A ROYAL SON AND MOTHER

BY THE

BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL

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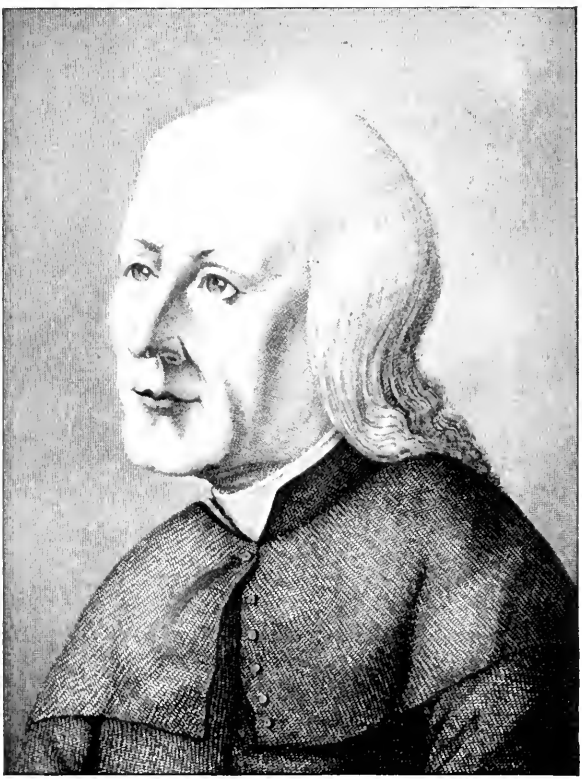

PRINCE DEMETRIUS GALLETZIN.

A ROYAL SON

AND

MOTHER

BY THE

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In Memory

of

PRINCE DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN

of

HIS NOBLE MOTHER,

and of the

BARONESS PAULINE VON HÜGEL.

As a Tribute

to

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES M. SCHWAB,

of Loretto, Pa.,

who have erected in that storied village a

beautiful and fitting monument to

its Founder and first Pastor;

To

MR. JOHN A. SCHWAB,

who with grateful veneration superintended the

construction of this Memorial Church;

and to the

REV. FERDINAND KITTELL,

who has done so much to revive the memory of

The Pioneer Priest of the Alleghenies,

THIS BIOGRAPHY

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The Ave Maria.

"In this country, a traditional antipathy or bigoted repugnance to the Catholic Church prevails in an unjustifiable extreme. Whatever is repulsive in the Catholic dogmas or rule is fastened on with unwarrantable acrimony and exclusiveness. The interests alike of justice and of good-feeling demand that the attention of Protestants shall, at least occasionally, be given to the best ingredients and workings of the Catholic system. In the present work, we have the forensic doctrine and authority of Catholicity in the background, its purest inner aims and life in the foreground. We here have a beautiful specimen of the style of character and experience which the most imposing organic Symbol of Christendom tends to produce, and has, in all the ages of its mighty reign, largely produced. If every bigoted disliker of the Roman Catholic Church within the English-speaking race could read this book, and, as a consequence, have his prejudices lessened, his sympathies enlarged, the result, so far from being deprecated, should be warmly welcomed. This is written by one who, while enthusiastically admiring the spiritual wealth of the Catholic Church, the ineffable tenderness and beauty of its moral and religious ministrations, is, as to its dogmatic fabric and secular sway, even more than a Protestant of the Protestants."—*Rev. William Rounseville Alger, "Madame Swetchine's Life and Letters" (Introduction).*

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I.—Germany.

IT is rather strange that no times should have differed from one another more widely than the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. We feel more in sympathy with, say the fourth or fifth century, that produced a Jerome, an Augustine, and a John Chrysostom — an age of decadence, no doubt; and yet one of intense intellectual activity, of deep heart-searching,

of vehement thirst after truth,—than with those days so comparatively close to our own, when all seemed so cold, so colorless, so shallow; when the very first need of man—his need of God—was as though it had died away.

Then came the French Revolution, succeeded by the terrible Napoleonic days, when apathy and indolence had perforce to be shaken off, and men were roused to the consciousness that there was still such a thing as patriotism in the world; that noble enthusiasms needed but the strong winds of adversity to fan them into flame. And yet how deep-seated

were the nervelessness and indolence of the children of an effete civilization! Had the Corsican tyrant worn his laurels with one degree less of insolence, had his despotism been a little less brutal, German princes and Russian statesmen and Italian diplomatists might have gone on obligingly handing him over crown after crown.

An age barren in patriots is also an age barren in saints. The man who can not be fired to a lofty enthusiasm, to heroic self-sacrifice for his country, is not made of the same stuff as those blessedly violent ones who carry the kingdom of heaven by storm. Hence we see a lament-

able dead level in the religious life of the eighteenth century. The gentle Anna Emmerich was almost persecuted by good men for having the stigmata; anything abnormal, anything like direct interference on the part of Heaven with the ordinary jog-trot of human existence, aroused suspicion, even resentment. There was indeed faith, beautiful and deep-rooted, among the Catholic poor; but the wise of this world had not only lost faith, but lost all respect for faith; it was looked upon as something obselete, useless, no longer capable of exercising any power over the lives of men. Bound, as they said,

to die out among the lower orders of society, the upper classes had already flung it aside, as soon as the fashionable French philosophy had won the day.

It was at this period of spiritual darkness, as yet showing no signs of the grand revival to come, that Amalie von Schmettau was born in Berlin, in the year 1748. Field-Marshal Count von Schmettau, her father, was a Protestant; but, as her mother was a nominal Catholic, Amalie was to be brought up in the old faith. She was sent at a very early age to a convent school in Breslau, from whence at fourteen

she returned good and innocent but with a very imperfect education. "I felt," she wrote in later years, "as though I had dropped from the skies, to find myself abruptly removed from the atmosphere of an enclosed convent to that of my mother's house, one of those most frequented by the gay world of Berlin."

Frederick the Great had received Voltaire with open arms at his court, and the French infidel had taught fashionable German society to sneer in the most approved style at all things great and holy. The grand old language of their fathers was no longer tolerated;

in polished circles only French was to be spoken and written; and with the old language the old beliefs were to go too; and, if possible, that which has been well called the glory of the Teutonic race—its hunger and thirst after God.

Amalie von Schmettau, whose rare abilities fitted her to shine so brilliantly in her mother's salon was now sent to an educational establishment in Berlin, conducted by an avowed French atheist. The girl remained there about eighteen months, to return home once more, still innocent and in one sense unspoiled, but with no faith whatever left. Her beauty, her great talents,

her musical accomplishments, and a certain innate refinement and distinction, quickly made her a great favorite at court.

In 1768 she went to Aix-la-Chapelle as lady in waiting to one of the German princesses. Here she met Prince Gallitzin, the Russian Ambassador to France. He was a man considerably older than the interesting young girl, but perhaps all the quicker to discern and appreciate her superior qualities. After a short acquaintance he made her an offer of marriage, that was accepted both by Amalie herself and her relatives, though for very different reasons. It was a brilliant

marriage; this recommended the Prince to her family. With Amalie this side of the question had not the least weight. In after years she wrote to an intimate friend: "My heart did not feel the need of what is generally called *love*. But an affection that would lead one to desire and seek the perfection of the person one cared for—this I felt myself strongly capable of; it was an idea that had taken deep root within me and had become necessary to my happiness. Such an ideal was quite independent of externals. I believed the Prince could be everything to me, if he but shared these views."

Alas! so far from sharing them, he was not even capable of comprehending them. He proved himself in many ways a kind husband and father; but he was a disciple of the new school, which owned Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert and the other Encyclopedists for its leaders; and in their philosophy poor Amalie's idealism had no place. Indeed, proof does not seem wanting that the evil tree —French philosophy—brought forth evil fruit in the moral conduct of Amalie's husband, which explains the long years of their separation. But over this the high-souled wife has thrown a veil, which it would

be useless and ungenerous now to draw aside. At the time of their marriage the young wife was almost as little of a Christian as her elderly husband; but while she was groping toward the light in a darkness that oppressed her, he was content with his own shallow views of life.

Shortly after their marriage Prince Gallitzin took his beautiful bride to St. Petersburg. She was presented to the famous Empress Catherine, who soon after appointed Prince Gallitzin Minister to the Hague. In Berlin, on their way to Holland, Marie Anna (Mimi), their only daughter was born; and a year

later, in December, 1770, at the Hague, their only son, Demetrius.

Amalie's life was now seemingly a brilliant one. Rich, young and beautiful, highly gifted, blessed with two dearly loved children, she was not happy. "In vain," she writes, "did I throw myself into the distractions and amusements of the great world. I brought back after these entertainments, visits, dances, theatricals, and other frivolities, only an increased, fruitless longing after something higher, something better, which I could speak of to no one. It was seldom that I did not cry myself to sleep.

I felt like one of those actors who have to amuse others on the stage while in secret they are shedding bitter tears."

She felt a great longing to lead a quiet, retired life, devoted to study and the education of her children. But the obstacles in the way of such a plan seemed insurmountable. And now we can but admire how God Himself leads onward the soul that is unconsciously striving after Him.

Diderot, one of the French atheistic philosophers, was for a time living at the embassy as Prince Gallitzin's guest. Amalie opened her heart to him, and he approved of her wish to

devote herself to "philosophy," and to give up the world and its frivolities. He undertook to obtain her husband's consent, which he did; and in future, whilst keeping on cordial terms, corresponding regularly, and meeting occasionally, the Prince and his wife pursued their very different ways apart.

Amalie never did things by halves. She took care quickly to burn her ships behind her. She cut herself off from all society, save that of a chosen set of intimate friends of like mind with herself. Every luxury of dress, which then was at its height, was rigorously renounced. Her beautiful dark

hair, in which splendid, costly pearls had been wont to gleam, and which had been particularly admired, was shaven off, and a black flat wig worn instead. The gay embassy was abandoned for a plain little country-house situated between the Hague and Schevelingen; and, as a warning to visitors, over the door hung a sign-board with the strange device, *Nithuys*—"Not at home."

Amalie was now exceedingly happy. "Soon I felt such comfort in this new life, in constant intercourse with my children, in gradual advance in knowledge, and above all in the peace of conscience with which I every

night retired to rest, that still higher thoughts found room in my mind. God and my own soul came to be the usual subjects of my reflections and investigations."

That Amalie Gallitzin's young children received a very strange education her most ardent admirers would not seek to deny. It must be remembered she was really educating *herself*—trying first one system and then another, anxious to put what she read into practice, and making many an experiment with the poor little boy and girl. Mimi, the daughter, being somewhat of an amiable nonentity, was affected compara-

tively little by the educational vagaries of her mother. At one time she and her brother were made to run about barefoot, at another to plunge into the cold river from a bridge, to "harden" them and make them fearless.

But with Mitri (Demetrius)—clever, impulsive, sensitive, refined—mistakes were likely to be fraught with evil consequences. That his mother, who loved him so dearly, and whom he resembled so much, later on, in his splendid spirit of self-sacrifice and utter unworldliness, sorely misunderstood him seems certain. From the first she had an impossibly high

standard for the poor boy, who, naturally spirited, was forever being checked and veered round like a pony in a game of polo. This led to a seeming indecision and weakness of character very foreign to his real nature. If you do not know where you stand, it is difficult to "put your foot down." Now, to his mother, who was all fire and energy, anything like weakness and half-heartedness was of all things most intolerable. His father, who saw the boy but seldom, judged far more correctly when he said: "That lad has really a tremendous will of his own, and will always go counter to the stream."

And yet all the different systems of philosophy and education (some absurd enough) that were tried on herself and her two children by the Princess, were adopted and abandoned with such earnestness of purpose, such a single-eyed desire to do not only right but the *best*, that we feel the Sacred Heart must have been touched; and we do not wonder that our generous God should have made all things co-operate unto good to that favored mother and son, who were by and by to love Him with a love nothing short of heroic.

Demetrius had a prodigious memory, and in his old age

could still describe how when he was four years old he was taken to see the Empress Catherine, who petted the pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed child, and then and there presented him with that ensign's commission in the Russian army which was destined to be the source of so much trouble. He remembered those early days and their sumptuous elegance, in which, as to the manner born, he had been the little tyrant, ordering about servants and serfs in most lordly style. But soon all that was changed: he was required to live in quite a poor way, to wait upon himself, and not to be spared the

rod for childish misdemeanors.

In a memorandum from the Princess to the children's tutor we find the following: "Keep a sharp lookout on the children's chief faults. Mimi is talkative, vindictive and quarrelsome; and Mitri gives me much pain by his inveterate laziness and absurd want of pluck." Very serious are her letters to her son, who was, after all, but a little boy. On his fourteenth birthday she wrote to him:

"My thoughts to-day are a mixture of joy and dread. My first thought on awaking was certainly one of joy, love and gratitude that God had given you to me, — that He had

granted me the grace to bring a soul into the world, destined, perhaps, to eternal salvation. But, oh, this 'perhaps'! Here came another cruel thought, fraught with fear and great uneasiness. To-day I said to myself: 'He has lived fourteen years, and he is still, alas! quite will-less and colorless, creeping along life according to the lead and will-power of others.' This terrible thought suggested the doubt whether this being I had brought into the world could ever grow up into a man pleasing to God, an heir of salvation; or whether, in spite of all the excellent gifts bestowed upon him by an all-

good Creator to enable him to be one of the best and happiest of men; whether in spite of my anxieties, prayers, entreaties, he would continue to hasten on toward destruction.

"For a while I had been full of better hopes, which I gladly own have not altogether left me; but they have all grown dim since I have seen the ever-recurring signs of the slavish way in which you sink back into your dreadful sloth and want of energy. . . . Have mercy on him, Heavenly Father,—have mercy on him and on me! Hear him, help him, and strengthen him when he prays with sincerity and a firm will. Lord,

Thou who knowest all things, Thou knowest that I care nothing for the praise of men, for riches, for honors, either for him or for myself; but only for the honor of pleasing Thee and for the happiness of both together drawing nearer and nearer to Thee, till we shall be united in that love and blessedness which Thou hast promised us for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

But in quoting this remarkable letter we are anticipating. In the year 1779 the Princess began to think of a change of residence. Her little retreat did not afford the necessary means of education for children beyond

a certain age. At first Geneva suggested itself as a likely place; it was in the heyday of its reputation as a city of culture and modern "enlightenment." Moreover, Prince Gallitzin owned a small property in its neighborhood, and readily gave his assent to a family migration. But it was not to be: God was about to lead the eager, earnest, groping soul surely and sweetly into His pleasant paths of peace.

Before Geneva had been finally settled upon, Amalie was told wonders of a new educational system introduced by Franz von Fürstenberg, as minister of Prince Maximilian of Cologne, into the town of Münster and

other districts of Westphalia. This holy and enlightened priest was greatly in advance of his age, and had devised such an excellent scheme for public education that even infidel philosophers were forced to express wonder and admiration.

The Princess was far too eager to investigate anything likely to benefit her two children not to decide upon a visit to Münster as soon as she had read one of Fürstenberg's pamphlets. From their first acquaintance this truly great man made a profound impression upon her. In her letters to her husband she always speaks of Fürstenberg

as *le grand homme*. This admiration soon ripened into a friendship which made her feel the priest's counsel and support necessary to her in the great task of her life—the education of her children. Moreover, Fürstenberg did not stand alone: at his side was the saintly Overberg, who devoted his time and talents to teaching the teachers of the poor. She felt, and with reason, that she now lived in an entirely new world.

Her new friends did not *talk* religion to her—that would at once have repelled her,—they *lived* religion. Their lives were obviously the fruit of an unseen

deep root. Amalie asked no questions, she but basked in this sunny atmosphere of light and life, from which she felt it impossible to tear herself away. She rented a small country-place, known as Angelmodde, in the neighborhood of Münster; and now at length the days of real education had begun. To her own children, Mimi and Mitri, were added Amalie von Schmettau, who afterward became a nun in Vienna; George, a son of the celebrated Jakobi; and the Droste-Vischerings, one of whom became dean the other bishop of Münster.

The Princess, in her anxious search after truth and goodness,

had lost none of her old sprightliness and charm. Her society to the end was eagerly courted by all the best and most distinguished men of her time. But, strange to say, even yet Amalie continued to believe she was attracted to Fürstenberg and her new friends in spite of, rather than because of, their religion. "I could not," she once wrote, "blind myself to the great views and principles of Herr von Fürstenberg; but I felt I must forgive him his Christianity on the score of early education and prejudice. I had started my friendship by frankly asking him kindly not to convert me, as in all that

concerned Almighty God I could stand no meddling; that I did not fail to pray to Him for light, and at the same time kept my heart open to receive it." Hence even then there could be no question of definite dogmatic Christian teaching in the education of her own and her adopted children.

Later she mourned that her want of faith had deprived the children's earlier years of the blessed knowledge of Christ. Once, when speaking of a family singularly fortunate in the way the sons had turned out, she unhesitatingly ascribed it to their early training in piety and devotion; adding that what she

had obtained only through infinite pains and labor, these Christian parents had effected with comparatively little or no trouble.

But a practical difficulty now arose. What were the children, no longer little children, to be taught about religion? It was the very last subject she would entrust to the teaching of a stranger; yet what did she herself know or believe about it? But at length she solved the vexed problem by resolving to teach them "historical Christianity," as she called it, leaving them free to choose their own religion as they grew up. But even for this she had to qualify

herself, and with her usual whole-heartedness she threw herself into a most careful and conscientious study of the Bible, especially of the New Testament.

And then there arose before her, dim and shadowy at first, but ever gaining in strength and light and beauty, the blessed picture of the Incarnate God,—of Him who is not only the light of the New Jerusalem, but the sunshine, the glory of every faithful soul in this vale of tears. "I resolved," she says in her memoirs, "to obey our Saviour's touching advice: 'My doctrine is not Mine but His that sent Me. If any man will do the will of Him, he shall know of

the doctrine.' Consequently I began to act as if I really believed in Him. I at once compared my principles and actions with His teaching; and how much did I not find that required attention,—many things that before had hardly seemed to me to be faults! I had prayed before only rarely, now I began to pray frequently; and so often were my petitions answered that I became incapable of doubting the efficacy of prayer. Certain doubts against Christianity also were gradually cleared away."

During this time of spiritual growth she was attacked by a dangerous and tedious illness,

during which she was forbidden to exert herself in any way; even the children's education had to be entrusted to other hands. Hence she had plenty of leisure for quiet reflection, self-examination, and above all prayer. And so it came about that on the Feast of St. Augustine, which happened also to be her birthday, Amalie's eager, troubled spirit found joy and peace in a very humble confession—her first since the old days of childhood. In the saintly Dr. Overberg she found not merely a confessor, but a spiritual father,—"some one who," as she so well expresses it, "would care for me suf-

ficiently in spite of all my unlovableness, out of pure Christian zeal; one who would look after me spiritually, train me, correct, comfort and exhort me."

Soon afterward she wrote to Mitri, somewhat wistfully: "Dear child, I am obliged to grieve you so often because I must wish and will for you what till now you have not known how to wish and will for yourself; and I have had to keep you from what you most eagerly desired. Believe me, my dear son, this constant thwarting of your wishes is the hardest of my duties; for it seems to me as though

thereby I might lose your love and confidence. And yet some day—perchance only after I am in my grave—you will learn to bless me for this strictness." And the day did come; for in far-distant America the grand old missionary would at times, with tears in his eyes, talk by the hour in glowing words of his "glorious mother."

Amalie's children soon followed her example in submitting themselves to the Church. On Trinity Sunday, 1787, they were both Confirmed; they were now seventeen and eighteen years of age.

Prince Gallitzin seems to have manifested no displeasure at the

religious conversion of his wife and children. As his son was receiving the liberal education befitting a youth of his rank—an education that included French, music, riding, fencing, dancing, and the more serious studies requisite for the military profession,—the father was satisfied, and had sufficient good taste and feeling to be glad that to all these things should be added innocence of life and high principle. Seven years earlier Amalie had considered the children old enough to profit by travel; and Demetrius in later life would recall with interest the visits paid with his mother to the Stolbergs at

Eutin, to Jakobi at Düsseldorf; above all to Weimar, the Athens of Germany, where the noble Herder seems to have attracted the lad more than the great Goethe himself; though Goethe was a sincere admirer of the Princess.

There is an account of an interesting interview between Amalie and Goethe in after years. She, full as usual of her beautiful, earnest zeal for souls, invited Goethe to her house at Münster,—an invitation gladly, though perhaps a little timorously, accepted. The great man probably guessed what he was "in for," and showed no resentment when

the Princess began, after the manner of the saints, to speak to her guest of the judgment to come. The next day, when he departed, she accompanied him a stage or two of his journey, still speaking to him with that wonderful absolute conviction which invariably commanded respect, often admiration, and not infrequently brought about conversion. Alas! in the case of Goethe it was to bring forth only the first two of these fruits.

But such pleasant journeys in the Fatherland were considered insufficient for the liberal education of the children of the upper classes of those times. As Demetrius grew older, Prince

Gallitzin did indeed talk of sending him straight to St. Petersburg to join the army; but his mother was opposed to this plan. Her Catholic heart, no doubt, shrank from exposing her son, whom she considered very unformed, very young for his age, very "infirm of purpose," to the corruption of Russian high life. Moreover, her motherly vanity wished to see him more polished, less angular; and so a distant voyage was discussed.

Till now there had been but one place where "golden youth" could receive its extra coat of gilding; but, happily, Paris, the gilder's shop, could not

then be thought of,—it was in the throes of that terrible revolution of which no one could foresee the end. An alternative was decided upon, in which we can not fail to see the guidance of Providence. The Gallitzins determined to send their son to America for two years,—*why* it seems a little difficult to say. Probably the Princess, who looked upon Mitri as an idle dreamer and somewhat of a weakling, judged that having to "shift for himself" and stand alone for a time would strengthen and develop his character.

A young priest named Brosius, tutor in the Droste family, had

just decided to go to America as a missionary. This would be an excellent escort for Demetrius, whose two years in America were to be spent in making himself conversant with the language, laws and habits of this interesting and most flourishing country. Prince Gallitzin was an admirer of Washington and Jefferson, and in his letters to his son bids him try for familiar intercourse with such great men. His mother, too, furnished him with an introduction from the Bishop of Hildesheim and Paderborn to the celebrated John Carroll, first Bishop of Baltimore,—indeed in those days the only

Catholic bishop in the whole of the United States.

Demetrius set out on his long journey in August, 1792. His departure furnishes a curious anecdote. Had the sensitive and high-souled youth of twenty-two summers some presentiment that, once gone, he would never return; that this was a last solemn farewell to home, to friends, to country,—in fact, to *all* human brightness? At any rate, his resolution failed him; and, with what his mother considered characteristic indecision, he began to discuss whether the journey had not best be given up, after all. The moment was

certainly ill chosen: already his mother and he were walking arm in arm to the quay at Rotterdam, whence a little boat was to take him on board the great ocean vessel. For a few minutes Amalie said never a word; then, with flashing eyes, she exclaimed, "Mitri, I am most heartily ashamed of you!" and the next moment Demetrius found himself floundering in the water. He was quickly picked up by the laughing sailors, who at a sign from his mother rowed him swiftly away.

The dear old priest, Father Gallitzin, when he merrily told this tale against himself forty-two years later, would not be

positive that the "accident" had not perhaps been occasioned by a quick, involuntary movement on the part of his mother, causing him to stumble and so fall into the sea; but he very much inclined to the opinion that she had purposely given him this wholesome ducking.

II.—America.

It is strange that Gallitzin's sudden immersion should have effected as sudden a change in his character. Up to then he was the refined, romantic, purposeless youth; henceforth he is a man of energy and action—devoted, self-sacrificing, ready to do and dare anything in the great cause to which he was about to give his life. Almost the first news received in Germany from our traveller was the very astounding intelligence that he had resolved to leave all things and settle

down in America as a poor, despised missionary of the Cross of Christ.

Mitri, her own beloved Mitri—dear and good, it is true, but somewhat of a "softy," a purposeless dreamer,—now a priest, and above all a missionary! His mother could hardly believe her senses. This was the son to whom but a few years before she had written: "It is a wretched thing that a youth of eighteen should be a child. He can not, of course, as yet be a *man;* but he must be a *youth* and no longer a *child*, if he ever means to be a man."

And now Princess Amalie had

a hard time of it. She was a chronic invalid, a great sufferer. With all her seeming harshness toward Mitri, she loved him dearly and well. Yet she had to bear not only his loss, but to be blamed by her husband and all her relatives for being in the secret,—for having known "all about it" throughout. And when able to disprove this assertion, she was still accused of having, through her exaggerated piety, been the means of putting such high-flown ideas into the young man's head. The Prince was the first to recognize his mistake and to write a generous letter to his wife, freeing her from all

blame; which, considering his grievous disappointment, was most creditable to him.

The Gallitzins were indeed in a very awkward position. As Demetrius held an ensign's commission in the Russian army, and was due in St. Petersburg at the end of two years at the latest, his father now wrote to him entreating him, almost commanding him, to return; for he foresaw clearly enough what a refusal would entail. According to Russian law, he would be disinherited for becoming a Catholic priest; but besides this he would, because of his neglect to take up his commission, be looked upon as a quasi-deserter,

and be banished from the empire as a rebel.

It was now that the full beauty and magnanimity of Amalie Gallitzin were seen in their true light. Her absolute unworldliness, her reverence for the slightest whisper of the Divine Voice were so great that never once did she seek to turn Mitri from his purpose, beyond quietly laying the state of the case before him for his own judgment. In spite of worry and opposition and a good deal of secret heartache, in the depths of her great soul she rejoiced and gloried in the vocation of her son.

When the Princess had given

Mitri the Bishop of Hildesheim's introduction to the Bishop of Baltimore, she no doubt imagined him one of those dignitaries of the Church, such as they were in Germany—a temporal lord, a man of vast influence, who lived in a palace and had a large seminary and other ecclesiastical establishments under his control. How different was the reality!

John Carroll had been named Bishop in 1790, two years before Gallitzin's arrival. He belonged to one of those honorable families that had come over to America in Lord Baltimore's time and settled in Maryland. His cousin Charles was a true-

hearted patriot, who had signed the Declaration of American Independence. Demetrius found Bishop Carroll living a life of truly evangelical poverty and hardship. Beyond a small private fortune, he possessed no means except such as, with some difficulty he derived from Europe; for no endowment went with the episcopal dignity.

Carroll had received his ecclesiastical education in France, where he had formed many friendly relations. Hence when the revolution broke out several distinguished French priests came to America and offered him their services. Among these were the Abbé Dubois, who

died in extreme old age as the first Bishop of New York; Flaget, Bishop of Louisville; Bruté, afterward Bishop of Vincennes; and Nagot, president of the famous Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. When first this little band of devoted men came to the new country, they had to earn their daily bread by giving French lessons; and only after mastering the difficulties of the English language were they able to help Bishop Carroll in the care of souls.

The Abbé Nagot soon founded an establishment for training youths for the priesthood; it was on so modest a scale and so humble in its beginnings it could

hardly be called a seminary. Among its candidates for the priesthood, Stephen Badin was the first and Demetrius Gallitzin the second.

At first, of course, Gallitzin took up his abode in the quasi-seminary simply for convenience' sake—as a visitor,—for Brosius, his travelling companion, had been sent off to another mission; so he was alone. But he had hardly been Abbé Nagot's guest for two months ere he wrote a letter to Münster, in which he said that he had dedicated himself, soul and body, with all that he had and all that he was, to God's service and the salva-

tion of his neighbor in America; and that what had led him to this resolve was the urgent need of workers in the Lord's vineyard. He saw that priests in this country had often to ride for forty or fifty hours or more to administer the Sacraments to the faithful. He could scarcely fear that any one would doubt the sincerity of his vocation, considering the prospect of very hard work which it entailed.

This was indeed true. Mitri had well counted the cost; for was he not living in the heart of the painful but glorious self-immolation which characterized those first Catholic missionaries? There was nothing feverish or

spasmodic in his resolve: the sacred fire had been quietly kindled in his heart; little was *said* by him at any time, only much was *done*.

The young man was to receive no outward encouragement. The letter to which I have just referred was written to his confessor in Münster, — a good man, a Franciscan friar, but a man of the eighteenth century. He seems to have been too much alarmed to reply. Only after a second letter from Mitri had made it clear that his advice was no longer needed, and that the decisive step had already been taken, did he pluck up

courage to write. In a long-winded Latin epistle, full of platitudes, he, a son of St. Francis, dared not positively say, "Give up this high-flown nonsense and return to your family"; but he said that it was Mitri's duty to consult his father, and to do nothing till he had obtained his consent. Alas for the friar if *his* blessed founder had followed such advice!

Demetrius had, of course, written to him in confidence, with the express recommendation to say nothing even to his mother for the present; for he had made up his mind not to proceed in the matter till

he had waited a reasonable time for a reasonable answer. The reply failed to come; and when at length the friar did write, it transpired that Demetrius' first letter had been handed to him by the Princess herself, who said she had received but a short, unsatisfactory letter from her son; and as the Father's seemed to be a longer letter, she asked him if he would read it and tell her what her son wished or was doing.

"As I had forgotten my spectacles," the worthy man writes, "Dr. Overberg, who was also present, offered to read the letter aloud, which he did from beginning to end. How I felt

during the reading and how overcome the reader himself was you can not well imagine. What deep sorrow filled my heart as I saw your mother look so sad and anxious! Herr von Fürstenberg was absolutely silent. Oh, how I sighed when I noticed that I had been the innocent cause of so much sorrow!"

The poor young student, so far from receiving encouragement, was disturbed by long letters from all sides, seeking to change his purpose. Even good men could not appreciate the heights of such a vocation as this. Such a new experience in the even tenor of the dear

old Münster existence puzzled the saintly Overberg himself,—who, however, soon came to Gamaliel's conclusion—"If it be of men it will come to naught; if it be of God no one can resist it,"—and contented himself with merely exhorting his young friend to prove his own heart earnestly, and not to be in too great a hurry to take any irrevocable step.

The excellent Von Fürstenberg winced at the scandal of the Cross,—at the trials and humiliations of an unknown missionary in a strange land. If Mitri really wished to be a priest, he wrote, why not return to Europe, where such

a vocation could at least be carried out in a manner suitable to his rank and position? It can, therefore, be no matter of surprise that Mitri's Protestant relatives should be furious. His uncle, a Russian general, wrote that he considered certain enthusiasts must be to blame for making his nephew forget his rank and family, as well as all sense of fitness and propriety, to embrace "a state of shame and disgrace."

In the meantime, as Gallitzin's German biographer writes, "his mother, though she was the hardest hit and had to bear the brunt of the storm, behaved much the most sensibly. She

wrote immediately to the Abbé Nagot, the Bishop of Baltimore, and Herr Brosius. And when, through their answers and the letters of her son, she felt assured that it was a true vocation, she was unconcerned as to the worldly consequences of so unusual a proceeding, and exulted in the happiness of being the mother of a young man so superior to the colorless, commonplace personalities of these times as to have been capable of choosing such a state of life."

Prince Gallitzin (or Herr Schmet, as he was called) was all the while quietly pursuing his studies at Georgetown, to

which place the little seminary had been removed from Baltimore. Humility had doubtless much to do with the ugly *alias* to which Gallitzin persistently clung; but in the first instance it had been motived by a little human prudence. A prince is often fleeced; and Mitri's father had wisely suggested that the American tour could be made equally pleasant at half the expense if the young man travelled as plain Herr Schmet.

In 1793 his mother writes: "The greatest—nay, the only happiness that can rejoice the heart of man here below is to be able to put himself just there where God would have

him be, and then to fill that post worthily and well." She goes on to assure him that all the reproaches and unpleasantnesses she may have to bear on his account will be accepted cheerfully; and that she can conceive no greater delight, no more splendid reward for all her sorrows and cares than to see the son of her heart standing at God's altar. Only two things would she ask of him: first, not to hurry—carefully to examine his own heart before taking the irrevocable step; secondly, to promise her to keep his freedom—not to bind himself by vow to the American mission; for, though determined not to

keep back anything in her sacrifice, she could not as yet face the thought of never seeing her only son again.

Gallitzin's friends were of opinion that by a timely, merely temporary return to Europe, some settlement might be made with the Russian government so that at least part of his inheritance might come to him. However, a request for his return had been anticipated by Demetrius, who had at once written to say that he renounced all claim to his inheritance. In a letter to Amalie the elder Gallitzin explains that the mere fact of their son's having become a

priest disinherited him according to Russian law. And he adds:

"All that I have will consequently go to Mimi, whom, however, I know to be honorable and generous, so that her conscience would never allow her to rob her brother in order to enrich herself. . . . If you wish you may send on this letter to Mitri. It will save me the pain of writing to him myself. I must add, however, that, in my opinion, if a nobleman renounces the profession of arms to which he is destined by his birth and enters the Church, he can do no less than become either a missionary or

a monk, if he wishes to prove to the world that the career to which he was entitled was abandoned neither through cowardice nor ambition."

III.—The Founding of Loretto.

In March, 1795, Demetrius Gallitzin was ordained priest, and at once set to work; for in April we already find him at Port Tobacco with another missionary. The self-forgetful zeal and splendid spiritual gallantry which were to characterize his long and arduous apostolical career at once showed themselves. In the very first month of his new labors there was a letter from Bishop Carroll bidding him moderate his ardor and spare his strength

more; for it had reached his Lordship's ears that the young priest would often travel unconscionable distances in his love for souls, even "in weather unfit for a dog." Bishop Carroll knew only too well from personal experience what sort of entertainment awaited the weary missionary after a journey of this kind. So Gallitzin was ordered to return to Baltimore for a while to take charge of the German Catholics, who were clamoring for a priest conversant with their language.

Gallitzin remained for two or three years, first at Conewago, a settlement composed mainly of Germans; and then at Taney-

town, Maryland, which had an exclusively English-speaking community; so that he had to resort to this language, which he soon learned not only to speak but also to write with singular ease and purity. Indeed toward the end of his life his German grew very rusty. After all, French had been the fashion at home; and there was now a strong feeling that Gallitzin preferred the English and Irish sheep of his flock to his own country people. If so, it was not unnatural: the Irish and English emigrants were often excellent specimens of their countrymen; whereas in those days the settlers from Germany

were frequently the reverse. But this is anticipating.

He had not been long at Taneytown before he and his church-trustees fell out, — a thing at that time so common that it would not be worth mentioning, says his biographer, had it not been the occasion of making Gallitzin first think of founding an independent colony established on entirely Catholic lines.

In the year 1798 Bishop Carroll wrote to inform him that some of his flock had been complaining of his harshness and high-handedness. The good Bishop knew how to take such an accusation with a very

large grain of salt; still he thought it well to remind his ardent missionary to temper zeal for God's glory with gentleness and forbearance toward his neighbor. The advice was given in the most paternal spirit; and it may well have been that Gallitzin, with the blood of many a Russian despot in his veins, should sometimes have found it difficult to accommodate himself to the ways of American democracy. But he was singularly clear-headed as well as far-seeing; and not many years were needed to prove to the rising episcopate that he had been contending for something worth a contest—

the freedom and independence of action of the clergy, without which a priest's position in regard to his flock becomes false and untenable. The trustee system, which answers among the various Protestant sects, does not work well in a Catholic parish. The priest's position is that of the spiritual father of a family, not that of a salaried preacher to a congregation of critics.

It may here be objected that trustees were useful in the erection of churches, founding of missions, etc. Even in such cases it is not clear that the system worked well. In a new country, where speculation was

the order of the day, sharp practice might be resorted to in the building of a church or school as unscrupulously as in that of a theatre or factory. Sacred buildings would be erected with borrowed money, which might be reclaimed by an unfortunate speculator at a moment when it was impossible to pay back the loan; and thus a church might come under the hammer, without any regard to its holy character.

Pews — of the old-fashioned kind, provided with lock and key — filled the churches, and were let to the highest bidders by auction. To Gallitzin, such a system, which left the poor

no alternative but to be jostled in the doorway or to stop at home, was an abomination. He also strongly resented trial sermons, such as are usual among Presbyterians, where the congregations are free to choose whichever candidate has pleased them best by his discourse., Gallitzin could not and would not be a parish priest under such conditions. It was not for this that he had left home and country and fortune and honors.

In his old age he was asked how the strange idea had ever entered his head of wandering forth into the wilderness to found his Catholic colony, from whence at first he had had to

send no less than fifty miles to the nearest mill, and twice as far for coffee, salt, sugar, and other necessaries. He replied: "I migrated to get away from trustees, pew-renting, and all the other evils connected with the system; and there were no means of escape but to devise another system with laws of its own. Wherever the work had been already begun, it was spoiled because Catholics had always copied Protestants. I recollect going to Philadelphia to pay Brosius a visit and to see what the place was like. While saying Mass in the church belonging to the Germans, I heard a constant rolling and

banging, with shouts and loud speaking. When I asked what it all meant, I was told that there was a cellar under the church which had been let by the trustees to a wine and spirit merchant. 'Well, well,' I said to myself, 'and has it really come to this? Never will I enter that church again.'"

The idea which soon shaped itself in his mind was to found a little Catholic community in the far West. The "far West" in those days was Pennsylvania; for anything still farther was as yet a complete wilderness, infested by Indians and wild beasts. A small colony had some years previously settled

in the present St. Vincent, and thence a few families had pushed on about fifty miles to the northeast into the Allegheny Mountains.

Gallitzin, who had occasionally visited these people from Taneytown, decided to cast in his lot among them, and accordingly wrote to the Bishop for the necessary permission. In his reply the Bishop expressed great surprise at so strange a request, and doubted whether Gallitzin would have strength for so arduous an undertaking. However, he added: "I will grant your petition, and heartily agree to your evangelizing from thence the districts you mention—

Huntington and other places lying nearer to the East, and consequently to civilization."

In the August of 1799 Gallitzin and his flock set out for the new mission, in which the indefatigable pastor was to labor for forty years, and where he was to find his last resting-place. Several respectable families, all Catholics, accompanied him; these were people who were too poor to acquire land in already civilized districts.

A journey of this kind was in those days no light matter; for roads were altogether wanting. Women, children and baggage went on pack-horses, or in carts and sledges drawn

by oxen; the men acted as pioneers, clearing the way for the caravan to follow. Only short distances could be travelled in one day, and at night they had all to camp in the forests.

An Irishman of the name of McGuire had left a rough tract of land to Bishop Carroll as church property; this the Bishop now handed over to Gallitzin, who, besides, bought out of his own fortune another large piece of ground, which he let to his poor parishioners on most easy terms. Indeed for many plots he never received a penny.

The first buildings erected in the speedily-cleared settlement were two modest log edifices,—

one the church, the other the presbytery. On Christmas night, 1799, the first Mass was said in the new church. Fervor was great: no one thought of sleep; all had been made as festive as possible with evergreen decorations and as many candles and tapers as could be mustered in the wilderness. "Thus," observes Gallitzin's biographer, "it came to pass that on a spot where but a year previously had stood a primeval forest, a handful of wanderers of various countries and tongues found a home under the care of an exiled prince; and where formerly at the solemn midnight hour no sounds had been heard but the

howling of wolves, now resounded the glad song of the heavenly hosts: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!'"

The same writer proceeds to draw a pretty picture of the devoted part a priest like Gallitzin is bound to play in a settlement as yet without police, magistrate, doctor, or lawyer: "The love of Christ urges him; he is not satisfied with just fulfilling his priestly duties, such as preaching at stated times, and then treating the hundred little things of daily life that affect humanity with proud disdain, as much as to say, 'That is no affair of mine.'

On the contrary, he enters into all his people's interests, is easy of approach to all. He writes their letters to Germany, Ireland or France; and when he is on his missionary rounds he carries back the answers from distant postal stations. He is not too grand to bring the women folk the little necessaries which can be procured only at a great distance and which others might easily forget—some pepper or a packet of needles, and so forth. All this begets appreciation ending in unbounded trust and affection; and as the priest in a new mission of this kind is generally the only educated man, he is soon all in all to his

parishioners. He has become a centre of unity, about which the most heterogeneous elements gather in love and obedience; and a patriarchal form of government is once more possible."

It must be admitted that in his great generosity Gallitzin spent more money than was wise upon his beloved settlement; yet he had good reasons for thinking himself wealthy. So long as his mother was able she kept him liberally supplied with money for all his good works, even at the cost of considerable self-sacrifice. At the death of his parents the fortune would be his sister's, and she had

solemnly promised that she would "share and share alike" with her brother.

His father never sent him any money, but occasionally wrote to him. In his last letter he says, wistfully: "We are both getting on in years; your mother is, moreover, broken by ill health. . . . There is no time to lose if you wish to see us once more. Besides, your presence here is necessary, in spite of your deed relinquishing all claim to my fortune; for unless the precise legal formalities are observed, the inheritance may be lost to Mimi likewise, and go to the next of kin."

But it was impossible for

Gallitzin to leave. Not only was he absolutely essential to the life and social well-being of his model little colony, but it would have meant much spiritual loss as well; and the brave priest decided to remain at his post. Not without sacrifice, however,—heroic sacrifice. In 1803 he wrote to his mother that he had been hoping to find a substitute so as to be able to go to Europe; he had always feared this might be impossible, but of late years his work had increased to such a degree that he began to doubt whether he should ever see Münster and his dear mother again.

"I dare not," he writes, "trust

myself to think about it; for when I do my heart trembles, and I feel as if I positively *must* see you once more. . . . But God knows what is best under the circumstances and most conducive to His honor. . . . The number of priests here seems to decrease, while the number of Catholics goes on increasing. I know you are perfectly resigned to the will of God under all circumstances—indeed far more so than I am,—and that your one real desire is to meet me safe in the bosom of our Heavenly Father when the gates of death are passed."

In March, 1803, Gallitzin's father died, leaving no will. The

Princess hoped against hope to secure something for Demetrius, and once more asked him to return, if it were at all possible. He thereupon visited Bishop Carroll, and laid the whole state of the case simply before him, ready to abide by his decision. His Lordship came to the conclusion he ought not to leave; and Gallitzin returned to his beloved flock once more, never to leave them again even for so short an absence.

That his noble mother understood and approved of his decision was shown in a very acceptable form. First arrived a substantial cheque, then a large box containing books,

rosaries and pictures; another with a quantity of linen for himself and his poor parishioners, all worked by herself and her friends. Long years after, an aged woman showed Gallitzin's biographer, with great pride, a dainty christening robe, and told him it had been made by the pious mother of their own blessed Father. "I was baptized in it, and every one of my children; and I now keep it as a sacred relic for my grandchildren."

Another still more acceptable present did the Princess send; this was a complete set of church vestments made by herself, her daughter, and the

Countess Stolberg. Gallitzin was particularly fond of the alb, which was a masterpiece of needlecraft. He wore it on all great feasts; and, according to his wish, he also wore it when laid in his grave.

Gallitzin, as he quietly travelled back to his little colony after his interview with the Bishop, never dreamed what bitter crosses were in store for him. He knew he had turned his back upon all that makes life pleasant—upon love and sympathy and congenial friends; he had embraced a life of hardship; he was to spend himself and to be spent among rough, uneducated strangers, unable to appreciate

or to understand him. But beyond all this, persecutions, opposition, ingratitude and calumny were to tame his ardent spirit and bring it captive to the Cross of Christ. Indeed, so relentless was the storm, so fierce the persecution, often from those who owed him everything and who ended by loving him enthusiastically, that we can only account for it by saying that the devil, seeing the good that was being done, raged against its author with full fury in the expectation of driving him to despair.

IV.—Last Days.

As Gallitzin's settlement increased and prospered and he had plenty of land, he determined to found a little town, and for that purpose encouraged workmen and tradespeople to come to him; and thus was founded the little town of Loretto.

No sooner, however, had the zealous missionary founded his town than a speculator arose ready to "undercut" him in every way. He also started his opposition town, which, as he was an Irishman, he called

Munster. Unfortunately, a German tailor, after deciding to settle at Munster, changed his mind and came to Loretto. This was taken in very bad part by the Munster worthies. Their ringleader was only a nominal Catholic; he gave such bad example that Gallitzin, as his pastor, could not leave him unreproved. The wretched man was now able to make himself out a martyr. He "talked big" of priests who loved power and gold, and were ever ready to tread a poor but honest enterpriser underfoot. The laxer members of the community, who had chafed against Gallitzin's high moral code, soon joined

the malcontent party; to this were also added certain ambitious people who had hoped to be church-wardens, trustees, and so forth, and who resented Gallitzin's keeping the reins of government in his own strong hands.

At this most inopportune moment there appeared on the scene a priest of whose past Gallitzin knew far too much to be able to entrust him with any ecclesiastical duties. On the other hand, the Prince's high sense of honor and charity made him unwilling to expose the poor man's history. His only return for Gallitzin's clemency was to stir up the

people, and represent himself as persecuted on account of the parish priest's jealousy and avarice.

And as if all this were not enough, a Westphalian turned up who had known Gallitzin in Münster. He was a lazy ne'er-do-well, who thought it would be very fine to live at a rich prince's expense. After treating him with great kindness and giving him the chance to work, Gallitzin, finding him incorrigible, was finally obliged to send him away. Then the man spread the most odious calumnies against his benefactor, hinting this, asserting that; asking if it were "natural"

that, if everything were all right and square, a Russian Prince of large fortune should be called "Herr Schmet" and bury himself in Loretto. For once the wretch had surmised correctly: no, it was not *natural.*

Gallitzin was too high-souled to take notice of this dastardly mud-throwing. As usual, the pastor continued to go about "doing good"—calm, fearless, kindly,—and that at a time when, at length, he was in danger of his life. One day he was seized upon by a set of roughs bent on extorting from him all kinds of concessions which would have

done away with his influence forever. As he remained firm, they became so threatening that he sought shelter in his chapel, where he would have had to sustain a regular siege but for the timely intervention of a certain John Weakland, known as the tallest and strongest man within a hundred miles. Like most giants, he was sparing of words, gentle and peaceable; but he was a great admirer of Gallitzin, with whom he had travelled from Maryland.

As soon as John appeared, the roughs paused a little, thinking he intended to beat about right and left with the

monster staff he held in his hand; but, far more wonderful, he made a speech. "In my day," he cried, "I have fought with bears and other wild beasts, but up to this I have never, thank God, injured any human being. Now things may be quite changed, if you don't go home at once and behave yourselves. For whoever makes a row near God's house or dares to lay a finger on the Lord's anointed, let him look to it"—and he brandished his staff,—"for so true as I'm a living man I'll dash his brains out!" The situation had required a master-hand. The better-disposed now rallied

round honest John, and but for Gallitzin's timely interference the affair might have ended in bloodshed.

Bishop Carroll wrote private letters of comfort to his sorely-tried missionary. He also wrote a public notice, dated Nov. 30, 1804, which was nailed to the church door. It ran as follows:

"I think it necessary, dear children in Christ, to inform you, the faithful of Reverend Mr. Schmet's community, that I am cognizant of the differences that have arisen between him and some of his parishioners. All the information I have obtained has convinced me that Mr. Schmet, in all that has taken

place, was never actuated by any other motives than those of charity and zeal for the good of those entrusted to his care. Moreover, I know that he is quite open to reconciliation: that he will be ready to treat all members of his community with fatherly affection; and that it is their simple duty to give proofs of their confidence and readiness to profit by his pastoral care. Indeed they ought to be forever grateful to him for enduring so many hardships for their sakes. Moved by the love of God and of their souls, he has generously renounced great earthly advantages.

"✠J., Bishop of Baltimore."

Peace and order were now once more restored. Many of the offenders, after begging Gallitzin's pardon, became his stanchest friends. It was noticed that a person who refused to do this died not long afterward a horrible death; whereas the good John Weakland died only fifteen years after Gallitzin, at a very great age, leaving a posterity of over a hundred souls. He was followed to the grave by a great-granddaughter carrying her child in her arms.

But now another ordeal began for Gallitzin,—one that was to continue to harass him for thirty long years. After his

father's death his mother found herself involved in a tedious and expensive lawsuit, to obtain her just rights. She won the lawsuit but died before reaping any benefit therefrom; her daughter Mimi now came in for the fortune. During the last ten years of her life, despite all her efforts, Amalie had not been able to help her son as much as formerly. But he, counting on her ever-ready purse, and upon his sister's repeated promises as to the future, had not only conceived great plans, but had unfortunately begun to carry them out. And as the weary months went by and brought no remittances from Europe, his

poverty increased till at times he had barely enough to keep body and soul together. To one of Gallitzin's temperament *that*, however, was not the sting of the trial: the real sting was to see his noble daydreams—that had been so practical, so excellent as well as noble—doomed to disappointment, and himself reduced to the humiliating position of a seeming foolish enthusiast who had begun to build ere counting the cost.

In 1806 Princess Amalie Gallitzin died. Bishop Carroll, Mimi Gallitzin, and Count Stolberg all sent letters to Demetrius to tell him the sad tidings. Count Stolberg wrote thus:

"Blessed and praised be Jesus Christ! She is doing this, dearest Mitri! . . . She is blessing and praising Him better far than we can ever do. But yet we, too, must, to the best of our powers, praise Him—and not in a general way, for that is a matter of course, and something we ought to do with our every breath, but in a special manner, — for having so unspeakably blessed your saintly mother. She was like Him in suffering, to be the more like Him in glory. I need not tell you . . . what an angel your mother was; but in my deep sorrow I feel I must tell you that ever since I have known

her I could never think of the bond which God, in His mercy toward me, had created between her soul and mine, without being filled with a sense of intense reverence, heartfelt love, and deep happiness. My soul is very sorrowful, and yet my spirit rejoices at the same time that she has reached the goal; and I know that she continues to help me by her powerful intercession. Rejoice, dearest Mitri, in being the beloved son of a saint; rejoice to have been the cause of so much consolation to her; rejoice to know that she is still blessing you with the unspeakable love of a mother!"

Amalie Gallitzin was buried

as she had wished it,—not with any pride or ostentation, in some grand vault, but in the little churchyard of Angelmodde, among the poor she had loved so well. A large crucifix throws its hallowed shade upon her humble grave, and on the base of it are inscribed these words:

"'I count all things to be but loss for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them but as dung, that I may gain Christ.' (Phil., iii, 8.) Thus felt and lived the mother of the poor and the oppressed, Princess Amalie Gallitzin, Countess von

Schmettau, whose mortal remains rest at the foot of this cross, awaiting a glorious resurrection. She died the 27th of April, 1806, in the fifty-eighth year of her age. Pray for her."

Bishop Carroll, writing to Gallitzin, said: "It is not only because she was your mother that she was dear to me, and that I get others to pray for her, but because she sought ever to promote the welfare of religion with zeal and earnestness in this diocese. I can only offer you my deepest sympathy on being deprived of a mother who was so much to be revered, and who in the hands of God

was the means of procuring you so many precious graces."

A kindly French proverb says: "To know all would be to forgive all." We must not, therefore, judge too harshly of the conduct of Gallitzin's sister. She found it far more difficult to get her rents paid, owing to the distracted state of Europe at that time, than her brother could well imagine. When he heard that the Russian government had recognized all her claims, he naturally expected to receive the half of the large fortune that had always been promised him. Instead of this small doles of money occasionally reached him with long

excuses; she may, indeed, have been an inexperienced business woman. But after a while, at the age of forty, she married, and then she seems to have felt it quite out of her power to help her brother at all.

Dear old Overberg finally came to the rescue. Amalie had left him a valuable collection of rare gems to be sold if necessary in aid of his many charities. With characteristic disinterestedness he resolved to send all the money thus obtained to Gallitzin, and exerted himself to find a suitable purchaser. The King of Holland bought the collection; and, remembering his friendly relations with the

Gallitzins in other days, paid a truly regal sum. It is one of the pathetic sides of life that as age advances, our hopes and wishes grow smaller and smaller. The ardent missionary, who in his generous youth had dreamed such great and noble things that were to be achieved with his large fortune, ended in only longing very wistfully that he might die free of debt; for he felt debt as a kind of stain upon his priestly character. And this wish was granted him.

By the time Father Lemke, Gallitzin's devoted helper and biographer, arrived at Loretto the grand old missionary was showing a few signs of failing

health; but he was still upright, active, energetic as ever, in spite of his thinness which amounted almost to emaciation. No longer able to travel on horseback owing to an injury to his leg, he went about in a strange old-fashioned sledge, in which were packed all the requisites for saying Mass at the stations he visited. His clothes were of the poorest and almost threadbare. Father Lemke at once felt he had to deal with a saint, and valued the privilege accordingly. But, it was hard and at times futile work to induce the old Father to rest and to take things a little easier. He was wont to say that as in these

days there was little opportunity for a missionary to glorify God by a bloody martyrdom, he was at least allowed to wish that he might drop down dead in the harness like a worn-out old cart-horse.

To his countless other labors Gallitzin added that of writing. He wrote some excellent though simple controversial treatises, always in that remarkably pure English he had so easily mastered.

Of course Father Lemke thought that Gallitzin would keep him at his side to relieve him from the strain of excessive work. But, to his dismay, a few days after his arrival Gal-

litzin sent him a considerable distance, to a small station badly in need of the ministrations of a priest; giving him permission, however, to return to Loretto once a month to help him over the Saturday and Sunday.

The winter of 1839 and 1840 was a particularly cold and trying one, and Father Lemke was obliged to travel great distances during Lent, that not one of the scattered flock might be without the means of approaching the sacraments. As ill-fortune would have it, he met with a serious accident, which made it at last impossible for him to put his foot to the

ground. It was just at this most inopportune moment that news reached him from Loretto that Gallitzin had fallen ill; that he had just managed to say Mass on Easter Sunday, but had been unable to preach, and had been obliged at length to take to his bed.

Father Lemke immediately sent a messenger to Loretto, who came back with the news that he had seen the dear old man; that he looked very ill, but that he had said Father Lemke was not to dream of coming, but was to take good care of himself; that if there should be any danger he would be sure to send for him. But a

friend had whispered that the saintly Father was really very ill, and that it would be well if his coadjutor lost no time in coming. Not long after Gallitzin's old sledge arrived, the driver bringing a petition from the doctor (who loved the old priest as his father) to come at once, as there was but little hope. In spite of his own sorry plight, Father Lemke immediately set out upon the journey; and on arriving found that the doctor was only waiting for his coming before performing a necessary operation.

Gallitzin required but little preparation. He was perfectly resigned to the will of God,—

ready for anything. "I have made my will," he said. "I do hope that I can depart in peace so far as that is concerned, and that everyone will receive his due, and that there will even be a trifle over. Now my only desire is to receive the last Sacraments, and then you may do with me whatever you like."

After midnight Father Lemke said Mass for him in his room, during which he received Holy Communion with most intense devotion. The operation brought some temporary relief; but the whole system was so thoroughly worn out his community realized they were to

lose their dearly beloved Father and friend.

The news spread like lightning that he was dying; and from all the neighborhood there poured into Loretto a very stream of pilgrims, old and young, all anxious to see him once more and to receive his blessing. So great did the numbers become that it was found necessary to prevent their entrance into the sick-room. But this had to be done with the utmost caution; for the dying man himself seemed pleased to see them all, and had a sweet smile and a kindly word for every comer.

But at length a man came

for whom Gallitzin had no smile. He had repaid all the good priest's kindness with extreme ingratitude, and had of late years given way to intemperance and other evil habits. Him the dying priest looked at sternly, while he lifted up a warning finger. This silent sermon had a wonderful effect: the prodigal fell upon his knees, and, weeping bitterly, confessed his wickedness and promised to amend. He kept his promise. And Gallitzin, on his side, did not forget him; for on the day of his death, after having a long time lain still and unconscious, he whispered this man's name. It seemed to pain

him that he had not left him anything, as he had to his other former servants. Father Lemke caught these words: "Poor scamp—if it could still be done—not forget him." Father Lemke, of course, respected the dying wish.

Two days before his death Gallitzin had the consolation of a visit from another priest, an old friend of his—Father Heyden, of Bedford. On the evening of the 6th of May the end had come. Father Heyden said the Prayers for the Dying, while Father Lemke held a lighted candle in Gallitzin's hand. As the prayers ended Father Lemke felt that the

pulse had stopped and another beautiful soul had flown to the Feet of its Redeemer. A by-stander, gazing at the dead priest, exclaimed: "Does he not look like a grand old conqueror who had just won his victory?"

The testimony of one of his fellow priests is too beautiful to be omitted. Writing three years before Gallitzin's death, he said: "I do not see much of the venerable Father, for I live twelve miles distant. Besides he has lived, so to speak, *alone*, for forty-two years, and he is reserved and self-contained. But he is the noblest, purest, most Christian man I ever met. He

requires to be well known. . . . Now that I live without any consolation, and have, thank God, gained sufficient mastery over self no longer to wish for any consolation that this world could give me, I believe that *He* will come to comfort me who alone can give comfort worthy of the name. We have abundant proof of this here. For have I not Gallitzin before me? He gave up everything—everything; and, best of all, he gave himself. Therefore he now goes about enshrouded in an abiding peace, and an angel looks out of his calm eyes; and I feel that at any moment he could lay himself down smiling to sleep his

last sleep like a weary child. Can anything higher or better be striven for or attained?"

Gallitzin's funeral told something of the universal veneration in which he was held. In spite of bad weather, mourners came a distance of forty and fifty miles to pay him the last tribute of love and gratitude. It would have taken but a few minutes to convey the body from the presbytery to its resting-place; but his friends had a pretty thought. They carried their dear Father through the gardens and fields and meadows, and lastly through the little town—all of which had been his creation,

his life's work,—that he might once more bless it all and dedicate it anew to Him to follow whom he had, in the most literal sense of the word, "left all things."