a fort, and while Father Machebeuf was telling us of the hospitality we would find there, and how we should conduct ourselves, we continually interrupted him by our objections to the name "Fort," as applied to such a collection of shanties and adobe walls. "Oh," said he, "you know nothing about it! You are always the same, and you must remember that you are no longer in France. Call it what you like, but it is a government military post. Over there are the officers' quarters, and we shall go there first. There are some good Mexicans living near here, and I shall send them word that there will be mass tomorrow morning in the Post Chapel. The Chaplain is a Protestant, but he will not object to our using the chapel." At this we again objected, but he answered, "Will you keep still? You think you know it all! Just wait until we get through, and then you may talk. You will find that there are some Catholics among the soldiers." And mass we had, and a good congregation, and we were obliged to admit that there was some Catholicity outside of France.

The next day we met our old friend and college-mate, Father Guerin, who had come to New Mexico two years before. We were nearly wild with delight, and Father Machebeuf left us to ourselves while he visited old friends along the way. How strange everything seemed to us! the queer villages, the adobe houses, the adobe churches, the Mexican dress, the Mexican customs, and all the rest! How natural it all seems now.

Three or four miles out from Santa Fé we were met by Bishop Lamy and various committees, military officers, crowds of people and the Sisters with their pupils. It was a very affecting meeting of the father with his children. Father Machebeuf presented each of us to the Bishop, who gave us his blessing, and a hearty shake of the hand as a token of welcome. Our first visit at Santa Fé was to Our Lord in the Cathedral, to thank Him for our safe arrival at our journey's end. It was the 10th of November, 1856.

On the 12th of December following we were all ordained in the Chapel of the Sisters of Loretto at Santa Fé, and then came our assignment to our different missions.

Upon his return to New Mexico Father Machebeuf went again to Albuquerque to resume his labors. His arrival there was the signal for another display of loyalty on the part of his parishioners. The Prefect and all the civil officers, with an escort of sixty mounted men, met him six miles outside of the town, and the road was lined with people to welcome him. Cries of "Viva El Señor Vicario!" "Como le va, Padrecito?" "Gracias a Dios!" greeted him at every step, and his arm was sore from shaking hands. It was with difficulty that he could enter his house, where he found his friend Father Paulet with refreshments provided for the inner man, and toasts were exchanged between pastor and people, and France was not forgotten for the noble sons whom she had sent to uplift an unfortunate but good hearted and willing people.

Almost the entire body of Catholics in New Mexico was of the native population, and the services of the Church had been conducted especially for them. Among those attending Father Machebeuf's church there were some Americans, both from the fort and from the town. Most of these were Catholics and familiar with the service, but some were not Catholics, and Father Machebeuf thought to make it more interesting and profitable for all the Americans by adding a short sermon in English for their especial benefit. The result was a larger and a more constant attendance of Americans, and ere long he had a class of converts under instruction. He baptized an officer from the fort, a number of soldiers and several civilians as the fruit of these instructions. The Mexicans were surprised and pleased to see the Americans, and especially the soldiers, at mass and communion, for they have been taught to believe that all the Americans were heathens and deadly enemies of the Catholic religion. This served to soften their racial and national prejudices, and helped on the work of reconciling them to the new order of things in the affairs of government.

While giving this particular attention to the Americans Father Machebeuf did not neglect his Mexicans. On the contrary he entered more zealously into the work for their good and visited them more frequently. His parish was about sixty miles in extent and had twelve churches and chapels, and each of these, he or his assistant, Father Coudert managed to visit almost each week. This was the

case when he was preparing the younger ones for their first communion.

The preparation for first communion gave him the occasion long desired of establishing catechism classes for the children, and he tells us that he had hard work to make the Mexicans understand the necessity for such classes. He gained his end by firmness, and, as the Mexicans were naturally submissive, they gradually sent their children for instruction. It may seem incredible, but Father Machebeuf assures us that catechism classes were almost entirely unknown in New Mexico before that time. Once established however, these classes became very successful, and the parents themselves came with the children to receive the benefit of the instructions, and they had as much need of it.

By these classes Father Machebeuf partially supplied the want of religious education among the people, but it was his great desire to see a Catholic school in every large parish conducted by religious men and women, and in 1857 he was already hoping that the Brothers of the Sacred Heart of Mary might be induced to come from France to take up their portion of this work. He made some attempt toward securing them at that time but nothing ever came from his efforts in that direction.

In 1857 the affairs of the diocese rendered another trip to the States necessary, and Father Machebeuf was chosen to make it. He did not object to the trip for he was always ready to do the business of the diocese, and, besides, he hoped to meet

some missionaries who had promised to follow him when he was in France the year previous, but who could not arrange their affairs so as to accompany him at that time. In this he was disappointed, for they did not come.

His journey across the plains was peaceful, but there were a few incidents in it sufficiently amusing to bear recounting. He says:

I left Santa Fé, July 15, in a light wagon with a single Mexican as a companion. We traveled in company with the mail carrier, but as he had only two passengers and one of them was sick most of the time, we would have been but four in case of an attack by the Indians. Then, being a man of peace, I could fight only with my tongue. I might have spoken to them in English, French, Spanish, Latin or several kinds of patois, but, thank God, we were not put to such a test.

One day, about midway of our journey along the Arkansas river, a lone Indian met us. He told us that the road was good, and that his whole tribe were encamped a little farther down in that direction and would be glad to see us. There happened to be another road just there leading over the bluffs, and his news was the best reason we could find for taking it. We ran the risk of going without water unless we could find it in pools from previous rains, but we did not suffer much, and we escaped the Indians and found a shorter road.

A few days later twelve or fifteen Indians, well armed, came to our camp where we had halted for dinner. We were sitting on the ground partaking of our little repast when they came and unceremoniously invited themselves to share our ham and biscuits. As one of them knew me, they honored my table with their first call. I gave them a piece of salty meat, and this they did not want to eat. Then one of them noticed a little grey powder in a bottle and he wanted some of that. I gave him a spoonful of it, and he gave us a free exhibition of facial contortion which was interesting and amusing. The powder was pepper! Another one spied a bottle half full of what he thought was whiskey, and he wanted a taste. I gave him a big spoonful, which he swallowed, but he threw the spoon away and began to cough. He said that such whiskey was good only for the dogs. He had tasted of my vinegar! Finally I gave them some coffee, sugar and biscuit to satisfy them. They then went

to the mail carrier to enjoy his hospitality, but that individual was in a great hurry about that time and could not wait to entertain them.

These Indians are not of such bad composition after all. If they were as bad as they are strong it would be impossible to cross these plains without an escort of soldiers. They are generally lazy, and thieves by necessity, but they do not attack travelers except to avenge the death of some of their tribe, or to defend themselves. By some special protection of Providence I have never felt that I was in any danger from them.

Father Machebeuf must have had great confidence in the Indians when he ventured to play such tricks upon them, and it is hardly probable that he would have done so a few years later, when they were committing depredations which made him change his opinion of their gentle character.

In September Father Machebeuf was ready to return. His party now numbered ten, but he would not risk the trip across the plains this time unless with one of the large caravans which were starting out from Kansas City every few days. It was not that he had any fears for himself, but he had with him, besides three Mexican drivers for his wagons, three Frenchmen who were going to Santa Fé, a young Irish student, Mr. Welby, and two young girls. Of these last he says:

One is the niece of Bishop Lamy, who has spent six years with the Ursulines of New Orleans. She is a young girl of fifteen years of age, as innocent as an angel, and she will probably enter the convent at Santa Fé as a postulant. The other is a niece of one of our excellent missionaries from Besancon. She is of the same age as Mademoiselle Lamy, and will also enter the convent.

The subsequent history of these two young girls did not entirely verify Father Machebeuf's pre-

diction. Mademoiselle Lamy entered the convent at Santa Fé, rose to be the superior of that institution, and, at present writing, is the worthy Mother Vicarress General of the Order of the Sisters of Loretto, with residence at Loretto, Ky. The other chose a life in the world, made an unhappy marriage, was divorced and lost from view.

Upon his return to New Mexico Father Machebeuf went again to his dear Albuquerque, but his stay there was not to be very long, although neither he nor his people knew of this at the time. The distance from Santa Fé to Albuquerque was about 70 miles, and this distance Father Machebeuf was obliged to travel twice every time that business called him to Santa Fé. Bishop Lamy consulted him upon all important matters, and frequently it was necessary for them to meet in personal conference. The old troubles at Albuquerque had passed away leaving no shadows behind, so Bishop Lamy resolved to call Father Machebeuf to Santa Fé where as Vicar General he naturally belonged. He would then be near him for consultation, and in the proper place for administrating the affairs of the diocese when he himself would be absent. There were also some other weighty matters which could be attended to only by the Bishop or his Vicar General, as we shall soon see, and Bishop Lamy wished to have Father Machebeuf where he would have more time to give to these important affairs.

There was a great deal of solemnity as well as opposition to this transfer, which shows the esteem

in which Father Machebeuf was held both by his Bishop and by his people. The following account of it was written by Father Machebeuf himself to his brother Marius in France.

Santa Fé, July 16, 1858.

My Dear Brother:

I have to announce to you that I am no longer pastor of Albuquerque. Bishop Lamy must go to St. Louis this year to attend the Provincial Council which will be held in September, and he is obliged to absent himself, sometimes for several months at a time, from Santa Fé while making his pastoral visits of the diocese. On such, and many other occasions, I was obliged to go to Santa Fé for the affairs of the diocese, and now, to put an end to these trips and avoid loss of time, he has decided that I should take up my residence altogether at Santa Fé. Behold me, then, pastor of the Cathedral (of mud) of the Capital of New Mexico. Father Lebrun, whom I knew in New York in 1843, has been transferred from the pastorship of the Cathedral to that of the church in Albuquerque.

Although I have many advantages here which I could not hope for at Albuquerque, it was with pain that I left there. I was the more attached to the place as I had greater opposition to contend with there in the beginning. Happily, that has all passed away, and when the news of my approaching departure from Albuquerque was spread abroad, there took place a few things which I consider rather striking co-incidences, and I mention them to you to show you how we stand among the Mexicans.

You know that certain ones tried to make us out selfish, and having no interest in the people. It was even said in open court by the opposing lawyer, in my suit for the recovery of the presbytery at Albuquerque, that the French priests were so poor at home that they were obliged to eat frogs, and that they had come to New Mexico to live on the fat of the land. My lawyer answered that they may have eaten frogs in France, but the fat of the land was coming to them in New Mexico in the shape of "el bendito frijol y el santo atole!" (the blessed bean and holy porridge!) We have something better than the fat of the land, for we have the sincere affection of these poor people who were never before treated as if they belonged to God.

The very man who, in 1852, was chosen as leader of the mob to drive me out of Albuquerque, was now chosen to preside at



MARIUS MACHEBEUF.

a monster meeting, which was held as soon as they heard of my proposed change, and the secretary who drew up the old notice to quit, now got up a petition, signed by 2,000 persons, and addressed to the Bishop asking him to leave me at Albuquerque. From the meeting they went to my house, rich and poor, men, women and children, and the house was filled and the yard outside. I was in the church at the time, but a boy came to tell me, and when I went to the house I could not get to my room for the crowd. It was Saturday, and they learned that I was to leave on Monday. Then one of the leaders, acting as spokesman, began by saying that in 1852 he had ordered me to leave Albuquerque, but now he had another command to give me, and that was for me not to dare to leave the place until they had the time to send a messenger with their petition to the Bishop.

I replied, smiling, that I knew the roads and paths too well not to be able to find a way of escape. Then the women said that they would put guards on all the roads and paths to watch me and give the alarm if I attempted to go. I finally gave them three days, but I knew it would be useless, for I had sent two letters and a messenger to the Bishop for the same purpose myself, but without effect. Neither my request, nor the petition of the people, could make the Bishop change his plans.

When the people found that I must go they gathered to see me off, and about fifty of them accompanied me several miles on the way. We finally separated with many a handshake, wishing one another prosperity and happiness, and I must say that my heart was pretty full.

I tell you these things to show you that we can make friends anywhere, and that the people know how to appreciate devotedness and sincere friendship wherever they find them. But I must tell you of my reception at Santa Fé.

The Bishop, knowing that I was to arrive on the following Friday, wrote me to wait about six miles from Santa Fé until the arrival of an escort which was coming to meet me. At that point clouds of dust on the road showed me that they were not far away. Soon they came up, and I saw the Prefect and the principal men of the town, the priests of Santa Fé and the near missions, the four seminarians and many others in carriages and on horseback. Turning, they faced toward Santa Fé, and we all moved forward, and, as we entered the town, the four bells of the Cathedral began to ring. Thus I made my solemn entry into Santa Fé, as proud as Napoleon III could have been on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. At the residence of the Bishop his Lordship was waiting for me with a warm welcome and a

bountiful collation, both of which formed a combination which cheered me up and put me in good spirits.

You see that in New Mexico they do things in grand style, and if I mention these details, it is to show you that God does not forget us even in this world for the little we do for Him. If you only knew the great consolations that the Good Master gives us for the little sacrifices made for His glory, it would be an additional motive for you to serve Him with greater generosity and confidence.

Less than five years before Father Machebeuf wrote: "What pleasure I would have in seeing my Rancheros coming back—these same men who came to my room to insult and threaten me." A great change had taken place in those five years. Then the Cross was uppermost, now the Crown was prominent and the cross seemed small in the distance. "A lying witness shall perish: an obedient man shall speak of victory." The false priest was gone and practically forgotten, while the priest true to his calling under God was speaking of victory. His Rancheros had come back, and the longed-for pleasure was his. He can now write of "little sacrifices" and "great consolations."

CHAPTER XV.

Threefold Work.—Father Martinez.—Father Taladrid. Schism at Taos.—Kit Carson, Beaubien and St. Vrain.—Excommunication of Fathers Martinez and Lucero.—Fathers Machebeuf and Ussel Go on a Mission.—Rio Colorado.—Costilla. Conejos.—Don Jesus Velasquez.—Lafayette Head.—Adios and Gifts.—Mutual Pleasures.—Fort Massachusetts.—Culebra. Father Avel.—His Sad Death.—Unjust Suspicions Against Father Munnecom.—His Character Cleared.—The Mails.—More Territory and More Work.

At Santa Fé the work of Father Machebeuf was of threefold character. As pastor of the parish he had the responsibility of some 5000 souls. In his pastoral work, however, he had the help of two zealous assistants in the persons of Fathers Truchard and Coudert whom he had brought to New Mexico two years before. He had also the administration of the diocese in the numerous absences of Bishop Lamy, and he had missionary work to do as only Father Machebeuf knew how to do it. He felt the "solicitude of all the churches," and he feared not the perils in the wilderness, the perils from false brethren, the hunger and thirst, the cold and nakedness. Never since the days of St. Paul was this more fitly illustrated in all its particulars than in his first mission after his removal to Santa Fé.

One of the most important parishes in New Mexico, outside of Santa Fé, was that of Taos. Its pastor, from 1826, was Father Martinez. In his younger days Antonio Jose Martinez was married and had one child, a girl, but death early robbed him

of both his wife and daughter. He then began his preparation for the priesthood in a seminary in Mexico, and made very brilliant studies. After his ordination he entered the Concursus for the parish of Taos, recently vacated by the Franciscans, and received the appointment. He was a man of great learning, and he was not long at Taos before his zeal led him to open a school in which he himself was the principal instructor. He also established a printing office, the first in New Mexico, in which he printed his own school-books, catechisms, and some few books of church ritual and service. For a short time also, he published a small newspaper, *El Crepusculo*—The Dawn—the first newspaper ever published in New Mexico. His own house was used for this quasi-college, and many of the priests of New Mexico during those early times made their studies under him.

It was said that he had much to do with the uprising of the Indians and Mexicans at Taos, when Governor Bent and about fifteen Americans and their Mexican sympathizers were massacred on Jan. 19, 1847. He at least shared with the Indians and Mexicans in hatred for the Americans, and, in their ignorance of events and conditions outside of their little valley, they imagined that they were but beginning a patriotic war which would result in freeing their country from the foreigner, who was supposed to be an enemy to their race and to their religion. The suspicion is probably well founded, although the U. S. Government did not find Father Martinez

guilty of direct complicity in the unfortunate insurrection.

In 1856 Father Martinez offered his resignation of the parish of Taos to Bishop Lamy, giving as his reasons old age and infirmity. Bishop Lamy accepted the resignation of the old pastor and appointed to the place Father Damaso Taladrid whom he brought from Europe in 1854.

Father Taladrid was a Spaniard, and, unfortunately, he entertained the idea that, as such, he was upon a somewhat higher plane than his Mexican brethren. It was not long before friction developed between him and Father Martinez, and the pride of both would not admit of any mutual concessions. After his resignation and retirement Father Martinez said mass, and occasionally officiated solemnly at the parish church, and the difficulty arose over the marriage ceremony between some of the relatives of Father Martinez. Instead of referring their differences to the Bishop for settlement they spread their troubles among their friends, finally coming to an open rupture, and Father Martinez set up an independent church. Bishop Lamy, hearing of this, went twice to Taos to confer with the two priests, but Father Martinez had fallen into the hands of bad advisers and refused to submit. No alternative was left to Bishop Lamy, after all sorts of fatherly advice and admonitions had been unheeded, but to suspend Father Martinez from the exercise of every priestly function.

This did not end the trouble, for Father Mar-

tinez continued in his rebellion, and was followed into schism by a large number of those who had always known and respected him, and who could not now imagine that he could be in the wrong. Besides, his relatives were powerful in Taos and had the pride of wealth and position, which would permit neither them nor him to accept what they considered a humiliation.

In addition to this case, there was a Mexican priest, Mariano de Jesus Lucero, at Arroyo Hondo, twelve miles north of Taos, whom Bishop Lamy was obliged to suspend for irregularities and schismatical tendencies, and who was a former pupil and great friend of Father Martinez. These two now joined their forces and continued their opposition to Bishop Lamy, until he was obliged to go to the extreme in punishment and to pronounce upon them the sentence of excommunication.

Here is where Father Machebeuf enters upon the scene, and to him was given the disagreeable task of pronouncing the sentence upon the rebellious priests, in the very pulpits where they had so often preached the doctrines of that Church from which they were now to be cut off, and before the same people whom they had taught to obey its laws.

Many of these simple people knew nothing of the discipline of the Church, and they looked upon this as a persecution against their old pastor. They were willing to stand by him even in opposition to the Bishop, and the relatives of the priests and their more influential friends were cunning enough to take

advantage of their ignorance and friendship in order to arouse still more this spirit of opposition, and to intimidate the Bishop if possible. The old idea of a foreign tyranny was also injected into the controversy, and when it became known that Father Machebeuf was coming to publish the sentence of excommunication threats of personal violence were openly made.

There were living in the Taos valley at this time Kit Carson, Charles Beaubien, Céran St. Vrain, and other prominent Catholics, both American and Mexican, who were friends of Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf. These men got together with their friends and gave warning to the opposite party that no repetition of Jan. 19, 1847, was to be permitted, and if any indignities were offered to the Señor Vicario there would be war from that moment, and it would be war to the death. Beaubien had lost a son in the massacre of 1847, and he had no love for Martinez, who, he said, "has always been treacherous, and is now afflicted with the bighead. Let him look out!" And these men were making no idle display of bravery; they were in earnest and the others knew it.

For three Sundays the admonitions were published in the two parish churches, and the calls were made for the submission and repentance of the two priests, but there was no response. On the appointed Sunday the big church at Taos was packed with people and crowds were standing outside unable to get in, and the friends of Martinez were well repre-

sented. Father Machebeuf sang the high mass, and in his sermon he explained the nature and effects of the excommunication, and then pronounced the terrible sentence upon Martinez amidst the most intense silence, and closed the scene by calmly announcing that he would remain in the parish for some days to assist the pastor in hearing confessions. The people then quietly dispersed, scarcely daring to speak above a whisper, and not a sign of any hostile movement was made by the friends of the excommunicated priest.

Let it be said here that Carson, Beaubien and St. Vrain were thoroughly prepared and had their men advantageously posted to watch every movement of the enemy, and any attempt at creating a disturbance would have been vigorously met. "We shall not let them do as they did in 1847," said Kit Carson, "when they murdered and pillaged. I am a man of peace, and my motto is: Good will to all; I hate disturbances among the people, but I can fight a little yet, and I know of no better cause to fight for than my family, my Church, and my friend the Señor Vicario."

Later in the day when Father Machebeuf was at the house of Mr. Beaubien, Carson and the others were speaking in high terms of his courage, but he simply remarked: "Why should I be afraid? I did but do my duty!"

The following Saturday Father Machebeuf set out for Arroyo Hondo in company with the pastor of that parish, the Rev. Gabriel Ussel. His friends

at Taos wished to furnish him with an escort, but he thanked them, saying that there was no need of it as he did not feel that there was any danger.

The next Sunday the same solemn and sad scene was enacted at Arroyo Hondo in the case of Lucero, and the same absence of all disturbance marked the occasion. The friends of the rebellious priests kept up the opposition and the opposition church until after the death of Martinez, who died and was buried by Lucero in schism. A mission given by the Jesuits, in 1869, brought back the Martinez family, and the return of the others was easy.

When the disagreeable part of his mission was concluded Father Machebeuf was heartily glad, and thanked God that it was over. "It is always the way," he remarked to Father Ussel, "Bishop Lamy is sure to send me when there is a bad case to be settled; I am always the one to whip the cats." (*fouetter les chats*).

The same evening he said to Father Ussel: "We will rest to-morrow, as I need time to write to Bishop Lamy a full account of this unfortunate business, and then I will stay with you a while and go with you on some of your missions. I have seen all the others who crossed the plains in our little band, and now that I am with you I want to visit with you a few days. I need a change of work and fresh air, so we will make a trip through your missions and go as far as the Conejos. We can arrange so as to be at the larger settlements for Sundays and visit the smaller ones during the week. I would

not be surprised if we were to have five or six hundred communions during the trip.”

In his letters to his friends Father Machebeuf spoke of his journeys to and from the States, but of his missionary trips he said but little in recent years. They seemed to have lost their special interest by their frequency, and he merely referred to them as his “little trips.” It would be almost an endless task to follow him in all of them, but we shall take this trip as a sample of all in its general outlines, and allow Father Ussel to tell the story of it. It will show the details of missionary work in New Mexico, and be the more interesting as it touches some of the early history of the diocese over which Father Machebeuf was called to preside, and will form a connecting link between his work in New Mexico and some of his later work as Bishop of Denver. The following is Father Ussel’s recital.

The immediate preparations for our trip were very simple. They consisted in packing the necessary things for the altar and mass in a valise—then another valise for Father Machebeuf with a change of linen, and a few prayerbooks, catechisms, beads, etc., and our roll of blankets. These, with a scanty supply of provisions in case of need, were loaded upon a pack-mule and given in charge to a boy who rode another mule. We kept our saddle-bags and overcoats with us, and we each had an extra mule as a mount when our horses were tired. In those days there were few vehicles of any kind in that part of the country, for there were scarcely any roads, and besides, the only hope of escape if attacked by Indians was in a good saddle horse.

The first day we had but a short journey to make to reach Rio Colorado, which was only fifteen miles north of Arroyo Hondo. This settlement was about fifteen years old, and consisted of about a hundred families. Only the walls of the church were up yet, for church building was slow among the poor Mexicans. It was the custom for each family to give one

day, or its value in money, every week to the building of the church—either in making the adobes, laying them up, or getting timbers for the roof, or helping in some way. The roofs of those early churches were flat, or nearly so, and covered with clay instead of shingles.

The people here had received word that the Señor Vicario was coming and they were ready to receive us. They had prepared for us the largest room in the largest house, and this we used for a chapel, and we had over a hundred communions as a result of our day's work here.

Thirty miles to the north was Costilla. Three attempts had been made to settle the Costilla valley, but each time the settlers were obliged to abandon their houses and fields and flee before the murdering hordes of savages. It was only eight years before that a permanent settlement was made, and now there were four small villages and a few scattering ranches. Some of the better houses were built of adobe, others were of logs, but the greater number were *jacals*—houses made by setting posts close together upright in the ground and filling the crevices with mud. There was no church at Costilla, and Father Machebeuf, after praising them for their courage and enterprise in redeeming such a fertile valley from the Indians whose fierceness he knew, told them that they must now go to work and build a church. It should be no chapel, but a large church, with a house for the priest, and when the Bishop would come the next year he would find everything ready for a resident pastor.

It required two busy days here, for there were two hundred and fifty communions, and then the confessions of the smaller children had to be put off until the pastor could pay them another visit.

The good-byes were said and we set out for our next objective point, which was the Conejos. The day was beautiful, the roads were good along the Costilla river, and not bad over the bluffs to the crossing of the Rio del Norte. There we stopped to rest our animals and eat a bite of lunch given us by the good people of Costilla. Upon remounting we took out our breviaries, and Father Machebeuf said: "Always say your breviary as soon as convenient, and then you will have time for whatever comes afterwards. You are not always sure of a candle at the house where you may stop."

Soon heavy clouds came up and brought a cold rain with sleet. "This morning," said Father Machebeuf, "we had God's weather, but now the other fellow is giving us his turn at it. We must suffer a little bit, and I take this as a sign that the

old boy is angry with us on account of the success which is awaiting us in our work at Conejos."

Trot, trot, trot, for hours—and were we not cold and wet? And the road seemed so long! It was dark when we reached the Conejos river, and nine o'clock before we could find a ford, and then we were obliged to strip our animals and carry the baggage over ourselves before we could make them enter the deep cold stream.

If I had an enemy—which God forbid!—I would wish him no greater evil than that he might have an experience similar to ours—and then only on condition that he would not swear!

A little farther and we reached a welcome hamlet called Los Cerritos, and there we roused the inhabitants of the first well appearing house, who, luckily, were able to accommodate us, and soon we were warming and drying ourselves before a glowing piñon fire. They gave us as good a supper as they could prepare upon such short notice, but the beds were soft and clean, and literally invited us to sleep, and indeed we needed no second invitation.

The next morning there were but few for mass, as we were not expected, and we started early towards Guadalupe. This was the place which I had fixed upon for Sunday. It was centrally located in the valley of the Conejos, and a number of small hamlets were in the immediate vicinity. Guadalupe was but a small place, only five years old, built, unfortunately, on the low lands near the Conejos river and subject to inundation in times of high water. For this reason the Guadalupe people had laid out another town close by on the high ground of what was called "The Island," as it was nearly enclosed by the Conejos river on one side and the San Antonio creek on the other. This is the present town of Conejos, the county seat of Conejos county.

Here let me correct an error which gives me the pleasure of saying the first mass at Conejos. Mass had been said in the valley from about 1853 by priests from Abiquiu, and Bishop Lamy gave confirmation there about 1854. Father Lucero went there once from Arroyo Hondo. My first visit to the valley was in 1857, when I said mass at four different points among the settlements.

The first persons who came to meet the Señor Vicario were Don Jesus Velasques and Lafayette Head. These were the principal men of this miniature commonwealth. Mr. Velasques was a native of New Mexico, and Mr. Head had been a resident of New Mexico since he was about eighteen years old. He was

a convert to the Catholic faith, having been baptized by Bishop Lamy and also married by him to a Mexican lady of very good family. In after years Mr. Head was Lieutenant Governor of Colorado, and Mr. Velasques was a member of the Legislature.

At that time their houses consisted of but two rooms each, a kitchen and a large hall, and we lodged in the hall of Mr. Velasques and used the hall of Mr. Head for our temporary church.

Two days were necessary here, for there were hundreds of confessions and communions, and then, arrangements must be made for the building of a new church. Father Machebeuf went over the new town and picked out a good location, and a *jacal* church was built that same summer. This was replaced later by a fine church which was begun by Father Vigil and finished by Father Rolly. The same church was afterwards greatly beautified by the Jesuit Fathers, and it is still in use in Conejos.

When it was time to go Father Machebeuf opened his big valise and gave prayerbooks to some, rosaries to the fathers to lead in daily prayers, catechisms to the mothers to teach the children, and medals and pictures to the children. He made them all happy, and they begged him to come again soon. Nor did they forget to put up a nice lunch of cakes and buffalo meat for us on our journey. Then a last blessing was given, and we left with the sound of their prayers following us: "God bless you, and may Our Lady of Guadalupe accompany you."

When we were on the way Father Machebeuf said: "Don't you like this kind of missionary life? I hate to stay at home, even for a month at a time. For me, to work is to live, and such trips as this are full of consolation. It is the reverse however, when the Bishop sends me to discipline some poor unfortunate priest, but it has to be done and I try, like the Good Samaritan, to pour some oil with the wine on the bleeding wounds. But such days as these at Conejos I love to think over. I admire the simplicity and the faith of these good people, and their testimonials of love for the priest are but expressions of their love for God Whom they honor in the priest. The Mexicans may have queer ways in the eyes of some people—they are ignorant, they are poor and not very saving, but everybody has his faults, but they have redeeming qualities, and often more of them than their critics.

"By the way, you have never been to Fort Massachusetts? Then you cannot be familiar with American life, and still less with soldier life. I am glad we are going there; it will be a

change of people and of language. I visit Fort Union and all the other military posts in New Mexico. There is no one else to do it, and the soldiers must have a chance to go to their duties. You will be surprised tomorrow to see the faith of these soldiers; it is a pity that they cannot be attended better."

At the fort we were very hospitably received. The Catholic soldiers were relieved from duty the next morning, and I counted twenty-five communions. I was surprised to see them decorating the altar, and more so when I saw two of them serve mass as well as the best altar boys. Fort Massachusetts was moved a few miles some years later for strategic reasons and renamed Fort Garland.

All went well so far, but here six inches of snow fell upon us, and it was the 3rd of May! However, we managed to leave for the Culebra villages, and there, on a smaller scale, it was a repetition of the work at Conejos. There was no church then at Culebra, but one was built shortly afterwards at a place called San Pedro, and a better one was built later at San Luis.

This ended our mission in this direction, and we made our way leisurely back to Arroyo Hondo.

This was but one of Father Machebeuf's journeys. Similar journeys were made through every part of New Mexico. He traveled on horseback, and generally he had two animals for the saddle and a pack-mule. On the mule, besides his blankets and ordinary baggage, he carried a large valise which was a veritable Noah's Ark, filled with religious articles for free distribution among the people. The Mexicans had almost nothing of this kind before 1850, for everything up to that time was brought from Mexico on pack animals, and even the churches had but very little furniture or vestments. In supplying these things Bishop Lamy ran so far in debt that he almost despaired of ever getting out. Father Machebeuf was also generous in his benefactions to the churches and poor priests, and thus

kept himself poorer than any of them. He gave them all something, and visited all of them, and as for the people, every man, woman and child had some pious souvenir that came from his hand, and most of them had received it personally from his hand. There were few in New Mexico to whom he was a stranger, and when asked where he lived now, he would jocosely answer: "In the saddle!" or, "They call me *El Vicario Andando* (The Traveling Vicar), and I live on the *Camino Real* (the Public Highway)!" Who, knowing Bishop Machebeuf only in his later days, could ever imagine him in the saddle? Yet it would be impossible to calculate the many thousands of miles which he traveled on horseback during the first twenty-five years of his missionary life.

In the summer of 1858 Father Machebeuf was in charge of the Diocese of Santa Fé while Bishop Lamy was attending the Second Provincial Council of St. Louis. During that time an event took place which tested Father Machebeuf's sense of justice, and showed that he could not shield a supposed criminal, no matter what might be his position in life, nor refuse reparation when an injury was made manifest. The occasion was one of inexpressible sadness, for it was at the death of Father Avel, and what made it more sad was that he died under the impression that an innocent person was the cause of his death, and this suspicion was the reason why a worthy priest rested for two years under the frightful charge of murder.

Father Stephen Avel was ordained a priest at Clermont in France, about the year 1844. He was pious, talented, energetic, a good organizer, and zealous for the glory of God. These qualities recommended him to Bishop Lamy, and this prelate induced him to join the band of missionaries whom he was bringing to New Mexico in 1854.

Upon arriving at Santa Fé Bishop Lamy kept Father Avel at the Cathedral where he labored with marked success. When Father Machebeuf was transferred from Albuquerque to Santa Fé, Father Avel was sent temporarily to Albuquerque, then to Socorro, and finally to Mora. His predecessor at Mora was the Rev. P. J. Munnecom who came to America in the same party.

In the parish under Father Munnecom there was a woman living in a state of unlawful cohabitation with a man named Noel. The scandal was public, but the parties brazened it out until the woman fell dangerously ill. Father Munnecom was sent for but he would do nothing unless the woman would send the man away. This she did and was then reconciled to the Church, dying repentant a short time afterwards. The man was enraged and made some threats against Father Munnecom, but no one thought anything of them at the time.

Father Munnecom remained at Mora for some time after the arrival of Father Avel, assisting willingly and amicably in the work of the missions until ready to take the new position to which he had been assigned. During this time Father Munnecom

regularly said the first mass on Sundays when he was at home, but upon a certain occasion when he was expected, he did not return from his mission in time for the early mass, and Father Avel took his place at that service at nine o'clock. At the communion Father Avel detected something wrong with the sacred species in the chalice, and he suspected that the wine had been tampered with. Calling for fresh wine he completed the sacrifice, and by this time he was convinced that the wine had been poisoned. Noel came to his relief to administer remedies, and incidentally to suggest that Father Munnecom must have poisoned the wine through jealousy at having been superseded in the parish.

A messenger was sent to Las Vegas for Father Pinard, although it was suggested that Father Munnecom be found and brought to him. To this Father Avel objected, saying that he could not confess to a priest who wished to poison him. He made a short will, in which he forgave his murderer, and left his books to Bishop Lamy, but whatever money he had he wished to go towards founding a hospital at Santa Fé. Father Munnecom finally arrived, as also Father Pinard, but too late,—Father Avel was dead.

Father Munnecom immediately dispatched a messenger to Santa Fé for Father Machebeuf, who set out at once for Mora. Going by the way of Las Vegas he met there the man Noel, who told him his version of the occurrence and accused Father Munnecom of the crime, adding that Father Avel had

smiled at him as at his best friend while he was trying to relieve him in his agony. Father Machebeuf knew nothing of Noel, and this story, told with such evident concern for Father Avel and with no apparent rancor against Father Munnecom, was sufficient to disturb him and make him suspicious of Father Munnecom.

Upon investigation no reasonable motive could be found to connect Father Munnecom with the crime, and no evidence was brought except the reported words of Father Avel, and Father Munnecom's failure to say the early mass that day. Motives were found to connect Noel with an attempt to poison Father Munnecom who was expected to say the first mass that day, but who was accidentally detained until it was so late that Father Avel said the mass and drank the fatal dose. The Freemasons kept up the persecution of Father Munnecom for two years, upon the absurd plea that Father Avel was a brother mason, but the courts finally completely exonerated Father Munnecom.

As for Noel, he disappeared completely after telling his story to Father Machebeuf and was never again seen in Mora. He had a piece of land and a flock of sheep, but he never returned to claim them. It was afterward reported that he wandered about in New Mexico and finally settled in the southern part of the Territory, where he was killed by some unknown person without any apparent provocation, but it was thought that Noel's death was an act of revenge by some sufferer from some of his later rascality.

Father Munnecom was reinstated, his honor restored to him, and no one rejoiced more sincerely with him than did Father Machebeuf. He officiated for several years afterwards in New Mexico with credit to himself and benefit to his flock, and was then given charge of the growing mission of Trinidad in southern Colorado. Here he remained until 1875, when he retired and went to spend the remainder of his years in well-merited rest in his childhood's home in Holland.

Another trip of Father Machebeuf's this year was toward the west from Santa Fé, and he traveled nearly 500 miles inspecting the different parishes and missions, and dispensing the word of God to many who had not heard it for years. He looked anxiously for the era of better roads and the coming of the railroads, and he foresaw in the distance its sure arrival. Civilization seemed to be coming on apace, and how he marks its progress.

In 1851 we had no regular mail—the caravans carried our letters. In 1852 we had a regular monthly mail; later every fifteen days, and now (1858) from the beginning of July it is weekly. Soon we shall have a railroad and a telegraph. The question is being discussed in Congress now. We are advancing with giant strides.

Again he spoke of mail coming three times a week, but the giant strides were necessarily slow in reaching New Mexico. There was, however, a gigantic addition to the Diocese of Santa Fé, which placed upon Father Machebeuf an increase of work which made his former journeys appear like pleasure trips in comparison with his later travels. We shall speak of this in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

International Difficulties.—The Gadsden Treaty.—New Territory Added to the Diocese of Santa Fé.—Father Machebeuf Goes to Mexico.—Incidents of the Trip.—Captain Machebeuf.—Rumors of New Vicariate.—Visits Tucson.—Indian Tribes.—San Xavier del Bac.—Efforts to Obtain New Missionaries.—Last Trip to Arizona.—Recall.—Ruxton on New Mexico and Its Inhabitants.

The treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo settled the question of war between the United States and Mexico, but new issues grew out of that treaty, which threatened to embroil the two countries in war again. The first of these was the determination of the boundary line between New Mexico and Chihuahua, and the second was the demand for indemnity to the Mexicans on the frontier for losses caused by marauding Indians whom the United States government was bound to restrain. The Mexican government tried to settle the first question by taking armed possession of the disputed territory, and made fabulous claims which might run as high as \$30,000,000, in settlement of the second.

The United States government committed to its minister in Mexico, James Gadsden, an investigation of the troubles and, if possible, a settlement of the difficulties. Through him a new treaty was made, which marked a new and definite boundary line, taking in more than 45000 square miles of new territory, and annexing to the United States the Mexicans who had suffered from the Indian raids. In

return the United States agreed to pay to Mexico the sum of \$10,000,000.

This new territory was taken from the States of Chihuahua and Sonora and added to New Mexico in 1854. It now forms the southern portion of New Mexico and Arizona. It was then organized into a new County of New Mexico and named Arizona County.

Coming into the possession of the United States, this territory naturally should come under the jurisdiction of Bishop Lamy of Santa Fé. The Church authorities at Rome regarded the matter in this light and made the transfer accordingly, and in due time Bishop Lamy was notified of this new addition to his diocese. This was sufficient territory for a new vicariate, and there were rumors afloat that one was to be established with Father Machebeuf at its head.

At any rate, similar reasons to those which made Bishop Lamy visit Mexico in 1851, rendered another visit necessary now. Matters of jurisdiction were to be settled, transfers of diocesan property made, and a general understanding entered into between Bishop Lamy and the Mexican Bishops. To effect all these arrangements Bishop Lamy sent Father Machebeuf on that long journey, and upon his return, Father Machebeuf wrote to his sister the following account of his mission.

I left Santa Fé on the 3rd of November, 1858, and stopped a few days at my old parish of Albuquerque, and at several other missions on my route. Towards the end of November I arrived at El Paso, a very pretty town in the northeast extrem-

ity of the State of Chihuahua, within a few miles of the boundary between New Mexico and Texas. Here is the residence of Dom Ramon Ortiz, the Vicar General of Mgr. de Zubiria, Bishop of Durango. I had already made his acquaintance when we were on our way to Santa Fé in 1851, and he received me now as an old friend. He was very kind and hospitable, but when I broached the subject of his resignation of the jurisdiction which he exercised over the different villages of Arizona he raised a cloud of objections and difficulties upon the pretext that he had received no instructions to that effect from his Bishop. I then showed him the original decree from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, which aggregated to the Diocese of Santa Fé all the population of Arizona within the new boundaries. He took a copy of this and promised to send it immediately to Durango and to act according to the orders which he would receive from the Bishop of that city, nine hundred miles from El Paso. He gave me permission to say mass wherever I wished to do so, but I did not care to stop any length of time for mission work until I had all the necessary faculties and full jurisdiction.

I said mass at an American fort located close to the frontiers of the three states—Texas, Chihuahua and New Mexico—and there I learned that a detachment of soldiers had just started from Santa Barbara for Tucson, which was the end of my journey in that direction. I made all haste to overtake them, and came up with them about nine o'clock on the evening of the second day. After answering the challenge of the sentinel and convincing him that it would be safe to let me pass, I went straight to the tent of the commanding officer. That individual did not wish to get up, but he gave orders that I should be furnished with everything that was necessary. This was just what I wanted, and I spent the night in peace.

Learning that there was no danger from the four or five tribes of savages through which I had to pass, I left the soldiers, who were on foot, and with two Mexicans pushed on to Fort Buchanan, where I arrived without accident. After saying mass there a few days and one Sunday, I started for Tucson, a village of about 800 souls, built around an ancient Mexican fortress. Nine miles from Tucson I came to the Indian village of St. Francis Xavier among the Pima Indians, a tribe almost all Catholics. I had the pleasure of finding there a large brick church, very rich and beautiful for that country. It was begun by the Jesuits and finished by the Franciscans. From here I visited Tubac, the site of an old Mexican fort among the silver

and copper mines, also Tumacacuri and several other Indian villages.

Continuing my journey, I spent Christmas at Santa Magdalena, a large parish in the Diocese of Sonora. New Year's Day I was at San Miguel, 300 miles from Tucson, and Epiphany at Hermosillo, a beautiful city of 12,000 souls.

My next point was Guaymas, a seaport on the Gulf of California. There I took a boat on the Pacific and went about 200 miles farther to Alamos, where I found Mgr. Dom Pedro Loza, the Bishop of Sonora. He received me very cordially, and after reading the decrees of the Propaganda, renounced his jurisdiction with the best of grace, and gave me a document in form to show the transfer of authority to Bishop Lamy. He also gave me the faculties of his diocese, and a personal letter of recommendation to the priests and people under his jurisdiction. I made good use of this, and profited not a little by it on my way home.

And now, after satisfying your curiosity about my little trip of 3,000 miles, I want to rectify a false rumor going around in regard to my future. It is a noise in the air and nothing more. Father Juillard, whom we call the chatterer, very probably brought it to your ears. It is true that Bishop Lamy, considering the immense territory bought from the Mexican Republic, several times expressed his opinion on the necessity of making it a new vicariate, but the time for that has not yet arrived. There are as yet only a few new colonies in it, and some old missions of Sonora, abandoned in part these many years, and the population is not large enough to call for such a division of the diocese. The entire population of the district is only about 14,000. It is true, also, that the President in his message proposed to take possession of the two States of Sonora and Chihuahua to satisfy certain claims, aggregating some \$10,000,000, against the Mexican government. If that idea were carried out there would be two immense dioceses to add to the Province of St. Louis, but Congress rejected the proposition of the President, and the question was laid on the table indefinitely.

Before all these political questions are settled there may be many changes, and even should there be a division of the diocese, the Bishops of the Province will find many other subjects more suitable and more capable than I am in every way. This is the least of my worries. Man may propose, but God will dispose.

The new territory begins about 300 miles south of Santa

Fé, and may be 800 miles from east to west and 400 miles from north to south. It is a beautiful country, rich in mines of gold and silver, but in certain parts is very arid. I shall soon start again over the same ground on a fresh missionary trip, omitting, of course, that special part of it to Sonora.

On his Mexican trip Father Machebeuf intended to go as far as Durango and see Bishop Zubiria in person, and for this purpose he planned to sail from Guaymas to Mazatlan, the nearest port to Durango. At Guaymas he met with a disappointment in the failure of the regular steamer to arrive, but General Stone, an American and a Catholic, who was the chief engineer of a company employed in the Mexican Coast Survey, came to his aid and fitted out a sailing vessel, furnished him a crew and provisions for the voyage, appointed him Captain and sent him on his way rejoicing.

From Bishop Losa he learned that a state of civil war existed at Mazatlan and that the port was blockaded. At this news Captain Machebeuf resigned his naval commission and sent back the boat against the heavy currents to Guaymas, while he made the return trip by land, visiting the many parishes and Indian missions on his way. He was well received everywhere he went, even by the Indian tribes who were reported to him by the Mexican officials as being fierce and warlike, but whom he found to be the very contrary. They were all Catholics and deeply religious, and the reason they were not friendly towards the officials was that these same officials had abused them and sacked and burned several of their villages and churches. Father Machebeuf spent

several weeks on these various visits, and thus his long trip was made pleasant and profitable.

The Arizona of that time was not the Arizona of today. Then it began at El Paso and Mesilla on the Rio Grande, and extended westward to California. The present Arizona includes the western half of this territory and the western half of the old Territory of New Mexico, and the eastern parts of both, as they then existed, were joined to form the new Territory of New Mexico. Arizona was organized as a separate Territory in 1863.

The western part of the newly acquired territory was subject to the Bishop of Sonora in spirituals, and the eastern part to the Bishop of Durango. These prelates had so much territory under them that a visitation of all of it was practically impossible. It is not known when the Bishop of Sonora visited Tucson, but the Bishop of Durango, as we have seen, with an armed escort, went to Santa Fé on three different occasions in about twenty-five years. He was perhaps the first Bishop to visit New Mexico.

When Father Machebeuf returned to Santa Fé he drew up a full report of his mission for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, and he added to it, on the part of Bishop Lamy, a detailed account of the condition of religion in the whole Diocese of Santa Fé.

The new journey to which Father Machebeuf refers was begun on May 3, 1859, and it lasted until the following September. It was a journey which combined missionary work with exploration. There were

colonies and communities among the Mexicans and Indians, which were known to have been Catholic at some time in the past. A few of these had been attended at irregular intervals by a priest in later years, and the faith was found to have survived, although its practices were greatly obscured or forgotten. Many other places where the faith once flourished had been left unattended, and in these the remembrance of the faith was all that survived. The passing of a missionary among some of the Indian tribes was still a tradition brought down from the remote past. It was as if a messenger from heaven had visited them; they reverently preserved a memory of it and tried to keep up some of the practices he taught them. Thus, among many of the Indian tribes of New Mexico and Arizona were found vestiges of Christian practices mixed with pagan religious ceremonies. For generations they had no religious care—in fact, the destruction of the Missions was the end of real Christianity for them. They were then left without religious teachers and guides, and the passing away of the older members of the tribes left the younger ones with ever weakening recollections of the Christian religion and the growing temptation to return to their ancient superstitions.

The larger settlements, around the Missions or where the Mexicans were gathered, were better attended and some of them had a resident pastor for a time, or a priest came at intervals to visit them. Few of these remote settlements, however, were perma-

ment. They were established for the purposes of mining, and when the mines ceased to be profitable the people went elsewhere and left the Indians to their own resources.

When Father Machebeuf went to Arizona he found himself alone to attend to this entire western district. During the month of May he made his way slowly from station to station, this time with full ecclesiastical authority, from the Mesilla valley westward, crossing the valleys and streams tributary to the Gila river, stopping wherever he found any settlements or pueblos with any religion in them. He could not prepare many for the sacraments, but he baptized their children and validated their marriages. He also gathered all the information that he could get about other places, to serve him for future purposes in visiting them or sending them priests.

It was June when he reached Tucson, and there he spent two months in work worthy of an apostle. He visited all the neighboring missions and pueblos of Papago, Pima and other Indians, in addition to the many tribes he saw on his way going and returning. He also took steps for the repair and preservation of the old Mission Church of San Xavier del Bac. This old church, built in by-gone and almost forgotten times, was a ruin like the rest of the Mission churches, but it was susceptible of repair and partial restoration. At subsequent visits he urged the further work and succeeded in putting it in such condition that it could be used for services. It was a grand old church before abandonment and desolation came upon it, and one who saw it in its ruins could thus describe it:

“Away towards the glowing Southland, neath a dome of azure hue,
 Near where the Santa Cruz rambles thro’ the plain ’mid the mountains blue,
 Majestic among the hillocks where the cactus luxurient grows,
 Looming up ’gainst the distant mountain crowned with mid-summer snows,
 Stands the old Church of San Xavier, lifting its tower high,
 And its cross gleams out to the distance where the Rockies touch the sky.

Gaze at its massive portal, bearing upon its arch
 The date of a century vanished in the ages’ onward march,
 And mark above the entrance to the ancient temple bless’d,
 Preaching love and penance, the old Franciscan crest,
 Like a crown bereft of its brightness above this crest so good,
 Remains but the lone pedestal where once a statue stood.

Glance at the shattered casements, looking so grand and grim
 That the twilight almost shudders ere it ventures to enter in.
 Pause at the noble gateway, study the stately towers
 That, looking down the valley, have seen a century’s flowers.
 List to the old bells chiming from their windy room above,
 While back from the mountain is echoed the music of faith and love.

Step within the gateway, pause in the atrium dim,
 See in the shade of the tower the mortuary chapel grim.
 Chapel’d beneath this tower is the tarnished font—once bright,
 Whence flowed the saving waters on many a neophyte.
 And on the wall beside it is pictured the Baptist grave,
 Pouring on Christ the water caught from Jordan’s wave.

Enter the ancient temple, stand in the sacred pile,
 Trace in its every outline the well-marked Moorish style.
 A sigh will come unbidden, like a troubled ocean wave,
 And you drop a tear of sadness as you pass thro’ its only nave.
 Measure the lofty arches—each a vision recalls—
 Resting, as if by magic, on the pillars in the walls.

Turn to the right and ponder, pictured upon the wall,
 The chosen ones, all kneeling, where tongues of fire fall.
 Then turn away from the vision of the bright descending Dove,
 To read the frescoed story of the ancient Supper of Love.
 In the epistle chapel, with gently folded hands,
 Beneath the cross, all tearful, the Mother of Sorrow stands.

And on another altar, where sculptured angels wait,
 Shrined in a golden nimbus, stands the Immaculate.
 Look at the walls around you, whence our Queen of the Rosary
 stoops

To give the mystic chaplet to the kneeling angel groups.
 There, too, the work of the artist, dimmed by the breath of time,
 Shows the scene at Nazareth, in the life of Him divine.

Come to the gospel chapel and look at the face so mild
 Of the gentle Foster-father guarding the Saviour Child.
 Kneel at its shrine of sorrow, where the story of love is told
 By the cross, the nails, and the scourges, and the dead Christ
 pale and cold.

Here, too, the well-traced picture, which time has not effaced,
 Shows our Infant Lord in the temple, in Simeon's fond em-
 brace.

And again, the brush of the artist, moved by some train-ed
 hand,

Tells the story of Sarragossa in the trans-atlantic land.
 And pictured upon the banner is Our Lady of Guadalupe—
 Flowers are clust'ring 'round her, and wond'ring angels group.
 And still in its dim old corner, seeming to smile at time,
 Stands the tribunal of penance—that mercy seat sublime.

Turn we to the altar—like warriors clad in steel—
 Guarding the chancel gateway, crouch the Lions of Old Castile.
 Above the sacred table, clasping the cross in his hands,
 Clad in his sable habit, the sainted Xavier stands.
 And yet above the Patron, as watching over all,
 Appears the Virgin Mother, guarded by Peter and Paul.

And 'mid the half-burned tapers, and vases old and odd,
 With the crucifix above it, is the home of the captive God.
 And in the fading pictures on the chancel walls, to the right
 Behold the adoring Magi, and the Holy Family's flight,
 While near the gospel corner with Mary, face to face,
 Appears the Great Archangel, hailing her, "Full of Grace."

And the cold wall tells the story of the morning scene of yore,
 When the shepherds came from the hillside the new-born God
 t'adore.

Like sentinels ever watchful on Sion's ancient towers,

Stand on either side th' apostles 'twixt vases of moldering
flowers.

While out from the antique niches look Franciscan saints of
old,

And bright-winged cherubs cluster on the ceiling high and cold.

Climb we the stairs to the choir, and study the pictured walls,
Where chanted the tonsured Friars in their dark old oaken
stalls,

Dimm'd by the veil that a century's dust has over them
spread,

Look down the four great authors from the frescoes overhead.
And Blessed Francis, carried in a fiery chariot of love,
Seems to take flight from this drear land to realms of joy above.

And Dominic, all enraptured, with fixed and upturned face,
Receives the blessed chaplet from the beautiful Mother of
Grace.

One more picture we notice ere our pious task is done,—
The quiet home at Nazareth, where dwelt the Holy One.
It looks but the carpenter's dwelling, with the walls unadorned
and bare,

But, Oh! 'tis effulgent with glory, for Jesus and Mary are there.

And Joseph, the Foster-father, as lily undefiled,
Sits near the Virgin Mother, caressed by the Holy Child.
Carefully down the stairway we slowly wend our way,
Filled with an awe and sadness, that moves the heart to pray—
Pray that old San Xavier's may not for aye be forgot,
And again the lamp of religion may burn in the holy spot.

Soon may the Papagoes gather beneath the sacred shade
Where their fathers knelt 'round the Black-robe, listen'd, be-
liev'd and prayed.

Soon may the Black-robe's labor the treasures of faith unfold,
And this Mission bloom in the valley, as once it bloomed of old.
May its fading pictures be brighten'd, its statues newly dress'd,
And the touch of the artist emblazon its old Franciscan crest.

May its arches again re-echo the sound of the Vesper hymn,
And fervent souls to worship kneel in the shadows dim.
Brushed from each shrine and altar the gathering dust and
mold,

May the daily oblation be offered which the Prophet had foretold,—
 May its broken cross be uplifted, and its bells more sweetly chime,
 And its glory remain untarnished until the eve of time.”

The above was written by the Rev. Nicholas Scallen, a priest of the Diocese of Dubuque, who died a few years ago a member of the household of Bishop Scanlan of Salt Lake. Father Scallen was a poet of no mean ability and wrote under the name of Ildefonsus.

At the beginning of the year 1860, we find Father Machebeuf again at Santa Fé, ready to set out upon another of his missionary trips after a season of suffering from malarial fever, contracted during his labor and exposure in Arizona, but with his mind ever alert for the good of his people, and intent upon securing every possible benefit for the diocese. On Feb. 2, 1860, he wrote this last letter from Santa Fé to his sister:—

To-morrow I start upon a short tour of four or five weeks, and, not wishing to make you wait for answers to your last three letters which I received all at the same time, I write to tell you that I am now in good health. I say “now,” because, after my return from my long trip to Arizona I was suffering for nearly two months. From what my brother Marius tells me I judge that you are not yet very strong yourself after your late illness. But what matters the strength of the body, provided we have enough of it to fulfill the various missions which God has entrusted to us, and show Him that we have no other desire than to spend and be spent for His glory and our own salvation? To illustrate this by a practical application of it to our own case, here is something which we can do.

Bishop Lamy would have written long ago to the Superior of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and of the Sacred Heart of Mary, but the expenses, and also debts, occasioned by new ad-

ditions to the Convent of the Sisters of Loretto, and especially by the purchase and re-modeling of a building for the College of the Christian Brothers, left him no time to think of anything else. The prodigious increase of the population causes us to feel the want of priests now more than ever, notwithstanding the re-enforcements which we have received at three different times. Trusting to Providence he has decided to write to the Superior of the Cellule with whom Father Eguillon got acquainted. The letter is enclosed in this, and I wish you to address it, for the Bishop has forgotten the Superior's name, and forward it immediately. The Bishop also asks me to recommend this project, which is almost his only resource, to your prayers and those of the community, and do not forget to bring it to the notice of Madame Andrand who has shown so much zeal for the establishment of religious orders. The Diocese of Clermont is now so well supplied with such establishments that it is no more than just that the Diocese of Santa Fé, which is almost entirely served by priests from Auvergne, should have some benefit from her generosity.

This is especially true now since the new territory has been added to our burdens, and I am interested above all others in the success of the idea, because the Bishop has given me charge of those far-off missions. There is no one else available, and, until new arrangements can be made, it will be my duty to visit them twice a year in spite of the 600 miles which separate them from Santa Fé. They are in what will be the new Territory of Arizona, but as yet it is only a county of New Mexico, but eight times as large as the other counties.

Pray for me fervently and often, for these long journeys are not favorable to piety, but I have confidence in God, and your prayers will help me to keep up my courage and pious practices.

Father Machebeuf called those "short trips," which did not occupy more than a few weeks. His visits to Arizona were not of this kind, but of months' duration, for he had an extent of a whole diocese to visit. Going and coming he actively officiated along the entire way, and his work in and around Tucson and the western part of Arizona required much time and travel. When he returned from this

short trip he set out again to make one of his semi-annual visits to Arizona. It was to be his last visit, although no one suspected it then, for no one foresaw the turn which events would take within the next few months. On the occasion of this trip his absence was more than usually felt by Bishop Lamy. They had been friends from boyhood, were in the seminary together, came to America at the same time, and had labored as neighbors during all the years of their early missionary life. From time to time in Ohio they visited each other to rest and be refreshed by a few days of life in the atmosphere of friendship and brotherly love. Their familiar expression "Latsin pas" (never give up), was always a signal for renewed courage and fresh effort.

It was this friendship, in addition to necessity, which made Bishop Lamy bring him to Santa Fé, and now the bond, strengthened by closer association, made long separation a trial. Somehow Bishop Lamy felt the separation, and it wore upon him until he sent word to Father Machebeuf, asking him to hasten his return. To Father Machebeuf this was equivalent to a command, and he lost no time in making the 600 miles of the return trip.

Upon arriving at Santa Fé he was welcomed by the Bishop, who, however, made no allusion to the cause of his recall. Father Machebeuf was obliged to ask for the reasons, when Bishop Lamy replied: "Oh, there was nothing in particular, but I wanted to see you. We have not been enough together, and you were so long away that I was lonesome for you

and longing for your return. Just stay here with me now for a while and rest. It will be pleasant to talk over old times. We have not too much consolation of this intimate sort and I feel that we need some now. In a short time you can go again."

Dearly as Father Machebeuf loved Bishop Lamy, he was not quite satisfied with this explanation. The work of God called him, and he looked at the good which he might be continually doing. Idleness was distasteful to him, and even friendship could not reconcile him to a long continuance in it. Time and again he thought of starting out, but the Bishop always restrained him, telling him it was too soon and asking him to wait a little while longer.

Sometimes there are mysterious feelings and longings which cannot be accounted for at the time, but for which a reason seems to appear later. It may be God's way of accomplishing His designs, or it may be merely a co-incidence which leads us to look for a supernatural explanation of the phenomena. These longings of Bishop Lamy to keep Father Machebeuf with him at this special time may have been but the outgrowth of their great affection, or they may have been given to him for a purpose then unknown, but which was a part of God's plans for the future. In any case, they seemed to have been the starting point for the turning of the life of Father Machebeuf in an entirely new and different direction, and one which logically led to the Bishopric of Denver.

Father Machebeuf's work in New Mexico, like his work in Ohio, was that of the pioneer. The ma-

terial portion of it was but temporary, but the moral part was permanent. It formed the foundation upon which his successors built grander edifices, and achieved greater visible results. Without this preparatory work little could be done, and both in Ohio and in New Mexico the transformation was but little short of the wonderful. In Ohio we can trace much of it to the natural development of the country, but in New Mexico we must look for other causes, for the change is less in the material development of the country than in the moral uplifting of an entire people.

The following extracts are from "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," by George F. Ruxton, an English traveler who gives his impressions of New Mexico after a trip made in 1846. Ruxton was a member of the Royal Geographical Society, the Ethnological Society, etc., and was not supposed to be writing romance.

The houses are all of adobe, inside and out, one story high, and with the usual *azotea* or flat roof. They have generally a small window, with thin sheets of tale (which here abounds) as a substitute for glass. They are, however, kept clean inside, the mud floors being watered and swept many times a day. The faces of the women were all stained with the fiery red juice of a plant called *alegria*, from the forehead to the chin. This is for the purpose of protecting their skin from the effects of the sun, and preserving them in untanned beauty to be exposed in the fandangos. Of all the people in the world the Mexicans have the greatest antipathy to water, hot or cold, for ablutionary purposes. The men never touch their faces with that element, except in their bi-monthly shave; and the women besmear themselves with fresh coats of *alegria* when their faces become dirty; thus their countenances are covered with alternate strata of paint and dirt, caked, and cracked in

fissures. My first impressions of New Mexico were anything but favorable, either to the country or the people. The population of Socorro was wretched-looking, and every countenance seemed marked by vice and debauchery. The men appear to have no other employment than smoking and basking in the sun, wrapped in their *sarapes*; the women in dancing and intrigue. The appearance of Socorro is that of a dilapidated brick-kiln, or prairie-dog town; indeed, from these animals the Mexicans appear to have derived their style of architecture. In every village we entered, the women flocked round us begging for tobacco or money, the men loafing about, pilfering every thing they could lay their hands on. As in other parts of Mexico, the women wore the *enagua*, or red petticoat, and *reboso*, and were all bare-legged. The men were some of them clad in buckskin shirts, made by the Indians.

The churches in the villages of New Mexico are quaint little buildings, looking, with their adobe walls, like turf-stacks. At each corner of the facade half a dozen bricks are erected in the form of a tower, and a center ornament of the same kind supports a wooden cross. They are really the most extraordinary and primitive specimens of architecture I ever met with, and the decorations of the interior are equal to the promises held out by the imposing outside.

The families of Armijo, Chaves, Perea, and Ortiz are *par excellence* the *ricos* of New Mexico—indeed, all the wealth of the province is concentrated in their hands; and a more grasping set of people, and more hard-hearted oppressors of the poor, it would be difficult to find in any other part of Mexico, where the rights or conditions of the poorer classes are no more considered than in civilized countries is the welfare of dogs and pigs.

Santa Fé, the capital of the province of Nuevo Mejico, contains about three thousand inhabitants, and is situated about fourteen miles from the left bank of the Del Norte, at the foot of a mountain forming one of the eastern chain of the Rocky Mountains. The town is a wretched collection of mud-houses, without a single building of stone, although it boasts a *palacio*—as the adobe residence of the governor is called—a long, low building, taking up the greater portion of one side of the *plaza* or public square, round which runs a portal or colonnade supported by pillars of rough pine. The appearance of the town defies description, and I can compare it to nothing but a brick-kiln or prairie-dog town. The inhabitants are worthy of their city, and a more miserable, vic-

ious-looking population it would be hard to imagine. Neither was the town improved, at the time of my visit, by the addition to the population of some three thousand Americans, the dirtiest, rowdiest crew I have ever seen collected together.

Crowds of drunken volunteers filled the streets, brawling and boasting, but never fighting; Mexicans, wrapped in sarapes, scowled upon them as they passed; donkey-loads of *hoja*—corn-sticks—were hawking about for sale; and Pueblo Indians and priests jostled the rude crowds at every step. Under the portals were numerous *monté*-tables, surrounded by Mexicans and Americans. Every other house was a grocery, as they call a gin or whiskey shop, continually disgorging reeling, drunken men, and every where filth and dirt reigned triumphant.

The extent of the Province of New Mexico is difficult to define, as the survey of the northern sections of the republic has never been undertaken, and a great portion of the country is still in the hands of the aborigines, who are at constant war with the Mexicans. It has been roughly estimated at six thousand square miles, with a population of seventy thousand, including the three castes of descendants of the original settlers, Mestizos, and Indios Manzos or Pueblos; the Mestizos, as is the case throughout the country, bearing a large proportion to the Mexico-Spanish portion of the population—in this case as fifty to one.

The Pueblos, who are the original inhabitants of New Mexico, and living in villages, are partially civilized, and are the most industrious portion of the population, and cultivate the soil in a higher degree than the New Mexicans themselves. In these Indians, in their dwellings, their manners, customs, and physical character, may be traced a striking analogy to the Azteans or ancient Mexicans. Their houses or villages are constructed in the same manner as, from existing ruins, we may infer that the Azteans constructed theirs. These buildings are two, three, and even five stories, without doors or any external communication, the entrance being at the top by means of ladders through a trap-door in the azotea or flat roof. The population of the different Pueblos scattered along the Del Norte and to the westward of it is estimated at twelve thousand, without including the Moquis, who have preserved their independence since the year 1680.

It is remarkable that, although existing from the earliest times of the colonization of New Mexico, a period of two centuries, in a state of continual hostility with the numerous savage tribes of Indians who surround their territory, and in con-

stant insecurity of life and property from their attacks—being also far removed from the enervating influences of large cities, and, in their isolated situation, entirely dependent upon their own resources—the inhabitants are totally destitute of those qualities which, for the above reasons, we might naturally have expected to distinguish them, and are as deficient in energy of character and physical courage as they are in all the moral and intellectual qualities. In their social state but one degree removed from the veriest savage, they might take a lesson even from these in morality and the conventional decencies of life. Imposing no restraint upon their passions, a shameless and universal concubinage exists, and a total disregard of moral laws, to which it would be impossible to find a parallel in any country calling itself civilized. A want of honorable principle, and consummate duplicity and treachery, characterize all their dealings. Liars by nature, they are treacherous and faithless to their friends, cowardly and cringing to their enemies; cruel, as all cowards are, they unite savage ferocity with their want of animal courage; as an example of which, their recent massacre of Governor Bent and other Americans may be given.

The Pueblo Indians of Taos, Peuris, and Acoma speak a language of which a dialect is used by those of the Rio Abajo, including the Pueblos of San Felipe, Ysleta, and Xemes. They are eminently distinguished from the New Mexicans in their social and moral character, being industrious, sober, honest, brave, and at the same time peaceably inclined if their rights are not infringed. Although the Pueblos are nominally *Cristianos*, and have embraced the outward forms of *la santa fe catolica*, they yet, in fact, still cling to the belief of their fathers, and celebrate in secret the ancient rites of their religion. The aged and devout of both sexes may still be often seen on their flat house-tops, with their faces turned to the rising sun, and their gaze fixed in that direction from whence they expect, sooner or later, the god of air will make his appearance. They are careful, however, not to practice any of these rites before strangers, and ostensibly to conform to the ceremonies of the Roman Church.

I found all over New Mexico that the most bitter feeling and most determined hostility existed against the Americans, who certainly in Santa Fé and elsewhere have not been very anxious to conciliate the people, but by their bullying and overbearing demeanor towards them, have in a great measure been the cause of this hatred, which shortly after broke out in an

organized rising of the northern part of the province, and occasioned great loss of life to both parties.

Several distilleries are worked both at Fernandez and El Rancho, the latter better known to the Americans as The Ranch. Most of them belong to Americans, who are generally trappers and hunters, who, having married Taos women, have settled here. The Taos whiskey, a raw, fiery spirit which they manufacture, has a ready market in the mountains among the hunters and trappers, and the Indian traders, who find the fire-water the most profitable article of trade with the aborigines, who exchange for it their buffalo robes and other peltries at a "tremendous sacrifice."

I was obliged to remain at Rio Colorado two days, for my foot was so badly frozen that I was quite unable to put it to the ground. In this place I found that the Americans were in bad odor; and as I was equipped as a mountaineer, I came in for a tolerable share of abuse whenever I limped through the village. As my lameness prevented me from pursuing my tormentors, they were unusually daring, saluting me, every time I passed to the shed where my animals were corraled, with cries of "Jackass, jackass, come here and eat shucks!" "Hello, game-leg, go and see your brothers, the donkeys!"

Ruxton was a vivid painter but he worked with a heavy brush, and he looked for scenes to suit his lurid colors. His pictures, in consequence, were exaggerated while having a semblance to truth and nature in them. Father Machebeuf's letters show that there was a great deal of depravity among the Mexicans, but they show also that there was much good, and when they were properly treated they could make friends and stand by them. There was a foundation upon which to build by teaching and example, and Father Machebeuf found it although Mr. Ruxton could not see it.

It is possible to disagree with a writer in some of his conclusions without discrediting his entire work. Mr. Ruxton's book is rich in valuable in-

formation upon a subject that was new and fascinating, but it bears the marks of limited observation. His trip through New Mexico was about as rapid as he could make it from El Paso on the Rio Grande to Pueblo on the Arkansas river. It occupied from November 14, 1846, to January 1847. At that time the Mexican war was in progress, and the Americans were cordially hated. Every Anglo-Saxon was considered an American by the Mexicans, as Mr. Ruxton says, unless proof to the contrary was given, and Ruxton did not fly the British flag before him. That he was not received with greater civility was partly owing to this state of affairs. Then Mr. Ruxton was an Englishman and a Protestant, and would, for this double reason, naturally be suspicious of Spanish Catholics. This was his misfortune and not altogether his fault.

His book, while very valuable, shows evidences of the hurried trip, and his logic is faulty in that he judges the character of an entire nation from the actions of a few individuals, and all times by what he witnessed in a season of unusual excitement. He, also, from his observations on the same trip, formed the judgment that "the American can never become a soldier; his constitution will not bear the restraint of discipline, neither will his very mistaken notions about liberty allow him to subject himself to its necessary control." Both judgments are based upon equal grounds, and should merit equal modifications.

After making all necessary allowances, we must still conclude that the New Mexico of today is but a

faint picture of the New Mexico of sixty years ago. Ruxton made his shadows too dark; Father Machebeuf may have drawn them with too light a hand; to-day neither of them would find his old picture in the actual conditions.

To what must we attribute the improvement? Not principally to the influx of Americans and American ideas, for every one knows that the Americans who have gone to New Mexico for any other purpose than that of exploiting the resources of the country and enriching themselves, have been so few that their influence could have no appreciable effect upon the people as a whole. The philosophy, as well as the facts, of history points to the work of Bishop Lamy, Father Machebeuf, and the other Catholic missionaries, as the great cause in the reformation of the New Mexican, and in his elevation to his present condition of comparatively intelligent, honest and moral civilization.

Writers are apt to be less careful in their assertions if their subject is new, and contradiction improbable for lack of information. Ruxton wrote upon a new subject, and at a time when criticism was impossible, for very little accurate knowledge of New Mexico was then obtainable, and he knew, too, that he was writing for a public that sympathized with him, and drank in with relish his every statement and thirsted for more. His book would pass, even if the facts were overdrawn. There was a certain foundation for them at the time, but a similar book to-day would be a libel on a prosperous and

growing commonwealth. Yet, such things are sometimes said now, and pictures of fifty years ago are not infrequently drawn as representing present conditions. In this way a great injustice has been done, and a limited public opinion has been formed which misjudges the people of New Mexico and classes them as undesirable citizens. The American people, however, are lovers of fair play; they also recognize truth and merit sooner or later, and, with these characteristics, they have arrived close to the time when they will do justice to New Mexico and allow her to take her stand upon an equal footing with her sister States.

CHAPTER XVII.

Critics and Criticisms.—Honor to the Pioneer.—Apologetic. Early Explorers.—Coronado.—Lieutenant Pike.—James Pursley.—Colonel Long and Dr. James.—Fremont.—Sage.—Parkman.—Ruxton.—Gilpin.—Hunters and Trappers.—Discovery of Gold.—Cherokee Indians.—Russell and Party.—Auraria, First Town.—Pike's Peak.—Rush of Gold Seekers.—Adventurers. Territory Organized.—Religion.—Scenery.—Climate.—Weather. Topography.—Roads.—Towns.—Bishop Mieve in Denver.—District Annexed to Dioces of Santa Fé.

There is something in our nature which makes us look for perfection wherever we go, and we experience a feeling of disappointment when we do not find it. Somehow we class that expectation among our rights, and its lack of fulfillment is secretly resented as a sort of injustice. However, this does not prevent us from taking possession of what we find, but it disposes us to find fault with those who prepared the legacy for us because they did not leave us more. Instead of holding them in grateful remembrance for what they did, we are prone to criticise them and depreciate their labors, and to conclude that the world is well-rid of such old fogies and back numbers, and out-of-date people whose longer stay would have been but to cumber the earth. What a pity we were not with them to give them the benefit of our superior knowledge!

Many who come to Colorado today profess to be surprised at not finding fine churches and schools, and halls and other religious institutions in every parish on the same scale of magnificence and perfec-

tion as in the older sections of the country where they lived in the East. They fail to consider that this is a new country, and that it is still well within the memory of the living when Colorado was the home of the wild beast and the wilder savage; when its mountains were unexplored fastnesses; when the most prolific product of its now fertile fields was the sage-bush and the cactus, its most settled inhabitants the owl, the rattlesnake and the prairie-dog, and when the sound of the saw and the hammer was not heard within hundreds of miles nor the whistle of the locomotive within a thousand miles of its borders. The industrial progress of Colorado in one generation has been marvelous. We cannot say that all its desert is blossoming like the rose, or that it will ever do so, but the word *marvelous*, in the literal sense, is appropriate in this connection, and it will be found equally so when applied to the religious development of this portion of the West.

To realize this progress we need but glance at the conditions prevailing in the earlier times, to weigh the material at hand and the means provided to shape it into its present form. We can then appreciate the character and labors of those men who drew order out of this chaos, and who leveled the mountains and filled up the valleys, and laid the foundations for themselves and others to build upon. These pioneers were less dainty, and *sometimes* less cultured, than their successors, but for hard and effective work their equals are yet to be found. The early settler and the early missionary are brothers in

honor, and we should not forget that the advantages which we possess over them, both in a material and a spiritual sense, are the fruits of their labors, and must ever stand as their monuments.

A volume might easily be written on the early days of the peopling of Colorado, and every page of it would be interesting reading. Only a rapid sketch within the limits of a chapter can be given here, for the scope of this book includes that subject only so far as it may be useful in giving an idea of the new field in which Father Machebeuf was to labor.

We say "peopling," for in those days few thought of *settling*. They came for immediate gain, and they expected to go away as soon as their object was attained—and of its attainment they had but little doubt. The mines would not last forever, and the heritage of the soil was not thought worthy of consideration on "The Great American Desert." Even Father Machebeuf at first shared the general feeling, for he says: "Temporarily I am located at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, but I do not know where I may be before I die." Few ever came to Colorado in the early years who did not hope soon to go again and leave it to its natural denizen—the Indian.

All the country now known as Colorado was once claimed as Spanish territory. Spain's title to that portion of it lying south of the Arkansas river and west of the main range of the Rocky Mountains was never disputed until her Mexican colonies proclaimed their independence; the remainder followed the changes incident to that vast tract now known as the Louisiana Purchase.

While belonging to Spain, this was practically an unknown land—only one attempt having been made to explore it, and that was without any permanent results. Coronado with his party of Spaniards and Indians crossed the mountains in a northeasterly course from the Rio del Norte in 1542 and reached the “buffalo plains,” going as far north as the fortieth parallel in search of gold. He failed to find the precious metal in any of the streams encountered, and with his followers he returned to Mexico. This is the sum total of the recorded Spanish or Mexican explorations north of the Arkansas river in Colorado.

Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike seems to have been the first American to attempt an exploration of these regions. On November 15, 1806, he came in sight of the mountain peak which bears his name, but in his account Pike speaks of a man whom he met at Santa Fé, one James Pursley, of Bardstown, Ky., who, as a captive among the Indians, had visited the same regions before him, and had found gold in the headwaters of the Platte river. The Mexicans had tried to find out from Pursley where he had discovered the gold, but he refused to disclose his secret to anyone but an American.

Colonel S. H. Long and Dr. E. James explored the country in 1820. In 1843 Colonel John C. Fremont made his first trip through the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, and at about the same time Rufus B. Sage, with a party of trappers, spent a couple of seasons trapping along the streams on the eastern

slope of the mountains. Sage mentions a settlement of whites and half-breeds on the Arkansas river about thirty miles above the mouth of the Fontaine-*Qui-Bouille*, and a trading post at the mouth of that stream occupied by ten or twelve whites living with or married to Mexican women, and carrying on a thriving trade with the Indians.

Parkman, in 1846, went through from Fort Laramie to "The Pueblo" on the Arkansas river, and spent some time at the trading post before returning East along the Arkansas to civilization. Ruxton was here in 1847, but none of these travelers and explorers discovered anything to indicate that the country would ever be made inhabitable by a race of civilized people.

William Gilpin also made extensive explorations of these regions, and, like Caleb and Joshua in the Promised Land, he found a great deal of good to say of the country. Many of his prophecies, which were considered at the time as but visionary flights of an exalted imagination, are now being literally fulfilled.

Besides these passing visitors who have left us some account of their observations, there were, from the earliest times, hunters and trappers working along the streams for beaver and other peltry, but it is a question whether these as a whole should be counted among the civilized or not. Ruxton says of them:

The trappers of the Rocky Mountains belong to a genus more approximating the primitive savage than perhaps any other class of civilized man. Their lives are being spent in the remote wilderness of the mountains, with no other companion than

Nature herself, their habits and character assume a most singular cast of simplicity mingled with ferocity, appearing to take their coloring from the scenes and objects which surround them. Knowing no wants save those of nature, their sole care is to provide sufficient food to support life, and the necessary clothing to protect them from the rigorous climate. This, with the assistance of their trusty rifles, they are generally able to effect, but sometimes at the expense of great peril and hardship. When engaged in their avocation, the natural instinct of primitive man is ever alive, for the purpose of guarding against danger and the provision of necessary food.

Keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple and as freely as they expose their own. Of laws, human and divine, they neither know nor care to know. Their wish is their law, and to attain it they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is "a word and a blow," and the blow often first. They have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of giving hard names call them revengeful, bloodthirsty, drunkards (when the wherewithal is to be had), gamblers, regardless of the laws of *meum and tuum*—in fact, "White Indians." However, there are exceptions, and I *have* met honest mountain men. Their animal qualities, however, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what uncivilized man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for his support of life. Not a hole or a corner in the vast wilderness of the "Far West" but has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado of the West, from the frozen regions of the North to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. All of this vast country, but for the daring enterprise of these men, would be even now a *terra incognita* to geographers, as indeed a great portion of it still is; but there is not an acre that has not been passed and repassed by the trappers in their perilous excursions. The mountains and streams still retain the names assigned to them by the rude hunters; and these alone are the hardy pioneers who have paved the way for the settlement of the western country.

Again we are obliged to take issue with Mr. Ruxton and modify his general statement. When we single out the exceptions to his description we have the entire bone and sinew of the trapping industry. There remains to fit the description only the lower element—the irresponsible, migratory and careless class of adventurers, and Ruxton need not have gone beyond the confines of London to make application of his remarkably vivid picture. Among the exceptions we meet such men as Carson, Gerry, Lupton, Bent, Boone, St. Vrain, Wootten, Head and others, to whom civilization was not strange or distasteful when it came upon them with the advancing tide. It is true that they did not all have drawing-room manners, but Bent was sufficiently cultured to fill the office of Governor of New Mexico, and Lafayette Head was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the great State of Colorado. Neither will the honor of these men suffer in comparison with that of men of a later civilization. When some of the later aristocracy complained that certain white men shocked their refined souls by continuing to live with their Indian wives, Elbridge Gerry, a grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, replied: “I married my wife when there wasn’t a white woman within a thousand miles of me, and when I never expected to see a white woman here. My wife is as true and my children as dear to me as those of any man alive, and I will die a thousand deaths before I will desert them.”

The causes, however, which gave rise to the ac-

tual settlement of Colorado are of much more recent date. It is said that a party of Cherokee Indians, going to California in 1852, discovered gold on Ralston Creek, a small tributary of the Vasquez Fork (now Clear Creek) of the Platte river, a few miles west of the present site of Denver, while making their way from the Arkansas river to the overland route at Fort Laramie. Upon their return trip, in 1857, they renewed their search and gathered some small quantities of gold which they exhibited on their way home through Kansas.

It seems that they must have gone all the way to their homes in Georgia and Florida, for the first to seek the new gold country was a party of Georgians under the leadership of Green Russell. These started from Auraria in Dawson county, adjoining Cherokee county in Georgia, on February 9, 1858. They arrived at their destination about June 1st, and immediately began their search for gold. Some parties from Kansas were also exploring their way up the Arkansas river to the mountains, and northward towards the Platte.

It was some time before fortune favored any of them, but when almost discouraged Russell hit upon a spot in the sands of a small dry creek which falls into the Platte about seven miles above the mouth of Cherry Creek which yielded gold in such quantities as to raise their hopes and enthusiasm to the highest pitch. News of their success soon reached Kansas and the East, and other parties were rapidly formed and set out for the new fields.

The name of this locality was called Placer Camp, but new and more promising discoveries were made at the mouth of Cherry Creek, and on Nov. 4, 1858, a townsite was platted at that point and the name of Auraria was given to it by the Georgians, after their native town.

The general impression now is that what is known as West Denver was originally Auraria, but Ovando J. Hollister, who came to Denver about June 1, 1860, and who, only seven years later, wrote what is called "the best historical sketch of the State ever published," has this to say about Auraria:

On the 31st of October ten inches of snow fell about the mouth of Platte Cañon. Next day the adventurers were confined to their camps, and true to their instincts began to talk politics and town sites. By the 4th of November a town-plat had been surveyed on the west side of the Platte opposite the mouth of Cherry Creek, by William Foster, and christened "Auraria" by Dr. Russell, whose party had come from a town of that name in Georgia. This region was then within the bounds of Kansas, and a county was defined and called "Arapahoe," after the neighboring tribe of Indians. An election was held on the 6th of November, there being about two hundred inhabitants in the new place, "six hundred miles from nowhere," as they designated it.

As this question is not essential to this history, we simply note the discrepancy and leave it to others to disentangle the facts. Our own opinion is that Hollister was mistaken.

Shortly afterwards another town was laid out on the east side of the Platte and below the mouth of Cherry Creek by men from Lawrence, Kansas, and called St. Charles. That winter the "Denver Town Company" was formed and bought out the in-

terests of the St. Charles company, added more ground and named their town in honor of General Denver, who was then governor of Kansas Territory. The town of Auraria continued as a separate corporation for some time, but was eventually consolidated with the new town, and from that time the united corporations bore the name of Denver City. In passing it may be remarked that there was a tendency in those days to designate the new camps with the high sounding title of "cities." A change has come over them since then—many of those "cities" have gone out of existence, and all of the others which could conveniently drop the title have done so.

The name of Denver City, however, designated but one spot, and the geography of the New West was so little known that few knew the location of that spot. In the beginning the gold-hunters set out for Pike's Peak, and the entire world soon accepted this term as a general designation of all the country for a hundred miles around.

The spring and summer of 1859 saw thousands of fortune-hunters coming to Pike's Peak and scattering out in all directions to look for the precious metal. It was found in many places, and at each place a new town, or "city," would spring up like a mushroom in one night. All the streams forming the headwaters of the Platte and Arkansas rivers were found to bear gold, and the mountains along them to be rich in mineral. News of this, exaggerated in every form, brought an enormous rush from all parts of the country, and soon the mountains

and plains for a hundred miles to the west and south of Denver City were alive with people. The roads were literally lined with the coming throngs, and with many also returning in disgust, with their hopes broken and their high expectations disappointed. Those who expected to gather gold by the shovelfuls, or quarry it from the mountain sides, soon betook themselves to their homeward way, and they spread reports as untrue in condemnation as the wildest stories were untrue in praise. There was gold, and plenty of it, but it could be gotten only slowly and by hard work. Some thought that the gold was gotten by means of a sort of flatboat provided with knives on the bottom, and this was taken to the top of Pike's Peak and allowed to slide down the mountain while the knives would shave off the gold and fill the boat. Some brought a supply of grain sacks all the way from Council Bluffs, which, they said, they intended to fill if it took all summer.

Those who came were not all legitimate miners by any means, nor were they animated by legitimate intentions. Many were mere fortune-hunters in the worst sense of the word, and not a few were of the criminal classes, to whom the far-off mining regions opened up a new field of adventure, where, too, they would find safe refuges for past crimes and greater prospect of immunity for future lawlessness.

Necessity forced the honest and order-loving portion of this miscellaneous agglomeration of men to organize for protection, and to establish local

laws with officers and courts to enforce them, yet in spite of all this, the first few years were years of continual excitement, with a record of crime that would be appalling under any other conditions. Saloons, gambling houses, dance halls and worse were the order of the day and of the night in every camp, so that it might be said as truly of the entire district as was said of a later camp by one of that modern class of *literati*—the miner's poet:

“It was always day in the daytime,
And there was no night in Creede.”

Some one put it very fairly when he said, “game was plenty in those days, and consisted of bear, deer, antelope, jack-rabbits, monté, faro and seven-up.”

Order grew with organization, and justice was administered by the People's and Miners' Courts until life and property were comparatively safe. At the time that the County of Arapahoe was formed, a Territory was planned and called Jefferson, but the Territorial organization was not recognized by Congress until Feb. 26, 1861. On that date a bill was passed authorizing the new Territory of Colorado, a name that was suggested by General Denver.

The question of religion did not enter far into the calculations of the gold-seekers of Pike's Peak. They came to find a fortune, not to seek religion—that could be done at home, and they were all going home as soon as their fortune was made! The “devout sex” was but poorly represented during those first years, and a majority of the women who came first were anything but devout. As late as 1861,

when Colorado was under its permanent government, when order reigned and "Society" was beginning to form, the first Territorial census numbered 4,484 females of all ages in a total population of 25,329.

As a matter of course, there was the usual number of Catholics in the oncoming crowds, some good, some bad, and many indifferent, but all, perhaps, as thoughtless as the rest of everything except the yellow metal. As soon as they got their share of that they would go back to "God's country." They knew, too, that the priest would make his way there before long, and they would have the benefit of his ministrations if the favors of fortune should be delayed beyond the term of their present hopes.

It was not long before the ministers of the sects came, and some of them began to organize their particular denominations and preach to them in halls and other places; some of them organized union services and gathered together members of several denominations, and some began to preach on vacant lots and street corners to all who would listen. Sunday at first was not different from other days, but gradually a distinction was made by many of the miners, who set it aside as the day for washing their dirty clothes.

The scenery has been so often and so enthusiastically described that the powers of language have been exhausted; this subject is of far greater interest to the tourists of today than it was to the pioneer of 1858, and the question does not suffer for lack of treatment.

The climate was of more importance, and brought a new experience to everybody. The days were filled with sunshine, not too hot, and the nights were delightfully cool. The air was pure and clear, but the pilgrim discovered a new quality in it which, he said, filled him "plumb full of short wind." Its rarity, purity and dryness made it a preventative against some diseases and a remedy for others, but the dreaded pneumonia, brought on by exposure or dissipation, and aggravated by lack of care, seemed more deadly here than elsewhere. The death of many was pronounced by the doctors to have been caused by "too much whiskey, and not enough blanket." If a man escaped this disease his prospects for a long life were good, unless the other fellow was more ready with his "shooting irons."

The weather was one of those things which one could never count upon with certainty, and it is somewhat of a puzzle yet to the experienced calculators of Uncle Sam. It was never just what was expected, but, apart from an occasional season of winds, it was a pleasant surprise to the new-comers. Most of those who came in 1858 feared to spend the winter in the mines, but all could not get away, and those who remained gave such favorable reports of the mild and balmy weather during nearly the entire winter, that the erroneous notions of harsh winters in the mountains were corrected, and no one left thereafter on that account.

Topographically, there is little to say that is new, for there is not much change in that way. It

has been said that Colorado sits upon the Rocky Mountains like a man astride upon a horse. The illustration is only partially true, for, although the State is cut in halves by the Continental Divide, the western portion of it is broken by mountains throughout its whole extent. Enclosed by these mountains there are the Parks, and other valleys of greater or less expanse, but the man should rather sit "lady-fashion," and even then he would have a decidedly rough seat.

Yet topographically there is some change, for then there were no railroads with their palace cars, nor even wagon roads with their gradual slopes and graded beds. The best was the Indian trail, and the worst was avoided by the mountain goats as too laborious. The mountain torrent was the pioneer road builder, and its right of way was not subject to dispute. If there was additional room between the abutting mountains or the torn sides of the gorges, man might utilize it. If there was not room he might wade the stream where the current was not too deep and strong, otherwise he must blast a passage from the bordering steeps, or make his way over the mountain heights among the rough and jagged rocks, and by roundabout ways come back to his watery guide. The making of roads was the work of years, and when made they were so difficult and dangerous that it was the custom in many places to double, treble and quadruple the teams to haul their loads to the top of the hill, and to make the descent on the other side safer, the teamsters stayed their wagons with ropes

attached to trees as to a capstan, or fastened a fallen tree to a wagon to act as a sort of counter-force while dragging them both down the steep incline. An upset, a smashup, and a wagon gone to the bottom a ruin, was an ordinary occurrence, and for many years there might be seen immense boilers and other heavy pieces of machinery, which had cost from 15 to 20 cents a pound for transportation from the States, rusting and decaying where they had fallen while in transit.

Gold was found in all sorts of places, and no matter how difficult of access the place might be, all manner of supplies must be brought in, and that natural mountain climber—the burro—did not come with the pioneers, but was a later importation.

The best and most traveled of the mountain roads was the one leading from Denver City to Central City, and a traveler going over it on June 7, 1860, thus describes it as he found it:

As you approach the great barrier which forms the shore line you discover that it has a serious look. It is cloven from top to bottom by numerous escaping mountain streams, but you can see no chance of ingress. At last, when you get within less than ten yards of the wall, you distinguish the mouth of a deep cut opening shortly to the left instead of before you. You enter and cross a little stream fifty-eight times in the course of eight miles. Sometimes you travel in the bed of it for rods together. Then you climb and descend a sharp ridge, and striking another brook, follow it four miles to the top of another ridge. Down, across, and up a third stream, five or six miles to the top of a ridge the third. Down a pretty steep hill four miles, across a dashing creek and up a gulch that rises four hundred feet to the mile. Such was the old road to Central City—Nevada and Missouri Cities being each a mile farther up the forks of the gulch, with an ascent of eight or ten hundred feet.

In the early days one met the Indians on these roads, making their trips between the mountain parks and the plains. An occasional footpad was also encountered, and even the bear and the mountain lion did not disdain the use of the roads. It was said that these animals rarely molested a man unless attacked first, or when they were hungry. They were animals, however, which it was best not to trust, but to judge them to be, like the Indians, always hungry.

Towns, or camps, were established in innumerable places among the mountains—at Niwot, Left-Hand, Deadwood, Magnolia, Gold Hill and Caribou in the north; at Central City, Mountain City, Missouri City, Nevada City, Black Hawk, Lake, Russell, Twelve Mile and Gold Dirt in the west; and south of these were Grass Valley, Jackson, Idaho, Spanish Bar, Fall River, Montana, Mill City, Downieville, Empire, Georgetown and Elizabeth. In the South Park, or Bayou Salada of the early trappers, were Hamilton, Jefferson, Montgomery, Alma, Fairplay, Tarryall and Buckskin Joe, and farther to the south and west were Texas Creek, Hardscrabble, Trout Creek, Cottonwood, Granite, Cache Creek, Malta, California Gulch, Breckenridge, Chihuahua, Montezuma and Argentine. At the base of the mountains, or a short distance away, were Cache-a-la-Poudre, Boulder City, South Boulder, Golden City, Denver City, Colorado City, Canon City, Pueblo, and a few of the older settlements then being formed.

These were the principal camps, but others were scattered at different points on both sides of the main

range and along the streams leading away both east and west. Many of these have since ceased to exist, but they were lively camps in their day and each had a respectable quota of inhabitants. All these inhabitants were human beings and had immortal souls. Many of them realized this and felt that they should save their souls, but who was to help them in the work of saving them? Until towards the close of the year 1860 the Catholics among them might have asked themselves that question without receiving any answer.

Pike's Peak was within the limits of the Vicariate Apostolic of the Territory East of the Rocky Mountains. The spiritual head of this vicariate was the Right. Rev. John B. Miége, who resided at Leavenworth, Kansas, more than six hundred miles distant. Between Leavenworth and the gold fields there was nothing but the immense stretch of arid plains, over which the Indians roamed at will. Across these plains the gold-seekers were daily leaving Leavenworth, as well as other points on the Missouri river, for their long pilgrimage to Pike's Peak, and in the spring of 1860, Bishop Miége set out on the same pilgrimage, but it was for the purpose of investigating religious conditions in that distant part of his jurisdiction. He went as far as Denver City, and found the conditions as we have just described. He saw that there was work here for many priests, and he had none to spare for the task; he could only console his exiled children and give them hope for the future.

At Denver City he consulted with the prominent



+ J. B. Mieg S.

Catholics, and then called all together in a general meeting to take counsel with them and decide upon a plan of action. The Denver Town Company made him a donation of a plot of ground for a church, and with this encouragement it was decided to put up a church building. The Bishop gave them a simple plan and authorized a committee to collect funds and proceed with the work. He then returned to his home to devise some means of procuring for the Catholics of Pike's Peak the necessary ministrations of their clergy.

Denver City was nearer to the settlements of New Mexico than it was to Leavenworth, and its spiritual welfare might be provided for from Santa Fé. Bishop Miége thought of this, and of his own inability to send priests to those far-off regions which were in pressing need of them. He consulted with the Archbishop of St. Louis and the other Bishops of the Province, and they concluded to attach the Pike's Peak country temporarily to the Diocese of Santa Fé, and to write to Rome in order to have their action confirmed and the transfer made permanent. In the meantime they advised Bishop Lamy of their action, and thus was laid upon this prelate the additional burden of providing for the spiritual needs of the Catholics of Pike's Peak.

CHAPTER XVIII.

News in New Mexico.—Appointment for Pike's Peak.—Goes to Denver City with Father Raverdy.—Condition at Denver City.—Central City.—Mines and Mining Camps.—Instability of Population.—Mission Trips.—Movable Home and Traveling Chapel.—Many Permanent Churches Impossible.—First Mission Chapel at Central City.—His Eighth Trip.—Falls Sick.—Father Ussel, a Messenger from Bishop Lamy.—Goes to New Mexico.—Charity of the Mexicans.—War in New Mexico.

The friends of Father Machebeuf, writing from France, asked him if he was so completely cut off from civilization that he did not hear of what was going on in the world. In answer he told them that he received the papers regularly from the United States and from France, and, although there was no telegraph to Santa Fé and the mails were slow, the echo of all great events finally reached him in New Mexico. At that time there was no direct regular means of communication established between Santa Fé and Pike's Peak, but the eastern newspapers told the story of the discovery of gold and of the rush of people to the new mines, and in this way the news became known to Father Machebeuf. He said that he first heard of Pike's Peak when he was in Arizona. He heard of it as he heard of the war in Italy, and with less interest, for his countrymen, the French, were waging the war, while Pike's Peak and its excitement were separated from him by the dividing lines of races and tongues. He heard of it as a matter of news and as easily forgot it.

He was still at Santa Fé, entirely oblivious of

the destiny which was shaping itself for him, when Bishop Lamy received the information that this new country was committed to his care. The Bishop sought out Father Machebeuf and together they considered the matter of sending one or two priests into the new acquisition. The solution of the question was not easy until Bishop Lamy said: "I see but one thing to be done. You have been complaining because I sent for you and have kept you here at Santa Fé,—now, don't you see that there was something providential in all this? I do not like to part with you, but you are the only one I have to send, and you are the very man for Pike's Peak."

In these simple words Father Machebeuf received his mission, and in as few words he accepted it. "Very well," said he, "I will go! Give me another priest, some money for our expenses, and we will be ready for the road in twenty-four hours."

It was not done so hastily, but it might have been, as far as Father Machebeuf was concerned, for he was not overburdened with the world's goods and had few preparations to make. Their actual preparations consisted of a wagon to carry the necessaries of church service in his new field where he might have several chapels, a few personal effects, blankets and buffalo robes for their bedding, and provisions for the journey. This, with a lighter conveyance called an ambulance, for their personal comfort and for later travel among the mines, was the preparation, and four mules, including the span of bay mules, furnished the powers of locomotion.

Thus provided, Father Machebeuf left Santa Fé towards the end of September, 1860, with the Rev. John B. Raverdy who was ordained only a few months before. He chose Father Raverdy on account of his youth, his good health and his steady persevering qualities, all of which would be necessary in the rough life they would be obliged to lead in the new mission. Father Raverdy was ignorant of English, but in this he was not worse off than most of the priests of New Mexico. His few months of experience had given him a working knowledge of Spanish, which would be of use in the Mexican settlements which were growing up in the southern part of the new Territory. The older parish of Conejos and its outlying stations along the Costilla river were reserved by Bishop Lamy to be cared for from Santa Fé, but the remainder of the new Territory was confided to Father Machebeuf that he might establish parishes and provide for new churches wherever they might be needed. He retained his office of Vicar General to Bishop Lamy, but in addition he was given special powers of administration within the territory over which he had been sent to preside.

The two missionaries made their way north from Santa Fé, camping out when they got beyond the limits of the settlements, and saying mass regularly in camp when the weather permitted until they reached the outposts of civilization again on the north. At Pueblo they found a few Mexican families, who had wandered away from their brethren farther south and now saw a priest for the first

time in years. Marriages here were to be blessed and children baptized, and then they moved toward Pike's Peak which was in plain sight before them. Their next stop was at Colorado City where they first met the goldseekers of Pike's Peak. Here, in the actual shadow of Pike's Peak, they set up their tent for the night, and here they offered the Clean Oblation for the first time in the history of the American settlement of Colorado.

Denver City was reached about October 20, and pitching their tent on a vacant lot they took their first survey of their future home town and Father Machebeuf's future episcopal city. They found Denver a town of about 3000 people of various nationality and description. There were perhaps ten Catholic families, a number of men more or less permanent, and a passing stream of others that raised the number of their flock to about 200 souls. The church had been begun, but work on it had stopped before it was much more than a foundation, for lack of funds and of any responsible head.

The first work of Father Machebeuf was to resume the building of the church, and for this he added his own little fund to whatever he could gather from the people. In the meanwhile he held services in private houses and halls wherever he found a convenient place, and sought to get acquainted with the individual members of his congregation.

The church was a plain brick structure, 30x46, and by hard work he had it under roof for Christmas, and the first mass in it was the Midnight Mass sung

by Father Raverdy. It was not plastered and was without windows, but the mountain evergreens hid the rough walls and added a little decoration, and canvas kept out some of the cold wind from the windows without obstructing the light. Almost in this condition it served for more than a year, while Father Machebeuf was laboring to give all an occasional opportunity of hearing mass, and preparing in other places temporary shelters which might at a later period be replaced by buildings deserving the name of churches. To his unfinished church at Denver he built a rear annex, a wooden shed 12x30, and this served as the first home for himself and his assistant. A little later he added a few more rooms to this, and thus it remained his residence for ten years.

At Santa Fé Bishop Lamy once said to Father Machebeuf: "Do you remember that when we were in Ohio we used to long for the chance of getting beyond the lines of our narrow parishes to do missionary work on a grand scale? Well, our wishes have been so fully granted here in the West that there is nothing left to be desired in that way. There is nothing beyond us now but to leave civilization and travel with a band of roving Indians." Ah! but there was something beyond them, and Father Machebeuf found it when he came to Colorado. In New Mexico all the time that he could spare from his other duties was given to missionary labor, but in Colorado he had no other duties, and all of his labors were of a missionary character. Waiting only to ar-

range the preliminaries of a parish organization at Denver, he left that place to the care of Father Raverdy and set out on a tour of the principal mining camps.

His first trip was westward to Arapahoe City, Golden City, and thence to Central City and the populous camps in the vicinity, forty miles from Denver in the heart of the mountains. Father Machebeuf was never slow in looking for his people, and he was not long at Central City before he had the nucleus of a congregation around him. Arrangements were made for a Sunday mass in the hall of the Sons of Malta, where about 200 men gathered and a few women. Altogether there were not many women in the district at that time. The first white woman to enter the district came June 1, 1859. She was an excellent woman and a practical Catholic. Her name was Mary York, and she was married by Father Machebeuf on December 30, 1860, to William Z. Cozzens, the sheriff of the county. This was the first marriage performed by Father Machebeuf in northern Colorado. Marriages were not frequent then, but the reason of this was not aversion to married life, nor dread of domestic infelicity—there were no divorces then—, but sheer lack of opportunity. A writer at that time fitly describes the situation when after speaking of the rich mines, the newly-made fortunes, the glowing prospects, etc., he says: "But these things make a poor Christmas after all. One would rather see a row of little stockings carefully arranged about the fire than to hear of these

old matter-of-fact affairs. Big red apples, and red cheeks, and bright eyes will occur to a fellow in spite of himself on such occasions as this (Christmas Eve). Don't you think we could raise an immigrant aid society for girls? Colorado needs a thousand to-day, and by New Years a thousand more might find snug homes, warm hearts, and strong arms to keep them till death."

At subsequent visits Father Machebeuf said mass in various buildings, but principally in Hadley's Hall, a large upper room in a two-story log building at Mountain City. This was the largest hall in the place, and it was used for public gatherings of different kinds. It was fitted up with a rude stage that made it sought for as a place for theatrical representations, balls, etc., and the sounds of revelry had sometimes scarcely died away in it when Father Machebeuf came to set up his altar.

Other camps were visited in order until Father Machebeuf learned the location of most of his people, and then he made systematic tours, some of which lasted for weeks at a time and included as many camps as possible in a single continuous trip.

Father Raverdy took an occasional turn at missionary work, but at first he visited only the Mexican settlements at Pueblo, and on the San Carlos and Huerfano rivers. Later, when he became familiar with English, he relieved Father Machebeuf to a certain extent, but the principal part of the missionary work was always the portion of Father Machebeuf.

Mining operations have been of two sorts in Colorado as there were two classes of mines. There were the placer mines and the lode mines. In the first the gold lay in the sands and gravel along the streams, and in the second it was in upright veins and crevices which penetrated the mountains to unknown depths between walls of solid rock. The gold in the placer mines was in the natural state, and was recovered by merely washing the sands away. In the lode mines it was in chemical combination with other minerals and yielded only to the smelting process. These last gave promise of permanency, but when the sands were thoroughly washed over their productiveness was exhausted. They were more easily worked, requiring only a pick and shovel, and a pan to wash the dirt or a few boards for a sluice, and they were often very rich. It was easy to get up a mining excitement, and when new mines were reported there was immediately a stampede of miners to the new diggings. Towns grew up in a day, and if the fields did not prove remunerative, they were as rapidly abandoned. The best of the placer mines, where small fortunes were sometimes made in a week, were doomed sooner or later to exhaustion and abandonment.

In 1860 most of the mining was done by the washing process. Five years later this sort of mining had practically ceased, or become only a local feature. Like the washings of California they were rich but short-lived, but unlike California, Colorado possessed in greater abundance and richness the

sources of all these surface mines, in the inexhaustible lodes that seamed its mountains throughout its whole extent. To work these latter mines profitably capital, system and science were necessary. The capital came from the very start, but system and science were lacking, and, in consequence, after the decline of placer mining there was a season of discouragement in the mining business, and Colorado lost heavily in population, in prosperity and in fame.

Another reason for the instability of the population was the disappointment following the dispelling of illusions. Almost every man who came to Pike's Peak in the early days hoped to find a gold mine for himself. Many discovered their error early and went away at once. Others clung longer to the hope and rushed from place to place, but the lucky ones were necessarily few. The great majority were forced to work for wages, which, however, were good, averaging five dollars a day, but that seemed only a pittance to men who had hoped for thousands, and it left them always ready to start out when the next rainbow of fortune appeared, for surely this time they would find the end of it and discover the fabled pot of gold.

These conditions made it impossible for Father Machebeuf to organize many parishes, or even to attempt the building of mission chapels, which, in many cases, would have to be abandoned almost as soon as they were built, but they made his work especially heavy in following the people to each new camp while not abandoning those who remained be-

hind in the old ones. Each fresh trip for him was longer than the last, and a single trip was sufficient only for one section. Thus, a trip in the Boulder section would mean Gold Hill, Caribou, Ward District, and might be extended as far as Cache-a-la-Poudre. A trip to the camps around Central City would include Fall River, Spanish Bar and adjacent districts, and a trip to the South Park meant the Tarryall district with Buckskin Joe, Fairplay, etc., and a possible run over the range into Breckenridge, or it might be diverted around by Trout Creek and up the Arkansas through various camps to Cache Creek, Dayton, and the Colorado, Iowa and California gulches, and even beyond. Then again, there were the trips towards the south to Colorado City, Pueblo, Canon City and the Mexican settlements. These were but a few of Father Machebeuf's trips, but they serve to show the nature of his work and the many calls upon his time.

For these trips Father Machebeuf had to provide his own means of travel. He generally gave up horseback riding and used his heavy buggy. It was of a peculiar shape, with square top, side curtains, a half curtain in front to be let down in cases of storms, and a rack behind for heavy luggage. It was not long before it was known in every camp, and the sight of it was sufficient notice to the people that the priest had come. Stowed away in this he carried his vestments for mass, his bedding, grain for his horses, his own provisions and his frying pan and coffee pot. It was a movable home, and it made

him independent of hotel accommodations and free to stop where night overtook him. It was also a movable church for him, and many a time, for want of any other roof, he set up his little altar on the rack at the rear of this buggy and offered the Holy Sacrifice under the dome of heaven. It was the primitive chapel car,—less perfect than its modern successor in non-essentials but more perfect in the essentials.

From all this we can see that the times and places were not generally favorable for church building, yet Father Machebeuf was not altogether idle in that way. He kept his eye open for the main chance, and where prospects were good for a permanent town he began his preparations early for a church. We have seen that he had a roof over the Lord at Denver, and at Central City he outstripped all the ministers, although they had the advantage in time, and was the first in the entire district to possess a church building.

He urged the matter upon his people at each visit, but nothing was done until he resorted to heroic measures. One Sunday at the close of the mass he had the doors locked and the keys brought to him at the altar. Then he declared that no one would be permitted to leave the hall until the question of a church was settled. The first man to respond with a donation was John B. Fitzpatrick, a mine superintendent and a practical Catholic. Others followed, and in a short time the possession of a church of their own was assured. In a few days a two-story

frame house was bought and men were set to work fitting it up as a church and a residence for a priest.

Father Machebeuf gives us an idea of his work in a letter written to his brother on the first of September, 1861. He says:

Besides the principal parish, established at Denver, we have begun another in the center of the mountains forty miles from here at a place called Central City. Next Sunday I shall go there and say mass for the first time in our temporary church. After a few days there I shall set out on my eighth trip across the South and Middle Parks. Although I have to cross the highest range of mountains several times to visit our poor Catholics, who are almost buried alive in the depths of the mines, I have always preserved my good health. Providence has given me strength in proportion to my work.

In crossing the Snowy Range I can see through the gorges far off into the Territory of Utah where the Mormons live, and in my trips through the parks and to California Gulch I often sleep under the stars, and sometimes in the midst of the snow—I did this last July—but, thanks to God, I sleep as soundly there as upon a feather bed. I shall return only at the end of September, to pass a few days at Denver and Central City, and then, in October I shall go to Santa Fé, Albuquerque, etc., in New Mexico, to secure a supply of church goods and mass wine, and I hope to be back again in Denver for Christmas.

Father Machebeuf speaks very lightly and prosaically of these trips. It is true that he told us years ago that he was no poet, but at least he might tell us that California Gulch was 170 miles from Denver, that there were at one time 5000 people in it, that there were many other gulches of almost equal importance, and that his side trips sometimes nearly doubled his mileage. Of his special sick-calls he says nothing. We can judge of them from what we know of missionary countries in general, at least from the near-by camps, but from all accounts they were

few to the district camps; most people died as they lived, as a priest could not reach them upon a sudden call, and it is to be hoped they lived as they would wish to die.

There is a limit to the endurance of the strongest man, and in this trip Father Machebeuf reached the end of his forces. He did not measure his strength, and, as we have seen, did not spare himself. On this trip he was taken sick, and making his way back to Denver as best he could, he lay for nearly two months ill of typhoid fever. Writing to his brother in the following January from New Mexico he says :

Last September, while among the highest mountains at California Gulch, where the range is always covered with snow, I fell sick of the mountain fever, and I was two months without being able to say mass. There is no mail between Denver and Santa Fé, but Bishop Lamy heard from some people that I was sick, and from others that I was dead. Not knowing which to believe he sent Father Ussel to find out, but when he came I was up and walking about in my garden with the help of a cane. I kept Father Ussel for two weeks, and when I was able to travel I went with him to Santa Fé. I spent the greater part of the month of December at Albuquerque, where the care and good old wine of Father Paulet contributed not a little to the re-establishment of my forces. Thanks be to God, I am now as well as ever. My church in Denver is not yet plastered but we have been using it for a year.

Father Ussel who was his traveling companion on this visit to New Mexico wrote an account of the trip, and we condense from his interesting notes the history of Father Machebeuf's share in it.

Late in the fall of 1861, when I was pastor of Taos in New Mexico, I received a letter from Bishop Lamy stating that Father Machebeuf was very sick at Denver, and, as he

could not go to Denver himself, he wished me to go, and, if possible, bring Father Machebeuf back with me to Santa Fé.

Taking a boy with me I set out on horseback for my three-hundred-mile ride. There were no railroads, or even coaches in those parts at that time, and people thought no more of a trip of that length on horseback than they do now of the same distance by rail, and there was less grumbling about it.

In due time I reached Denver, and found Father Machebeuf so much improved that he was able to be up most of the time, and the thought of a visit to Santa Fé seemed to act like a tonic in building him up, so that he grew stronger very rapidly.

While waiting for him to gather strength for the journey I took a trip with Father Raverdy into the mountains for the pleasure of the experience, and at the same time to assist in a limited way in the work of the missions. We visited Central City and vicinity, and I could see the nature of the work and the inevitable privations under which the powerful constitution of Father Machebeuf had given way, and I wondered how he had been able to stand up under them so long.

Denver had about 3,000 inhabitants, and there were a good number of Catholics but they seemed to be very poor, for the modest little church was without windows and in a general unfinished condition. Before we left Father Machebeuf was able to say mass, and on Sunday he spoke to the people in a way that surprised me. He announced his intended trip to New Mexico, and in the course of his address said: "You may wonder at the pleasure I anticipate in New Mexico, for you never have a good word for the Mexicans, and you seem to despise them as an inferior race of people. The only thing about them which you seem to care for is their *pesos*—their dollars! Well, when I go among them I am going to ask them for some of their *pesos* to put windows in the church for the Catholics of Denver!"

This had some effect anyway, for that evening several carpenters came and pledged their word to Father Machebeuf that they would have the windows in for Christmas.

We left Denver in Father Machebeuf's heavy ambulance, which was stocked with provisions for our journey, our bedding and other baggage. The weather was good, and on our way south Father Machebeuf should stop at several of his mission stations to give the people a chance to hear mass and go to the sacraments.

In good time we reached the first Mexican settlement, on the Huerfano river. Here we were served with a remarkable

good dinner and *chile colorado* in abundance. Father Machebeuf was delighted with it. He had a wonderful relish for *chile*. A child was baptized here, and the good Mexicans were extremely pleased with the visit of the priest.

From the Huerfano we climbed the Sangre de Cristo mountains at Blanca Peak and night came upon us while we were still on the high range. We chose a partially sheltered ravine for our camping place and spent a fairly quiet night. The gentle zephyrs may have poetry and music in them for some when heard from the cozy corner of a warm house, but it is different with the traveler camping out in November on the heights of the Sierra Blanca.

The next day the journey was long, but we arrived at San Luis de la Culebra in time for the first vespers of the patronal feast of the village. There was an illumination of pitch pine fires for the evening services, and in the morning there was a high mass and a procession by a happy lot of people in most gaudy attire. Then came the games,—horse-racing, foot-racing, burlesque dances, a short comedy, and other innocent sports, all in the open air and enlivened by a band of music. It was a red-letter day in the village, and it is so in every Mexican village, but there was no novelty in it for us old warriors who had seen such things so often in our various rounds, yet I noticed that Father Machebeuf enjoyed it again after his different experience in Colorado.

At Taos Father Machebeuf stayed three days with me, and when he was ready to leave it was with difficulty that we found a man who could drive the ambulance to Santa Fé. There were no wagons or vehicles of any kind at Taos, for there were no roads upon which they could be used, so there was no one who knew how to drive, or at least, who would undertake to drive a conveyance of this kind over the mountains to Santa Fé. At last we found a man who said that he had driven a coach at Durango in Old Mexico and we engaged him. He was in reality a good driver and took Father Machebeuf safely to Santa Fé. Since that time a good road has been made, and it was through the efforts of the Delegate to Congress—the former Padre Gallegos.

Father Machebeuf spent some time with Bishop Lamy at Santa Fé, and with his friends among the priests farther south. He also visited among the people, and we will see that he did not forget the *pesos*. He used to say to them, "I need money for my church in Denver, and I need many things for myself. My house is a miserable shanty,—I have a few chairs but our

beds are sacks of straw dignified by the name of mattresses, etc." He did not tell them of the sermon he preached in Denver, so the men gave him money and the women did their share in other things.

One thing the Mexican women pride themselves on is their soft, clean beds, and Father Machebeuf touched a sympathetic chord when he spoke of his poor beds. One lady made him a present of six mattresses and feather pillows; another gave him a dozen pillow slips, hemmed and trimmed with lace by her own daughter. "Good!" said Father Machebeuf, "you have started the ball rolling, and I am sure others will keep it going." And they did, until he had a neat sum of money and a large miscellaneous supply of other chattels. He was a good beggar and he did not refuse anything. "You have such fine *chile colorado* and we have none in Denver," said he to one, and she hastened to reply: "My daughter, Juanita, has hundreds of *ristras* (strings) of it, and ground chile, and she will give you all you want."

At last he had so much promised that he was at a loss to know what to do with it. In his difficulty he said: "Here I am now with beds, bedding, chile, onions, and so many things, but how am I to get them to their destination? I need a wagon and a yoke of oxen. Well, let us trust in God and maybe He will send me a charitable friend with the wagon and the oxen!" Sure enough, the charitable friend came, and he got his wagon and oxen.

Towards the end of January I received a message from Father Machebeuf asking me to meet him at Mora, the home of Father Salpointe. When I arrived there Father Salpointe took me to the corral to see the equipment of the Señor Vicario. There is was—a big ox wagon, besides his own ambulance, and both filled with provisions, furniture and various articles, and two men to help him on his way. "Hands off!" cried Father Machebeuf, "that is my property!" "How much did you pay for all this?" I asked. "Pay?" said he, "I paid nothing for it. I am not so simple as to offer pay to the good Mexicans! They were only too glad to do a meritorious work, and I gave them plenty of chance, too! When you come to Denver the next time you will not pull the straws out of the pillows and present them to me as American feathers as you did the last time!

When he was leaving Mora Father Salpointe and myself went with him as far as Cimarron. The first day was cold and windy, and the night was so bad that we could get but very little sleep in our camp. The next day was worse, with a veritable

hurricane blowing. We met a troop of cavalry and they had one man tied upon his horse, for the wind had blown a piece of rock or slate from the hillside, striking him on the head and disabling him.

At night we reached the Cimarron and were made welcome and comfortable at the ranch of Lucien Maxwell who was an old and warm friend of Father Machebeuf. The next day we each took our way for our respective homes.

The older Catholics of Denver still remember when Father Machebeuf came home with that big ox wagon, which was a real Noah's Ark without the animals, and they will learn now, probably for the first time, how he got it and its wonderfully made-up load.

Some additional information of this trip is given by Father Machebeuf himself in letters where he describes conditions in New Mexico at that time.

The Territory of New Mexico is in a sad condition at the present moment. The Texans have taken several forts in the south where I attended two years ago. There was but a small number of them but they found no difficulty in taking the forts, for the U. S. officers surrendered without firing a shot. Four forts were taken and a number of villages were plundered, and the prospects of greater and richer pillage brought re-inforcements to the Texans, who number about 3,000 and threaten the conquest of the whole Territory.

Besides the trouble with the Texans, the people have the Indians to contend with. Two very strong and fierce tribes—the Apaches and the Navajoes—have revolted and are committing depredations along the frontiers and even in the interior. Not a week passes when we do not hear of their ravages. Only a few days ago when I was at the Bishop's ranch sixteen miles from Santa Fé, forty savages passed within a mile of us one night and, attacking the herders and shepherds, drove off their flocks. Last year they massacred sixty persons in one parish west of Albuquerque. The small-pox is also ravaging the settlements, and altogether, New Mexico is in a bad way.

Thank God, everything is quiet in Colorado. The Texans are too far away, and the Indians are afraid of the Americans.

During my fourteen months there I did not hear of their killing anyone, and I always made my long mission trips in perfect safety. In Denver I have built a little temporary home at the rear of the church, and have secured an excellent Belgian family to keep house for us.

I am now in the parish of Father Salpointe on my way to Denver. Father Ussel is here and we are waiting for Father Guerin, Father Jouvenceau and an old French priest who was for twelve years an officer of dragoons under Louis Philip. Tomorrow, Jan. 21, we will celebrate the patronal feast of the parish of Mora.

Father Machebeuf visited his missions without fear of the Indians. Highwaymen were more to be feared, yet they never bothered him. The Indians murdered several small parties of prospectors in the South Park in earlier times, and they were still on the lookout for those who ventured into remote regions, but they kept clear of the camps. They had reason to fear the Americans, and a regiment of these Americans two months later went from Pike's Peak into New Mexico, and drove the Texans back into their own State and quieted the Mexican Indians likewise.

CHAPTER XIX.

Completes the Church at Denver.—Location of the Church.—Farming in Colorado.—The Desert Conquered.—Father Machebeuf Secures Lands.—Location for New Churches.—The Cemetery.—Revenue and Cost of Living.—Sad Accident.—Lamed for Life.—Boys' School.—St. Mary's Academy.—Proposed College. Father Ussel's Mission to the Benedictines.—Fire in Denver.—Flood.—Indian Massacres.—Fright in Denver.—Father Machebeuf's Courage.—Usual Mission Trips.—Battle of Sand Creek.—Desperadoes.—Later Missions.

Upon his return from New Mexico Father Machebeuf resumed the work of visiting the missions which had necessarily been somewhat neglected during his absence. As soon also as the weather permitted he set about completing the church in Denver, and improving his humble residence and bleak surroundings. The church at that time seemed far out upon the prairie, for houses were few and scattered above Larimer street, and foot-paths crossed the lots in any direction, for of streets there was little knowledge outside of the surveyor's office, and few bothered themselves about them.

The church was at the crossing of F and Stout streets, and F street, or Fifteenth as it was later called, was a well-traveled thoroughfare, for it was where the Cherry Creek road led in from the South, and also where a large portion of the traffic entered the city from the East, but it was five squares up from Larimer street, and most of the business was done farther down, on McGaa (now Market), Blake, Wazee and Wyncoop streets. Father Machebeuf put

a fence around his little cottage, planted flowers and vines and made it a little oasis in the desert. He also dug a well, and planted and watered his flowers with his own hands, and he did not forget the little garden spot for lettuces, radishes, onions and *chile*.

The question of farming did not present itself to the early comers of Pike's Peak. The great plains were "The American Desert," and they reached to the bases of the mountains. So little rain was supposed to fall that the country was known as the rainless district. Of course, people saw the grass growing and nourishing thousands of herds of buffaloes and other wild animals, but then, the geographers had always written this region down as a desert only second in extent and barrenness to Sahara, and no one thought of disputing the dictum of these scientists. So strong is error oft-repeated that it stands in the face of truth.

Irrigation was a science known in Egypt, Peru and Mexico, but the word was not yet in the American farmer's vocabulary. When the idea was first broached it raised such a cloud of difficulties and seeming impossibilities that those who had been reared in eastern farming districts were appalled, and thousands of them then, and for years afterwards, passed by the opportunity of a free farm in what is now the most prosperous agricultural districts of Colorado with the expression: "Colorado may be all right for farming, but I would rather let some one else try it." When cabbages weighing fifty pounds, and potatoes of more than five pounds, and

onions twenty inches in circumference, and other such-like products of the soil were shown, many of the people shook their heads in a way that indicated a doubt of weights and measures. Anyway, it was said, these were but phenomena and samples specially chosen, and could be produced only by irrigation, and irrigation was the bugbear. Irrigation has since ceased to be the bugbear, and those phenomena have become so common as to cease to attract notice in Colorado.

Father Machebeuf had spent nine years in New Mexico and was familiar with the methods and effects of irrigation. He saw the possibilities in Colorado and was not slow in taking advantage of them. He secured a small tract of land on the Platte river two miles below Denver, and another larger body containing over 500 acres on Clear Creek, eight miles west of Denver. The land on the Platte was afterwards included within the limits of the city, and of the larger tract a portion was sold, but the greater part was retained, and upon the eastern end of this remaining land is laid out the present beautiful cemetery of Mount Olivet. He also secured land for a cemetery almost upon his arrival, about three miles from Denver on the road leading out beyond F street, and there were many in the early days who complained that he had gone so far out on the plains towards Kansas City to choose a resting-place for their dead that a pious visit to their graves was almost an impossibility. Since that time things have changed. Then there was not a house between the

church and the graveyard, and now Mount Calvary Cemetery is in the center of the aristocratic Capitol Hill residence district, whose denizens, for reasons best known to themselves, have been trying for years to close the cemetery against further burials, and, if possible, force the removal of the bodies already buried there that the sacred ground may be converted into a pleasure park.

Upon his other lands Father Machebeuf began the cultivation of vegetables and grain upon a limited scale, but, with others, he showed that agriculture might be a profitable industry in Colorado. From a field of ten acres, sown in March 1863, he reaped more than 300 bushels of grain in August. There were several drawbacks in the beginning, such as inexperienced farmers, the grasshopper pests, etc., but in the long run his farms were paying investments.

It was not as investments, however, that Father Machebeuf held these lands. From the first he hoped to utilize them for the good of religion and the saving of souls. In his mind's eye he had a picture of a grand institution, conducted by some religious order of men, in which homeless and destitute boys would be cared for, properly trained and taught some trade, or useful and honorable mode of making a livelihood. More than once in those early days he took the writer over the grounds and pointed out the very spot where he proposed to erect the buildings, and drew the plans of them on the ground with his cane.

A third piece of farming land he secured in

the fertile valley of the South Boulder, and that piece remains attached to the church at that place to this day.

Father Machebeuf was also on the alert for locations for churches where he found Catholics in new towns which were likely to be permanent, and many of the church buildings now in Colorado stand upon ground secured by him in his missionary days. Other properties, in Denver and elsewhere, he bought early when values were low, hoping to see them in time occupied by educational and benevolent foundations. Of mining property he had but little, and none of any special value.

From notes and memoranda left by Father Machebeuf it would seem that one-half of his Sundays were spent in missions outside of Denver. At least one Sunday in each month was given to Central City where he had his first mission church and a numerous congregation. His collections there, including a few baptisms and an occasional marriage, were about forty dollars a month. This at first was mostly in gold dust, when, instead of a pocketbook, every miner carried a little buckskin bag for the virgin metal, and they became such experts in handling it that, taking a pinch from the bag as a man takes a pinch of snuff from a box they could calculate the value of a dollar so closely that they asked no change either way.

This compensation was not very much for Father Machebeuf when we consider the times. There were no millionaires in the congregation, but

work was plenty and wages were good. His living expenses were high, for tea was two dollars a pound, sugar fifty cents, flour was cheap at eighteen dollars a hundred, grain for his team was from ten to twenty cents a pound and hay was thirty dollars a ton. Everything else was in proportion where, so to speak, it was not out of all proportion. Among the names on the books of his Central City congregation are those of John B. Fitzpatrick, Richard Glennon, John B. Sutton, Thomas McGrath, Richard White, Jeremiah Hogan, Daniel Murphy, Robert Kirkpatrick, Patrick Glynn, Philip Smith, Miles Cavanaugh, Patrick Casey, Michael Soden, George Powell, John Ryan, Charles Desmoineaux, John McKenna, Albert Selak, J. Sherry, J. H. Reid, Dennis Tierney, etc., etc. These are all gone now, but many of their descendants remain, and they must acknowledge that their ancestors were not over-generous towards their self-sacrificing pastor.

On Sunday, June 14, 1863, Father Machebeuf was with his people in Central City as usual. He spent Monday among them attending to some matters pertaining to the new church, visiting those who were sick, and making a few other friendly calls. On Tuesday, June 16, he started for Denver. After leaving Central City and Black Hawk the road left the Clear Creek canon and made an ascent of four miles to cross a high ridge. At best this road was narrow and dangerous, for it was, as it were, chiseled from the side of the mountain nearly its entire length. Near the top of the ridge Father Machebeuf

was met by a number of heavily laden wagons, and in his attempt to make room for them to pass he, unfortunately, drove over the edge of the road. His conveyance was upset and he was thrown out upon the rocks, breaking the bone of his right leg completely off at the thigh joint. He was taken to the house of David Kerr, a Catholic who lived near the scene of the accident, and medical aid was summoned, but, owing to his age, or the unskilfulness of the physician, the broken bones failed to unite properly. A notable shortening and weakening of the limb resulted and he was ever afterwards very lame. When able to be moved he was taken to Denver, but he was unable to say mass until about the first of November.

News of the accident reached Bishop Lamy at Santa Fé, and he started for Denver not knowing whether he would find Father Machebeuf alive or dead. He brought Father Salpointe of Mora with him, and both were made happy by the sight of Father Machebeuf hobbling about, although he was on crutches.

While laboring under this disability, however, Father Machebeuf was not idle. He attended almost as usual to the temporal administration of affairs from his invalid chamber, and at the same time he was not unmindful of the spiritual needs of his people. During this time he succeeded in getting the first priest to come from the East to help him, the Rev. Thomas A. Smith, and in September, 1863, assigned him to Central City as its first resident pastor.

The question of Catholic education, ever dear to the heart of Father Machebeuf, now came up before him while he had time to think of something besides mission journeys. To establish Catholic schools was one of his greatest desires, and, while it was not possible, perhaps, to get men and women of religious orders to help him just then, he could try to help himself while waiting for the time to come when something better could be provided. With this idea he bought a vacant building, had it moved to the lot beside the church and fitted it up for a day school. He engaged a lady teacher, a Miss Steele, who opened the school in the fall of 1863 with a fair number of pupils, some of whom were not Catholics.

In the meantime he entered into correspondence with the Sisters of Loretto in Kentucky for the purpose of inducing them to open an academy for the education of young ladies at Denver. In this he was earnestly seconded by Bishop Lamy, with the result that the Mother Superior promised to send him a colony of Sisters during the following summer.

With this cheering prospect in view Father Machebeuf, in March, 1864, purchased a large two-story frame house, the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Clayton, on a plot of ground fronting on California street and extending from E to F streets, making an immediate payment of \$2,000 and giving his own personal note for a balance of \$2,000 more payable in sixty days. It was an ideal property and only one block from the church. The building was very

large for a residence at that time, and was one of the finest in Denver when nothing was on a very grand scale.

In June four Sisters of Loretto came from Santa Fé and took possession of the house and prepared to open their school. Those first Sisters, if we mistake not, were Sisters Ann Joseph, Joanna, Agatha and Louise. This was the beginning of St. Mary's Academy, since grown to such magnificent proportions both in size and in reputation.

St. Mary's Academy has a history of its own, and we do not intend to follow it out, although we shall from time to time find occasion to refer to it in the course of this narrative. Let it suffice here to say that it was dear to the heart of Father Machebeuf, and he never counted anything a sacrifice that he could do for St. Mary's Academy, and it can be as truly said that the Sisters of Loretto never abused his benevolence, nor forgot any favor which he ever did for them. One thing they began to do for him at once was to teach the children in his Sunday school, and thus they relieved him of a part of his work, yet he never failed, when at home and able, to give a short instruction to the children at the close of their catechism lesson.

But Father Machebeuf did not wish to do things by halves. He thought of the boys of his flock as well as of the girls, and wished to provide them with the means of a Christian training while pursuing the higher branches of secular learning. He had succeeded in his efforts for an academy for the girls,

and now he turned his attention to a college for the boys. His hopes for success in this direction lay in the possibility of inducing the Benedictines of Atchison, Kansas, to establish a house of their order in Denver and open a college.

In July 1864, Father Ussel came to Denver on his way to France, and Father Machebeuf commissioned him to speak to the Prior of the Benedictines at Atchison upon the matter. As Father Ussel was to visit the old home in France Father Machebeuf made him the bearer of the following letter, which speaks of this idea among other things.

Denver, July 22, 1864.

Very Dear Sister:

Although I am very busy I must take advantage of the passing of Father Ussel on his way to *La Belle France* to send you a word. I shall not give you particulars of anything,—Father Ussel will do that by word of mouth far better than I can by letter. He has spent a few days here with me to rest, and I have given him full information about all my affairs. He will tell you of the good Sisters, of our project of a college next spring under the Benedictine Fathers, of the prosperity of the new Territory, and also of the great flood which carried away a part of the city and destroyed the crops along the banks of the Platte river.

For the first time in its history four priests are together in Denver to-day. I shall write to you again before Father Ussel leaves France. When our convent is opened I shall have a little more time. Our Sisters belong to the Order of Loretto, founded in Kentucky by a holy priest under the direction of Bishop Flaget, whom you will remember, and in whose company I came to America. They have many flourishing houses in the States and three in New Mexico. We hope to have a good number of boarders.

Father Ussel gives an account of his visit to Denver on that occasion, and of his mission to the

Benedictines with its results. We subjoin from his interesting notes.

In July, 1864, while pastor of Taos in New Mexico, I obtained from Bishop Lamy a six months' leave of absence to visit my relatives in France. Father Machebeuf knew my uncles, and I was acquainted with his brother and sister, so I went by the way of Denver to be able to bring them late and direct news from the Señor Vicario.

Passing over our conversations about France, old friends, old times, etc., I come at once to the matter of his proposed college. Father Machebeuf was a man of large views, of great enterprise, and of undaunted courage in the service of God and of the Church. Colorado was but four or five years old, yet, for Father Machebeuf, it had passed its uncertain stage, and he had unbounded faith in its future. He not only foresaw a populous and prosperous State in the heart of a magnificent West, but he predicted the Catholic Church as its strongest moral force, sustained and directed from an Episcopal See at Denver. "I realize," said he, "that Providence has placed me here for a purpose. Already the Catholic Church is in the lead of all the other denominations, and the strongest in the field has the advantage. Towns are springing up on all sides, and in the beginning locations are easily secured for churches, schools, hospitals, etc., and for these works the people are generous. I try to secure these locations and do what I can to make a beginning of some of the works, so that when a bishop comes he will find the field prepared, with a portion of it yielding fruit and the remainder of it ready for the plow. This is my work in preparation for the future, but I must also meet the needs and seize the opportunities of the present.

"I have been fortunate in providing a good school for the girls, and I think the time has come when I should do as much for the boys. This also is the desire of Bishop Lamy, but he has more than he can do in New Mexico and he wishes me to do what I can here. We shall soon need more priests, both secular and regular, and I have been thinking of the Benedictines. I like those religious, and they would be just the men for a college in Denver. Now, I want you to stop at Atchison and speak to Father Wirth about it. I wanted to go myself, but could never spare the time, but you can be my representative and take up the matter with him. Of course, you will make no definite arrangements or binding promises, but just

state the proposition and explain the situation, and let me know if I may hope for good results.”

Father Machebeuf's letter of introduction procured me a warm welcome with the Benedictines, and I rested there several days. I told Father Wirth, the Prior, of the desires of Father Machebeuf and gave him my ideas of Colorado as best I could. He acknowledged that Atchison was a small place for a large college, but the floating population of Colorado made the future of Denver uncertain, and after a conference with the Fathers he said that they thought it best to wait a while longer, and that he would write to Father Machebeuf and learn more about the situation.

When I reached New York I met another friend of Father Machebeuf and Bishop Lamy. This was Father Lafont of the French church. I could hardly satisfy his desire for information about New Mexico and Colorado. These were the ideal missionary lands for him, and Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf were the ideal missionaries. Of Father Machebeuf he said: "The little man has his wishes for space and freedom gratified. In France he was always complaining that he could not breathe easily and he went to Ohio for more room. Then he crossed the desert to New Mexico, and now he has half the world to himself in Colorado. I wonder if he is contented now? I can see him in my imagination, always on the go, looking for Catholics, bringing back the stray sheep, stirring up the lukewarm, planning for chapels and schools, inspiring his fellow-priests with greater zeal, and then looking for something more to do."

The names of Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf were as titles of recommendation for me, and I received many favors for their sake in France, and, upon my return to America with my ten clerics, I found a welcome and a much-needed rest with Father Lafont in New York, and with the Benedictines at Atchison. At Denver, too, Father Machebeuf had provided lodgings for us until we could resume our journey to Santa Fé.

Most new towns have their baptism of fire, and it generally proves to be a blessing, for it removes old makeshifts of buildings which are succeeded by better and safer structures, and the citizens inaugurate more efficient means of protection. In April, 1863, the business center of Denver was destroyed

by a conflagration, and it had scarcely risen from its ashes when a baptism of water swept over the low lands, inundating West Denver and all that part of East Denver lying along the Platte river. On the evening of May 20, 1864, a wall of water nearly twenty feet high came down the usually dry bed of Cherry Creek, carrying away houses, tents, bridges and everything in its immediate course, and flooding the entire lower districts of the city. The property loss was great, but fortunately there was little or no loss of life.

Father Machebeuf was out of the range of both these disasters, but he lent what assistance he could to the actual sufferers and took part in the public spirit which enabled the city to recover so rapidly from its misfortunes.

A third baptism, and this was a baptism of blood, came to Denver in the latter half of 1864. The Indian tribes on the plains refused to sign a treaty with the United States for the purchase or exchange of their lands, and made open war upon the whites to drive them off their grounds. About fifty actual or prospective citizens of Denver and vicinity were massacred, all of them while crossing the plains, or at their homes on the ranches. Wagon trains were attacked, plundered and burned, the stage stations along the Platte were destroyed, the valleys were swept almost clear of resident whites, and the mails were so disarranged that for a time it was necessary to send mail from the Missouri river to Denver by the way of Panama and San Francisco.

No Indians appeared in the immediate vicinity of Denver, but reports of their coming were not lacking, and at times the town was in an uproar of excitement. Upon one occasion a panic seized upon many of the people,—the women fled from the outskirts of the town, men hid in cellars and out-of-way places, and even in dry goods boxes on the streets, for the Indians were reported to be on what is now Capitol Hill. Father Machebeuf had a housekeeper, Sarah Morahan, a strong, well-built Irish woman, and Sarah marched forth and back with an old musket guarding the house for a part of the night against the Indians who never came. The alarm passed away when it was found that the supposed savages were only a few herders with a flock of sheep. Old Sarah was really brave, for a short time after that she routed a party of soldiers who were robbing her henroosts. She actually seized one of them as he was scaling the fence, and he cried out: "Oh, let me go, let me go! I haven't got but two!" She let him go, but it was because he tore himself from her grasp.

During these Indian troubles Father Machebeuf visited his mountain missions as if nothing unusual was going on, and he showed his utter disregard for danger by a trip to the Las Animas river and to Santa Fé, going in October and returning in the beginning of December, for the Immaculate Conception, the patronal feast of his church in Denver. The Las Animas river flows within forty miles of the Sand Creek battle-ground, where, on Nov. 29,

1864, between five and six hundred Indians were killed, and the force of the war broken.

During the years 1863-4, the South Park in the mountains was the scene of many murders and robberies by the Espinosas, and the Reynolds band of desperadoes, yet Father Machebeuf went fearlessly on his way where duty called him. Most of these robbers and murderers met an untimely death. Some of them were captured alive, but before the law could take its course there was generally a reported attempt at escape which always resulted disastrously for the prisoners, and no one cared to ask any further questions.

A change now began to creep into the character of the missions of Father Machebeuf. Placer mining was on the wane, and many of the old camps were being deserted. Quartz mining was so little understood, and so expensive as it had been hitherto carried on, with no adequate returns, that most men were afraid or unable to undertake it. There remained the Central City district, now cared for by Father Smith. Caribou was still good, Idaho Springs and Empire had a fair population and Georgetown was coming to the front. There was something yet in the Buckskin and Tarryall districts, but the rich gulches along the Arkansas river were drawing towards their end as mining centers. The Blue River and Ten Mile regions no longer swarmed with miners and prospectors, but enough remained to make an occasional visit of the priest necessary. The mining population was being sifted

out, and a large portion of the unstable element was disappearing.

On the contrary the valleys were growing into prominence by the steady increase of an agricultural class and required an increasing attention. Golden City, Mount Vernon, Morrison and Bradford were the nearer missions, and Marshall, Boulder City and the fertile valley of the Boulder, the Big Thompson and the Cache-la-Poudre had their scattered Catholic families. There was also the Smith Settlement on the Platte, and other stations on Cherry and Plum Creeks, and in the Bijou Basin. Towards the south were Colorado City, Pueblo and Cañon City, and farther away the Mexicans were locating on the Purgatoire, or Las Animas river, the Cucharas, the Huerfano and the Greenhorn, and as intermediate stations came Joe Doyle's, Zan Hicklin's, Dotson's, etc., and Fort Reynolds with many others was shortly added to the number. In the extreme south the town of Trinidad was growing up and needed attention. For this last place Father Machebeuf induced Bishop Lamy to give him Father Munnecom to organize the Catholics there and along the neighboring streams.

Settlers also, especially from New Mexico, were gradually going up the San Luis valley, and these would soon need more attention than could be given to them from Conejos. These conditions continued and grew more accentuated until the revival of mining under improved methods gave a fresh impetus to that industry, and the coming of the railroads injected new elements of progress into the rapidly growing Territory.

CHAPTER XX.

Colorado and Utah Settlements.—Mormon Policy.—U. S. Troops.—Visit of Father Raverdy to Utah.—A Box of Peaches.—Bells.—Father Machebeuf Sick.—Trompe-la-Mort.—Father Raverdy Goes to Central City.—Father Faure Comes to Denver.—Recreations at the Ranch.—The Choir.—New Church in Golden City.—Itinerary of a Mission Trip.—Progress of the Church.—Father Machebeuf's Voluntary Poverty.—American Influences Predominate.—Steps for a Vicariate.—Father Machebeuf's Humility Alarmed.

The settlement of the Rocky Mountain States was due, principally, to the discovery of gold and silver mines. This drew to the locality people of every race and religion, and when the great moving crowds were satisfied, or disappointed, and had sought new regions there was always a permanent element left behind strong enough to form the beginnings of new Territories after the transient population had floated away. Utah was an exception to this rule. It was settled by the Mormons as an agricultural community, with an exclusive religion and a desire to bar all outsiders. They knew of the existence of gold and silver in the Territory but their leaders discouraged the search for mines. "We cannot eat gold and silver," said Brigham Young, "neither do we want to bring into our peaceful settlements a rough frontier population to vitiate the morals of our youth, overwhelm us by their numbers and drive us again from our hard-earned homes." Consequently, but few people went to Utah except Mormons, and naturally no Catholic who cared for his religion would isolate

himself from his Church and his brethren under such circumstances.

That part of Bishop Lamy's diocese, then, was not much of a burden in the earlier years, but, in the sixties, a slight change was noticeable. On the 24th day of July, 1847, Brigham Young is reported to have said: "If the Gentiles will let us alone for ten years I'll ask no odds of them!" Brigham Young was an American but he misunderstood the American character if he expected to defy the nation, or exclude the American settler. Ten years from that time, to the day, Brigham Young and his followers were celebrating the anniversary of their coming to the Salt Lake valley when the startling news reached them that a United States army was marching upon them from the East. Their haughtiness and seditious conduct and utterances had offended the government to such an extent that force was considered necessary to subdue them and keep them within proper bounds. This insured civility towards the few strangers who were in their midst, and was like an opening wedge for a greater Gentile immigration.

In October, 1862, Colonel P. E. Connor, with his command of United States volunteers from Nevada and California for the civil war, was ordered to Salt Lake City, where he established Fort Douglas and did service against the Indians, while keeping his eye upon the Mormons.

By implication Utah was under the care of Father Machebeuf, on account of the unity of

language and the lesser difficulty of access, and in September, 1864, he sent Father Raverdy on a missionary visit to Utah, with instructions to investigate the religious conditions of the Territory. He knew from his own experience that Catholics would be found among the soldiers, and a visit to them, in addition to the information to be gotten about any other Catholics, would repay for the trouble of such a visit.

Father Raverdy was warmly received by Col. Connor, but he found few Catholics outside of Fort Douglas, and, leaving Utah, he extended his journey to Bannack City, then the center of the gold-mining excitement of Montana.

The valleys near Salt Lake were teeming with fruit, and before Father Raverdy left them he sent a large box of peaches as a treat to Father Machebeuf in Denver. Father Machebeuf was surprised at receiving them, but more surprised at receiving with them a bill for sixty dollars express charges. There was no fruit growing then in Colorado except such as grew wild, and, while apples were freighted in by wagon, the peach was too perishable for a journey of thirty days.

To re-imburse himself for the cost of transportation Father Machebeuf hit upon the idea of offering a number of the peaches for sale at the seemingly extraordinary price of one dollar each. But peaches were an extraordinary fruit just then, and he had no difficulty in disposing of a sufficient number at that price to pay the cost of carriage, and

he had enough left for an abundant treat for himself and the Sisters and pupils of St. Mary's Academy.

In 1863 Father Machebeuf procured a bell for his church in Denver. It was the first bell of the kind in Colorado and weighed nearly one thousand pounds. It was set up on a wooden frame like a derrick, but a violent wind storm in the late autumn of 1864 blew the structure over and the bell was broken by the fall. In January, 1865, he began a subscription for a new bell, and in July the new bell, twice the size of the old one, arrived, and with it a smaller bell for the Sisters' Academy. They were from the foundry of Stuckstede & Co. of St. Louis, and the freight alone on them was \$305.90. The beautiful tones of these two bells, as they float out over the Queen City of the Plains, have been admired for more than forty years. At the blessing of these bells, Sept. 24, 1865, Father Smith of Central City preached the sermon, and a collection taken up on the occasion realized \$123.00.

On the day of the blessing of the bells Father Machebeuf was forced by sickness to give up work again. That year there was an epidemic of bloody dysentery and many died of the disease. Father Machebeuf was suffering for some time before he gave up altogether, and his case was so severe that several times during the next two weeks there were reports spread of his death. Strong constitutions seemed to weigh but little against this plague, and men who knew not what sickness was until now were

carried off in a short time. Two of the writer's own immediate family, living within a stone's throw of the church, were victims of the same fell destroyer. Fervent prayers were offered by the Sisters and all friends of Father Machebeuf, and who knows how much they may have helped, but he withstood the strain and recovered. He spoke of this sickness in a letter to his sister, and, as usual, passed lightly over his own sufferings. His sister complained of the scarcity of his letters, and told him the news of the death of their aunt and foster-mother. In reply he said:

Your letter of Sept. 15 has reached me. Until now your letters have generally been a source of consolation to me by their cheerful spirit and pleasant news, but this brings me sad news indeed. I cannot express to you the pain and sorrow I feel at the news of the death of that dear aunt whom we have all had reason to love as a good mother. But if Providence gave her to us to lavish upon us the cares and affections of the mother whom we had the misfortune to lose so young, let us bless that same Providence which now takes her away, and show our gratitude to this good aunt and mother by offering our prayers and good works for her benefit. You may be sure that I did not neglect to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for her, and I shall do so as often as I can, and not only for her, but for all of you. It is a great consolation to know that this good aunt died in such holy dispositions, surrounded by every care and help that the Church could give. Happy would we be if all the dear members of our family, so closely united here, could merit by their fidelity to be united forever in heaven. Let us pray fervently to obtain the grace of this great happiness.

It was an additional pain for me to learn that you did not receive any letters from me lately. This was not my fault, for I wrote immediately after the return of Father Ussel to thank you and Marius and the other members of the family for all the precious gifts and souvenirs sent me. The cause of this lies probably in the fact that the mails have been very irregular during the past year, and sometimes stopped altogether in conse-

quence of the massacres, robberies and ravages of the various tribes of savage Indians scattered over almost the entire 600 miles separating us from the Missouri river. They robbed not only the mails, but whole caravans, murdering the men, pillaging the stocks of merchandise, burning the wagons, stampeding the mules, and carrying the women and children away into captivity. It happened to me in 1865 not to receive the letters addressed to me from St. Louis, and many others have suffered the same inconvenience. Things are better now, for the government has troops stationed along the route to protect the mails, as well as travelers and all sorts of traffic.

I was sorry to hear that you were so near death's door with the typhoid fever, and I, too, had my little turn of sickness. Last September I had a severe attack of dysentery which was very prevalent in Denver at that time, and claimed many victims, some of whom were my very nearest neighbors, and I was so near the grave with it myself that more than once rumors of my death were spread through the city, and friends came to assure themselves of the foundation for the reports. I laughed at them and told them not to put themselves out about such reports, that at the proper time I myself would let them know of the day and hour of my funeral. If Bishop Rappe knew of these rumors he would have still more reason to call me the Deceiver of Death (*Trompe-la-Mort*) than he had in 1849, when the newspapers of Sandusky put my name in the list of the victims of cholera, or when I was reported dead in 1861. I am now in very good health, but a little more lame than before.

Our parish has grown considerably since the close of the civil war, and several new settlements of Catholics are being formed in the vicinity which require an occasional visit. Father Raverdy, my dear and devoted assistant, has been away on the missions now for two weeks, and I am but awaiting his return to go myself and visit the Mexican villages 150 miles south of Denver. Our convent school is progressing very satisfactorily, although there are eight or ten other schools with which it must compete. We are preparing, but very slowly, the way for a college for boys.

This trip to the south which Father Machebeuf speaks of occupied seventeen days, from Feb. 21, to Mar. 9, 1866, and it was the last long trip which he took for some time. Troubles arose in Central City and Father Smith left the diocese in May. To fill

the vacancy thus created Father Machebeuf was obliged to send Father Raverdy to Central City, thus depriving himself of his dear and devoted assistant in Denver, and leaving to himself the task of attending alone to Denver and the valley missions. Bishop Lamy came to Denver in May on account of the troubles at Central City, and he approved of the appointment of Father Raverdy, who took permanent possession of his new parish on June 1, 1866. The Bishop promised to send another assistant priest to Father Machebeuf in Denver, but this priest, Rev. John Faure, did not come until towards the end of the year. He was completely ignorant of English and could do but little more than to say mass, but this was a great help to Father Machebeuf, for it gave him some little opportunity for visiting his missions. Before the arrival of Father Faure only such as could be reached during the week were attended with any sort of regularity, and the distinct missions were visited but seldom, for on such occasions Father Machebeuf was obliged to leave the congregation and the Sisters at Denver without mass on Sunday, which in fact he did several times. During the late summer of 1867 Father Faure had a severe attack of typhoid fever, and upon his recovery he returned to New Mexico leaving Father Machebeuf again alone in Denver. These times when Father Machebeuf was at home alone were his busiest seasons. When traveling he was getting his "rest in action," and he used to complain that so many called upon him with all sorts

of business, and without any business whatever, that he had scarcely time for his breviary and his correspondence. Every caller seemed to think that he or she was the only caller Father Machebeuf had, and it was like an act of charity to keep him company as long as possible.

On his Clear Creek ranch he had a reserved portion of the house and a neat chapel fitted up in it, and he often went there for a day or two to rest. He was not idle there, for he would walk over the whole farm and inspect the crops, and plan for further improvements in the buildings, the fences and the ditches to bring more land under cultivation. He would sometimes have the farmer carry him on his back across the creek that he might show him a nice spot on the island for a garden or something of the kind, but he had a suspension bridge made over that part of the stream after the farmer one day accidentally fell with him in mid-stream, giving him an involuntary bath. He could never quite convince himself that it was altogether an accident, but in this he wronged the farmer, for the good man had too much reverence for Father Machebeuf to play such a trick upon him. The wire suspension bridge was not much safer, but Father Machebeuf would crawl over upon the swinging structure rather than risk another bath when unprepared for it. Under proper conditions he enjoyed a bath in the cold stream, and often took it, for he had no convenience of that kind in his house at Denver.

On several occasions he gave the Sisters on out-

ing for a day at this ranch, and he did the same thing for his choir. It may be remarked that he had a good choir, and the music of Mozart, Weber, Hayden, etc., was familiar to the singers. Professor Schormeyer was organist and director, and he had a most efficient quartet in Miss Buttrick, soprano, Mrs. Schimmer alto, Mr. Koch tenor and Mr. Kratz bass. There were others for the chorus, but these were the principal and permanent singers, and on grand occasions their work was enhanced by the addition of an orchestra.

One of Father Machebeuf's missions which at that time gave promise of future prosperity was Golden City. There were not many Catholics in the town itself, but there was a number in the nearby country, and there were coal mines, iron mines, smelters, flour mills, potteries and foundries in the town or close by, and these would probably bring an influx of Catholic laborers. The citizens of Golden City were very ambitious at that time, and were doing their utmost to outclass Denver and make their town the leading city of Colorado for all time. And these men were not lunatics or dreamers, but men of good business capacity and active enterprise, and when they finally saw Denver leading them permanently they turned in and helped her along.

With the encouragement of these men Father Machebeuf began the erection of a small church at Golden City in 1867. In writing to his brother he said of this undertaking:

Nothing new at Denver, unless it is that we have had a very severe winter, but the fine weather has come again and things are moving. I came home yesterday from Golden City—I should rather say Iron City, for there is no gold there, but they have found some very rich iron mines. Our little church there is almost finished, although there are but two Catholic families in the town, and these represent four different nationalities. They have each subscribed \$100, and some of the farmers have subscribed \$100 also, and the Americans help us liberally. The church will cost at least \$2,000. This winter I collected \$1,600 for our convent from the Americans, who give with good grace. I often state the sum that I expect them to give, and they smile and pay it to me. Then I show this to others and they give their share, too. I once got \$100 from a Methodist preacher for the convent, but he was a public man, a Colonel Chivington of the army. Thus Providence is assisting us in all sorts of ways.

The little church at Golden City was opened for services on Sunday, May 19, 1867, and Father Machebeuf brought his choir from Denver to make the occasion as memorable as possible. The writer helped him the day before to clean out the new building, to put up the temporary altar and to decorate both church and altar as far as the limited time and means would allow. It was a gala day for Golden City and the church was thronged, mostly with non-Catholics, and, naturally, the collection was small. It amounted to only \$26.15. The expense alone of bringing the choir from Denver was \$17.00.

On his other missions Father Machebeuf fared a little better, but it was hard work and he could not go very often. When his visits were too close together his perquisites decreased in proportion. We print the following extract from his diary, showing the itinerary of just one of his many trips. It ap-

pears to us to-day as a curiosity, yet it is a fair record of his ordinary missionary life.

Tuesday, July 30, 1867.—Preparation for trip. Sundry expenses, \$8.50.

Wednesday, July 31.—Depart. Junction House. Paid, \$3.50.

Thursday, Aug. 1.—At Farnum's. No mass. Rec'd \$0.00.

Friday, Saturday, Sunday.—At Marshes. Rec'd \$65.00.

Monday.—Mass at Breckenridge. \$25. French Gulch, \$18. Paid blacksmith, \$1.25.

Tuesday.—Hamilton. Paid hotel, \$4.00.

Wednesday.—Buckskin Joe. Mass. Rec'd, \$15.00. Lecture on Rule of Faith.

Thursday.—Go to Montgomery. No mass. Rec'd \$0.00.

Friday.—Fairplay. Mass. Rec'd, \$0.00. Lecture on Papal Supremacy.

Saturday, Sunday.—California Gulch. Mass. Rec'd, \$60.00. Lecture on Rule of Faith.

Monday.—Ditto. Mass. Rec'd, \$5.00. Go to Dayton. No mass. Lecture on Papal Supremacy. Rec'd, \$0.00.

Tuesday.—Cache Creek. No mass. Rec'd, \$0.00.

Wednesday.—At Frank Mayol's. Mass. Marriage. Rec'd, \$5.00.

Thursday, Aug. 15.—Mass at Hugh Mahon's. Rec'd \$2.00. Go to Cottonwood and South Arkansas. Lecture on the Real Presence.

Friday.—Mass at Mrs. Weaver's. Rec'd, \$7.00.

Camped to-night on the Arkansas—*alone!*

Saturday.—Crossed the Arkansas with buggy loaded on big wagon with two yoke of oxen. Camped at Weston's. *Four preachers!*

Sunday.—Start early. Mass at Guiraud's. Nice trout.

Monday.—Mass. Rec'd, \$10.00. Go to Farnum's.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.—Junction House. Paid, \$5.00.
Return to Denver. Found Father Raverdy in Denver.

Twenty two days—350 miles in his own conveyance—almost daily mass, sermon and confessions—five special lectures—and \$200. Average \$9 a day for man and team. Take the weather as it comes, the roads as you find them, and the rivers on ox-wagons. At the same time we find an entry in his diary as follows: “To Thomas Conroy, for work on the Gallery, 20 days at \$6.00—\$120.00.” It was better to be a carpenter than a missionary in those days. We also find a recipe for the destruction of vermin—(*pour detruire les poux*). Yes, the missionary had many *little inconveniences* as well as great ones. It is all very interesting and amusing now, but the romance of missionary life does not appeal at the moment as strongly as at the distance of about forty years. There were no lecture bureaux then to make that single feature more easy and more remunerative, but the lecture bureaux cannot visit the scattered miners in their gulches and cabin cities clinging to the mountain sides, and provide them

with mass and the sacraments. That is left yet to the successors of Machebeuf and the pioneers of his class.

In 1867, the Church in Colorado had taken shape, and its future could be forecast. Its course thus far had been one of formation, and its future progress was now seen to be along well defined lines. When Father Machebeuf came there was nothing but the scattered elements, without cohesive force or a prospect of a permanent union. He had to treat them as units until he could choose his parts and bring them together as a unity. He found them mixed with the froth and scum and driftwood of civilization, and when this floated away he had three churches ready, and others waiting only the co-operation of a pastor to rise into being; he had the school system started in both primary and academic branches; he had ground ready for charitable and beneficent institutions sufficient for a decade of years to come, and he had his mission routes systematically laid out to reach the farthest Catholic at stated times. One half of the world was busy waging wars and changing temporarily the boundaries of nations and the political complexion of states, and the other half was looking on with wonderment, but Father Machebeuf was quietly and almost unnoticed working laying the foundations of an empire which was to grow and endure.

When Bishop Lamy said: "You are just the man for the Pike's Peak region," it was like a prophecy. The idea that Providence had singled

him out and placed him in this exceptional position was enough to make Father Machebeuf feel the importance of his work, and he did it as if answering directly to Providence for its faithful performance. As every opportunity arose he was quick to seize it, and his grasp was rendered more tenacious by his regard for the future, which the occupations of the present never blotted out. He might pass away but his work would remain. He may not have thought of it, but he was the John the Baptist of the Church in Colorado, to prepare the way for him who was to come and reign over the people as shepherd of the flock. Certain it is that he did not wish to be that one, although he probably hoped to be able to point him out, the greater than he, while he himself would remain as a voice crying in the wilderness until the end of his career.

How did he accomplish so much of this work? Mostly by his zeal, his energy and his self-sacrifice. Once in his life, while in France, Father Machebeuf had the pittance of a salary; the remainder of his thirty years was given freely to the Church. He gave all to the Church in Ohio, in New Mexico, and what were his resources in Colorado? We have looked the matter up, and we find that ten dollars a Sunday will cover his Denver collections for these seven years. He had a few pews in his little church, but people paid, or neglected to pay, pew rent then as now. The combined collections at Christmas and Easter were about \$500 annually, and he had a few festivals which netted from \$400 to \$1,400 each.

Then take the cost of living when necessaries ranged from three to ten times the prices of to-day, and building material and labor were in proportion. We must wonder how he did so much, and secured and held so much property in so many places for the Church. If he and Father Raverdy had but one overcoat to serve for both of them, it was not because of positive poverty but of voluntary sacrifice for God. "He must increase, but I must decrease." The subject of his supposed wealth will be treated later on.

As a part of the Diocese of Santa Fé, Colorado was beginning to feel its disadvantages. The Mexican settlements of the south could well be administered from New Mexico, but the rest of the country had little in common with the Spanish civilization as it filtered northward through the Indian tribes of New Mexico. The origin of the people, their character and temperament and their aspirations were entirely different, and their commercial relations were in different directions. As Father Machebeuf had said, there was no love between the races, and no communication except such as was founded upon the *pesos*. New Mexico was Mexican, and Pike's Peak was American. Railroads from the East were hastening to connect this natural offshoot from Anglo-Saxon civilization with the parent stem, from which henceforth it would receive its social and business life. Under these conditions New Mexico could not be a proper training school for successful priests in Colorado.

The Fathers of the First Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, saw this, and petitioned the Propaganda to erect Colorado into a separate ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and their judgment led them to propose Father Machebeuf as their unanimous choice for the head of this Vicariate. Bishop Lamy was deputed to carry the decrees and recommendations of the Council to Rome for the approval of the Pope, and he did not leave Father Machebeuf in ignorance of these proceedings nor of their probable results. Father Machebeuf, however, spoke of these things only to his superiors, and to his most intimate friends who might advise him as to the course which he ought to pursue. His own relatives received the first news of it from Bishop Lamy while this prelate was in France on this occasion. Here is Father Machebeuf's first communication to his family upon these matters:

Denver, Sept. 13, 1867.

Very Dear Sister:

I hasten to answer your last letter, dated Aug. 11, in which you ask me to relieve your anxiety caused by reports of misfortune to Bishop Lamy and his party.

I am happy to announce to you that Bishop Lamy arrived safe in Santa Fé the very day you wrote to me. More than 2,000 persons, with the Governor and civil authorities at their head, went out from the city to meet him, and made his entry into the town a grand home-coming amid the ringing of bells and the joyful acclamations of the people. He has written to me twice since. He was quite worn out, and suffering in consequence of the fatigue, privations and dangers to which they were exposed. The Indians, to the number of nearly 300, attacked them twice, but the men of the caravan were so well prepared to defend themselves that none of the Bishop's party were killed, although several received slight wounds. The cholera, which was very bad among them crossing the plains, was more deadly than

the Indians, and carried off several persons, two of whom belonged to the party of the Bishop. Sad to say, one of these was a young American Sister, eighteen years of age and a model of piety. She died partly of fright after the attack of the Indians. The other was an excellent young man of French descent who was accompanying Bishop Lamy to Santa Fé. As it is more than probable that Bishop Lamy has written and given you the details of his whole journey before now, I shall add nothing more.

You know that three Spanish-speaking Jesuit Fathers, and a Belgian who speaks Spanish and French as well as English, have come with Bishop Lamy. The Belgian, whose name is De Blicck, is now giving a retreat to the Sisters at Santa Fé, and he will direct the retreat of the clergy in October. After that I expect this worthy Father, who was at one time president of the college in Cincinnati, and whom I knew there, to come to Denver.

Do you ask what he will do in Denver? Notwithstanding the hesitation I feel in touching upon a question which is no longer a secret from you, I must say that the matter of a vicariate for Colorado seems to be settled. I have news from Bishop Lamy and others, and I only wait the return of the Archbishop of St. Louis from Rome for positive assurances that I am named to preside over it. I cannot commit to paper my feelings in the matter, nor the reasons which make me tremble at the thought of such a position being offered to me. I have already taken some steps to avoid it, and I intend to protest still more before things go too far, but if I am obliged to bend to the burden and accept the inevitable, Father De Blicck will take my place here in Denver and remain during the time when I shall necessarily be absent. I hope that Providence will dispose events so as to relieve me of this burden, for my responsibility is already too heavy, rendered so by personal and local considerations and circumstances which I may take occasion to explain to you when we are face to face.

I have not yet received the things sent from France with Bishop Lamy, but Father Raverdy will bring them to me from Santa Fé when he returns from the retreat.

Pray always for the *poor cripple!*

CHAPTER XXI.

First Mission in Denver.—Father De Blieck.—Official Notice of Appointment as Bishop.—Fitness for the Work.—A Begging Tour.—Consecration.—Return to Denver.—Reception. Responsibilities and Resources.—Episcopal Missionary Trips. To Central City.—To Conejos.—To Salt Lake City.—To Trinidad.

Denver, April 14, 1868.

Very Dear Sister:

I received your very kind letter and that of my two dear nephews two months ago. Many times I was upon the point of answering them when something always occurred to prevent it. At one time it was some one coming to visit, at another it was pressing business affairs, etc., but I must write now that I am upon the eve of that terrible journey to Cincinnati which I can put off no longer.

The celebrated missionary, Father De Blieck, came to Denver over a month ago from Santa Fé, where he had preached several missions and retreats. He gave a mission in our principal mountain parish where I was with him for a week, and he began one here in Denver on Friday of Passion Week. Unfortunately he was taken very sick on the third day of the mission, and was in bed until Easter Sunday, when he managed to get up and hear mass. The work of finishing the mission fell upon me, and I did the best I could with two sermons a day. The good Father Raverdy came to assist me in hearing the confessions, but he has so little confidence in himself that I could not induce him to preach. Another young French priest, Father Matthonet, came from Santa Fé just before Christmas, but he does not know enough English yet to preach. In spite of the difficulties and fatigue I carried it through, thanks to Providence. We had large crowds, and a very large number approached the sacraments. My voice is somewhat husky, but otherwise I am feeling quite well.

But I spoke to you of a journey. Father Cheymol, who is aware of all, must have written the news to Sister Clemence, but I cannot neglect telling you myself that two months ago today I received from Cardinal Barnabo the official notice of my appointment as Vicar Apostolic of Colorado and Utah. The Bulls have not yet come, but I read today in the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati a copy of a letter from Rome which gives the title

of each bishop-elect, and that which falls to my heritage is Bishop of Epiphany *in partibus infidelium*. Although the faculties have not yet come, I must go immediately while the Jesuit Father is here to take charge of the parish. I shall have a great many things to arrange, and some embarrassing matters to settle—my debts, for instance, and to provide in a way for the future until I can get something from the Propagation of the Faith.

You will tell my brother Marius and my nephews to have patience until after the ceremony of consecration, which will take place in Cincinnati, and I hope during the beautiful Month of Mary. If I can find a good priest to replace me here I shall start for Europe in October, but I cannot say for certain what Providence may determine. In the meanwhile you must not lose any time, but you and the Sisters must pray earnestly for me, and that the blessing of God may be on my future work. A diocese larger than the whole of France.

Thank Marius and the others for the vestments, sacred vessels, altar linens, flowers, etc., which I have received.

“The best laid schemes o’ mice and men
Gang aft a’gley.”

In these lines Burns expresses but a familiar truth, and it is always seen in the end when men’s plans counter with the designs of God. Father Machebeuf had his feelings of opposition to accepting the burdens of the episcopate, but they were mingled with sentiments of resignation to God’s will and to the designs of the Church. He had a filial reverence for authority during his whole life, and now, at the bidding of authority, he was ready to offer himself for this new sacrifice. We know not what steps he may have taken to avoid the honors and burdens of the episcopacy, but they were not successful. And who was better fitted for the work? The letter of Cardinal Barnabo, the Prefect of the Propaganda, was dated Jan. 24, 1868. The Brief

erecting the vicariate was of March 3, 1868, and the Bulls appointing Father Machebeuf were dated March 16, 1868.

The work of a bishop in Colorado was a continuation of the same work which Father Machebeuf had been doing, with the addition of conferring those sacraments reserved to the episcopal order, and the responsibility of supplying priests for the new diocese. The administration of church affairs had been in his hands; the acquisition of new properties and the formation of new parishes were his duties, and he had been doing everything that could be done to prepare for diocesan institutions, and to inaugurate them when possible. Any other, as bishop, would be obliged to pursue the same course, and it is doubtful if he could do so with more energy. The former missionary conditions had not passed away, and the new bishop must adopt the life of a traveling missionary. In all these things Father Machebeuf had shown an admirable zeal and a fair judgment, and it would have been difficult to find another as well adapted for the actual work in Colorado. From a human standpoint it would seem that he was the logical successor in the episcopate of his position in the priesthood, and that the "personal and local considerations and circumstances" of which he spoke had behind them his own humility as the foundation for his fears. But now Rome had spoken,—the die was cast, and the matter was settled.

Father Machebeuf started from Denver upon

that "terrible journey" April 21, leaving Father De Blicek and Father Matthonet in charge of his parish, but neither of these remained until his return. It was indeed a terrible journey when we think of its length in distance and time, and the objects for which it was made. First and foremost was his consecration as bishop; then he wished to find priests who would come and labor in his vicariate, and last, but not least, he needed money, for he was in debt and his creditors were pressing him for money while he had not a sufficient amount to furnish his episcopal wardrobe and chapel. His journey was literally a begging tour for men and means.

The first stage of his journey was through Cheyenne, Omaha, Leavenworth and St. Louis to Cincinnati. Here he made his first appeal for assistance, and he repeated it in Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Troy, Burlington, Montreal, Toronto, Buffalo, Cleveland and in his old parish of Sandusky. At the seminaries in Cincinnati, Baltimore, Emmetsburg, Philadelphia, Troy, Montreal and Cleveland he spoke to the students to inspire them with a desire for missionary life in the West. He also sought for priests who were already in the ministry, and in all these things his success was but limited. He sums up the results of a portion of his trip in the following letter to his brother:

New York, July 8, 1868.

Very Dear Brother:

Finding myself separated from Clermont by a voyage of only ten or twelve days, I cannot continue my journey without bidding you good day in passing. My thoughts and my heart

have often made the voyage between us, but I must wait till some unknown time in the future to make it in person, although the distance to you now is less than from here to Denver.

I leave here tomorrow for Montreal. For two months I have been on the lookout for a good priest who understands English, and I shall not be consecrated until I find some sort of a vicar, even if I cannot make him my vicar-general as was my intention. After fifteen days spent in Cincinnati and Brown county I went to Baltimore, where I spent more than a month, then seven days in Philadelphia and twelve in New York, and in all these places the Most Rev. Archbishops received me most kindly.

As you are a man of business I must tell you that in 1863-4, I exhausted all the resources of New Mexico to secure at Denver favorable locations for churches, schools, convents, hospitals, cemetery, etc., hoping that the increased Catholic immigration would furnish me the means of existence, but since the war the high taxes are ruining us. The Catholic population will increase notably only when the railroad comes. I was thus obliged to borrow money from the banks and from private individuals at very high rates of interest, and thus I have increased my indebtedness to a considerable sum. I wished to concentrate all in the hands of one person at reasonable interest, but the question was to find that person. I brought with me titles and descriptions of all the properties, which I am willing to give as security, but the capitalists did not appreciate their value. It was only here in New York that I succeeded in finding a man who would help me. He is an American and a good Catholic. He knew the value of the church holdings at Denver and in the vicinity, and he assisted me greatly in my present difficulties. Besides this, I have made many interested visits, and managed to collect over \$600 for my missions and a number of presents of things necessary for a bishop.

Father Machebeuf gives us here the key to the cause of his financial troubles. To secure and hold property for the church he had borrowed money, and the interest and taxes were eating him up. His accounts show that more than one usurious money-lender made a small fortune by the necessities of the Church in Colorado, and none of them had any

scruple in demanding the highest rates of interest possible from Father Machebeuf in his difficulties.

Father Machebeuf was a good collector, and this sum of \$600 represented the fruits of his appeals in different churches, and donations from special friends and others to whom he had letters of recommendation. He made a good impression wherever he went, and his story of his missions found interested listeners. At Baltimore he met Bishop-elect Gibbons, and he was present at the consecration of Bishop McQuaid in New York, and he made a large number of acquaintances whose friendship he afterwards spoke of with pleasure. His journey from New York took him as far north as Montreal and then down to Cleveland, from which place he wrote the following letter:

Cleveland, July 29, 1868.

Very Dear Sister:

I am here with Bishop Rappe since Sunday. I have been obliged to postpone my consecration until August 16, to give me time to find a good priest, as I told Marius, and I have not yet succeeded in my search. I found several French and Irish students, but they cannot be ordained before two or three years. Several zealous priests offered to devote themselves to the missions in Colorado, but they could not get the consent of their bishops, all of whom complain of the lack of good priests.

Tomorrow I go to Sandusky. The pastor himself came to me with the invitation, and I cannot refuse my old parishioners. Next week I shall be in Cincinnati and shall go to visit the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Loretto in Kentucky, to see if I can get two or three more Sisters. Then I shall go to the Trappists, who have a fine house close by at a place called Gethsemane. There I shall make my retreat and return to Cincinnati for the Assumption and the consecration.

As I have other letters to write, and it is near midnight, I must make this short, but I hold to telling you the exact day of my consecration that you and all the nuns and pupils may pray

ferently that I may be worthy to receive the graces of the Holy Ghost. After the consecration I shall send to all of you my episcopal benediction.

This program was carried out. On the day he wrote this letter he first donned the purple robes of a bishop, and thus received the profession of several nuns at the Ursuline Convent of Cleveland, sang the high mass and gave the benediction with the *Sit nomen Domini, etc.*, but his voice choked and almost failed him in the emotions of this new experience.

At his old parish in Sandusky he had a magnificent reception from his former parishioners. His four days among them was a continual ovation, and he left them with an additional \$180 in his purse.

At Columbus he spent a day with Bishop Rosecrans, then two days in Cincinnati making final arrangements, and when he arrived at Loretto the Sisters complained because he could give them only three hours after they had waited three months for his coming. His retreat was made under the Trappist Father Jerome, and at its conclusion he went to Cincinnati where his consecration took place on Sunday, Aug. 16, 1868. Archbishop Purcell was the consecrating prelate, assisted by Bishops Rappe and De Goesbriand, and in the sanctuary were Bishops Rosecrans and Carrell and many priests. His first mass as bishop was said at the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, and his emotion was so great that it was with difficulty that he finished the Holy Sacrifice.

Three days after his consecration Bishop

Machebeuf was on his way to his diocese. At St. Louis he was joined by five Sisters of Loretto. From Leavenworth he sent to his relatives in France his episcopal benediction accompanied by the following touching words :

May the good God grant you health and prosperity, and above all, the fidelity to fulfill all your religious duties. May Divine Providence protect all of you and preserve you for many years in peace, in union, and in the grace of God. May Our Lord nourish and increase in my dear Jules these first inclinations and the blessed dispositions to consecrate himself to the service and glory of God and the salvation of souls. Bishop Lamy left at the seminary in Baltimore a nephew for his ecclesiastical education—how happy I would be if one day I could have near me one of my dear nephews as a help and consolation to his bishop-uncle who begins to feel the weight of his infirmities, but whose health and courage, thanks to God, are not failing. I close by wishing all of you a thousand blessings.

Eight short months later Bishop Machebeuf had occasion to write another letter, and we anticipate here to give an extract from it referring to his dear nephew from whom he hoped for help and consolation.

After the terrible blow which has fallen upon us in the death of our dear Jules, I feel the need of assuring you of my sincerest affection and my deepest feeling of sympathy in the great sorrow which has come upon you. It is my sorrow also, for he was *my* Jules, and you know he gave himself to me with such a good heart. In the midst of my grave obligations and heavy occupations tears found time to flow in abundance, and I did not fail to offer the Holy Sacrifice for him and for your consolation. What can I say to you but to counsel resignation to the ways of Providence. What we deplore as a misfortune and a real loss for us, is certainly a great happiness for our dear Jules, who had already, in answer to the appeal which I made to his affection and his zeal, made the sacrifice of himself. You sanctioned and blessed his resolution, and gave him to me for God's service. He belonged no longer to you nor to his country, and God has accepted his double sacrifice and with-

drawn him from the world before he could know its dangers to reward his pious intentions. I must offer this sacrifice and he is my victim. May this victim draw down the blessings of God upon my heavy labors in the beginning of my new office as shepherd of a larger flock, and may the sacrifice increase in all of us that lively faith which reminds us that we are but strangers and pilgrims on earth, far from our true country. In taking away from us so soon those whom we love, God wishes to detach us from all that is perishable, and to teach us to fix our eyes, our thoughts and our affections upon heaven. "*For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*"

From Leavenworth the Bishop and his party continued their journey to Omaha, and thence to Cheyenne by rail. They left Cheyenne by coach on the evening of August 28, and arrived at Denver the following afternoon almost worn out but happy to be at their journey's end.

A reception had been prepared for the Bishop upon his arrival, and an address of welcome was made by General Bela M. Hughes on the part of the Catholics of Denver. The reception was participated in by the clergy, the Sisters, and the people irrespective of religious affiliations, but the demonstration lacked the spectacular feature which marked the receptions given to him and Bishop Lamy at Santa Fé, yet a small delegation headed by Father Raverdy, the Sisters of Loretto and a number of prominent citizens met him several miles outside of Denver and made his entry into his episcopal city a somewhat notable event. The representation of the clergy was necessarily small, consisting only of Father Raverdy, who came from Central City for the purpose. It could not well have been much larger, for there were but three priests in his vast

vicariate, and the other two were hundreds of miles distant on the borders of New Mexico. In all his travels Bishop Machebeuf had found but one priest to accompany him to Colorado, Father O'Keefe, and his stay was only about a year. Bishop Machebeuf arrived home on Saturday, and on Sunday he entered upon his duties as Vicar Apostolic of Colorado and Utah by celebrating Pontifical Mass, preaching a sermon and again officiating at Pontifical Vespers.

From what has been said in the foregoing pages we are able to form a fairly correct idea of the circumstances in which Bishop Machebeuf found himself at the beginning of his episcopal administration. His responsibility was limited only by the boundaries of two large Territories, his flock was scattered at intervals over nearly all their extent and many of the gaps were beginning to fill up. For helpers he had but three priests outside of Denver, and each of these had more work than he could do well in his own district. In every camp, town and growing settlement something ought to be done as a beginning of church work, and alone he could do but little, for his office as Bishop made him hasten from place to place to administer confirmation over most of this territory where no bishop had ever visited. He was almost without funds, and in debt, but he had an unbounded zeal, an unconquerable determination, a courage that could not be shaken and a faith in Providence which would lead him to ask the removal of a mountain if he thought it an ob-



+ Joseph P. Mathews
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stacle in the way of duty. But he was responsible only for what he could do and God must take care of the rest.

One week was all that Bishop Machebeuf gave himself to recuperate from the fatigues of his four months of travel. His first visit was to his principal parish of Central City. Here the good people organized a reception, and Mrs. J. B. Sutton on the part of the ladies of the congregation presented him with a fine gold watch as a token of their respect and esteem. Returning to Denver he loaded his traveling carriage with the necessary baggage and provisions, and with his faithful driver, Billy Moore, set out, Sept. 17, on his first extended pastoral visit.

He first made his usual tour of the South Park, and crossed over the mountain pass to the head of California Gulch. Continuing his way down the Arkansas river he passed through the various camps to South Arkansas—now Salida. Here he found a camp of 800 Ute Indians, who laid before him their usual complaint of being hungry. The Bishop divided his little stock of provisions very sparingly with the chief and proceeded on his journey, which lay this time up the South Arkansas river, across the Poncha Pass and down into the head of the San Luis valley in the direction of Saguache. From Saguache he went to Fort Garland, and then wandered about in different directions for ten days to visit every hamlet and settlement in that part of the valley. At every place the people gave him a little reception of welcome, and frequently this took

place in the middle of the road, because there was no room in their little cabins for such a ceremony. He put them to no trouble about lodging him, unless when he came to the house of some Don, for he carried his usual camp furniture with him, including even his shaving utensils which he often used while making his camp toilet.

During the trip he said mass, heard confessions, gave confirmation, preached and lectured, chose locations for chapels and formed committees to build them, blessed cemeteries and bells, and any and every sort of work which a traveling missionary bishop could be imagined to do among a population of that kind. Lest it should be thought that he required very little instruction for confirmation, it may be noted here that among the Mexicans the custom obtains of confirming children even before they have come to the use of reason, and Bishop Machebeuf confirmed 145 such children on this trip.

At the southerly extremity of his diocese he allowed himself a slight diversion and continued his journey farther southward to spend a few days with Bishop Lamy and his old friends among the priests of New Mexico. At Arroyo Hondo, Father Ussel had gathered a company of ten priests in anticipation of the Bishop's arrival, and the occasion was a happy one when these grown up children met their old spiritual father, who could be as much of a child as any of them.

From here he went to Santa Fé for a couple of days, and then started on his way to Denver again.

The return trip was made along the old familiar grounds of the upper Las Animas, the Huerfano, Greenhorn, San Carlos, etc., and his work was a repetition of that in the San Luis valley. It is possible that he visited every known Catholic family in the entire section. Two days he spent at Pueblo and one at Colorado City. His friends at Colorado City endeavored to dissuade him from setting out alone for Denver, as Indians were reported to be prowling around and stories of their depredations were being told, but Bishop Machebeuf made light of the danger, saying that the Indians would not hurt him. Afterwards when he spoke of the fears of the people he said: "Indian scare! Why, I saw only five Indians!"

Just eight weeks from the day he set out Bishop Machebeuf returned to Denver. We might expect him now to interrupt his travels and go into winter quarters, but Bishop Machebeuf had no winter quarters, and he would not have occupied them if he had them. Ten days later we find him setting out for Salt Lake City, to carry some of the consolations of religion to those of his flock who lived in the stronghold of the Mormons.

He left Denver by stage coach on Nov. 23, and at two o'clock the following morning he arrived in Cheyenne. There he could find no bed at any of the hotels, but, luckily, a former neighbor of his at Denver had lately moved to Cheyenne, a Mr. Wm. Rowland, and upon hunting him up the Bishop found a welcome and a warm bed for the rest of the night.

From Cheyenne he had the regular train on the Union Pacific railroad as far as Laramie, which was as far as the road was open for traffic at that time. The construction train carried him to Green River where he again took the stage. Arriving at Fort Bridger at eleven o'clock at night he found no hotel, but managed to get a good sleep lying upon sacks of grain in a store wrapped in his buffalo robe. From here it was the coach again for two days, over mountain ranges where the piercing night wind chilled the bones, and through canons where the sun seldom penetrated at that season of the year, and all this time he sat outside with the driver, who he says was very sociable, leaving the inside of the coach to those more delicate, or more selfish.

At Echo City there was a change of drivers, and Bishop Machebeuf regretted it until he found that his new driver was none other than Bill Updyke, the famous whip who had often driven him over the mountains in Colorado. With him he finished his journey and arrived at Salt Lake City at four o'clock p. m. on Saturday after six days of travel.

On Sunday morning he was escorted to Fort Douglas by General Connor, the commanding officer, where he said mass and remained as a guest for a week. Every day, except one when he was not well, he said mass and lectured at night. He also prepared a class for confirmation among the soldiers and administered the sacrament the following Sunday.

From the fort he visited Salt Lake and sought out the few Catholic families there. He also met Brigham Young and other dignitaries of the Mormon church, as well as many of the prominent citizens, of all of whom he afterwards spoke very favorably. He could not speak highly enough of the kind treatment accorded him at the fort by Gen. Connor, Colonels Lewis and Reynolds, Capt. Sobieski, Sergt. Keller and the ladies of the fort.

At Salt Lake he found ground for a church with a house on it, but as yet there was no church building. The house was occupied by a Catholic family named Carroll, who, with three other families, constituted the settled Catholic population of Salt Lake City. On three days of the following week he said mass at the house of a Mr. Marshall for the benefit of his little flock, and for the edification of a number of Mormon ladies whom curiosity or some other motive brought to witness the services. He also baptized three children in the family of a Mr. Sloan, and one in another family, and he had two marriages on the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

On Thursday, Dec. 10, he started on his return trip in a blinding snow storm, but, owing to delays, he did not reach Fort Bridger until noon on Monday. The most serious mishap of the trip was the upsetting of the coach in Bear River at eleven o'clock at night on Friday, and the rest of the night was spent by the passengers drying their wet clothes at the next stage station.

At Fort Bridger he was kindly received by

Colonel Morrow and Judge Carter. He said mass here and performed a baptism and a marriage. Another day was spent at Carter's Station because he was too late for the construction train, and still another among the railroaders at Bryant, and then the ride of 22 hours to Cheyenne. On the train he met Father Kelly of the Vicariate of Nebraska, who was visiting the men along the railroad, and whose duties had formerly taken him on several occasions as far as Salt Lake City.

It was now Friday, and, although the weather was bitter cold, Bishop Machebeuf took the coach that night for his ride of over 100 miles to Denver. A few days before some thief had stolen his cloak, and when he arrived in Denver he was suffering from a cold, yet he was in the pulpit on Sunday, but for two days afterwards he was in bed and unable to say mass.

One more trip remained to complete the visitation of the diocese, and Bishop Machebeuf made that from Feb. 9 to Feb. 27. During that time he visited Trinidad and the neighboring missions, and also the stations between them and Denver. Thus, in the first six months of his episcopate, Bishop Machebeuf made a complete visitation of his vast vicariate, and traveled over 2600 miles, nearly two-thirds of which distance was made in his own conveyance.

CHAPTER XXII.

Priests and Their Locations.—Fire at St. Mary's Academy. Bishop Starts for Europe.—First Students.—Father Bouchet of Louisville.—Bishop Goes to Rome.—Visits Ireland.—Business and Sociability.—First Priests Ordained.—Returns with New Priests.—Ordains Future Bishop of the Santa Fé Trail.—New House.—Church Enlarged.—Various Crosses and Disappointments.—French Sympathies.—Utah Transferred.—Conditions at the Close of 1871.

The duties of Bishop Machebeuf prevented him from taking his proposed trip to Europe in October, but circumstances were more favorable in the spring of 1869. He secured the services of three priests, at least temporarily, and a fourth would be ordained in June. Fathers Munnecom, Merle and Rolly were in charge respectively of the missions of Trinidad, C s-tilla and Conejos, Father Raverdy was at Central City, and at Denver Father O'Keeffe assisted the Bishop, as also for a time did Father H. Bourion, while Father Robert A. Garassu would come from Baltimore immediately after his ordination. Father Garassu was ordained June 30, 1869, by Archbishop Spalding, and was the first priest ordained for Colorado. These could do the essential work now while the Bishop would go to secure other priests and more abundant means to meet the growing wants of his vicariate.

The partial destruction by fire of St. Mary's Academy, while Bishop Machebeuf was saying mass on Sunday, April 18, came near interfering with his plans, but he secured at once the willing help of

many sympathizing friends who contributed freely, not only to repair the damage but also to enlarge the building. This caused a short delay, but it was sufficiently long to prevent him accompanying his old friend, Father Salpointe of Mora, New Mexico, on this same journey to France. Father Salpointe had been appointed Vicar Apostolic of Arizona, and, desiring to be consecrated in France, he made the trip by the way of Denver, hoping to make the rest of it in the company of Bishop Machebeuf. The Bishop-elect could not wait, and Bishop Machebeuf, commenting on his haste, said:

Bishop Salpointe may have special reasons for wishing to arrive in France before me. He will have his choice of missionaries and I shall come only to glean. But I shall not be very exacting at Clermont. I need French priests, but I need Irish and German priests more.

Bishop Machebeuf left Denver, May 3, 1869, taking the coach to meet the train at Sheridan, Kansas. Stopping a day at St. Mary's and another at Topeka, he went to Leavenworth, where he found Bishop Miége quite unwell. To accommodate this prelate he delayed a few days and gave confirmation at Lawrence and Prairie City, and then proceeded on his way to St. Louis. From St. Louis he went to Cape Girardeau, where he found a young student, Mr. Henry Robinson, willing to face missionary life in Colorado. At Cairo he visited the Sisters of Loretto, and from there he went to Louisville, Ky. Here he called upon Bishop McCloskey and a former friend and fellow-countryman, Father Bouchet, then chancellor of the Diocese of Louisville.

With Father Bouchet, Bishop Machebeuf visited St. Thomas' Seminary at Bardstown, and the Sisters of Loretto at the Motherhouse. At St. Thomas' he had already one student, and he endeavored to enlist the co-operation of others, but previous obligations prevented them from offering their services, although several were strongly so inclined.

During this part of his trip Father Machebeuf was in very good spirits, for he was confident that he had at last secured a priest after his own heart. The Rev. Michael Bouchet was born in Clermont, France, not far from Bishop Machebeuf's own home. In 1853, while in deacon's orders, he came with Bishop Spalding of Louisville to work upon the Kentucky missions. The missionary spirit was still strong in him, and when Bishop Machebeuf, for whom he had great regard, told him his story of the Western missions, this spirit blazed up afresh and he offered himself for this new field. Bishop Machebeuf was happy in the thought of securing the services of such a priest. He had been on the search for just such an assistant before his consecration, and he now offered to make him his vicar-general upon his arrival in Colorado. The offer of the honor had, probably, little to do with Father Bouchet's resolution, as he never was a man to care specially for honors, but it might have had some influence with Bishop McCloskey, who, if the circumstances had been properly explained to him, would have seen that this was but a step to possible higher honors. As it was, Father Bouchet did not get the necessary

permission from Bishop McCloskey, and he lived on in Kentucky until a few years ago, when he died a Right Rev. Prelate of the Church and Vicar General of the Diocese of Louisville. How small a thing may turn the course of events and change the history of men and countries!

At Cincinnati Bishop Machebeuf conferred the order of deaconship on a number of young ecclesiastics, and, with the permission of Archbishop Purcell, he spoke to the students in the seminary, telling them of his need of priests, and depicting the life of a missionary among the Rocky Mountains. The result of this appeal was that two young men offered themselves to serve in his missions if the Lord would spare them to be ordained. One of these became so terrified later by the imaginary dangers pictured to him by his fellow-students, who in pretended seriousness told him of the Indians, how they would scalp him, tie him to a tree and dance the war dance around him while burning fagots were roasting him to death, etc., that he left the seminary and became a farmer. It was, perhaps, the best he could do, for his mind was not well balanced. We say this with no intention of reflecting upon the farmer. The other young man was not disturbed by these wild tales, but persevered in his first resolution, went to Colorado, and is now the distinguished occupant of the Episcopal See of Denver.

Bishop Machebeuf again visited the seminaries at Baltimore, Philadelphia and Troy, but with no better success than upon his visits the year previous.

The aspirations of young men brought up so far East did not seem to harmonize with the Bishop's pictures of clerical life and labor in the Far West. With nothing more to delay him, Bishop Machebeuf sailed from New York and arrived at Brest in France, June 21.

His visit to France was principally for business and he set about it at once. The day after his arrival he was at the seminary in Rennes looking for recruits; two days later he was taking up collections, and three days later still we find him at the Bureau of the Propagation of the Faith pleading the necessities of his missions. At the home of his relatives he spent but very little time before turning towards Rome to visit the Holy Father. The following extracts from letters written to Father Raverdy will give us an idea of his work:

Clermont, Aug. 20, 1869.

Reverend and Beloved Friend:

At last I can write again to you. Since my last from Lyons it has been almost impossible to write to anyone. I commence by telling you that I am, and always have been well since I left Paris, but instead of finding any rest at home, I am overcrowded with a thousand things. I never was so busy receiving and returning visits, attending dinners which I cannot refuse, officiating, preaching, presiding at distributions of premiums, etc., and it is only late at night that I can find time to say my office and other prayers.

At Clermont I found Bishop Salpointe who had delayed his consecration two or three weeks for me, but as I could not arrive in time, he was consecrated on June 20, the day previous to my landing at Brest. As he was also waiting for me to go to Rome, I spent but one day at Riom with my sister, and two days at Clermont. We started on Sunday, July 11, after I had officiated and given confirmation in the college at Riom, where I studied nearly forty years ago. We spent three or four days at Lyons and Fourvière, visited Chambéry, the Grand Char-

treuse and Annecy, and went through the Mont Cenis tunnel to Turin, then to Ancona, Loreto and finally Rome, where we arrived on the 23rd of July. We spent twelve days in Rome and had the happiness of seeing the Holy Father three times. We came back to Lyons through Pisa, Florence, Milan, the Simplon and Geneva.

From the information you give me of your plan for a big store, hospital and church at Central City, I see that there is but a very poor chance of doing anything this year. Circumstances will change and times will be better. It would be imprudent to commence at present. We must follow Providence, not go ahead of it. This is the advice of St. Francis of Sales, and God will speak by events. I am doing my best to borrow from some friends, and I hope to succeed so as to pay off some of my debts and commence to build a house on the church lot in Denver. Don't let the congregation build anything by way of a surprise. Their plans might not suit—but I believe there is no danger of their building anything the wrong way or the right way, or any way. I cannot start for home before the end of October.

Sept. 10.—I am very much grieved to hear that your health is failing. God help us. If the air of Central City is too light for you, why don't you move to Denver, at least for a time, and take my room? Send Father Garassu to Central City until I return. I have written another letter to Father Bouchet of Clermont, now chancellor of Louisville, to start before me to Denver if he can get leave from his bishop, and he thinks he can. I am sorry that I am detained so long, but I cannot help it. I must wait until the opening of the seminaries, the colleges and the academies in order to get some means from the boarders. I have not lost my time, for if I have to officiate, preach and accept dinners, I make them pay pretty well for it. I will not go until I succeed in negotiating a loan for a good sum. My brother will be my security. I must build or buy a house. I have just received notice that the Propagation of the Faith will allow me 25,000 francs!

I have written to Carlow and to All Hallows' in Ireland, and to Louvain, inquiring for a few pious and disinterested young priests or students. I expect answers in a few days, and then I shall know whether there is any hope or not from these directions. Bishop Salpointe will sail in a few days with five deacons or sub-deacons. God bless you!

The information from Ireland was rather en-

couraging, and Bishop Machebeuf went to Dublin. He spent the last week of September visiting All Hallows', Maynooth, Carlow, Kilkenny and Waterford. At all these colleges he received offers of young men, but in the cases of most of them the expenses were beyond his means. The actual fruit of this trip was one priest, and one student whom he sent to Rome.

Bishop Machebeuf's visits to the various religious institutions and social gatherings in France were made interesting by his descriptions of missionary life, and he scarcely ever failed to excite the charity of his listeners, who generally contributed from a few francs up into the hundreds to the cause of the missions. Sometimes, but not often, he encountered a religious superior whose formal politeness chilled him, and several of these are designated in his diary as "cold," "haughty"!

In his ancestral parish of Volvic where his father was born and many of his relatives still lived, he officiated on Sept. 5, at the laying of the cornerstone of a new church. The old church had served its time and was being replaced by a new one, but for some reason this new church was planned to be of rough uncut rubble. A vast concourse of people graced the occasion, but it was also to do honor to one whom they considered a child of the parish, and had come from the far-off wilds of America for the ceremony. The Prefect, the Mayor and all the public functionaries were there, and our humble Bishop was the lion of the day. After the Pontifical Mass

he thanked the dignitaries and congratulated the people, and went on with his sermon, but in a changed strain. He expressed astonishment and regret that they, in the midst of quarries where stone was cut for their Cathedral, and for monuments and churches around them, could not afford cut stone for their church from their own quarries when parishes half their size were sending to them for cut stone for their churches. He was but a poor missionary bishop, and must borrow money to return to his rough board episcopal palace and his little brick cathedral 30x40, but he would donate the cornerstone of a church worthy of them. The plans were changed, and when Bishop Machebeuf visited Volvic again ten years later he found a beautiful church of cut stone and the people thanked him for it.

When ready to return to America, Bishop Machebeuf had secured two priests whom he ordained the day previous to his sailing at Rennes, Fathers Joseph Percevault and Francis Guyot; one deacon, Philibert Domergue of St. Flour, and the Rev. Thomas McGrath, who was to sail from Waterford, Ireland, and join him on the way to Denver.

The voyage was unpleasant for most of the passengers, for the weather was very rough during a great part of the time and many were sick, but Bishop Machebeuf was a good sailor as usual and was not called upon even for the accustomed "restitutions." He said mass whenever the weather permitted, and the last Sunday of the voyage, when the weather was fine and the passengers had recovered

from their indisposition, a large congregation assisted at the mass, singing hymns and listening attentively to the sermon which he preached to them in French. A further sketch of his journey he gives in a letter to his brother, written a few weeks later, from which we copy :

Embarked at Brest Nov. 6, landed in New York Nov. 17, we arrived at Denver Dec. 5, a little tired, but all in good health. Two days were spent in New York, four in Cincinnati and Brown county, two in St. Louis and one at Sheridan, Kansas. Not having received in time the letter of Father Raverdy upon the subject of the lines of railroad west of the Missouri, I was led into error by the agents of the railroads and others, and we took tickets for the Kansas Pacific, which is still 225 miles from Denver, and we had to make that distance by stage, while the Union Pacific is finished to within 45 miles of Denver. Apart from the fatigue, and the loss of time in the slow coaches, we suffered no great inconvenience. Most of the baggage arrived before Christmas, but that was soon enough, and I could use my gold vestments on that solemn occasion. Other boxes with candelabra, altar vases and the like are still on the way, but I expect them at any moment. The young Irish priest joined us at St. Louis. I have him with me here and I am very much pleased with him.

The Bishop did not mention the many little troubles he had making the way clear and smooth for his almost helpless companions, nor did he tell of the few hours delay at Leavenworth where he ordained his first priests in America. It was the morning of the 29th of November that he reached Leavenworth, and he left it the evening of the same day, but in the interval he officiated at the Cathedral, with his old friend of Indian missionary fame, Father De Smet, as assistant priest, and ordained to the priesthood the Rev. W. J. Dalton, at present a pastor in Kansas

City, Mo., and the Rev. J. J. Hennessey, now the Bishop of Wichita.

It is a somewhat remarkable incident in our growing civilization that Bishop Machebeuf should ordain a priest and live to see him a bishop in a flourishing city of 20,000 inhabitants situated midway on that Santa Fé Trail, which he himself had traveled so often while the wild beasts and the untamed savages were roaming its entire length at will, and had done so for ages before, with prospects of doing so for long years to come.

Bishop Machebeuf was in a happy mood when he greeted his people on the Sunday following his return home. He told them of his joy at being again with them, and also of his regret at not being able to attend the Vatican Council just opening, but that the Holy Father had dispensed him in view of the necessity of his presence at home, and he made the sacrifice cheerfully, and for them gave up the honor of being a member of the most august assemblage ever gathered together. He told them how happy he was to have brought four new priests to help him in the diocese, but how it pained him to have no place to lodge them decently. He said the time was come when a new house was a crying necessity, and urged them to an active and liberal effort in providing shelter for their priests, who, for lack of better accommodations, were living in rooms little better than closets and sleeping upon the floor. He told them that his trip had cost him \$4,000, only a small portion of which he had collected, and the balance of the expense must be borne by the diocese.

His appeal was not without effect, for a good collection was given at Christmas, subscription lists were prepared, and plans were made for a festival. With these good prospects the building of a portion of a fit residence was begun, and this portion was finished, furnished and occupied by the end of May, at the cost of about \$4,500.

The new French priests were soon located in the southern part of the diocese, and as each mission was organized Bishop Machebeuf went with the new missionary to install him in his new position and initiate him into his special work. Father McGrath, because he spoke English, was kept in Denver, and Father Bourion was given charge of the missions of Utah.

Some of the priests who had promised to come failed to do so and disappointed him, even after he had been at considerable expense for them, and some of those who came from various places were a still greater disappointment to him, and he was glad to get rid of them. Nor were all the good and willing ones adapted for such a life as a priest must lead in this new country, and for all these reasons there was a constant coming and going of priests during the early years of Bishop Machebeuf's episcopate which was very trying on the Bishop and productive of little good among the people.

The railroads reached Denver in 1870, and with them came a great increase in the population of the entire Territory. The church at Denver became altogether too small to accommodate the congrega-

tion, and Bishop Machebeuf began the enlarging of it the next winter. It was extended to the street in front and a tower was built, chapels were added at both sides and the roof was raised nine feet above the original structure to give it the proper proportions. It was his intention to add transepts and sanctuary, but means were lacking and this part of his plan was postponed and never realized. His letters during this period show the trend of his efforts, his hopes and his fears:

I am receiving letters from all parts of the two Territories asking for priests. I am organizing two new parishes, and I have applied for the Sisters of Charity for a hospital, but this is a heavy expense and my house will cost a good sum. For the house I count upon you to borrow some money for me.—(To his brother, Jan. 3, 1870).

The two priests from Rennes are in their missions for some time, also the one from Lyons who came ahead of me. I have with me the young Irish priest, and Father Domergue, whom you saw. I could not get Father Bouchet, as his bishop would not let him go, at least for the present. Bishop Lamy wrote me that he would return in May, and this will be a good opportunity for you to send me, if possible, 10,000 or 12,000 francs. I had to borrow money at high interest to finish my house.—(To the same, April 20, 1870).

I am happy to be able to tell you that Father Raverdy will probably go to Europe in the autumn, or the beginning of winter. He has now been ten years laboring with zeal and courage in Colorado—in the valley, in the mountains and everywhere. A stay in France, in Belgium, perhaps in Germany, but surely in Rome, without forgetting Auvergne, where I know he will be received as he deserves for all the services which he has rendered to me as a veritable friend—all this will bring back his strength and enable him, perhaps, to recruit a few new laborers and some additional means for our immense Diocese of Colorado. For a long time I hesitated to dispense, even for a short time, with his services and his vigilance. I was afraid. But Providence is working out things slowly, yet favorably.



OLD CATHEDRAL AT DENVER.

It is true that I have many embarrassments and contradictions. I could not get Father Bouchet of Louisville. His Bishop has learned to appreciate him and will not give him up at present. Upon starting for Europe the Bishop told him that he would, perhaps, grant the permission if he could get a good number of priests there for his diocese. You see, then, that his coming rests only on a *perhaps*.

A young German student, almost ready to be ordained, let himself be frightened at the thought of the dangers and difficulties of the ministry here and refused to come. Among five or six priests of different nationalities who offered themselves, I chose two who were well recommended, but I found that they could not be relied upon, and I was obliged to send them away after I had spent about \$300 upon them. Even my young priest, Domergue, played an ugly trick upon me. While waiting his turn for a place in the Mexican portion of the Diocese, he became discouraged and ran away with the intention of joining the Trappists. The Bishop of Omaha stopped him and sent him back to me, ashamed and repentant. He is good and pious, but he has too little confidence in himself. In a few days I shall take him and place him as an assistant in a good Mexican parish.

Father Bourion, whom I sent among the Mormons, could not get a living there and has returned. I intend to send him to Central City and bring Father Raverdy to Denver as my man of confidence, and as soon as I can find some one to fill his place he will start for Europe. I am delighted with the young Irish priest; he sings mass, hears confessions and preaches well, but he cannot yet replace Father Raverdy for the affairs of the Diocese.

The railroad is finished as far as Denver, to the great joy of every one. My brick house is also finished and I have been in it for six weeks.—(To his sister, July 2, 1870).

Upon my return from my last pastoral visit two weeks ago, I found your letter awaiting me. After offering the mass for the safety of your community I imagined myself transported in spirit into your midst and addressing you a few words of consolation and hope. Courage! May God direct the consequences of this terrible war! Anarchy is hidden behind the mask of this republic of France where republicanism is so badly understood. I hope that your pious sanctuary may not be profaned, and that Divine Providence and our good Mother may protect the Church of France, its clergy and its faithful people, and its

pious communities now occupied, I am sure, in doing violence to heaven by their prayers, their good works and their penances.—(To the same, Sept. 23, 1870).

I begin by felicitating you upon the end of this frightful war. But what humiliating and fearful disasters for our poor France! Let us hope that the precious and innocent victims immolated by the rage of the impious may satisfy, at least in part, the justice of God, and mark an end to the misfortunes of France and of the Church. Let us all humble ourselves and pray earnestly that God may deign to re-establish order and peace.—(To the same, June 6, 1871).

We see here an indication of the great interest Bishop Machebeuf still took in French affairs. It is true that the whole world was watching the course of events in France, and Frenchmen everywhere were more or less anxious, but Bishop Machebeuf's primitive loyalty to his native land had never been overshadowed by any other allegiance, and his interest was therefore very keen in the events transpiring there. He loved America for its spirit of fairness to every man and to every religion; he admired it for its enterprise and progress, and he extolled its religious policy far above that of France, yet France was always his mother, and he never withdrew himself from her influences or became indifferent to her welfare. When among the Mexicans, whom he loved as children and of whom he was never tired of speaking, it might seem that he would get farthest away from France and willingly assimilate a congenial atmosphere, but here it was that he was most thoroughly French. Here the main sources of his most successful work were from France, and his most intimate companions were his French brother priests, and with these only could he

unbend from the seriousness of his labors and business, and in lighter vein talk of their common home and friends. With their voices his own often blended while they sang the sacred hymns of their childhood, alternated with the folk-songs of their native land and the Marsellaise.

It was even said that he had some French prejudices in the administration of his diocese. This would not be altogether unnatural, for his great dependence during the first years of his episcopacy was upon France, and although he often met with great disappointments from that source, it must be said that his early experiences with other nationalities, both among the clergy and the laity, were not of the kind to create any special predilection in their favor. Let the accusation pass now—it was generally made by parties with interested motives—he never meditated injustice, or acted with any but the best intentions in dealing with men of all nations. It is just possible that he may have heeded too strongly the advice of others who had deeper prejudices.

From the time of his return from France, Bishop Machebeuf had been trying to be relieved of the burden which the care of Utah imposed upon him. He wrote to the Holy Father upon the matter, to the Prefect of the Propaganda and to several American bishops of the Council, who, in turn, proposed to other American bishops to take upon themselves the responsibility. None wished to do so until Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco agreed to provide for it, and thus Utah was added to his ecclesiastical

province in 1871. This action on the part of Archbishop Alemany brought about a correspondence which gave Bishop Machebeuf an "occasion to admire his zeal and devotedness," and created a lasting friendship.

The transfer of Utah brought the return of a priest, Father John Foley, from Salt Lake City to Denver, and with him as pastor, Bishop Machebeuf organized the mission of Georgetown, which had hitherto been attended only occasionally from Central City or Denver. This was the second parish outside of Denver in the northern half of the diocese to receive a resident priest, and Golden City followed next, when Father McGrath was sent there in the spring of 1872. A priest was sent to Pueblo in 1871, but the Catholics were too few to support him and he was sent elsewhere.

In the southern part of the diocese the parishes on the Conejos, the Culebra and Cucharas rivers were growing, and Trinidad was so flourishing that, in 1870, a convent and school were established by the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati. At the end of 1871 Bishop Machebeuf had eight priests laboring among the Spanish missions of the south, and five among the English speaking Catholics in the northern half of the diocese. Others had come—and gone; all were not to stay, but the number was not to diminish now that permanent stations were appointed for them. He had also four young men studying for the Colorado missions—Henry Robinson at Cape Girardeau, almost ready for ordination; Nicholas C.

Matz at Cincinnati, one in Minnesota, and another at Bardstown, Kentucky. The Convent of Loretto had twelve Sisters.

There were still many small settlements and mining camps outside of these missions, which were attended from Denver, and the more distant and difficult of them were generally attended by Bishop Machebeuf himself. Towards the close of 1871 he wrote:

Things are taking shape, but at great expense, and my means are so limited. I could organize two more parishes if I had the means and the priests. I am almost continually absent except during Lent. The good Father Raverdy is my secretary. He is administrator in my absence, and my man of business to keep my books and regulate my accounts. When I return from one missionary trip I send him out on another. As soon as I can spare him he will take a trip to Europe. The voyage will do him good, and the consolation of seeing his parents whom he left twelve years ago will, I hope, have the effect of making him a well and strong man again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Growth of Denver.—Father Raverdy Vicar General.—Proposed Jesuit College.—St. Joseph's Hospital.—Coming of the Jesuits.—Priests in Pueblo, South Park, Boulder and Colorado Springs.—Father Raverdy in Europe.—Father Bourion's Prize Drawing.—Great Fire at Central City.—General View.—Consecration to the Sacred Heart.—Bad Times.—Loans.—Sale of Property.—Sisters at Pueblo.—Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Purcell.—Conference of St. Vincent of Paul.—Lake City.—Carriage Upsets.—Smallpox Rages.—New Church at Boulder. Confidence in God.—Trip to St. Louis.—To Santa Fé.—To Cincinnati.—Sisters at Conejos.

That Bishop Machebeuf was a very busy man during these years we may judge from the fact that Father Raverdy was not able to take his contemplated trip to Europe until 1873. The work of the diocese called for both of them until the Bishop could get more help. Denver alone might have kept them and others occupied, for it had grown to be a city of 12,000 inhabitants in 1872, shortly after the arrival of the railroads. The Bishop's description of it may cause a smile today, but the advance was really great at the time (June 22, 1872), and with its streets lighted by gas, and a line of horse cars, Denver did surely put on the "airs of a great city."

Denver has more than doubled its population in two years. We were obliged to transform and enlarge our church by additions to the front and both sides. We hope to extend it in the rear and give it the form of a cross at some future time when we have more means. The Propagation of the Faith sent me but a mere bagatelle in comparison with my needs.

Improvements are going on rapidly in Denver. A rich Irish capitalist, whose wife is a Catholic, has built an immense pump, operated by steam, to furnish water to every part of the

town. Its iron pipes are buried three feet under the principal streets, with hydrants in case of fire, and the lawns, gardens, and houses upon every floor are furnished with water. Our walks, bordered with shrubs and flowers, are sprinkled by means of rubber tubes which a child can handle, and the force of the water is such that a stream can be sent to any part of the yard by merely directing the nozzle. The streets are lined with trees, and the houses with their lawns give beauty and healthfulness, and suggest many other improvements, in which I cannot take part, for only a portion of my house is built, and the location for the rest if I have sown with white clover, which will look nice in a short time. You see that our town is putting on the airs of a great city.

I am absent from Denver a great part of the time while I ought to be here, especially for the preaching. Father McGrath is now pastor in another parish. Father Raverdy, who is now my Vicar General, has great difficulty in speaking, and another young priest whom I ordained a short time ago is yet too timid. I was away all the month of May, and next week I must go again on a trip which will occupy six weeks through the extreme south of Colorado for first communion and confirmation. Sunday at Trinidad, Monday with the Sisters of Charity, and so on. Yet in spite of all these wearing trips with their difficulties and duties, thank God I am in good health.

In the San Luis valley, 200 miles southwest of Denver, we have two parishes, and another will be formed as soon as I have a priest for it. A rich English company which owns 40,000 acres of land in the valley has offered me ground for a college under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, two of whom are already in charge of missions there. I shall meet the Superior there this time and make final arrangements, and when the college is built I shall give them charge of the entire valley, which is cut off from the rest of the Territory by high mountains.

We have also a beautiful plan (on paper) of a hospital at Denver under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. Of the five railroad companies three have offered to help us, and Protestant and Catholic alike will assist us in putting up the first wing of the building. We hope to begin next fall, but I cannot tell yet, as I have so little means and am so busy with other matters. Everywhere it is churches and schools to build or repair, new parishes to start, money to borrow, and I must see to it all myself. Loans into the thousands are now due, the expenses of my students go on, and I do not know where to

turn for help unless some arrangements can be made for a good loan in France.

Here we see some of the plans of Bishop Machebeuf for the future, but the realization of them was to be the work of many years, and then—with such modification of detail that he might have saved himself worlds of trouble if he had but the patience to wait.

Father Raverdy's idea of a hospital at Central City was abandoned when he removed to Denver, although plans were drawn for the building and Sisters had been invited from Leavenworth to assume charge of the work, but the next year Bishop Machebeuf invited them to Denver. For them he made his "beautiful plan (on paper)," but when the Sisters came in 1873, the plan had to be abandoned as unsuitable and beyond their means, after the expense of preparation and the laying of a part of the foundations. Yet the idea was carried out along other lines of detail, and the magnificent St. Joseph's Hospital of Denver is its culmination.

The college was to be built, but not in the San Luis valley, although the Jesuit Fathers came and took charge of the parishes in that district. Conejos was their first parish, and this was the first parish established within the limits of the present Diocese of Denver. It was organized in 1858, with Father Montano as pastor, and he built the first *jacal* or picket church. His successor, Father Vigil, two years later, began a better church, which was finished by Father Michael Rolly, who was pastor from 1866 until 1871.

On the 9th of December, 1871, Father Salvador Persone, S. J., and a lay brother, reached Conejos. Father Persone was the first of the Jesuit Fathers to take up permanent work in Colorado. Two months later he was joined by Father Leone, S. J., and another brother. They then made a visitation of their mission and found about 3,000 souls in twenty-five different *placitas* in a territory 120 miles long and 25 miles wide.

This shows what Bishop Machebeuf's work was when he visited his Mexican parishes. This and the other parishes were so large that the presence of the parish priest was often necessary in other parts of the parish, and the Bishop had generally to make his visitations alone. The Jesuit Fathers had 2,500 confessions the first year, and Bishop Machebeuf could have had but little less on his visits, for it was his custom to make everyone go to confession when he said mass in a settlement.

The parish of the Seven Dolors was established in 1869 for the Mexican settlers on the Cucharas and Huerfano rivers, but between that and Denver, a distance of 175 miles, there was no priest until Father Pinto, S. J., took charge of the lower half of this territory in 1872, with headquarters at Pueblo. In 1874 the Jesuits succeeded Father Munnecom in the mission of Trinidad. The same year Father Robinson took charge of the South Park and tributary missions, and the following year priests were located for the first time at Colorado Springs and Boulder City. These arrangements covered pretty

well the settled territory of the diocese, and placed the advantages of religion within easier reach of all the faithful.

Few of these missions in the beginning were able to support a priest and provide the means to build a church and a shelter for their pastor. They were able and willing to do something in that way, and they generally planned and began improvements which they were unable to finish. In their difficulties they always turned to Bishop Machebeuf for assistance, and his diaries show that he was constantly helping one or another of them by donations to the priest or church, by loans made to them—often not paid back—or by signing notes which in many cases he had to pay. This naturally kept him in debt, and debt was the great cause of all his worries. The visit of Father Raverdy to Europe, and his prolonged stay of nearly the entire year 1873, were principally for the purpose of procuring funds, and Bishop Machebeuf hoped for much from his efforts. He says:

I thank God a thousand times for having given me such a co-laborer. What a comfort he has been to me in my loneliness and troubles! What a void in the house and in the parish, and how painfully I feel his absence! But I ought to accept the privation—his voyage has for its end only the greater glory of God. I have confidence that my dear patron and faithful provider, St. Joseph, will dispose everything for the best.

Father Raverdy succeeded in getting some additional help from the Propagation of the Faith, and donations of many things for the mission churches from other sources, but in the great matter of a loan of money he got no encouragement in France, on



Genl. B. Baverdy

account, as he says, of the unsettled condition of the country and the unwillingness of capitalists to invest in securities so far away and so little known.

In his necessities Bishop Machebeuf was the more willing to catch at straws, and, with the best of faith, he allowed his name to be connected with a grand prize-drawing at Central City, in which the first prize was to be the finest hotel in the place. The proceeds, over the expenses, were to go towards building a church, school, etc. Father Bourion was the prime mover, and was very enthusiastic over the plan, but, unfortunately, the treasurer proved to be a rogue and decamped with the funds when the scheme was only well under way. No responsibility rested on the Bishop, and no real blame should have been attached to him, but he was made to suffer from the criticisms of many who had bought tickets. The worst feature for him was that plans had been made, and partly carried out, for the building of a church and school on a large scale, and thus an additional debt was thrown upon him.

A new church was necessary at Central City, for the old one was burned in the fire which destroyed the greater portion of the town on May 23, 1873. The school building was completed, but the church never rose above a costly basement, which was roofed in and served as a church for twenty years, when a new church was built and the old basement demolished.

Great as were the difficulties of Bishop Machebeuf, he bore up under them and carried his burdens

with the help of his friends and his own inexhaustible ingenuity in finding ways to satisfy his creditors for the time being. His financial trials, however, did not seem to abate his ardor in planning new establishments for the advancement of religion, or in organizing new parishes, all of which became an additional drain upon his slender resources. During these years his work is best traced by his own hand. Here is his outline of it:

I cannot give you an idea of the growth of the Church in Colorado that would be equal to the fact. Many times I have wished to write to the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and I could tell them so many things that would interest the associates, but it was impossible. At the time of my last voyage to France we had but three parishes in the south and two in the north. Today there are five in the north and material for ten in the south. While I was in France, Father Raverdy was for a time all alone to attend to Denver and the mountains; now, thanks to God, we have in Denver, besides Father Raverdy, two young priests who speak our three languages, and I am expecting another. Our boarding school of Loretto has a good number of pupils, and we opened our College of St. Joseph last September under the direction of a very experienced French priest. However, it is only in its infancy and has as yet no great resources, but they will come in time, and our three professors will then be better paid. Our hospital is going up slowly but surely, and while waiting for it the Sisters occupy a rented house.

At Central City the old church, residence and Sisters' house were burned in 1873, but a stone church is being built, and a three-story convent is finished upon a hill dominating the town. The cost was great and we must mortgage the convent as security for a loan we are about to make. At Denver I would complete my house—the present “episcopal palace” is only the dining room, kitchen and servants' quarters—only I dread the additional debt. I shall be obliged to sell a beautiful piece of ground near the church which I have kept for fifteen years for a college or seminary. The city will buy it for a city hall, or a court house, or some public building. The Sisters of Charity at Trinidad are succeeding very well in a mixed American and

Mexican population. I promised to go down to their distribution of prizes at the end of June.

You have no doubt learned that Santa Fé has been made an Archbishopric, and our Province is a little Auvergne, for the Archbishop, his two suffragans and three-fourths of the priests are Auvergnats. Another piece of news that will interest you is that on the Sunday after the feast of the Sacred Heart, the Diocese of Denver was consecrated to this Divine Heart of Jesus. I wrote a pastoral letter in English and Spanish to prepare all the missions for the ceremony of consecration.

Immediately after the confirmation here in June I shall begin again my long pastoral visits towards the west and south. Last year on one of these trips I traveled over 800 miles and crossed thirteen counties.—(To his sister, May 14, 1875.)

The past year has been a bad one. There were many failures of banks and business houses, and the grasshoppers destroyed our crops. These misfortunes have brought on a stagnation in business, and consequent hard times. Our poor Catholics suffer like everybody else, and many have been obliged to go elsewhere for work. Yet I have done something, for I have succeeded by loans from two New York companies in reducing my interest from 18 per cent to 12 and 10 per cent. An old parishioner of mine in New Mexico, Don Jose Perea, loaned me \$7,000, and \$3,000 more for the Sisters of Loretto. His name is Joseph and mine is Joseph, and we were in the month of St. Joseph, so it looks as if my Patron Saint had something to do with it. In the same month I won a suit in the Supreme Court for the title to a block of ground I am reserving for a cathedral. Yet God's plans are sometimes different from ours. Our College of St. Joseph is closed, leaving a deficit of \$500 or \$600 which I must pay.

I have sold my block of ground to the county for a court house, and received \$18,000 for it, but I used the amount immediately to pay some of my debts.

When I was at Sandusky, Bishop Rappe said to me: "My dear sir, on Saturday and Sunday I am priest and bishop to confess, preach, officiate, etc.; on Monday and the rest of the week I am banker, contractor, architect, mason, collector, in a word, a little of everything." I did not fully understand the remark then, but it exactly describes my position in Colorado, where everything must be built up from the bottom. I wonder I am not sick, but I have not the time. A real American has no time to be sick, no time to eat or sleep, no time for anything except the "go ahead."

Last year I organized another parish at Boulder with an excellent young German priest, ordained at Baltimore. He is poor, but satisfied with his place. There is no house or church, but I gave part of the money and went security for more to build on ground which I had secured some time before. A new school has also been opened by the Sisters of Loretto at Pueblo, and they will buy a house with the money I borrowed from my old friend at Albuquerque. Three Jesuit Fathers are doing good work there now, and three more will be located at Trinidad to take charge of all the south.

The Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Purcell will take place at Cincinnati on May 21. I shall probably go, as will Archbishop Lamy also, and I shall go on to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. In November I shall have two Jesuit Fathers come to Colorado to preach the Jubilee. This may seem late, but we have taken advantage of the year of extension accorded by the Holy Father.

We have established a Conference of St. Vincent of Paul, and it is working well under the direction of Father Raverdy, who also directs the Confraternity of the Living Rosary. Our two Sodalities for young people, numbering sixty members, are in charge of an Irish priest recently ordained at Baltimore.— (To the same, April 21, 1876).

Before telling you the news of poor Colorado I want to thank you and Marius and all the friends for the many things sent me. They were safely brought to me by my young American priest from St. Sulpice, and I wish also to thank you for the kind attentions shown him upon the occasion of his visit among you.

I was very much interested in reading the little book with the sketches of your deceased religious, especially of the good Mother Fournier, who was superior when I was at the seminary. Every time I use the beautiful alb which she made for me I remember her at the mass. I reserve it for feast days at the Sisters' chapel, where I say mass every week-day at six o'clock. Father Raverdy is chaplain there, at least in name, for he is so busy at the Cathedral that he goes there but once a week on the day when he hears the Sisters' confessions. The young priest attends the missions around Denver and along the railroads.

You ask me if I know Mr. Eugene Gaussoin, a Belgian? Indeed I do, and very intimately. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Colorado and afterwards a senator.

While in Denver he often came to see me and dined with us. He was highly respected by the Americans, and he rendered me great service in the legislature. He lives on the Las Animas, or Purgatoire, river, about a hundred miles from Trinidad and thirty-five miles from the village of Las Animas. On my last trip to the southeast I visited him, and celebrated the feast of the Immaculate Conception at the house of one of his sons whom I had married to an estimable Mexican lady. They have fine places and are heavy dealers in cattle. They will be agreeably surprised to learn that by the roundabout workings of the laws of marriage we are almost relations. I shall be pleased to remit any letters to them which Madame Guaseo or Mr. Brosson may send them in my care.

At Denver the news is both good and bad. Money is scarce, and I need it worse than ever to pay interest and church debts, and my own personal obligations for ground bought for churches, schools, etc.

I am just back from my first visit to a new town called Lake City. It is only two years old, but it has 2,500 inhabitants. It is nearly 300 miles from Denver, and from the valley of the Rio Grande I was four days in reaching it, crossing high mountains and camping out every night towards the end of October. The roads and bridges were very bad and we were liable to accident at every step. One day as I was returning from a visit across the high range where the road was really dangerous, everything went well owing to our great carefulness until the danger seemed to be past. My driver was a young man from Denver, Albert Gerspach, and in the buggy with me was Father Hayes, a man six feet high and built in proportion. Coming down a little incline, not more than fifteen feet high, the buggy ran into the horses, crowding them to the edge of the precipice and pitching us over upon the rocks. I was on the lower side, and in falling Father Hayes came down upon me. He was greatly alarmed and asked me if I was hurt. I answered that I would tell him if he would get up and give me a chance to find out. Through the protection of the Archangel Raphael, whose mass I had said that morning, I escaped with only a few scratches on my nose, and they were well in a few days. The top of the buggy was broken into a thousand pieces. It happened in the sight of a house of a good German with whom we were going to stop, and he saw the accident and came with others to help us out. He was so kind that he sent the buggy to his own blacksmith shop and had it repaired at his own expense—\$30. Until my own

buggy was repaired this good man took me in his wagon to visit all the Catholics in that section. My buggy was a new one given me by a good friend in Denver, but the horses I bought, and as usual, upon credit.

This was not the only instance I had of the protection of St. Raphael, for the smallpox was raging, especially among the children of the Mexicans, and my boy-driver and I had often to eat and sleep in the very room where three or four were sick, and it might be one or two dead, but we never had the slightest symptoms of the disease.

During this trip of three months ending just before Christmas—traveling 1,500 miles—over mountains and through valleys and plains—in sunshine, in rain and in snow—sometimes transfixed with cold in the conveyance—I returned home fatigued but in good health, and the next Sunday I was officiating and preaching as usual. I was even told that I had grown fat, but “that is to laugh,” for I am as thin as ever, yet more vigorous than half of my young priests. Two of them in poor health left me the past year, one to go to Germany and the other to California. But I have received five others who have come to Colorado for their health. The climate of Colorado is becoming known for its salubrity and many people are coming here for its beneficial effects.

In 1869 I had but three priests, now I have twenty-three. Archbishop Lamy asked me to let him have some of those from the south, as Father Truchard is alone at the cathedral of Santa Fé, and I could not refuse him. He gave me Father Ussel, who is now in a fine parish in Colorado.

I was surprised last week to find a neat church and residence at Boulder, due partly to the generosity of a pious lady convert, who also directs the choir and plays the organ.

Thus you see the life of a missionary, and how Providence protects him in all sorts of dangers. Why should we fear sickness and death? We are at the service of a Master Who disposes of us for His glory. We have only to be faithful and obedient and He will do the rest. Help me to thank Him for His numberless benefits.—(To the same, Jan. 29, 1878).

Bishop Machebeuf generally began his letters to the members of his family by excusing himself for his long delay in writing, alleging press of business, innumerable calls, and almost constant travel on his

missions. When he was at home the calls upon him were so numerous that he announced publicly from the altar that he would receive no callers in the forenoon. Like many other announcements from the altar, this was not heard, or at least little heed was paid to it, and when we add the work which he merely indicates to that which he expressly describes, we have a picture of a very busy life. Nor was his work, although for the diocese, all confined within its limits. He never left the diocese for mere recreation, and seldom for ceremony only.

In 1874 we find him in St. Louis in the financial interests of the diocese, and at the same time he takes advantage of the occasion to refresh himself spiritually by a retreat of eight days at the noviciate of the Jesuits at Florissant.

In 1875 he went to Santa Fé to take part in the brilliant ceremony of conferring the pallium upon Archbishop Lamy. We condense here a report of this ceremony from Father Defouri's "Catholic Church in New Mexico":

The old Cathedral was entirely too small for the occasion, and it was arranged to have the ceremony take place in the court of the College of San Miguel. The place was large and the surrounding porticos would give protection from the sun.

The 16th of June was one of our spring days here—clear and calm. At the break of day the roar of the cannon aroused the faithful. Immediately the band of the College of San Miguel entered the garden of the Archbishop and began discoursing sweet music. At nine o'clock the procession was formed at the Cathedral—the clergy, Bishops and Archbishop, and religious societies followed by a vast multitude of people—and proceeded to the grounds of the College.

At ten o'clock Pontifical Mass was commenced by Bishop

Machebeuf, while before the altar stood the Archbishop, assisted by Fathers Eguillon and Gasparri. Bishop Salpointe, who was delegated to confer the pallium, had an elevated seat on the epistle side. After the Gospel the Very Rev. P. Eguillon addressed the people in Spanish, and after the mass Bishop Machebeuf spoke in English. These sermons produced a profound impression upon the hearers, both Americans and Mexicans.

The day was spent in general rejoicing, and in the evening a grand illumination took place throughout the city. In front of the Cathedral were four beautiful transparencies representing Pius IX, Archbishop Lamy, and Bishops Machebeuf and Salpointe. Speeches were made in English and Spanish, and a torchlight procession terminated the celebration.

At the Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Purcell, in 1876, Bishop Machebeuf was the official representative of the Province of Santa Fé, for Archbishop Lamy did not find it convenient to attend. On this occasion Archbishop Purcell presented Bishop Machebeuf with a beautiful gilt and enameled chalice and cruets to match, as a token of lasting esteem and affection for his zealous little missionary of thirty years before.

Bishop Machebeuf extended this trip to Baltimore and Philadelphia—incidentally visiting the Exposition,—New York, Cleveland, Marquette, Milwaukee, Chicago and St. Louis, everywhere seeking in some way to find an opportunity of advancing the material or spiritual condition of his diocese. At Chicago he arranged for the Jesuits to come and give missions in Colorado, and at St. Louis he secured a colony of the Sisters of St. Joseph to take charge of his new academy at Central City, which had been vacated by a previous order of Sisters who

were frightened away by the heavy debt, and left it standing, as Bishop Machebeuf said, "very beautiful, very large, and very empty."

Upon his return from this trip Bishop Machebeuf set out again on one of his pastoral visits. At Trinidad he gave confirmation to 260 persons on Sunday, Sept. 3, 1876. The next day news was brought to him of the sad death that day of the Rev. Louis Merle, pastor of Walsenburg. Father Merle had set out from Walsenburg to meet Bishop Machebeuf at Trinidad, but his conveyance was overturned on the way, and in the accident Father Merle was caught in the wreck and his neck was broken. He lived a few hours in a unconscious condition, tenderly, but in vain, cared for by his traveling companion.

The Bishop and several priests went to Walsenburg for the funeral, and then charging the Jesuits with the care of Walsenburg for the time he set out for Santa Fé to obtain a priest from Archbishop Lamy, to whom he might confide the parish so rudely deprived of its pastor. In this mission Bishop Machebeuf was more successful than he scarcely dared to hope. Archbishop Lamy yielded to him the Rev. Gabriel Ussel, and when the history of the parishes of Colorado is written, Father Ussel and his work of over thirty years at Walsenburg will fill a long and edifying chapter.

Bishop Machebeuf returned by the way of Conejos, continuing his pastoral work and arriving at Walsenburg, Saturday, Oct. 14. The following

day he installed Father Ussel as pastor in the parish where thirty years later he celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood, and where he will live and be loved for many years yet if the prayers of his countless friends avail before God.

In 1875, three Sisters of Loretto went from Denver to Pueblo and opened a school in a little wooden building which they rented. In a few months they moved to a small brick cottage where they took a few boarders, and not long afterwards they bought a half-block of ground upon which was a brick house of four small rooms. Here they moved their pupils, and for a time these four rooms served as living and study rooms during the day, and as sleeping rooms when beds were spread upon the floor at night and removed next morning. From this humble beginning the Loretto Academy of Pueblo grew into its magnificent proportions of to-day.

The second branch from the Loretto Academy of Denver was established at Conejos under better conditions. A very modest house was being prepared for them there when, at the close of a very successful mission given in the parish by Father Gasparri, S. J. in April, 1876, it was suggested that the Sisters' house be made larger and completed as a memorial of the mission. A number of the various *placitas* agreed each to build a room and in a short time a house of ten rooms was finished. The Sodality of Christian Mothers of the parish supplied the most necessary articles of furniture and put in a stock of provisions sufficient for a month, besides

getting donations of calves, sheep and chickens. The school was opened in September, 1877, by three Sisters, one of whom, Sister Fara, died of smallpox, Jan. 5, 1878. Of her Bishop Machebeuf says: "She offered herself as a victim to appease the divine justice and obtain a cessation of the plague." This Sisters' school has also the unique privilege of being the public school, and during all these years one or other of the Jesuit Fathers has been a member of the school board. President Snyder of the State Normal School at Greeley pays the Sisters the well-merited compliment of a place in his report, and adds: "The Catholic Sisters are among the first teachers of the land."

When the Jesuits took charge of Conejos and Trinidad with their outlying missions, the priests formerly in charge did not care to begin again the labor of acquiring a new language, and Fathers Rolly, Guyot, Percevault, Domergue and Garassu went to New Mexico, and Father Munnecom retired to Holland. The work, however, in time became too heavy for the small number of Jesuits available, and the field was divided and a portion given to Rev. J. H. Brinker and Rev. J. B. Pitaval. In 1888, the Jesuits again assumed full charge, with mission centers at Conejos, Trinidad and Del Norte. Their church at Del Norte was the first church to be consecrated in the Diocese of Denver.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Rise of Leadville.—Father Robinson.—Church and Hospital.—St. Elizabeth's Church in Denver.—Sacred Heart Church.—Bishop Goes to Rome.—Settling Difficulties.—New Residence.—St. Patrick's Church.—St. Joseph's.—St. Ann's, New Church in Pueblo.—Hospital.—Aspen Mission.—Orphan Asylum.—Good Shepherd's Refuge.—Sisters of Mercy.—French Bonds.—Colorado Catholic Loan and Trust Association.—Jesuit College.—Goes to the Council of Baltimore.—Consecration of Bishop Bourgade.—Golden Jubilee.—Franciscans.—Love for Mexicans.—Opinion of Father Matz.—The Mexicans.

The year 1878 saw the beginning of a season of greater prosperity for Colorado, for it was the year of the opening of the mines in the great camp of Leadville on the slope of California Gulch. The romance of gold still lingered around the diggings which had given up fortunes fifteen years before, and a few sanguine miners tarried on with the vague hope that they might find a treasure in some overlooked pocket of nature from which they might fill their own pockets. Until now it was a long and toilsome search for gold, and the persevering prospectors, with an eye only for gold, were forced to remove at the cost of much hard labor rocks and earth of every formation which did not show signs of the coveted metal. This waste and troublesome material in California Gulch was of a strange character, but it carried no gold and was considered valueless. Only in 1876 did anyone think of examining scientifically this apparently waste material, and then it was found to be rich in lead and silver carbonates.

In 1877 a few more prospectors were drawn to the district by the report of the new discoveries, but in May 1878, when a few poor miners combined their interests and sold their claims for the fabulous sum of \$250,000, Leadville became famous, and the story of all new mining camps began to be re-enacted upon a vast scale. The history of Leadville is, however, but an incident in the life of Bishop Machebeuf, and only as such do we touch upon it.

Since 1874 Father Robinson had been in charge of the South Park missions and the upper districts along the Arkansas and Blue rivers. The labor was hard, the spiritual fruits were small and the material results were still less. The missionary made a living,—that is, he did not starve, but he was obliged to work for every meal.

When Leadville was founded Father Robinson was on the ground looking out for the interests of the Church, and among the first buildings to go up was a Catholic church, and this was almost immediately followed by a hospital in charge of the Sisters of Charity, whom he introduced into that wild camp. Of this wonderful camp, and of other matters nearer home, Bishop Machebeuf, in February 1879, speaks thus:

It is my fixed determination to go to Europe this year if I can possibly get away. But you cannot form an idea of the manner in which new work comes up to demand my attention and occupy my time. Just now it is the enthusiasm, the fever, and I might almost say, the madness of the crowds coming from all parts of the United States, of every nationality, and every shade of religious belief, and of no belief at all except in money, all bound for Leadville, the new silver mining camp, which out-

rivals, at least on paper, the richest mines of California and Nevada. The camp is only a few months old, but already there are 15,000 people there, and there will be 30,000 before next winter. Some of the mines are reported to be producing as high as \$4,000 a day.

We have a church at Leadville, but it is much too small. The Catholics come, but the crowd is such that one-half of the people strive to hear mass kneeling in the cold and snow outside the church in the street. I have only one priest there, one whom I ordained in 1872, and he is badly in need of an assistant, but I have none to send him. We have also established a hospital there with five Sisters of Charity, and they are overburdened with work.

At Denver last fall we built a brick business block, 50x75. The lower story is rented for stores, and above we have assembly rooms for all our societies, and for a flourishing parish school which is now taught by the Sisters of Loretto.

I have also a Prussian exile priest to whom I have given the care of the Germans in Denver, and I have applied to the Franciscans for two priests to establish a house of their order and a parish here, and then, too, I expect two Jesuit Fathers soon to found a parish in Denver and later to build a college. If all these enterprises do not prevent me I shall go to France, and to Rome to make my report after ten years and offer my homages to Leo XIII.

Bishop Machebeuf's prophecy in regard to Leadville was fully realized, and its subsequent history is well known. The Bishop visited it again in May, and he tells us of his visit in a later letter.

His work in Denver was progressing. Father Wagner was his Prussian exile but he did not remain in Colorado long, and Bishop Machebeuf called the Rev. Frederick Bender from Colorado Springs to take up the work among the Germans, and soon he had the parish of St. Elizabeth well organized and the members attending mass in a neat little church of their own.

Three Jesuits instead of two came that summer,

and, with Father Guida as pastor, established the parish of the Sacred Heart in the eastern portion of the city, opening a temporary chapel, Sept. 12, in the parlors of their own residence recently purchased. Such were the beginnings of the second and third parishes in Denver, and the riches of Leadville brought such prosperity and growth to Denver that other parishes were soon necessary. The advance then obtained has never been seriously checked, and the church has kept pace with it, and the end is not yet.

September 22, 1878, Bishop Machebeuf wrote to his venerable sister the last of this long series of letters which have come into our hands, and shortly after, as he intended, started on his visit to Europe which was to occupy all of the next year.

Very Dear Sister:

I have just returned from a second trip of six weeks among the highest mountains that I have visited in Colorado. They are in the southwestern part of the state near the borders of New Mexico, and many new mines have been opened among them. I was there at the end of April, but I could not visit all of them then on account of the deep snow. I then turned in another direction and went to the new town of Leadville, which has now 25,000 inhabitants. There is but one church there, and it is entirely too small. While I was preaching the people filled the church, stood upon the platform of the altar, and even out in the streets, although a heavy snow was falling, and it was in the month of May. The priest has begun a large church and will convert the old one—only a year old!—into a school. He built a hospital and it was too small before it was plastered, and he was obliged to make it twice as large. There are seven Sisters in it, but the work is too heavy for so few, and the Superior has fallen seriously ill.

At Denver I have received several priests who have come to Colorado for their health. One of these is a priest with whom I stopped several times in Cincinnati, and in less than three

months he has built a neat church in the western part of Denver. The church was opened for services yesterday. In the east end of the city the Jesuit Fathers are building a church and school. Three parishes in Denver, a population of 30,000 and increasing daily!

In a very short time I shall see you, and then I can speak to you of the progress of our holy religion in Colorado. I am preparing to start during the month of November. Then, au revoir, and pray for your brother.

The zeal of Bishop Machebeuf, either as a priest or as a bishop, never flagged. His purpose was ever single—to save souls and advance the interests of the Church, his work was always in this direction and his activity was unceasing. In all these things he was above criticism. His mistakes—and who has not made mistakes?—came from his very virtues. His heart was too big and his confidence in men and things was too great. His difficulties, as we have had ample occasion to see, were principally financial. His embarrassment was known to the clergy and hierarchy throughout the country, and they spoke of his liabilities without seeming to know anything about his assets. The rumors did not fail to reach Rome, and when Bishop Machebeuf arrived there he found a less cordial reception than he had expected. It was a long time, also, before the Roman Court could understand the situation, which, at best, was a tangled one.

While waiting for Rome to investigate and learn the facts of his case, Bishop Machebeuf retired to France among his own people. While there, with the advice of friends, he evolved a plan which he hoped would relieve the difficulty. It was to issue

bonds on the diocesan properties and his personal holdings, and dispose of them upon the French market. Thus he hoped to raise money enough to pay off all his indebtedness, and later he would redeem these bonds with the proceeds of property sales and various other diocesan revenues. The plan was specious, and the bonds were issued and placed in the hands of agents in Paris.

After months of waiting Bishop Machebeuf was called again to Rome for further information and explanation. Rome recognized his difficulties and the possible weakness which had led him into them, but it could not doubt his zeal and disinterestedness. While waiting for a solution of the affair Bishop Machebeuf thought to cut the Gordian knot and simplify matters by offering his resignation. Rome, however, refused to listen to such a proposition. He should remain in office, and a coadjutor would be given to him, who would bear a part of his burdens and give him the benefit of wise and cool counsel. With this assurance Bishop Machebeuf returned to his diocese and took up again the reins of its government.

During the Bishop's absence Denver had kept up its growth, and the rest of the state was showing signs of an equally rapid improvement. His friends at home thought that this was ample justification for completing the episcopal residence, and when he returned he found his old plan of a house carried out and a new building nearly ready for occupancy. Here again the Bishop's credit was called upon, for

only a small portion of the cost had been raised from other sources.

The growth of Denver made another parish necessary and St. Patrick's was established in 1881. Two years later St. Joseph's and St. Ann's were organized—the latter subsequently re-named The Annunciation. Outside of Denver Bishop Machebeuf found the need of sending a priest to Breckenridge, from which place he might also attend the former missions of Father Robinson who found an abundance of work in Leadville where the mining excitement was still unabated.

Pueblo also had grown, and the new parish of St. Patrick was organized in 1882 by the Jesuit Fathers. The same year the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati came to Pueblo and opened a hospital for the sick. A new town called Aspen was also coming to the front, and in 1883 Bishop Machebeuf sent the Rev. Edward Downey to organize a congregation in that promising camp.

But missionary work and church building were not the only things which appealed to Bishop Machebeuf. His big heart was ever open to the wants of the needy, and he saw around him a growing number of helpless and otherwise unfortunate beings for whom no provision had been made. To provide for the orphans he secured a suitable location in Denver, and under the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth the St. Vincent's Orphanage was opened in 1882. His next care was for the fallen, against whom society closed its doors and thus forced to re-

main outcasts, and for those whose feet were at the head of the slippery path leading to the precipice. For this purpose he visited St. Louis in 1883, and obtained a colony of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who came to Denver, Sept. 18, 1883, and opened a refuge. The five acres upon which the various buildings of their fine institution now stand were his gift, and he helped them in every way possible.

For the further care of the sick he sent the Sisters of Mercy among the mines of the southwestern part of the state in 1882, and induced the Sisters of the Franciscan Order to take charge of the Union Pacific Hospital in 1884. All these works crowded Bishop Machebeuf and, with his visitations of the diocese and other duties, made him a very busy man, besides rendering it impossible for us to give them more than a passing notice. Their present condition shows their magnificent development as time passed.

Let us now return to Bishop Machebeuf's financial affairs. The business of his French bonds he had entrusted to men who passed as professional agents for bishops in need of funds, but in this case they proved to be but little better than professional thieves. The bonds found ready sale, but the agents failed to make correct returns, and the Bishop was obliged to send Father Raverdy to Paris in the beginning of 1883 to investigate and regulate the matter. The agents refused satisfaction to Father Raverdy, and the matter was taken to the courts. Little resulted from this, but the further issue of bonds by

the dishonest agents was stopped, and an effort was made to ascertain the whereabouts of the bonds which had been sold. The bond plan, then, resulted in burdening Bishop Machebeuf with additional obligations without the equivalent offset.

In his aggravated situation Bishop Machebeuf determined upon heroic measures. He resolved to make an assignment of the property of the diocese to a corporation specially formed for that purpose, which would also assume all his obligations and thus save him from financial ruin. His debts had been contracted in his endeavors to assist individual churches and missions, and in securing property for diocesan purposes yet unassigned, and as nothing to him was considered purely personal, he judged that the diocese which was to benefit by all the favors should also accept the obligations to which these favors were subject. By reason of various objections, and some strong opposition, this plan was modified so as to include only such properties as were in the Bishop's individual name and to which no particular church organization or other institution could lay any claim.

He called together the most representative business Catholic laymen of Denver, explained the situation to them and asked them to organize such a corporation and assist him over his difficulties. After due consideration each and every one of these men declined a task which did not seem to them to promise a successful issue.

At this juncture several priests of the diocese

came to his relief and organized the Colorado Catholic Loan and Trust Association according to the proposed plan. Interest bearing bonds were issued and sold to large and small investors, and the money used to pay the most importunate of the creditors, and pieces of property were sold for the same purpose as fast as a fair price could be got for them. In this way nothing was sacrificed, and every claim was finally settled and every bond redeemed. It required years to accomplish this, nor was it all done during the lifetime of Bishop Machebeuf, but when it was done there remained a considerable balance to the credit of the diocese. Bishop Machebeuf was never insolvent, but the danger was that some timid or impetuous creditor might start an action which would bring on a crisis, and force the sale of property when there was no market for it.

From the time of the organizing of the Loan and Trust Association Bishop Machebeuf labored with a lightened heart, and the fact that he was practically without means did not prevent him from continuing his efforts on behalf of his older institutions, and of undertaking new establishments. The rapid growth of Colorado made many of these necessary, and Bishop Machebeuf saw an opportuneness in the others. His idea of a college had not died with the failure of his first and second attempts to realize it, and in 1884 he made a third and successful effort.

The Jesuits had opened a college at Las Vegas in New Mexico and were getting a fair portion of

the patronage, but it was from New Mexico almost exclusively, and the fact was that this section could be cared for by the Christian Brothers of Santa Fé. Bishop Machebeuf saw a wider field for them, and the fulfilment of his own hopes, and with the consent of the Archbishop of Santa Fé, he induced them to remove their institution to Colorado. He secured for their first location a large and commodious building at Morrison, 16 miles from Denver, known as the Evergreen Hotel. Here the Fathers brought their students in 1884, much to the joy of Bishop Machebeuf who thus saw another of his cherished wishes realized. A better location was soon secured in Denver itself, and the magnificent new College of the Sacred Heart, opened in 1888, was the successor of the more modest institution at Morrison.

The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore called Bishop Machebeuf away from the diocese for a time in 1884, and this trip was one of more ease, rest and relaxation than any of his previous journeys, for his heart was less pressed by anxiety and he was beginning to see the works and sacrifices of years crystalizing into the solid shapes and forms which his hopes had given to them during all his years of waiting.

In 1885, he was again at Santa Fé assisting at the consecration of Bishop Bourgade of Arizona, and it can also be readily understood that in his condition of comparative freedom from the carking cares which had for years beset him, he enjoyed the occasion, which the people of Santa Fé made a repe-

tion of the magnificent celebration when ten years before their great Archbishop received the insignia of his high office.

Bishop Machebeuf dated his priesthood from 1836, and his year of jubilee was now upon him. For forty-nine years his hand had been on the plow—his only cessation from labor was when sickness made work impossible, and his only vacations were his numerous trips and journeys for the benefit of his field. The fiftieth year was not different from the others, and he would have let it go by like the others had not his friends resolved to make at least one day of it memorable, even in a life as long and as eventful as his.

For the convenience of visitors from a distance the date of the celebration was set for Dec. 16, 1886. Most elaborate preparations were made, and the program was fully carried out. Without giving the details, it consisted of a Solemn Pontifical Mass by the Bishop himself, a jubilee oration by that prince of orators, Rev. H. L. Magevney, a special address from the clergy by Father Matz, one from the laity by the Hon. E. L. Johnson, testimonials in money and tokens, and a public reception which lasted all day and far into the night. The addresses were all that they should be, and breathed the spirit of gratefulness and filial devotion, and a prayer that he might live to sit as Bishop of Denver enthroned in a cathedral worthy of his long labors and of the beautiful city over which he ruled as its spiritual head.

The venerable Bishop was greatly touched, and in reply he referred to his labors as a priest and bishop, saying that it had been his constant aim to seek first the things that were more essentially of God—the care of souls, the instruction of the ignorant, the relief of the suffering, the protection of the orphan and the lifting up of the sinner. For this he had sent out priests and built churches, established houses of education, hospitals and asylums, and had seemingly neglected his cathedral. “After all,” he continued, “a cathedral is a question of money, of stone and of mortar, while my work was, and should have been, a question of souls.” He said that he would rejoice to see the grand Cathedral of their wishes materialized, but he dared scarcely hope for a consummation of their desires during his lifetime. “God knows best. Let His will be done!”

The ordinary work of Bishop Machebeuf during these years was the same as we have already seen, but the growing number of missions made necessary greater efforts to procure priests and build churches, and more constant travel to visit them. For Denver he secured the Franciscan Fathers and gave them charge of St. Elizabeth’s church in 1887, with the care of all the Germans in the city. He then established St. Leo’s church for the English-speaking population rapidly increasing in West Denver, making seven churches in Denver where eight years before there was but one.

In the meanwhile Rome had not given him the promised coadjutor, although he had sent his list

of candidates for the office and was waiting with patient expectance. He had his hopes and preferences, for he knew the peculiar composition of his diocese. The Mexican portion of it was of great importance and constantly growing. A bishop must understand the Mexicans and love them, else, he feared, they would suffer. He loved them and they loved him, and when he was among them he was their father and they were his little children. The Rev. Father Brucker, S. J. gives the following short paragraph on Bishop Machebeuf's love for the Mexicans.

There can be no doubt that Bishop Machebeuf had a very warm spot in his heart for the Mexicans. The reason of this was not only because he had first worked among them in New Mexico as vicar general of Bishop Lamy, but particularly on account of their simple and lively Catholic faith, and, we may add, on account of the childlike manifestations of their love for their Bishop. Upon the occasions of his visitations he enjoyed as much as they did themselves their hearty and generally very noisy display for his reception, when he encountered from 80 to 100 men on horseback riding out two or three miles to meet him, then nearer to the town the various church societies in procession with banners flying, and all this to the accompaniment of song, music and fireworks. He displayed also a wonderful patience with all their peculiar ways. The ceremony of confirmation, for instance, was a very strange sight to American eyes—a hundred or more babies, all crying, and at the same time the Bishop trying to make himself heard, and stopping out of sheer exhaustion to catch his breath.

He would never pass a night at a hotel if there was any sort of a passable Mexican house in the place where he could get accommodations. I well remember one occasion at Del Norte—I wished to take him to the Windsor Hotel, as we had no pastoral residence in the place at that time, but the good Bishop exclaimed: "Ah, let me alone with your Windsor Hotel! I will stay over night with my old friend Don Nereo Montoya." Montoya was a genuine old patriarch and the best Catholic in

the vicinity, but he was not a rich man. So we went to his house, where he gave us the best room he had, but as he had but one room to spare and only one bed in it, we divided the bedding and I slept at the Bishop's feet.

His patience in hearing their confessions was something wonderful, and he would sit for hours until the last one had a chance to go, and he had the same condescending kindness for the little children.

Some months before the official appointment of a coadjutor was made Bishop Machebeuf had private advices from Rome, and was very much pleased with the prospective outcome of the matter. In a heart to heart talk at his own fireside with his old-time friend, the venerable Father Ussel, he said:

Yes, a coadjutor is to be given me. I am getting old, and there is work for two. For some time I feared that Rome might send me an outside man, either a German or an Irishman. Understand, however, that I have no prejudices against these nationalities—the opposite would be nearer the truth—but this far west—in New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado—the population is an amalgamation of all nations, with the Mexican predominant. The clergy is mostly European, yet we are all in America and in time must all be Americanized, and a very special man is required at the head of the Church here. An Eastern man would hardly suit, and Father Eguillon of Santa Fé, of whom you are thinking, would not do. He knows very little English, and he is too old to accommodate himself to conditions here where there are so many Americans and a mixed clergy. He is a saintly man, and his virtues would be appreciated at their full value, but he would not wield the influence which a bishop should have in a community so progressive as we have in Colorado.

I know now who it will be. I have reliable information that it will be Father Matz, and I am glad to think that it is so. I must tell you that he was my choice from the very first. I judged him fit for the place, and I know of no one more worthy of the position. I ordained him and he has always given full satisfaction in both parish and school work. He is well liked by priests and people—a man of study, and easily the peer of any priest in Colorado or New Mexico. Born in Europe, but

identified with America since his early years, he will understand how to deal with the French, the Italian and other European priests in the common laud of their adoption, and he has the advantage of knowing English, French, German and Italian, and sufficient Spanish to treat with the Mexicans. My poor Mexicans will have a father in Father Matz. With all their defects—or rather their simplicity—they have the ardent faith that removes mountains. During all my years in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona I have felt so much at home among these good people, and were it in my power to select I would choose my place as bishop among them. The American, the German and the Irish Catholic is really good, but give me the childlike and incomparable faith of the good Mexican. Father Matz has a good heart, I know him well, and I am sure he will show himself the friend and father of my faithful Mexicans.

It is true that Father Matz is young, but a young man is best for this young diocese, for he will have more energy to push forward the work for more churches, more schools, and for a more early realization of the new cathedral.

We must not misunderstand Bishop Machebeuf's love for the Mexicans,—or rather, we must not misunderstand the Mexicans. These were not of the type built up by Ruxton, nor were they such as Bishop Lamy and Father Machebeuf found them in 1851. Neither were they such as they have almost invariably been represented by later tourists, whose information has been gleaned principally from hand-books of Mexico written in New England—nor as pictured by broken-down, one-horse preachers, whose only chance of a free support is from the sympathy aroused by their tales of imaginary superstitions, ignorance, degradation and barbarism,—nor even as represented by crafty politicians for their own personal ends. Neither, again, should we judge them by the floating specimens met with in the slums of our border cities and towns. We would

grieve to see the American nation judged by similar specimens of its citizens; let us be as fair towards others as we would desire that others should be towards us. The Mexicans of to-day have the benefit of half a century of Americanizing influences, and of Christianizing efforts whose effects their childlike confidence and reverent nature have caused them to drink in as the atmosphere around them. Bishop Machebeuf may have found them poor and comparatively uneducated, but he found them charitable, loving, sincerely religious, simple in their lives and without affectation. Thus he judged them, and his love for them did him honor.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Coadjutor.—Consecration of Bishop Matz.—Continued Work.—Death of Archbishop Lamy.—New Religious Orders of Men and Women.—At Washington.—Accidents.—Sudden Waning of Vitality.—Death.—Surprise and Regret of Everyone.—The Funeral.—Touching Incident.—Death of Father Raverdy.

On June 12, 1887, Bishop Machebeuf received the news from Rome that Father Matz had actually been named as his coadjutor with the right of succession. This news was an indication also that the Vicariate of Colorado was to give way to the Diocese of Denver, and that the title which he had borne for nineteen years as its Vicar Apostolic would be changed for the newer and more regular title of Bishop of Denver. By Brief of August 16, 1887, the anniversary of his consecration, these changes were made, and on August 19, the Bulls were issued constituting the Rev. Nicholas C. Matz “Bishop of Telmessa *in part. inf.* and Coadjutor with the right of succession to the Right Rev. Joseph P. Machebeuf, recently proclaimed Bishop of Denver.”

It was the intention of Bishop-elect Matz to receive episcopal consecration from Bishop Machebeuf, at whose hands he had received the priestly unction, but owing to the presence of Archbishop Salpointe of Santa Fé to take part in the ceremony, Bishop Machebeuf yielded to the etiquette of the circumstances and acted as first assistant consecra-

tor to the Metropolitan. The office of second assistant was filled by the Mitred Abbot Frowenus Conrad, O. S. B. of Conception, Missouri.

The appointment of a coadjutor was not the signal for Bishop Machebeuf to retire from active life. As he had said, there was work for two, and his share in it was as yet the responsible and more active half. The many railroads being built throughout the state made traveling easier for him, but he made his trips more frequent on that account, and it was his custom to send his buggy before him to the end of a line of railroad to enable him to continue his trips into the valleys beyond and over the mountains to the remotest parts of the diocese.

On Feb. 13, 1888, Archbishop Lamy, his lifelong friend and more than brother, was called to receive his eternal crown. The news of his death grieved and saddened Bishop Machebeuf, but he hastened to Santa Fé to pay his last tribute of love to all that was mortal of him who had been the sharer in his labors, in his trials, in his joys and in his affections for fifty years. At the funeral he spoke, if speaking it could be called, through tears and sobs, as only he could speak of the dear dead friend, and he uttered the unconscious prophecy that, as he had now seen the angel come to announce the term of that long life, which was even shorter than his own, his own call would come next, when he would be aggregated to the ever increasing number



RT. REV. NICHOLAS C. MATZ, D. D.

of those whom God was gathering on the shores of eternity.

If Bishop Machebeuf anticipated an early death he did not evince any special fear at its coming, and his preparation for it was like that of St. Aloysius of Gonzaga, for it consisted in a strict and literal fulfilment of the obligations imposed upon him by his position in the Church of God. If possible his care of those under his charge seemed to increase and he visited his churches, schools, hospitals and asylums with greater frequency than ever. He also multiplied them as fast as his resources and influence could come to the aid of circumstances. He called the Benedictine Fathers and the Dominicans and gave them locations in the diocese, and the Benedictine and Franciscan Sisters and placed them in schools and hospitals, and he increased the number of his clergy and renewed and refreshed them by retreats, and by encouraging them to a strict and regularly ordered priestly life as far as the distracting cares and duties of missionary travel would permit. He had lived such a life himself under every possible condition, and he asked no one to do what he had not already done. The details of his work, and the establishment of new churches, schools and other institutions became so numerous that a recital of them would become monotonous, and lead us beyond the scope of biography.

Outwardly Bishop Machebeuf appeared to be in good health, but time was working its inevitable changes. In 1888 he journeyed to Washington to be

present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University, and he seemed surprised to find himself so worn out by the long journey and the long ceremonies. He was obliged to lean upon something for support, and to seek assistance to steady his steps in walking. A dizziness would come over him, much to his surprise, for the premonitions of old age were new to him and he was loth to recognize them. Like most of us, he thought that he could remain young as long as his heart was young, and he never felt that growing old.

It had been jestingly remarked that Bishop Machebeuf would never die in his bed. How nearly that came to being true we shall presently see. His restless activity was such that it would not permit him to remain in bed unless he was seriously ill.

He had several serious attacks of illness during his life, and several accidents which might have been attended with far more serious consequences. In 1863 his limb was broken; in April, 1876, his buggy was upset upon the streets of Denver, and for a week he was perforce an invalid; in October, 1877, he was thrown upon the rocks and his buggy broken to pieces near Lake City; in 1886 he fell into the basement of his own house through a trap-door carelessly left open by the hired man, and his ankle was so badly wrenched that he was confined to his house for weeks with the injured member in a plaster cast, and just before Easter, 1889, in turning to avoid a street-car while driving in Denver with Bishop Burgess of Detroit, the wheel of his buggy caught in

the rail of the track and was broken, and he was thrown out with such force that he was picked up bruised and bleeding profusely from injuries to his head and arm.

Apparently these shocks were but temporary in their effects, yet they could not fail to loosen in some degree the compactness of his physical organization and weaken the power of its resistance. His indomitable will fortified his body, which was so accustomed to finding its "rest in action" that it would not be strange if when death came it found him standing on his feet.

We have heard of

".....The wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden.....
.....it went to pieces all at once,
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst."

Bishop Machebeuf had reserved for himself a little room at St. Vincent's Orphanage, where he was wont to retire for a few days when overburdened with business and overrun with visitors. Here he wrote his letters and found time to relieve the pressure of affairs, and here he enjoyed a few hours relaxation from all care, in watching the amusements of innocent childhood. Returning to Denver from a pastoral trip on July 3, 1889, he went to his favorite retreat at the Orphanage, and here the angel of death crept close upon him unawares. A slight dysentery; a giving way of the system; a

rapid waning of life, and the angel entered. Bequeathing all his temporalities to his successor, he received the last sacraments with piety and resignation from the hands of Bishop Matz, and calmly expired on the morning of July 10, 1889, while weeping Sisters knelt and prayed, and his Coadjutor gave him the final blessing of that Church which he had so long and so faithfully served.

The news of Bishop Machebeuf's death was the first notice that any one except those in immediate attendance upon him had of his illness, and it came as a shock paralyzing speech and thought. Men looked at one another dumbfounded and incredulous, and when the truth bore in upon them there was a universal expression of sorrow. No man ever lived in Colorado whose death caused such general regret, and public and private interest could have been no more profoundly stirred by the sudden disappearance of Pike's Peak from the range of mountains than it was by the unlooked-for passing of Bishop Machebeuf.

The body was reverently borne to the chapel of the Sisters of Loretto where he had been accustomed to saying his morning mass when at home, and there it rested, while Sisters and priests and people watched and prayed around it until the evening of July 15, when it was taken to his humble Cathedral to lie in state until the funeral the next day.

On the morning of July 16, the Office of the Dead was chanted by nearly 100 priests, and the funeral mass was celebrated pontifically by Bishop

Matz. Archbishop Salpointe occupied the throne and a number of other Bishops were present in the sanctuary, while throngs of people filled the body of the church and the street outside. After the absolutions by the different prelates the funeral cortege formed and wended its way to the Academy of Loretto, and there, under an immense canvas awning, the sad procession rested while the Rev. Hugh Magnevney, S. J. from an elevated platform preached the funeral sermon to the multitude whom no church in the West could hold. The audience was as varied and as representative as any that ever before had gathered in Colorado, for business was almost entirely suspended and the business men of the city, as well as thousands of others, came to offer their tribute of respect to their dead friend, and many of them showed their depth of feeling by the silent tear which they let fall upon the bier.

A temporary tomb was prepared beneath the sanctuary of the humble chapel of Loretto, and there the remains were laid until they might find a permanent resting-place in the permanent Cathedral of the diocese of which he was the First Bishop.

A touching incident occurred at the close of the church services and before the body was borne away. Bishop Machebeuf's faithful friend and vicar general, Father Raverdy, had gone to Europe some time before on business connected with the diocese. Seriously ill himself from a fatal liver trouble, he stopped at Chicago upon his return trip to rest for a few days, and there the news of Bishop Mache-

beuf's death reached him. Hurrying forward he reached Denver exhausted and with barely strength enough to reach his bed. As the services of the funeral were finishing, his wasted form supported by two assistants, was seen approaching, while the crowd fell back to give him way. A chair was placed for him near the coffin, and he sat for some time silently gazing on the face of the dead, his own face wet with the falling tears. God alone knows what his thoughts were, but, in silence still, he rose and was assisted back to his bed, from which in a few short weeks he was called by death to join him with whom he had been so closely associated during life. *Lovely and comely in their life, even in death they were not divided.* (II Kings, ch. i, ver. 23.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

Estimates of Bishop Machebeuf.—First Impressions.—Activity.—Earnestness.—Simplicity.—Learning.—No Politician.—Social Qualities.—Financial Operations.—As a Priest.—As a Bishop.—His Work.—APOSTLE OF COLORADO.

The history of Bishop Machebeuf would not be complete without a few words of comment upon him as an individual, as a priest, as a bishop, and as an administrator. This is, perhaps, the hardest part of the work of a biographer, but twenty-four years of intimate acquaintance with Bishop Machebeuf, and a study of his career, as set forth in the preceding pages, should give the writer sufficient grounds upon which to base a fair estimate of the man and his motives. His works speak for themselves.

The first time the writer saw Father Machebeuf was on Sunday, June 18, 1865, while he was saying mass in the first little church of Denver. The special impression made then, and which has never been forgotten, was that he was a man of a very advanced age. In reality he had not yet completed his fifty-third year, but his hair was turning grey, and his face was as thin and wrinkled as that of a man of eighty. The twenty-five years of such missionary life as he had lived seemed to have left him a weather-beaten wreck near the limit of its power to hold longer together. Strange as it may appear, that impression could never afterwards be felt, and even when Bishop Machebeuf lay in his coffin the

writer could see nothing of the worn-out, decrepit features of his first impression, but a strong, rugged face that might have braved many more years of storm and sunshine.

In form Bishop Machebeuf was below medium height and of slight build. In spite of his lameness his movements were rapid, and he never remained long in any one place or position. He seemed to be all energy, activity, and business, and he was not more earnest in his pontifical ceremonies, or in planning a church, than he was in directing the smallest altar boy, or showing his traveling companion how to fry a beefsteak. He was not handsome, but there was a kindness in his face which made you forget all about that, and there was an irresistible attraction about him when you were sufficiently acquainted with him to engage in familiar conversation. He was easy to become acquainted with, but he had a dread of "society" and pompous people, and felt more free and at home among the poor and humble, with a special liking for the Sisters and their pupils. He was very sensitive to the sufferings of others, and the veriest tramp did not appeal to him in vain. His temper was even, although he knew how to scold upon occasion, yet, that over, his next word would be as calm and pleasant as a brother's greeting, and no harsh or revengeful feelings ever found lodgment in his gentle breast.

Mentally he was naturally bright, but his delicate health prevented him from making very profound studies in his youth, and his constant mission-

ary labors left him small opportunity for methodical study in his after life. He knew his theology well, was well versed in Scripture, and could preach a good sermon or get up a lecture on religious subjects upon very short notice. He cared little for science, and the popular questions of the day interested him only in so far as they bore upon religion or his special work. He spoke and wrote English very well for one who had learned it so late in life, but he was, probably, more proficient in Spanish, which bore a closer analogy to his mother tongue. His pastorals were plain practical sermons, or sensible talks upon his subjects with no attempt at rhetoric or display.

Bishop Machebeuf never allied himself with any political party, nor had he any use for politics as such. The authors of a sketch of Bishop Machebeuf, written shortly after his death, said:

Many who think they knew Bishop Machebeuf, yet who merely knew him as he appeared to them in his later years, a simple grey-haired old man, small of stature, limping painfully, no glib-tongued talker nor shifty politician, (alas, that it ever could be said of one of God's anointed that he ever knew the devious ways of the politician) will never know the greatness of the man.

Bishop Machebeuf had too much honor and honesty, and too real an appreciation of his own exalted calling ever to become a politician in the ordinary sense of the word, but he took an interest in public questions upon high and moral grounds. In 1870 he spoke from his pulpit against woman's suffrage when that question was being agitated by those

who were called "short-haired women and long-haired men," basing his arguments on Scripture, morality, and woman's best place in society, and his lecture was printed by request in pamphlet form. Again, in 1876, he appeared before the Constitutional Convention of Colorado and made an appeal for the freedom of education, but, apart from these occasions, he was never known to mingle in civic strife.

Socially Bishop Machebeuf was very companionable with his priests. He never kept them at a distance, but drew them near to him and was in their midst like a father, or rather, like an elder brother. This familiarity was not of the kind that breeds contempt, but sets one at ease without lessening the feeling of respect. Occasionally some one might comment upon his peculiarities or imitate his manner, but it was always when he was out of sight and hearing.

Anent his financial operations there was a diversity of opinions;—some asserting that he was a millionaire, and others that he was poorer than a pauper, for his debts would outweigh his possessions. Both were wrong in this, but all were right in believing that he was not a skillful financier. We have seen all along that financial worry was the bane of his life, yet it was said that few men ever had better opportunities for amassing a fortune.

The causes of his failure to become wealthy can easily be explained if we examine them calmly and rationally. Some of them lay within himself

and were therefore unavoidable; others were outside and adventitious, but not less active and effective.

Bishop Machebeuf was no miser and did not love money for its own sake. He valued it only for what it could do, and he was not able to keep it when he saw a place where he thought it would be well employed. He was thoroughly devoted to his work, and willing to make any sacrifice to increase the influence of the Church and spread religion. He never spared his own person when religion was in question, and his goods were less to him than his life. Knowing by his own experience what hardship was he sympathized strongly with those in trouble and was disposed to aid them as far as he was able. He had an unbounded confidence in God, that He would provide the means when He was the end proposed, and he had a firm and lasting faith in the future of Colorado. Add to all of these his apparent inability to keep systematic accounts to show him his exact standing, and we have the interior and personal reasons why Bishop Machebeuf could never be a wealthy man. These same dispositions might also make him a spendthrift, but he had too much prudence to indulge in needless waste, and too little reckless daring to become a speculator.

The external causes came from the times in which he lived, and his own peculiar circumstances. He had to build up the Church in Colorado from nothing, and he was not content to establish it for the present alone, but he looked far into the future.

Whenever a town or settlement showed signs of being permanent Bishop Machebeuf was on the spot to secure locations for churches and schools, and he did not wait for the people to pay for them; this he did himself with his own funds when the people did not have the money, and he often borrowed for this purpose, and then again to help in the erection of the necessary buildings. Interest was as high as 5 per cent a month in the beginning, and he rejoiced in later years when he got money at 12 per cent a year.

Many of his properties naturally turned out valueless when the towns did not fulfill expectations. The accounts of his own parish show a deficit in the annual revenue for current expenses, thus causing an ever-increasing debt to add to that created by the cost of the buildings. Many of the parishes, also, began improvements beyond their resources, and when hopelessly involved they would appeal to Bishop Machebeuf. Imprudent pastors could, and did, leave the parish and the diocese, but the Bishop was always there to "hold the bag," and many of these churches never re-imbursed Bishop Machebeuf for the outlay. Taxes also were enormous, and all combined to force him to greater loans and increased interest—or failure.

He was often blamed for not selling some of his property, but at such times prices were low and he had a firm confidence that times would grow better and values rise. But, in fact, he seldom missed a chance for a good sale. Sometimes he was even

blamed for selling, especially in later years when people remembered that he sold the magnificent court house block for \$18,000, but these people forgot that the growth of Denver was not in that direction at the time, nor did they seem to remember that the county commissioners were blamed for paying \$18,000 for a piece of ground which the righteous said was not worth more than \$12,000.

Any one can look back, but few can look forward with anything like certainty and hundreds of others were as enthusiastic as Bishop Machebeuf over the future of Denver and Colorado, and just as much in the dark as to what were the best investments, and few of them came out better than he did in the end. If we had foreknowledge there would be others as wise, and it would come to the same in the end. Bishop Machebeuf was embarrassed during his lifetime, and his successor was embarrassed for some years afterwards, but in the final outcome all turned out well, and the Church of Colorado has reason to thank Bishop Machebeuf for his far-reaching efforts and enthusiastic foresight. He died neither a millionaire nor a pauper, but left enough to pay all his obligations with interest, and a surplus which went to help needy churches and institutions to which he himself would probably have applied it.

As a priest Bishop Machebeuf might be taken as a model of regularity in his private life, and his daily mass and office were by no means the limit of his devotions. Even on his trips he carried his

Testament, his Imitation and his books of spiritual reading and meditation, and his Rosary, which long ago he resolved to recite "at least once a day," was never forgotten.

As a bishop—Well, some malicious one remarked, that when Father Machebeuf was made a bishop the Church lost a good missionary without gaining a bishop! Surely, the first part of this remark was false, for Bishop Machebeuf never ceased to be the same untiring missionary as long as he lived, and of the groundlessness of the second part we can judge when we look at the work he did in the years of his episcopacy, and conclude, as we must, that the grand and imposing structure of the Catholic Church in Colorado to-day is built upon the foundation that he laid and strengthened with the labors and sacrifices of such years as none can understand without having gone through them. He had his faults, and they worried those who were close to him. Some of us showed our impatience at them, and now we accept the humiliation of confessing it, but neither we, nor any one else, denied his virtues, which grow upon us as we recede from him, while the small faults are long since forgotten.

There is an honored list of Bishops in the American Church, such as may be found in any new country but nowhere else, and those upon the list might not fit in other places and other times, but they were great men in their special positions. They were the pioneer Bishops of America,—men who kept at the front in our westward-moving civiliza-

tion—who did the work of the pioneer and lived the life of the pioneer—who went into the wilderness and cleared it up to make it inhabitable for those who came after them—who gave religion a form and foundation, and started it successfully upon its forward movement. At the head of this list you will find a Flaget, and beneath will be the name of a Bruté, a Rosati, a Fenwick, a Loras, a Crétin, a Lamy, and others. The list is now, perhaps, closed, for the necessity has passed for such missionaries of the old school in the United States, but it did not close until it had inscribed upon it the name of *Machebeuf*.

When Father Machebeuf came to Colorado in 1860 he was alone with Father Raverdy, without a single church, or roof over his head; when he was made bishop he had but three priests within his jurisdiction; when he died the Diocese of Denver counted 64 priests, 102 churches and chapels, 9 academies, 1 college, 1 orphan asylum, 1 house of refuge, 10 hospitals, and over 3,000 children in Catholic schools!

This was primarily the work of one man, and that man was Bishop Machebeuf. In contemplating it we must concede that its author was a great priest, a great bishop, and merited well the title by which posterity shall know him—THE APOSTLE OF COLORADO.

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