

The Catholic Mission at Concord,

DELAWARE CO., PENNA.

BY JOSEPH WILLCOX.

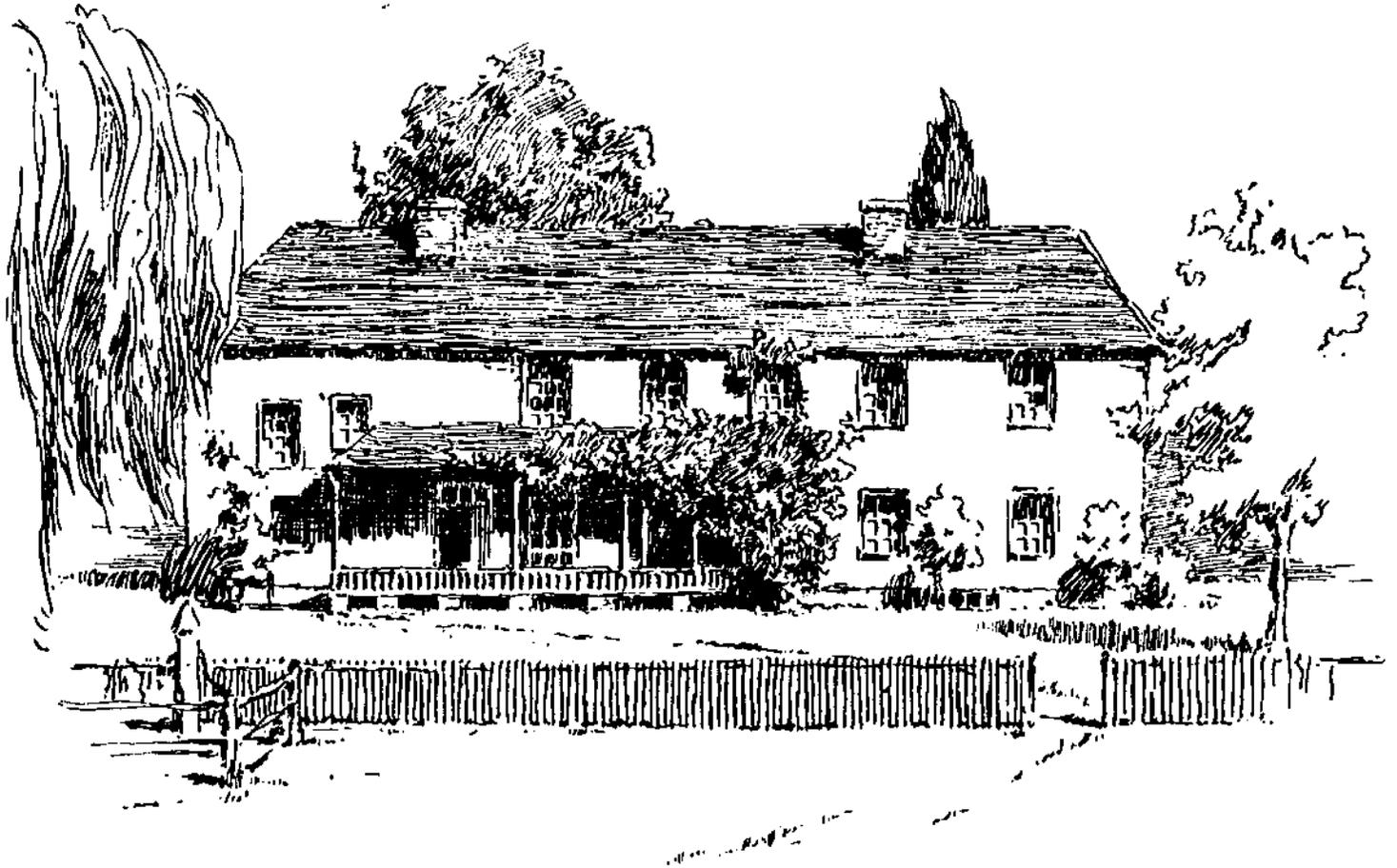
SKETCH OF MARY BRACKETT WILLCOX

OF IVY MILLS, PENNA.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

1897:

REPRINTED FROM THE "RECORDS" OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.



THE WILLCOX MANSION AT CONCORD, PA.

Erected prior to 1744 Torn down in 1837. In the room at the right on the first story, Mass was said during the XVIII century.

From a painting made of the house, in the possession of Joseph Willcox.]

THE CATHOLIC MISSION AT CONCORD, DELAWARE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

BY JOSEPH WILLCOX.

A limited amount of information only exists concerning the history of the old mission at Concord, in Pennsylvania, excepting through traditional evidence. From generation to generation, in the Willcox family, the story has been transmitted that the station at the house of Thomas Willcox, the first of the family, who came to the Colonies, was originally established soon after the time when he erected the paper mill, in the vicinity, in 1729.

In connection with this subject the following account has been written by Rev. John A. Morgan, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore, at the request of the writer.

“ ‘Ivy Mills,’ * so writes Dr. Oliver in his *Collections*, was attended from Bohemia, Cecil County, Md., until St. Joseph’s, Philadelphia, was established in 1733. Father Joseph Greateon and others were at Bohemia.

“ ‘In some old papers his travels from Bohemia to Philadelphia are mentioned, and the houses where he was wont to stay.

“ ‘Fr. Greateon attended Philadelphia some time before St. Joseph’s was founded. After his time a church was established at West Chester.”

“ ‘Dr. Oliver says of Fr. Joseph Greateon : “ ‘ this apostle of Pennsylvania entered the order in 1708, and was professed August 4th, 1719. He died worn out with labour

* A modern name for the old station at Concord.

in that vineyard August 19th, 1753.' " * Fr. Greaton died at Bohemia, which, at that time, was a mission, with a classical school attached to it ; where Archbishop Carroll and perhaps Charles Carroll began their Latin grammar.

"It was the custom of the Society to have a central house, and to give stations at various points. Hence, radiating from Bohemia, the Fathers traversed Cecil and Harford counties to the north, and the peninsular counties to the south. Their journies were extended to Pennsylvania, and stations were given wherever the Catholics could be found ; hence Ivy Mills [Concord], West Chester, Philadelphia, &c. As the number increased churches were built, as at Deer Creek, West Chester, Philadelphia, &c.

"Bishop Kenrick wrote to Fr. Peter Kenny, [a Jesuit,] in 1833, when St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, was restored to the Society: 'I shall, with great pleasure, see the successors of the venerable men, who founded the Pennsylvania Mission, re-occupy the first church of this city. My sanction therefore is cheerfully granted to the proposal made in your favor of the 25th inst. These points are given from memory of documents which are far away.'

In a later communication to the writer Father Morgan stated concerning the deficiency in the records. "Records were poorly kept in the last century. In the case of Ivy Mills, the Father no doubt made the records at Bohemia or at St. Joseph's, in Philadelphia. In regard to Bohemia, the records preserved go back to about 1780 ; the records of St. Joseph's to 1757. Many reasons occur for the imperfect records. The Fathers, on their journies, wrote on bits of paper, and these were lost. Again, in those penal times, a record was a strong evidence in a court."

At St. Joseph's church in Philadelphia the book containing the records prior to 1758 has been lost ; but the

* *Collections towards Illustrating the Biography of the Scotch, English and Irish Members of the Society of Jesus. By the Rev. L. Oliver, St. Nicholas' Priory, Exeter. Printed by Charles Dolman, London, 1845.*

records, subsequent to that date, show attendance at Concord by a priest attached to that church.*

Rev. Joseph Greaton, S. J., was the only priest stationed in Philadelphia from the building of St. Joseph's church, in 1733, until 1741, when Rev. Henry Neale, S. J., came to assist him. Father Neale died in May, 1748. Rev. Robert Harding succeeded Fr. Greaton in 1750. In August, 1758, Rev. Ferdinand Farmer came to Philadelphia to aid Fr. Harding.† These priests are presumed to have attended the station at the house of Thomas Willcox, in Concord, from the time when it was first established until 1758.

From the latter date the records at St. Joseph's church show attendance at Concord by Rev. Ferdinand Farmer until a short time before his death on August 17th, 1786.

The records at St. Joseph's and St. Mary's churches, in Philadelphia, show attendance at Concord, in 1787, by Rev. Francis Beeston and Rev. Robert Molyneux; and by Rev. F. Beeston in 1788, 1789 and 1790.

In 1790, Rev. John Rosseter, O.S.A., built the church at Coffee Run, in New Castle county, Del. As this church was only 15 miles from Concord, it is presumed that Father Rosseter attended the latter station until he moved to Philadelphia in 1798.

In some letters of Rev. Charles Whelan to Bishop Carroll, which have been mislaid, and in letters of Rev. Patrick Kenny to the same bishop, it was stated that the former attended the missions at Willcox's, West Chester, O'Neill's and White Clay Creek, [Coffee Run,] from January, 1800, until he was relieved from duty at some of them by Rev. Patrick Kenny in August, 1804, and from the others in January, 1805.

As early as October, 1801, Rev. Charles Whelan was

* Of the ten children of Thomas Willcox, born between the years 1728 and 1746, no record remains of a single baptism.

† Scharf and Westcott's *Hist. of Philadelphia*, II, pp. 1368-9.

stationed at Wilmington.* He was succeeded by Rev. Patrick Kenny early in the year 1805, when he removed to Bohemia in Maryland ; at which place he died on March 21st, 1806.

Rev. Patrick Kenny attended the mission at Concord from 1804 until a short time before his death, which occurred in March, 1840.

Thomas Willcox, at whose house this mission was first established, settled in Concord prior to the year 1725.†

Thomas Willcox passed an uneventful life, in the country, while busily engaged in the manufacture of paper, and little is now known concerning him. In the *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*, (vol. iv, pp. 274-5,) his name appears in the list of subscribers to the building fund of St. Mary's church, in Philadelphia, in 1762. The name of his son-in-law, James White, and his son John Willcox also appear in the same list.

Thomas Willcox married Elizabeth Cole, from Ireland. It is believed that, through her influence, he embraced the Catholic faith.

They had ten children, as follows :

NAME.	BORN.	NAME.	BORN.
John	June 21st, 1728	Deborah	January 7th, 1738
Ann	May 9th, 1730	Thomas	November 7th, 1740
James	March 23d, 1732	Thomas	December 16th, 1741
Elizabeth	September 7th, 1734	Mark	August 19th, 1744
Mary	October 8th, 1736	Margaret	October 23d, 1746

Thomas Willcox died in November, 1779, having bequeathed his farm and paper-mill to his son Mark Will-

* Letter of Rev. Lawrence S. Phelan to Bishop Carroll.

† In a late letter to the writer, Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, of Philadelphia, states that in 1884 he "copied the following from the *Note Book* of the late Bishop Neumann, which is now in Rome: "In reference to the church at Ivy Mills the bishop set down these items:

- " Ivy Mills S. Thomas Apostle 60 x 40 stone
- " 1720 Mass in Willcox mansion since
- " for 40 yrs. by P^r. Farmer S. J. & Patk Kenry
- " 1842 May 1 21 conf. by Bp. Kenrick
- Rev. P. Sheridan once a mo.
- 1853-58 July 23 Rev. Chas. J. Mangin in charge
- " 1853 Aug. 28 c. s. b. by Bp. Neumann 24 conf.
- " 1855 Oct. 21. ch. b. " " " "

cox. The latter resided there, except during a short interval, until he died in February, 1827. He was succeeded by his son James M. Willcox, who died in March, 1854.

The old house in Concord, in which Thomas Willcox lived, and in which Mass was celebrated for a period of 100 years, was torn down in 1837.*

Mass was continued to be said in the new house, erected on the same site as the old mansion, until a church was built in the vicinity in 1853.

In the year 1782, Mark Willcox entered into partnership, in Philadelphia, with Thomas Flahavan. Their business consisted largely in selling produce from Virginia and North Carolina, shipping much of it to England and Holland. This business continued until 1792. In the meanwhile Mark Willcox divided his time between his paper-mill and his business in Philadelphia, which was located in "Budd's Row," in Front Street near "the drawbridge."

After his removal to Philadelphia, in 1782, he was a pewholder in St. Mary's church, in that city, until 1790, when he returned to his home in Concord.

In the act of incorporation of St. Mary's church, Philadelphia, on September 13th, 1788, Mark Willcox was mentioned as one of the trustees; which office he held as late as in 1789.

When it was proposed to establish an Academy at Georgetown, in 1786, or there about, the following persons were appointed to receive subscriptions in Pennsylvania—George Meade, Thomas Fitzsimons, Joseph Cauffman, Mark Willcox and Thomas Lilly.†

* A view of this house accompanies this paper. The two windows, on the right hand side, are located in the front of the room in which divine service was held.

Two illustrations of the little old chalice used by the early missionaries at Concord are also given. This chalice is still preserved. One view represents it, when unscrewed from the base, ready to be packed in a saddle-bag, for transportation on horseback.

† *Records*, iv, p. 270.

‡ *Bhea's History*, ii, p. 398.

Mark Willcox was one of the trustees, who, in December, 1809, conveyed to the "Catholic Congregation of Christ Church," in West Chester, the church property deeded to them on March 20th, 1793, by John Hannum and wife.*

Mark Willcox was an intimate and highly valued friend of Rev. Patrick Kenny, who attended the private chapel in his house from 1804 until the death of the former in 1827. Fr. Kenny frequently mentions him in his diary.

During the last century the priests, while visiting their widely separated stations, were accustomed to ride on horseback; and they were subjected to great hardship, especially during the winter season, from the cold, and from laborious travel over muddy roads.

Even during Father Kenny's career, in the early part of the present century, the roads were so bad, in winter, that he frequently traveled on horseback, until he was incapacitated by the enfeebled condition of his health.

The vicinity of Concord was originally settled chiefly by members of the society of Friends, many of whose descendants still occupy the farms of their ancestors. Between these people and the few Catholics, who lived in that district, the most cordial intercourse has always existed.

* Deed recorded at West Chester.

SKETCH OF MARY BRACKETT WILLCOX,
OF IVY MILLS, PA.

1796-1866.

FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

BY SARA TRAINER SMITH.

On September the ninth, seventeen hundred and ninety-six, (exactly one hundred years ago,) at Quincy, Mass., a little daughter was born to Captain James Brackett and his wife, Elizabeth Odiorne, of Boston. The Bracketts had lived in Massachusetts for many generations, having emigrated to this country with the early Puritans. The Odiornes were Boston people of that cultured kind that had already made the city of their home of mark among the lettered. Of good parentage, then, was the little maid, and in a delightfully intellectual home she grew to womanhood. Out of its busy circle, she stepped at the age of twenty-three, to become the wife of James M. Willcox, November the first, eighteen hundred and nineteen. From that time forth, her home was at Ivy Mills, Delaware County, Pennsylvania, a spot the very name of which is linked for generations past with that of the Willcox family, and held by all the "county people" as the very heart and centre of Catholicity.

In the county, the traditions of the early century are still fresh at its close. Among our grandmothers, the youthful stranger, Mrs. Mary B. Willcox, took at once her own high place. Stories of her charm of manner, of her graces as hostess, of her home to which all who were once

welcomed, gladly returned, were long current on the countryside. Not the least interesting of the fireside recitals with which mothers entertained their daughters in quiet homes was that which surely followed any mention of her during later years—the story of her conversion to her husband's faith. For Mrs. Willcox was a New England Protestant, and for more than twenty years after her marriage, silently "protested" under a Catholic roof and—as it may be written—beside a Catholic altar. Her husband was faithful to his God and to the Church; the Mass was celebrated as it had always been in the house of his fathers; and Catholic influence as earnest as her protest surrounded her day and night. At last, she yielded, and according to her nature, she responded to the wonders of grace, whole-heartedly and forever. She brought all the wealth of her affections, of her intellect, of her womanly wisdom and skill into the Catholic Church, gladly, gratefully and generously taking up her life-work, and giving of her best until her life's end. Those who knew and admired her as a Protestant, admired and loved her as a Catholic, and her non-Catholic neighbors, while they hesitated to follow her, could not but feel that she had entered into "that haven where they fain would be." Her example and her fearless piety were a power for good far, far beyond the utmost limit of her home-circle, and thirty years after her death, she is spoken of and remembered in homes she never knew, as one worthy of reverent imitation.

Mrs. Willcox died on March the twenty-first, eighteen hundred and sixty-six. After her death, there was found among her papers, an unfinished pencil-written sketch, which she had evidently commenced to prepare for her children, seeking to thus leave on record, in the peaceful repose of her closing days, the story of her blessed past at Ivy Mills—nearly half a century long. Slight and imperfect as it is, no other pen must tell that story until this sketch has been read. It is a history of the station at Ivy

Mills from the time of her marriage in eighteen hundred and nineteen until the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

"I have been as yet quite unsuccessful in obtaining the desired information respecting this our little mission; although I know it is all on record.

"As I cannot expect to remain long here, according to the usual course of nature; and as all others have departed who could give information of the state of this church during the last 40 years—I think it may be well to give you my recollections during that time—as—if there should be anything worthy of notice or worth preserving—I shall feel thankful that it will be rescued from oblivion—if not—there is nothing lost, but the little time I take in writing it.

"When I came to this part of the country, to reside, in 1819, the Rev^d Mr. Kenny was then and had been for about 20 years the visiting Pastor once a month—celebrating Mass then on a small table at the house now occupied by our present Pastor. The congregation numbered 3 or 4 besides the family—comunicants 1 or 2. In 1827, the elder members being deceased, the place for offering the Holy Sacrifice was then removed to the principal mansion house—and still continue to be offered once in 1 or 2 months, according to the state of health of the good but infirm and suffering Pastor—the congregation increasing very slowly, being then about a doz.

"In the year 1840 the Rev^d Mr. Kenny departed to receive the reward he merited for his patience during all his sufferings & trials for many years.

"After the decease of Rev^d Mr. Kenny there were many Clergymen sent in turn once a month, as it suited our Right Rev^d Bishop Kenrick to spare one. Among those were Rev. Dr. Balse, just from Rome—Rev. Pat^k Donahue, lately ordain'd—Rev. Dr. O'Harra—Rev. Mr. Quin—Rev. Bernard McAtee—Rev. Mr. P. F. Sheridan—Rev. Hugh Fitzsimmons. During this time the congrega-

tion was very small—seldom or never more than about 4 coming.

“In 1841 the Rev. Mr. Sourin was sent—very soon one room was not enough—the small table disappeared and the sideboard took its place, being longer—higher—& cover'd look'd more like an altar—one miserable set of vestments—a very small chalice, a very old set of small cards—and an old missal 200 years old seem'd to be all the property of, as yet, the poor church—in about 3 or 4 months Rev. P. F. Sheridan became its pastor—and I, a rank puritan (as good Mr. Kelly termed it) became through the very great grace of God a member—in 1842.

“During the few months previous there seem'd a great augmentation in numbers & in May the 1st Sunday our good Bishop came out to confirm—it was the first he confirm'd after he became the true Bishop of Philad^a after the decease of Bishop Conwell—this was the first Confirmation ever given at this place—there were on that day about 30 confirm'd and over 40 communions—It became necessary now for Mr. Willcox & myself to do everything possible to cooperate with our pastors to improve all things used in the service of God—the sideboard was now discarded as being unworthy for the use—an altar was built & raised upon a platform—a larger chalice procured—a tabernacle made & a ciborium, presented by Mr. Joseph Jenkins, placed therein—and some other improvements.

“In the year 1842 the students of the ecclesiastical Seminary were sent out to spend their vacation—

“This seem'd to be an era in the history of our little Church—the congregation continued to increase & the Lazarists soon became our pastors—the Rev. Mr. Rolando was sent—we then commenced studying a little Catholic music—& it was truly edifying to see Mr. Willcox then approaching the age of 60 conning his lesson with the sweet simplicity of a child—to sing for the glory of God in the little Chapel (now with other rooms fill'd to overflowing) and set apart from 1843 for that use entirely—many

privileges were granted about this time—during the vacations the holy sacrifice was offer'd every morning—once, twice & even five masses in a morning—more than once—two Sundays in the month was now granted—the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was frequently given & sometimes solemn Vespers—having added to our little Chapel—6 sets of vestments, a Benediction veil & a Cope, Albs & Surplices—all of which I took much pleasure in making, together with stoles, caps &c—& we had now through the generosity of Mr. Thomas Jenkins of Baltimore a monstrance, censor, boat, &c—after Mr. Rolando came Mr. Penco, Rev. Mr. Delacroix, Mr. Rossi, Rev. Mr. Maller, Bishop Amat, in turn to be our pastors—Mr. Tornatore, Mr. Haviland, Mr. McEnroe—

“Now we may say another era commenced. Our good Bishop Kenrick having been removed to Balt^e as Archbishop—and Bishop Newmann filling his place for 8 years—seeing the increase of catholicity in this place and we having a Church deem'd it necessary to supply the necessities of the congregation now amounting to 500 or 600 members to send a resident pastor in the person of the Rev. Mr. Maugin, a pious, energetic and very zealous priest in Nov. 1856—the children were now collected together and regularly instructed—& the parents became more constant in their duties—being more opportunities to practise their religion—having a pastor ever watchful over them—in Sep. 1858 an exchange was made—Rev. Mr. M. removed to another mission & Rev. Mr. Walsh placed over this Church—and a mission near Media—”

There is no mention in the above of the fact that the last five years of her labors as here represented were without the support of her beloved husband. Mr. Willcox died on March the fourth, eighteen hundred and fifty-four—twelve years before the close of Mrs. Willcox's life. With the undaunted spirit and fervor of her noble character, she bore her loss with as little change and loss for others as possible, and the grief and affection of her

friends and neighbors followed her to her long home when the call came to her in the "wild March winds" of eighteen hundred and sixty-six. There was not a heart within miles that did not respond to the beautiful testimony of the following obituary notice, cut from a paper of the day, but treasured unmarked and undated.

"Last Friday, Ivy Mills witnessed a sorrowing spectacle. The mortal remains of Mrs. Mary B. Willcox were consigned to their last home, to rest there till judgment day, beside those of her husband, James Willcox, in the old family burying ground. About twenty clergymen, including the Right Rev. Bishop, a personal friend of the deceased for more than twenty years, led the procession, composed of more than fifty relatives and a vast number of sorrowing friends. Never was grief more sincere, for everyone there knew that a dear friend had gone forth from amongst them, whose loss should be sincerely felt and whose place could never be supplied. For nearly fifty years had the hospitable mistress of Ivy Mills discharged her duties to God and man in a way that no one who had the happiness of knowing her can ever forget. Converted to Catholicity in her youth, she embraced her adopted religion with all the steadfastness, ardor and enthusiasm her warm heart was capable of. Its divine precepts becoming the rule of her life and the light of her actions, she was never satisfied unless when putting them into practical operation. For a long time, the only place where the few Catholics of the neighborhood could assemble for the Holy Sacrifice, was a chapel in the old Willcox mansion, but, about fifteen years ago, owing to her generous exertions, nobly seconded by those of other members of the family, the beautiful little church of St. Thomas was erected, which is now the centre of a flourishing congregation. For many years the students of St. Charles Seminary gratefully quitted their hot city residence in the summer season, for the cool sequestered shades of Ivy Mills, and many a good priest, now scattered

over all parts of the Union, when reading these lines, will sigh to think that his old, kind friend Mrs. Willcox is no more. Always desirous to promote the glory of our dear Lord, she was active in every charity, and her heart ever yearned with the wish to do good to her fellow-beings. Mother of a large family of children, some of whom survive her, she raised them all as a Christian mother should, and never neglected anything that could promote their temporal and eternal welfare. In losing her, they feel they have lost their best friend on earth, but her example is a rich legacy, and heaven will grant them the grace to bear their affliction in the proper spirit.

“For seventy years had she stood at her post, bravely confronting the inevitable troubles of earth, for twelve years unaided and uncheered by the beloved partner of her youth who died in 1854, when, in obedience to the merciful law of Nature, the time came at last for the weary spirit to find repose. For several years past, her health had not been good, but she uttered no complaint, resigning herself meekly and cheerfully to the will of her Redeemer. During her last illness, though her sufferings were severe, she bore them with the fortitude of a martyr, and last Tuesday evening, the 20th inst., after partaking of the rites of the Church in the presence of her children and friends, her lamp of life being burned out, she calmly and sweetly fell asleep in the Lord.

“Good Christian wife, good Christian mother, good Christian friend, farewell! Let one who is no relation of thine, but who is proud to call thee friend, drop a tear to thy memory, and earnestly pray that the dear Lord Jesus thou hast served so well, may soon admit thee into a place of refreshment, light, and peace forever and ever.”

Such was the testimony borne to her virtues, such the tribute paid to her faithful friendship, such the blessed memory she left blossoming on the earth from which she passed away without reluctance and in humble hope. And, finally, such was the woman to whom were addressed

the letters from which the following facts, thoughts, and historical incidents have been carefully gathered for the pages of the *Records*. The writers were priests and "Seminarians" for the most part, with whom the hospitality of her home, and the kindness of her heart, brought her into relations of singular familiarity and interest. In the year eighteen hundred and forty-two, Mr. James M. Willcox offered to Bishop Kenrick—Francis Patrick Kenrick, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore—the use of a good sized house on his farm at Ivy Mills, in order that the students of the Seminary at St. Charles Borromeo, might spend their summer vacations, free of extra expense, in a quiet and healthy country retreat. The Bishop accepted the offer, which was yearly renewed and accepted, (with exception of "the year of the riots") until eighteen hundred and fifty-four, the time of Mr. Willcox's death. During these happy summer days, many warm friendships were nurtured into strength and endurance, and many an earnest young heart, drooping in a delicate frame and sensitive organization, taught to admire, to trust, and to confide in Mrs. Willcox. The letters are as varied as their writers. Priests of foreign birth, strange to this country and laboring anxiously to make it their own for the Master's sake. Seminarians in the first flush of their devotion, and older men already worn with the weariness of the barren wilderness of the world—they all wrote freely and fully to their fostering mother. A happy and beautiful contentment is a marked characteristic of the whole correspondence, and the personality of Mrs. Willcox dominates it with a strong and gracious sweetness that wins from each writer an affectionate respect. They furnish, as historical data, many of those trivial daily incidents which oftentimes decide most important questions, and they testify clearly, in several cases, to the intentions and characteristics of those who stand forth brightly from the background of the history of the Catholic Church in America during the last one hundred years.

In eighteen hundred and forty-two the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo was about to close its first decade, and after several transient homes, was apparently established on the northeast corner of Eighteenth and Race streets—then known as Schuykill Fifth and Sassafras streets. It had recently been committed to the management of the Congregation of the Missions—familiarly, but erroneously, known as the “Lazarists”—the Very Rev. Mariano Maller succeeding as Rector the Rev. Michael O’Connor, D. D., upon the latter’s consecration as first Bishop of Pittsburg. The priests of the Congregation of the Mission continued in charge until sometime in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and the successive Rectors, with the other members of the Congregation, were among Mrs. Willcox’s first Catholic acquaintances, her warmest friends, and her spiritual advisors. The celebrated convert, the Rev. Virgil H. Barber, S. J., and the Rev. Edward J. Sourin, S. J., were also her friends, and have left the fact on record. The letter of earliest date—April 15th, 1842—is from Father Sourin, then at St. John the Evangelist’s as assistant to the Rev. Francis X. Gartland, afterwards Bishop of Savannah, and is evidently a congratulatory letter written soon after Mrs. Willcox was received into the Church.

“To

“MRS. MARY B. WILLCOX,

“MY RESPECTED FRIEND.

“Your kind letter conveys to me more consolation than I have words to express—much more, I am sure, than my humble services deserve. As I read it, I could not refrain from expressing the wish that He in whose name and for whose sake all has been done, may deign to look graciously upon our mutual efforts to serve Him. You speak of the unwonted happiness and consolation you now experience from having endeavored to correspond with the invitations of His heavenly grace. It is the fulfillment of his own sacred words—that in Him we should find peace for our

souls—that His yoke is sweet and His burden light. Should He ever think you worthy of that greater pledge of His love, a share in His chalice, a taste of His sorrows, may His grace render it as acceptable as that with which He now sees fit to refresh and strengthen you in His service. Pray that the same may be fulfilled in my regard. ‘Will I come to see you the first of May?’ It is really more than I can promise at present. I must be with my children of the Congregation on that very Sunday. It is the First Communion day—one of the greatest for them and for me in the year. And again I earnestly beg your prayers for both.

“I will endeavor to visit you soon after if I cannot do it before the First Communion. Please present my affectionate remembrance to all the family. I remain,

“With much respect,

“April 15th,

“1842.

“Your obt. sert,

“EDW. J. SOURIN.”

Two sparkling notes from the Rev. P. E. Moriarty, D. D., O. S. A., are of interest only as displaying the ease and grace of his social manner, and as marking the fact of his visiting Chester on a function of some sort on the twenty-fifth of June, 1842.

“MY DEAR MRS. WILLCOX,

“The news about Miss Caroline has put me in such good humor that I am determined, God willing, to comply with the request with which you honor me. I am indeed heartily delighted to hear that she is a Catholic. Father Kyle will do all that may be required here on the 25th, and I will do my best in Chester in the afternoon. As you may be nervous in that quarter in this warm weather, I deem it advisable to assure you that I will be the best of good boys, and will be so placid, so amiable, so conciliatory as to dispute for the palm of meekness even with our mutual friend, Mr. Sorin. I could not believe, as indeed I never intended it, that I delivered plain truth in a harsh and offensive

manner; but as what everybody says must have some truth in it, I have made a solemn resolution to mend my evil ways. Altho' I have already practiced, and with tolerable success, I think Chester will be a good place for displaying my benignity.

Alas! poor humming bird! He died before my return from Lambertville.

"Yours very sincerely,

"P. E. MORIARTY."

"16th June, 11 o'clock P. M.

"MY DEAR MRS. WILLCOX,

"I send you a small edition of the New Testament. I could not procure a new copy at any of the stores of this city, and I hope you will excuse me for sending one that has been occasionally used by me in the pulpit. You will bestow quite an honor on me by accepting of it as a token of my acknowledgement of your great kindness. The picture of our Blessed Saviour is not to be found in any of the print stores here, but I have already sent to London. I have not as yet recovered my spirits, which drooped very much as I got on the pavement of the city. I miss the little bird every morning, but to make up for the loss, I have, beside the usual ringing of the daytime, an additional chime from the hall door bell at night. I hope still more strongly to enjoy the hermit's life. Accept my humble and sincere thanks for your hospitable attention, which rendered the country more than ever usually agreeable.

"With sincere respect,

"Yours faithfully,

P. E. MORIARTY."

"St. Augustine's,

"25th June, 1842.

The first signature of the Rev. M. Maller, afterwards so familiar, is affixed to a short note, under a pencil sketch of a tabernacle. There is no date, but Mrs. Willcox in her sketch of Ivy Mills, speaks of the tabernacle Mr. Willcox and she placed upon the altar soon after her reception

into the Church in 1842. It is probable, therefore, that this design and the note were sent to her during the spring of that year, or early in the summer, when he was sojourning with the Seminarians at Ivy Mills. It bears no trace of passing through the post office. Father Maller was well fitted to offer a design. He had studied architecture before entering the priesthood, and four years later was to form one of the committee which laid the foundations and raised in imagination and faith, the lofty walls of the projected Cathedral we now hold in such honor.

“ Dear Mrs. Willcox,

“ The above is an imperfect idea of the tabernacle which I think will look well on your altar. It is one foot wide by 15 inches high. If I have understood you aright, it could not be higher, and then to my eye, it must not be wider without disproportion. The figures penciled may be made by any common painter. I also send you the scapulars and the plant you left here. Pray for me and believe me

“ Yours in Christ,

“ M. MALLER.”

The first of the students to tender his meed of gratitude was Mr. F. McAtee, in an exquisitely penned and carefully expressed letter, which only too decidedly marks the difference between the “manners” of the middle of the century and its close. Once more back in the Seminary, the summer hospitality was not forgotten nor slurred over, and the “duty letter” remains as a pleasant reminder of its writer.

“ MRS. M. B. WILLCOX .

“ Respected Lady,

“ Agreeable to your request, I write to you a compendious history of my sentiments during vacation. In my first walk over your place, Peace and Plenty seemed to enliven the whole scene and forced me to exclaim: ‘It is good for us to be here.’ Proceeding onward in my path,

I beheld a cemetery ! 'I will go,' said I, 'and commune with the departed.' As I drew nearer, I perceived a cross. 'O grave, where is thy victory, O death, where is thy sting?' were the first words that I uttered. I paused a few moments and returned. Few days passed by before that we became familiar with your very amiable and happy family, and I must say that we have experienced every favor during our residence among you which generosity, urbanity and true Christian charity could bestow. Your conduct plainly demonstrates that you are actuated by the consideration of Heavenly wisdom according to the words of Our Saviour : 'Whoever shall give a cup of cold water in my name, amen, I say unto you he shall not lose his reward.' Each time that I visited your mansion, I was reminded of our Heavenly home, and often, especially when all were assisting at the Holy Mass, did I cry : 'The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' I can safely affirm that I have never enjoyed such a vacation. The inventive genius of Father Barbelin; the delightful taste of Mrs. Jenkins, and yours and your family's many accomplishments, have contributed to our gratification. You think, perhaps, that I have been too much reserved ; it was not from want of confidence, but, rather from constitutional inability. I beg you to look upon the merits of my beloved companions rather than upon my defects. I would be happy to spend a second vacation with you if God's will did not call me elsewhere. We have left you with much regret, wishing all of you the greatest earthly blessings and life everlasting hereafter, where we hope to join you in uninterrupted bliss. Present my compliments to each member of your worthy family. Pray for me that I may persevere in a state which I have irrevocably chosen.

" Yours very Respectfully,

" F. McATEE."

" To our most liberal hostess, Mrs. M. B. Willcox.

" Phila. Seminary, St. Chas., September."

A short note from Father Edward J. Sourin of March 4th, 1843, is written from St. Mary's, but contains nothing of interest, being simply an expression of thanks for a surplice and the good wishes natural to the occasion.

This year—1843—brings in March the letter of the Rev. Virgil Barber, and is an expression of opinion on a much discussed and still unanswered question of non-Catholic incredulity. There is no other communication from him among these letters.

“WHITE MARSH, March 8, 1843.

“March 8, 1743.

“MY DEAR MRS. WILLCOX :—Your very acceptable letter of the 14th ult. reached me a few days since, and I sincerely thank you for this favor. But to your question. I never was at Naples, and, of course, never witnessed the miraculous liquifaction of the sacred blood of St. Januarius. I have too high an opinion of your piety of heart and penetration of mind, to suppose for a moment that the question is, without your saying so, not for the satisfaction of your own mind, but to satisfy some non-Catholic neighbor. It would always be sufficient to refer such a neighbor to the case of St. Thomas, which obviously was intended for such: ‘Thomas, because thou has seen me thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.’ All are not to be converted by miracles. Besides, consider who they are nowadays who say with the Scribes and Pharisees of old: ‘Master, we would see a sign from Thee;’ a suggestion that, generally, shows how far the mover of it for himself, is from true faith. But many saw the miracles of our Lord and His Apostles, yet never believed! A very respectable United States Senator once told me he would not believe a miracle if he saw it with his own eyes; he would think there was a mistake somewhere. This man died in his unbelief.]

“ Best respects to Mr. Willcox and all the dear family,
and the same to yourself

“ Madam,

“ from your obedient servant,

“ VIRGIL H. BARBER.”

The letters of the Rev. Alexander Frasi, C. M., are among the most numerous and the most interesting. He writes evidently from the inspiration of a vivacious, gentle, gracious spirit, and has a bright eye for all that occurs. The mention of familiar places, and the comments on daily occurrences are quaintly foreign often, and his affectionate clinging to the Willcox family proves how homelike even the “stranger in a strange land” found their hospitality. The illness of Mr. Willcox in the latter part of 1843 called forth warm expressions of interest and affection for him and of sympathy for Mrs. Willcox.

“ DEAR ‘ MA ’ :—

“ The budget has come just now—Friday evening at 6 o’clock. So much and so interesting is the news you give me in your letter, that I fear I have not time enough to write a word on the sentiments which each item excited in my breast. The address of the letter tells me that William has come to town, but he had not the time to call and see us. I believe it, but I am very sorry. You know already how I like him ; I consider him truly my friend. To have seen him would have been an instant of sincere joy to me. Patience, Mr. Frasi, patience ! . . .

“ I was lately at Congress Hall Hotel. I saw Miss Ellen. She has been at the retreat. I guess she knows more about devotion now than she did when she was at Ivy Mills. She was an excellent character then, also, but I think piety is now her first concern. May God bless her and all the efforts she will make to give herself entirely to him. . . . Miss Eliza Campbell came to-day to the Seminary to see me with Mrs. Welsh—if I recollect the

name rightly. She looks healthy and pious, too. I did not know anything about her trials. Almighty God is the father of the orphan. He will take care of her, as she may be considered one of them. . . .

"Rev. T. Burke visited Baltimore last week. He had the pleasure of seeing dear Mary, who kindly sent her love to me. Poor child! she had written to me and I had the misfortune of not receiving her letter. I have determined to write to her to testify my gratitude. . . .

"Please to give my love to all the family and believe me.

"Ever your sincerely respectful and affectionate

"ALEXANDER FRASI, C. M.

"Seminary, 24th Nov., 1843.

"P. S. From the context of this scribbling, you will see that I had to write it at different times. Now the 10 o'clock bells are going to strike. I have to read a little of my office and rise to-morrow at 4 o'clock. Good-bye!"

"DEAR 'MA':—

"Your letter which I received Thursday afternoon, could not but affect my heart with a deep sentiment of affliction. 'God's will be done!' I repeated with you over and over again, but still I felt my sensibility strongly excited. It should not be otherwise. For God has created our hearts to love, and provided it be according to His own will, He will be pleased by it. O yes, I cherish the most sincere and tender affection for Mr. Willcox, and all that belongs to him; I ought to love him, for he deserves it. I could not, therefore, receive without deep regret the news you wrote to me of him. I started directly, with the intention to go and see him and do for him all I could. But as the boat had gone, and to take the cars would have brought me to Chester too late—particularly on so stormy a day as yesterday—I resolved to start on the morrow. Had not the Rev. Mr. Sheridan gone to visit you, nothing would have changed my determination. But as I could not remain

with you longer than Saturday, my coming would have been of no use to you,—though to remain is very mortifying to me. I said Mass for him this morning, and I will recommend him to Mary, whose Immaculate Conception we celebrate to-day. I don't write you words of consolation, for as you remarked in your letter, consolation is not to be expected from man at any time, still less in the circumstances in which you are placed. Let us throw ourselves into the hands of our merciful Father, and ask him to help us, to wipe away our tears. Religion—yes, religion, dear 'Ma,' the influence of which you feel, is the only comfort of man. When all the world will vanish before us, when we will be alone, then Religion will still pour into our souls the sweetest balms of consolation.

"I cannot detain you longer. I will, as I always do in my poor way, pray for you and for 'Pa.'

"Be assured that you have a person who deeply shares in your sorrows in your respectful and affectionate friend

"ALEXANDER FRASI, C. M."

"Seminary, 8th Dec., 1843."

"P. S. Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick has told me that he feels very deep regret for the sickness of Mr. Willcox, and that I should make it known to you, whose affliction he cannot but consider with sympathy."

"MY RESPECTED FRIEND,

"It is with heartfelt pleasure I hear that Mr. Willcox is better, and may this find him still improving, and your own heart more at ease with regard to the issue of his severe illness. For although I am aware that you are ready to receive the chalice and the cross as well as the sweets of consolation from Him in whose hands are life and death, yet bitter indeed would have been your trial had He pleased to remove from you a husband whom all that know him have so much reason to respect and love.

He is now, I hope, out of danger: I would be happy to see and know it myself, and when I first learned of his danger, had I been master of my time, I would at once have started to render any service in my power. May I say that I did not forget either him or yourself where such remembrance might be of some service. Please to present my most sincere wishes for his recovery, and accept the same for your own health and the happiness of all the family.

“ With sincere respect,

“ Your obt. sert.

“ Dec. 12, 1843.”

“ EDW. J. SOURIN.”

— — —

“ SEMINARY OF ST. CHARLES BO., 20th Dec., 1843.

“ DEAR ‘ MA ’ :—

“ How could I leave unanswered two of your kind letters since the first moment I received them? Because I had no time. This is the true and only answer I can give to this question, and it will be, I hope, satisfactory. The proximate ordination of four of our young men brought from Ireland by Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor—which is to take place with that of six of your children—has increased the amount of my daily occupation exceedingly, since Bro. Maller being engaged in directing their Retreat, I have to supply his classes. I steal, then, a few minutes to assure you that you could never gratify me more than by imparting to me the daily improvement of Mr. Willcox's health. I thank you very cordially for the communications already given, so much the more in that they afforded me the great relief from the anxiety which I was in on account of his dangerous sickness.

“ The ‘ fuss ’ you have made is not only entirely compatible with, but it was a natural effect of, the crisis to which you were exposed. Please to remember me to Mr. Willcox and all the family. But, particularly, do not forget me in your prayers. May Almighty God diminish

the burden of your afflictions, if he pleases, and at all events give you most abundant graces.

“ Believe me,

“ Your sincere, respectful Friend,

“ ALEXANDER FRASI, C. M.”

The following extract from a letter of Father Maller displays the character of the priest and the truly earnest piety of his charge. The advice is useful for all time :

“ I cannot but very highly recommend the use of spiritual retreats. It has been the means made use of by the Divine Mercy to recall innumerable sinners from their evil ways, to confirm others in good resolutions, and to accelerate the progress of others already far gone in perfection. From this, you may understand how far I am from dissuading you from accomplishing your wish on this occasion. I regard as an indication of the will of God the assemblage of the following circumstances : 1st. When the thing desired is good ; 2d. When it is desired with good intention ; 3d. When no reasonable objection can be raised against it. Your case has certainly the two first ; as to the third, you may see yourself. If you see no inconvenience in doing it, I see none. I suppose your absence from home will not give grounds for one. If, however, such is the case, remember that duty must always go before devotion, because—simply because—it is the will of God which we pray our Father may be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

“ And now, if you go to Baltimore as I hope nothing will prevent your going, I have two very grave things to request of you : the first is to make well your retreat, the second is to pray for me. . Your prayers then will become more efficacious—a retreat may do more than your past prayers. With respect to yourself, do not mistake false devotion for true, which consists in knowing ourselves and God, and in acting consistently with this knowledge.

“ I am with sincerity your's in Christ.

“ Phila. Feb. 9th, 1844.”

“ M. MALLER, C.M.”

From the constant interchange of kindly tokens, Father Frasi singled out one for the following beautiful reflections, thus embalming the fading blossoms of the camilla and the cactus sent to him fifty years ago.

"ST. CHARLES SEMY., 15 March, 44.

"DEAR 'MA',

"James brought to me your present. How to thank you for it I know not. For there is such delicacy of taste in the choice you have made, besides the intrinsic beauty of the flowers, that I would vainly attempt to express it in words with my rough language, or to acknowledge your extreme kindness in a becoming manner. The only thing I can say is, that I look upon your present as upon a token of motherly affection.

"I have mused over it, and I thought you intended to give me also an emblem in it of the priestly life I should live. I thought the white and fragrant camilla to mean the purity of conscience, the balmy odor of which must always be diffused from the ministers of the altar, and the bloody coloured cactus, the works of mortification and self-denial, which are a particular and essential part of the apostolic mission, since this is our inheritance. But as these virtues can never be obtained without the help of God, so the evergreen leaves of those flowers teach me to place a steady hope in Divine Mercy, which alone can lead me through the narrow road—a great deal more narrow yet for priests—to the crown of the faithful servant.

"If you have intended all this, since you know so well what are my duties and my wants, help me with your prayers that through the grace of God, I may accomplish the former and be relieved from the latter.

"I close for want of time, assuring you of my remembrance of you in the Holy Sacrifice, and of my sincere devotedness to you and all your family.

"Respectfully and affectionately yours,

"A. FRASI, 3.M."

The letters which follow are those of a student in the Seminary, of piety and promise which was all too soon brought to an untimely close. He died soon after his ordination, for which he was prepared at the College of the Propaganda in Rome. The interest of his letters—which are given in immediate succession—arises from the graceful and gentle spirit they exhibit, and the easy and natural description of his life in Rome fifty-two years ago. The same reflections might be recorded by an observant traveler and a Catholic at this date. The first letter precedes his departure from Philadelphia for his home.

“PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 30th, 1843.

“DEAR ‘MOTHER’ :—

“When I promised to write to you, I little thought that my letter would be a valedictory, but so it is. My fate is sealed. Tuesday morning, please God, will see me bid adieu to Philadelphia for a while, perhaps forever. Now that I see the moment of parting at hand, I begin to feel how hard it is to tear one’s self from those he loves. The bright prospects which are before me would indeed be dazzling were they not shadowed by the sad consciousness of leaving so many and so affectionate friends behind. But how could I expect it to be otherwise? Poor mortals that we are! The rose is not plucked without its thorns, nor the cup of pleasure drained without its dregs. But—pardon my philosophy! I had almost forgotten that it is a letter and not a sermon I am writing. So, then, my dearest, my most affectionate ‘Mother,’ we must part. I need not tell you how sorry I feel, not alone for leaving you, but for leaving all my fellow students and my kind Professors. Shall I ever have the pleasure of again seeing you? I entertained the hope of being able to go down to Ivy Mills before going away, but I have found it impossible. I must have patience till my return from the Eternal City. Till then you must pray for me, and especially don’t forget me while on sea. I tremble at the thought of

being so long deprived of the benefit of assisting at the holy Sacrifice ; and, also, at the thought of perhaps going to the bottom. But all is in the hands of God, to His holy Will we must be resigned. I flatter myself that in this step I am following His voice, and, therefore, whatever happens will, I hope, be for the best.

“I am overjoyed at hearing of Mr. Willcox's recovery. May God prolong his days, for I think they shall not be fruitless. My attachment to him and all his family is ineffaceable ; tis needless to speak of it, for words are but empty sounds, but I assure you that till death overtakes me, I shall never forget the kindness of Mr. Willcox and his family. Last vacation I look upon as one of the happiest periods of my life, were it for no other reason than its having introduced me to the friendship of such an inestimable family.

“James, I hope, has not neglected to nourish the little germ which I saw begin to bud before I left Ivy Mills. How happy I would be could I have the pleasure of his company on the voyage ! Tell him I expect to see him before long, stalking through St. Peter's with his cassock and clerical cap. What a meeting we shall have ! I believe I should not be so overjoyed at meeting my brother.

“Give my respects to Mark and William. I shall never forget Mark's little pleasure-boat, nor William's feast of binding oats, much less the pleasant evenings I spent in their company, so charmingly enlivened with the hearty chorussing of the ‘Boatman’ and ‘Lucy Long.’ And this reminds me of poor little Sister. How sweetly she used to play ! Don't forget to give her my respects. I had almost said ‘love,’ but I thought you might be scandalized. It would be impossible not to love such a combination of good qualities in a child of her age. May God bless her, she has the qualifications of a saint ! Remember me to the boys and ask them to pray for me. I need not ask you to pray for me, for how can a mother

forget her son? At any rate, I will make a bargain with you—do you pray for me while I am on sea, and if I get safe to Rome, I will visit the tombs of the Apostles, and say a prayer at them for you, and I will try to send you an account of some of the curiosities of the Eternal City. Meanwhile, dear 'Mother', I remain with greatest affection,

" Your unworthy son,
" JAMES BROWN."

A voyage to Europe was an undertaking in 1844! Six months later, he fulfills his promise of writing from Rome, two weeks after the happy meeting with James Willcox had taken place in that city. The glimpse of the new life together within those time-honored walls reads like a message from another world, now that the friends have met again in death. The long years are bridged between the passing of the youthful priest, fresh from his first vows, and the time-worn but time-honored man who went out from us so recently. Early dreams and hopes had vanished for the last, but he had used well his gifts and served, also, as a soldier of the Cross. It was in the first flush of youth he spent these "two weeks" with his friend.

" ROME, June 2nd, 44.

" MY DEAREST ' MOTHER',

" How happy I have been for the last two weeks, James and I together nearly every moment of the day! I feel several years younger than I did a month ago, for then I was beginning to feel a little homesick, but the moment I threw myself into the embraces of James, I felt indeed that I was not alone, though far from home. What a meeting we had! You can better imagine it than I describe it. 'Tis enough to say that I scarcely opened a book for a week after his arrival, for how could I study at such a time? The second day after he entered the College nearly

all the Americans had a holiday ; we went out with him to show him the city, and to let him deliver his letters. But when the moment came for assigning him his post, then we—I, I should say—were troubled indeed. For as each one is located according to his progress in studies, we all thought that, *nolens volens*, James would have to go into one of the lower divisions. And as the students of the different divisions are widely separated, and have little intercourse with each other, I knew how badly James would feel in being placed among strangers, not to say anything of myself. However, I told the thing to the other Americans, and by putting our heads together, and by the happy circumstance of a vacancy in my division, we contrived to get him a room in the *camerata* with another Philadelphian and myself. This was a most fortunate stroke. For besides being more comfortable, he is under one of the best Prefects in the College. We concluded that it would be better for him to study Italian this year, which is now nearly ended, so that he might be ready to start fresh next year. For this we got the approbation of the Superiors, and besides that, we got permission for the other Philadelphian and me to go into his room whenever we liked, a privilege, by-the-bye, never granted to any person before. Thus you see that everything has concurred to increase my happiness by the arrival of James. How little I thought last vacation, when he and I first spoke of his 'going to Rome' that we should both be there so soon ! But 'the ways of God are not as the ways of men.' If we be only faithful to His grace all things will work together for our good. Happy indeed will he be who has no other desire but to fulfill the will of God.

" You cannot expect me to write as long a letter as yours, for you know my time is not at my own disposal. I need not say anything about my voyage over, for the troubles of that are gone with itself to the abyss of the past. I may remark that it was much shorter and more pleasant than

I could have expected. I was only three Sundays without Mass; and even on these I hope I was not deprived of a share in the communion of saints.

"As to what I 'saw and met' when I got here, I saw and met so many strange things that I could scarcely put them in a volume much less in the inside of a letter. Everywhere I saw piety and devotion. Even in Paris, that metropolis of the beau monde, I felt what it was to be a good Catholic. I made a practice of hearing Mass every morning during my stay there, and by that means had a good opportunity of seeing how things went. I believe there was not one morning that I did not see numbers, even of the fashionable young men, approach with the most edifying piety the table of their Lord. Drop into a church at any hour of the day, and you will see these same young men, with perhaps their bankbook under their arm, prostrated before their God begging blessings upon their undertakings. I speak particularly of the young men, for they are generally less inclined to piety than others. There is not a church where there is not some Confraternity of these young men for various pious and devout objects. I made it my business to ask the parish priest of one church how many males he had in his Confraternity, and he told me he had 212,077. This, mind you, is a Confraternity of the Blessed Mother of God, and as a certain holy man said: 'Whoever is devout to the Blessed Virgin must be devout to God,' you can now judge of the piety of the French. In fact, I was told by a gentleman in Paris that it is only a few of the very highest classes, and the generality of the very lowest that are not religious in France, and this notwithstanding all the efforts of the diabolical school of Voltaire. The first named of these are led away by worldly interests, and the last by brutal ignorance, which is daily disappearing. What I say of Paris, I could say of every town I passed through; of many—such, for instance, as Lyons—I could say even more. At Lyons, I visited the tomb of St. Irenaeus, a martyr of the second or

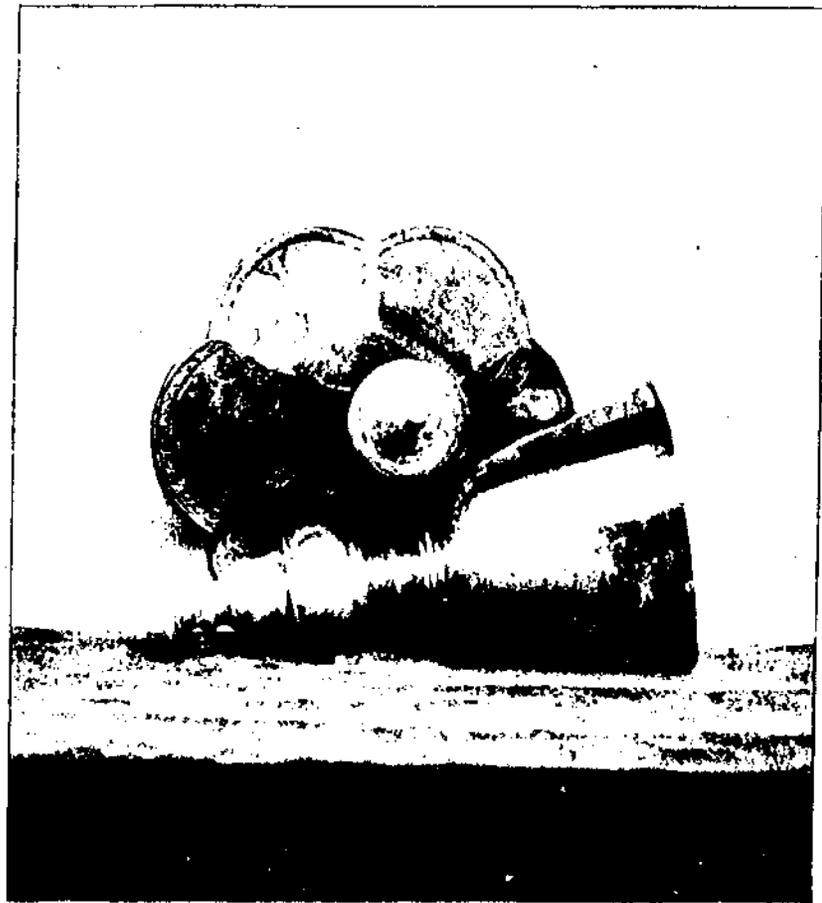
third century. I saw where he and so many other martyrs of that consecrated town suffered for the faith, and when I looked on the marks of their blood not yet erased, and on the pile of bones still preserved, I could not restrain the tears of joy and sorrow which flooded upon me. As for Rome—Religion is the business of every day there. It is always before our eyes in some shape or other wherever we turn, so that it is impossible to lose sight of it. If you only knew how false are the things said of Italy by American bookmakers, you would be so disgusted with the baseness of your fellowmen that you would feel inclined to put half of them in the Penitentiary, until they owned the truth.

“But enough of this for the present. You will give my ‘love’ to all my good friends at ‘home’ and some to little ‘sister.’ For yourself, you may take as much as you think I can spare. Pray, of course, as much as ever for me, but pray at least as much for poor James, with whom the confinement will naturally go a little hard at first. * * * James is a young man of strong mind; pray for an increase of grace to enlighten his mind and to confirm him in his vocation. I have barely room to reassure you of my feelings of eternal gratitude and respect for all your family. Your own ‘Son’.

“P.S. Please accept these alabaster beads, which I have had blessed by the Pope for you.

“P.P.S. I enclose a little picture of St. Francis de Hieroniso, which, though rude, has been, I am told, an instrument in the hands of God for some extraordinary events. Keep it for my sake.”

There is one more letter in this series—the letter of his mother after his death in 1847. It was written in June, three years after the one James wrote from Rome. It is evident that he reached home only to die, but his race had been bravely run. It is also evident that he “came of godly parents,” and that they met the ever old and yet



OLD CHALICE (with paten).

Used by the early missionaries at Concord, Pa., during the XVIII century

ever new sorrow with Christian patience and resignation. Peace be to them of whom we record this edifying and undying truth—"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"MANAYUNK, June 27th, 1847.

"MRS. WILLCOX.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND, You will no doubt before this have received Rev. Mr. Sourin's answer to your very kind favor of the 23d, conveying to you the melancholy intelligence of the decease of my dear son. I feel very sorry that I had not presence of mind enough to have written you in time for you to be present at the funeral, but, my dear friend, I was so grieved over that sad event that I never thought of anything else.

"I thank you, dear Madam, for the kind interest you have shown for my dearly beloved son. You will please accept of these few remembrances of him. They are not of much value, but in the sight of Him who died for us they avail much. The relic is of St. John the Evangelist. The Cross was brought from Jerusalem, and both it and the beads were blessed by his holiness the Pope. The picture is one which was given by the Abbess Markrina to my dear son, and has her name on it written by herself. Accept of these little tokens of remembrance of my dear son and pray for him. You would confer a great favor on me, my dear friend, if you would request the prayers of your son, and of his fellow students for my dear son, when you next write to him. Oh, my dear Madam, the loss of this dear child has been a severe trial to us, but it is a great consolation, and we may be thankful to Almighty God for having spared him to see us, and given us the satisfaction of performing the last sad duties for him. Please remember me in your prayers, and believe me to be,

"Yours respectfully,
"MARY BROWN."

The mother's letter bears a sad and touching memento of her son's life in Rome in the paper upon which it is

written. It is a fine, thin sheet, having an engraved view of the basilica of S. Maria Maggiore, "*In Roma presso Go. Antonelli in Piazza di Sciarra, No. 233.*" In this day of photographs, illustrations, etc., it is difficult to realize the interest which clustered around these letter sheets, which came from afar and carried into the home-circle the shadow of what the absent loved one knew as something real. There were no other homely witnesses to the truth of written descriptions.

Putting away this little episode, we return to the even current of the years, and their accompaniment of letters, taking up one of the Rev. Father Maller, C.M., written soon after Mrs. Willcox had made the retreat he recommended to her February 9th, 1844. Father Maller's advice is always good in that it can be followed.

"PHILADELPHIA, March 30th, 1844.

"RESPECTED LADY,

"I had more than half intended to write to you during your retreat in Baltimore, but an uncommon press of occupation rendered it very difficult, if not altogether impossible to me. You need not be very sorry for it, for I had nothing very important to tell you. I may as well tell it now. By your long letter, I perceive that you especially caught at two things in my last, namely, at the rule for knowing the will of God, and the definition of true devotion. As to the first, I must tell you that the said rule, though good in itself, is not easily to be applied especially in some cases, and hence, if made too much use of, may easily cause a person to become scrupulous, troubled in his own interior, and peevish towards others. Take care, therefore, not to go always rule in hand, measuring every little thing with it. You may not see the inconvenience at present, but you might feel it afterwards. Go on with great simplicity. We are not bound to do always that which is best; it is enough if we endeavor to do that which is good. As to the second point, I was

astonished at your asking me in what false devotion consists. Why, it consists in whatever is called devotion and is not the true one.

"Mr. Frasi is about to start and presses me to come to an end. I obey, and request you to remember me in your prayers, which I want as badly as ever.

"Yours in Jesus and Mary,

"M. MALLER, C. M.

"P. S. I saw Mr. Penco yesterday ; he wished me to remember him to you, Mr. Willcox and family."

A letter from Father Maller now brings us face to face with the troubled times of 1844, and shows good reason for declining the summer home at Ivy Mills, lest the visitors call down wrath and ruin of the kindly household and the generous host. It is a sensible and courteous letter, as might be expected from Father Maller's former letters.

"RESPECTED LADY :

"Your letter of the 29th last did not come to hand but on Saturday night, too late to be able to send you an answer by 'Pa.' I found it to be such as becomes a fond mother : the title of 'children' given to our Students is amply justified by its contents. I must, however—cruel as it may appear—take from you all hope of seeing them reunite at 'Polly's' for this year, at least. It has been the opinion of our and your friends that it is not prudent, nor even safe, to have them together out of town, and under these circumstances, how could I expose you and them to what, though not probable, is not impossible? Your place has been too much singled out in the course of the few troublesome days, and the Bishop forbade me to send them anywhere, but especially to your place lest we should expose you to any inconvenience. I hope this reason will work in your mind as it did in mine, and console you until such time shall come as may enable us to

sacrifice every thing to the will of the all-governing and merciful Providence.

“I come to the second point. I must preface it with the words of the Lord's prayer: ‘Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.’ Were we to consult our own inclination, we would fully acquiesce in your request to spend the whole time with you, as we feel really ‘at home’ in company with a ‘father’ and a ‘mother,’ brothers and sisters, as are all among you. But God requires me to do otherwise, and this will suffice for your consolation, as it does for mine. It is only in company with our Students that we are allowed to spend vacation out of the house—unless we had a country house of our own—except in the case of a particular necessity, and, when on that account, prescribed by a physician. I will pay you a short visit to satisfy partly, at least, our debt of gratitude towards you all.

“Pray for him who is always a poor, unworthy priest of the Lord and respectfully yours,

“M. MALLER.”

“To Mrs. M. B. Willcox,
“St. Ch. Bo. Semy.,
“June the 3d, 44.”

This letter supplements the last.

“PHILADELPHIA, June the 18th, 1844.

“RESPECTED LADY,

“Notwithstanding my former determination to not trouble you—not to please you rather?—by sending any of the ‘children’ to spend their vacation at ‘home,’ I am in the necessity of doing the contrary at the explicit, but most earnest request of Dr. Eckard. He has urged me to let Mr. O'Connor go somewhere, and he has no friends to whom he may go, nor I any to whom I might recommend him except you, who, I know, are always ready to show them a mother's care. I hope we will never forget such

kindness and generosity as you show in your letter of the 12th inst. It is a faithful representation of the state of your mind, I doubt not, and I am sure you have no reason to fear that you are wrong. I appreciate the inestimable dispositions of your heart, and though you may feel as if walking in the dark, you may thank God that you could not take a better course were you helped and illuminated by a thousand suns. Happy darkness which leads to so desirable a state! You may have your own imperfections—and who is free from them in this life?—We are all sinners, some greater and some less, but upon the whole, you have no reason to complain. You know this yourself, though you say positively you do not. No doubt. Why should you care by what means you are led provided you be led aright?

“I must say a word about the last part of your letter. It is not on account of your supposed fears, but of our real ones, that we came to the said determination. Your generosity did not but increase those fears. You understand me, I hope.

“Mr. Frasi is getting ready to start on a tour, and I hope to accompany him. We go to Emmittsburg, and will come back through Baltimore. We will be back on Saturday next. Our course must be rapid.

“Pray for me and give my respects to Mr. William and to the whole family, and never cease to pray until you obtain for me what I want.

“With respect I am
 “Yours in Christ
 “M. MALLER.

“Mrs. M. B. Willcox.

“‘Ma,’ In a hurry, but sincerely I assure you that I am in great need of prayer.

“Won’t you pray for your poor

“FR.” FRASI.”

Father Frasi, returning with the restored "O'Connor," writes as follows from the Seminary on July 18th, 1844,—one month later:

"I arrived safe with my and your child, O'Connor, at the establishment. About a dozen of the Students were already in. All well. Daily they are pouring in. By the beginning of the week, the studies will, I think, recommence. Father Maller is well. He tells me that the Sunday of the late riots, the inmates of the Seminary had another flight. He was among them. Courageous man! So I say, who was peacefully in the country. But here, they were all frightened to death.

"Please tell 'Pa' his letters have been forwarded. Mr. Griffith is very much in a bad humour with you, 'Ma,' for your not having written him on last Monday according to promise about 'Pa.' Father Barbelin is at the Capes. Mrs. Stedvent is better, can walk, and go a little abroad. I have visited nobody yet, nor shall I; I have so little time.

"Please tell William I got the Review number. I will have it read in a day or two. It is worth reading. Mrs. Smith and all Episcopalians should read it. My love to all. I can't send the bread in the pocket of Father Barbelin; he is too far off. At the first opportunity, you shall have it. You don't say Mass, I suppose. Then you don't want it now. How is Mary? Oh, tell her much love from me; tell her to pray for me. And you, too, pray for me.

"Respectfully and affectionately,

"A. FRASI, C. M.

"P. S. The town is quiet. Arrests increase daily."

August 2d, 1844, Father Frasi adds a "P. S." to a strictly confidential letter which is worth note for historical exactness in trifles.

"P. S. The Students will be twenty (in number) this evening. Mr. O'Kane returned to-day."

August 13th, 1844, he shadows forth a deep sorrow soon to fall upon the happy hearth at Ivy Mills in the reference to William's ill health. William Willcox must have been a most lovely and lovable character and one that made of him a son near to his mother's heart. Father Frasi also imparts news of interest to Philadelphia Catholics, who care to trace the growth of her churches.

"Poor William is not well! Though we should expect always to have joys mixed with afflictions, I really feel this very sensibly. Oh, try to get him restored! I love William very much: I cannot help feeling extremely sorry to hear of him as sick. Now I come to my news. I came out of Retreat last Tuesday. Children had Monday. They evidently have improved in regularity and piety. Classes have begun, and I have two a day. I am kept busy all the time with them and with the care of the house. We have a sick student—Mr. Mead—with remittent fever. He gave me plenty of occupation, but is now better. The number of 'children' is 22. Jennings has not come back, nor do I think it probable that he ever will. All we are well.

"One of the reasons that I do not write so frequently as I did before is that I have now, besides my former daily occupations, to write a sermon every other week, and learn it by heart to preach it at Nicetown. A poor beginner such as I am, is kept, you see, busy enough. I am very fond of my little mission. The children particularly attract my interest and attention. The church is filled every time I go there. Protestants come, also, but not in great number. I had several last Sunday. Though I 'ain't' a Yankee, they tell me they understand me well enough. I gave them last Sunday a sermon on a curious subject. Guess what it was? Modern miracles in the Catholic Church. The little congregation amounts, perhaps, to two or three hundred, all decent people and very quiet. There is even too much respectability in it to do a

great deal of good among them. Last Sunday there were six carriages before the church waiting to take their owners home. I had the pleasure of giving Communion to a young lady of a very respectable family, newly converted to our Church. Educated like all Protestants with ideas of pride and prejudice even within the house of God, she seemed a little troubled the first time I invited her to come to church to take communion, in order to give the public testimony to her faith. She seemed a little troubled, I say, not on account of the fast she had to keep so late, but for having to mingle with 'all kinds of people.' Grace, however, has overcome her prejudices, and she came quite satisfied—because she is very sincere—at being in the company of so many likenesses of our Divine Master. For He was poor and humble, and from among the poor people He chose His mother, He had His friends. Unite with me to bless God for all this and to pray Him to grant the grace of conversion to her mother, who, convinced of the truth of our holy Church, dares not overcome her prejudices and give up the world to follow Christ. She has confessed, however, that if she had to die, she would not be easy without being a Catholic. O world! O world!

"A piece of news I must give you that perhaps will sadden you a little, but I cannot help but give it. This is it—that most probably I shall leave Philadelphia very soon for St. Louis, Mo. I am waiting for an answer, but I fear that it will not be favorable to my stay. The order has come already, but reasons have been suggested to have them revoked. If they are not, I do not know that I shall ever be able to see you again. At all events, I will write to you and I will always call you 'Ma'.

"Truly yours,

"'FR.' FRASI, C. M."

"P. S. The Revd. Gentlemen of the Semy. send you their best respects & your 'children' their compliments

and their love. Those to be ordained sub-deacon are McLaughlin, Flanagan and W. Gennings.

2d P. S. The Revd Mr. Penco not come yet. We expect him by the end of the month. The date of this letter is not the above written date, but the following: Sept. 13, 44.

A letter from Mr. O'Connor, dated September 25th, 1844, mentions the number of students at the Seminary as twenty-four, "eight of whom have been received since vacation." He also states that the Rev. Dr. Wood "arrived here lately from the 'eternal city,'" and that Mr. Lane was in town to-day. I suppose you have heard of his removal from Chambersburg to Trenton." This was the Richard O'Connor who had been at Ivy Mills for his health in June and July of 1844.

The next letter speaks for itself of contemporary trials of the Protestant Episcopalians, of whom some were Mrs. Willcox's relatives, and Dr. Tyng a tremendous power among them. The same contest is going on to-day in the Conventions. Fifty years has not brought them peace.

"ST. PAUL'S, October 18, 1844.

"MY DEAR 'MA':—

"I, in due time, received your kind favor of no date, but from its P. S. I could trace you to the Hall. It was not till Saturday afternoon that I was apprised by it, that you were in town. You can have no notion how I felt when I read it, 'Ma' in town and not see her son!!! Well, perhaps it is all right. The more remote our earthly ties, the nearer our heavenly ones: the rays of Catholic love can elevate the soul above all sons even the darlings of our own bosom. This may be all very well, but still, the son does not like that light that only shows more distinctly the shade in which he is so dimly placed. This, too, is selfish.

“I am happy to know that you and the family enjoy good health. As for myself, I am each day and oft in the night called to see some one die. I should not be much scared by death when he comes for myself, for I meet his victims almost daily. * * * William I am told, is not well, and I am sorry to hear it. I suppose you are by this time edified by the Convention, for it shadows forth the sort of union there is in her who is most united out of Catholic unity. Have you no prayers that God may open to them the gate of his fold, the union of his peace, the bond of his faith, the mark of his approval, the seal of his presence, the forerunner of his eternal rest? You can see by the papers that the Church Protestant is almost ashamed of her name, and seeks to be called by the name of her whom God has named with a name exclusively and forever her own, and which shall never be given to another. As no other name save that of her Founder can give salvation, so no other church can truly claim the name Catholic but her whom he sets before the world as The Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. This must strike us more forcibly, just now when we see him make use of one of them to confound the rest, as to what name she must be called. The noble and gifted Tyng is for Protestant, the whole Protestant, and nothing but Protestant; and thus is Protestant fastened on her face as the outcast of God, the disobedient, contumacious, stubborn and sulky child. Just now she seeks to use the name of her mother to give her favor before God and man, but no! the Holy Ghost is watching them, but it is as he watched the tower of Babel to confound, to disunite, to scatter the builders, and show the folly of the undertaking—that their labor is vain unless God is with them, and that they can lay no foundation for any other Church is pretty clearly seen, for they know not by what name to even call it, much less to say, establish it in unity or preserve it in peace. ‘My peace I leave with you,’ says Christ to his disciples. Lo! it is not there, but it cannot be you seek for it in vain. It is nowhere but in the

Pillar and Ground of Truth : this Pillar is founded on the Seven Hills of Rome, the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, the first of which is Wisdom—and St. Paul says it (as a wise architect) the second, Knowledge, the third, Understanding, the fourth, Counsel, the fifth, Fortitude, the sixth, Piety, and the seventh, Fear of God.

“Wishing your next visit may pay the debts of the last,

“ I as ever remain yours,

“ P. F. SHERIDAN.”

“ Love to all from Sister and myself.”

Father Frasi worked diligently on his Nicetown mission, and had his own troubles, such as many a priest of 1896 can fully understand. The same things bother them that “poddered” (so he wrote it) poor Father Frasi. Extracts from two letters—one of December 2d, 1844, and the other of January 28th, 1845, show the state of affairs in his “dear, neat, little church.”

“But what bothers me most, and takes up the little time my ordinary occupations would allow me, is the begging business in which I am engaged to clear off the debt of my dear, neat, little church. For this, many a step I have to take, and many a brazen face to put on. But patience, in spite of all! I cannot bear to see poor mechanics, who worked at the building, and, after waiting more than a year, have not received their money. I think it is too bad; it is cruel. I cannot bear it. I hope to see you. I know you are coming to attend the fair for the orphans; I will see you there if we live. By the way, my hope of coming down to visit you and family is gone. I supposed that the Rev. Mr. Rollando's health was at that time so much impaired, that he could not come. I would then have had a chance. But it is better that he is well, and I mortify myself a little.

“What news have you to give me of your William? Have you heard anything since? And James—does he write? Since the Rev. Mr. Wood's arrival I have heard nothing of

him. Mark I know is well, but he never writes or comes to see me. I would give I don't know what to see him happy. I like him so. It must be better than five weeks since I saw 'Pa'. The same reasons kept me from going to see him that kept me from writing to you. I trust he is well. Tell him, please, that I do not forget him. I can not."

"ST. CHARLES SEMINARY, 28th Jan., 1845.

"Occupation upon occupation may be heaped upon my head, but—I will not say why—I cannot lose sight of you. I am really engaged more than I should be, but we can't help it. The little church at Nicetown gives me more bother than I expected at the first to receive from it. I undertook to get it free from debt, and when I began to go to work, I thought I had but little to do, for the people assured me the debt did not amount to a greater sum than two or three hundred dollars at the most. I am not perfectly sure I know the whole of it even now. Every day some new things come out. A small bill here, another bill there, and so on and so on, never an end. In the manner the debt comes out at the present, it must have amounted to over \$500 when I first undertook to pay it. The Rev. Mr. McDevitt had a great hand in the work, and he wonders how such a great sum is yet due, but he cannot but acknowledge the bills, for they had been made, almost all, in his name. I have worked hard, and I do still work, but knowing from experience that this is not a good begging season, I have taken the advice of the Rev. Mr. McDevitt and of Mr. Sturdivant to try a Concert. It is troublesome beyond measure for me to enter upon business of this kind, but I had to pledge my word to the creditors that they should soon be satisfied, and now I have to keep it. I hope the thing will have a fair success, and if so, I will soon be out of trouble. You will not wonder after what I have told you to hear that I am getting a little thinner. But I have every reason to thank God that my health is very good. We have no sick in the

house, unless you choose to call 'sick' the few who have slight colds, which cannot be avoided at this season."

Early in 1845, the blow fell upon the Willcox family that had been anticipated for sometime by their friends. William Willcox died in February, and Father Frasi, as might have been expected, was the first to address an expression of sympathy to the bereaved mother of his beloved friend. Sister Mary Michaella, of the Convent of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Baltimore, writes from there to offer her condolences, and to give tidings of little Mary Willcox's reception of the news of her brother's death. Before the year was out, others among the friends were condoling with Mrs. Willcox on the very delicate health of this daughter, and almost before the grave had closed finally over the remains of William, she was fading from earth. William died at a distance from his home, having gone on that so sadly hopeful voyage the dying take when it is too late. He was not laid to rest in the family burial place for several months after his death.

In October of 1845, there appears a new correspondent in the person of the Rev. Antonio Penco, C. M. On the 28th of October, he writes a letter of farewell, preparatory to his departure from the Seminary in order to take upon him new duties at a distance. The priests of the Seminary appear to have changed their abode in several instances about this time, for another new handwriting is that of the Rev. B. Rollando, C. M., who writes from Galveston, Texas, on the 18th of November, 1845. The letter is such a picture in words of a different state of the country from that of the present that it is worth inserting. It is also quaint and typical in its expressions.

"GALVESTON, Texas, the 18th of November, 1845.

"DEAR MADAM:—

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be always with us!

"You will rejoice to hear that after a prosperous voyage of 17 days by railroad, by stagecoaches, by rivers and by

sea, I arrived at last in this town. on Sunday, the 9th inst., at 11 o'clock A. M., in good health and better spirits. Rev. Mr. Frasi will, no doubt, have already written you how we availed ourselves of that short stay in Baltimore to visit some of our friends, and how we narrowly escaped being precipitated down a bridge near Cumberland. I separated from this dear companion at Cincinnati, and embarked on the 'Matamora' for New Orleans. But I saw him again once more at Louisville for the last time. On board the steamboat I had to sleep—as many other passengers did—on the floor, but, still, my voyage was very agreeable. From the first day I became acquainted with several gentlemen,*****

“When I arrived here, there was nobody at the Episcopal residence, which consists of three small rooms and a small garden. Bishop Odin has not yet returned from Rome, and the Rev. William Brands, one of my old acquaintances in Missouri, had gone to say Mass at Houston. Our negro boy was likewise absent, and I had no obstacle to take possession of the whole house. All the companions I found herein were a cat, a small puppy—which ran away from me as from an intruder—a host of innumerable ants, and mosquitoes without end, which, for my consolation, I was told they would last only from the first of January to the last of December. It was now time for dinner, and a certain Mr. ———,—an Irishman by birth and Public Notary of the town—a school-teacher and sacristan in the bargain—took me to his house and regaled me with two huge tough pieces of beef, both salt and fresh, but strange to say, we had no vegetables—not even potatoes. A glass of yellowish, rainy water finished the repast. My fare at home has not very materially changed. At three o'clock, I was invited to sing vespers in the Cathedral, which I did with my whole heart. The church is a frame building, 50 by 20, not yet plastered inside. The sanctuary is a little more finished. It is covered with a painted canvass and presents a tolerably

good appearance. A large picture of the Miraculous Medal is above the altar, in the middle of two projecting columns, on each side of which hang the pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary. There is, also, a piano organ, and a German musician who plays on it, gives lessons of music in town, and uses his best endeavors to form a choir, which is doing remarkably well, for last Sunday they have sung a Mass in music for three voices. Besides our church, there are three other grand churches, all larger and better finished than our own. That of the Episcopalians is the fashionable one, and the best. Our beginning is very small, but I have no doubt with God's blessing that the little grain of mustard seed planted in this sandy plain, will soon grow into a large tree, and the birds of the air and the beasts of the field and the sea-monsters—very numerous here—will run under its shade for protection. The so called Catholics are very numerous. There are no less than seven hundred, but the true ones might be counted on the tips of the fingers. A very rich and pious family has lately come to settle here, and their example will do good. Mr. ——— is an Englishman and a fervent convert ; his lady is from Spain, and very pious she is indeed. Every morning she goes to hear Mass, and takes along with her her children, who, when Mass is over, are taught Catechism with the other children of the parish. A good example which ought to be imitated by all good Christian mothers. So, you see, that in every place God has his chosen servants whose sincere piety and fervent zeal shine the most conspicuously as they are surrounded by evil example of every kind. We have established the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Mary for the conversion of sinners, and sixty members have already joined it. The intercession of so powerful a mother will no remain without effect. *****Yours most devoted in Christ,

“ B. ROLLANDO, C. M.”

“ P. S.—The mail is very irregular in this country, hence I do not know when, if ever, this will reach you. If you

receive it, do not fail to write to me. I have already written a letter to M. Maller from the second day of my arrival. The thermometer here has been ranging from 50. to 80. and our gardening is just beginning."

On January 6th, 1846, Mary Elizabeth Willcox died—not one year after her brother William. Again the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Willcox poured forth their warm and tender sympathy. The Rev. Edward J. Sourin was the first to respond to the tears of friendship. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary at the Academy of the Visitation, Baltimore, where Mary had been a favorite pupil and classmate; Sister Mary Michaela,—who had broken to her the news of William's death but one year before and who was also a connection of the Jenkins family—all are eloquent and soothing in the expression of Christian truths and heavenly promises. Father Rollando writes from Galveston his second letter, on February the 9th, 1846, and adds a little news before closing his letter:

"You will be glad to hear that I begin to be more pleased with my new station. Not only am I free now from mosquitos, etc., but likewise from some indispositions, which were caused by the changing of climate. Although it is raining almost every other day, still I prefer this climate to that of Pennsylvania, at least, in winter. Last month, I went on my second visit to Houston, and remained there two Sundays. I may have had fifty or sixty Catholics in the church, both morning and evening, and they seemed to be all desirous to have a priest residing with them. You will be amused to hear of a deputation sent to me when I was about to take my leave and return to the island. Two 'Paddies' came with Mr. Fisher, the Judge of the town, to see me and to try to engage me to remain with them, saying that the Catholics would do anything in their power for my support, and the Judge was most eloquent in pleading the necessity of a clergyman to make his residence

there. I thought all the time he was a Catholic, but I had never seen him in the church. He had an Italian countenance, but spoke some of the English language perfectly well, but I could perceive in it a mixture of Italian pronunciation, yet, his name was German. I was at my wits' end to know whom the Judge might be, and what was my astonishment when they told me, that he was a Mahomedan. My impression is yet that he is an Italian, and as he invited me most politely to go and see him, I will soon ascertain the facts. Many of the Texas people have changed their names. This zeal among the Catholics of Houston convinces me that they still love the Faith, and that their indifference to religious matters arises more from the want of clergymen than from their neglect. I tried to comfort them, and promised that as soon as Bishop Odin shall arrive from Europe, they shall have a resident priest. In the meantime, I will go to see them again in the beginning of Lent, and, if they give me enough to do, spend with them all that holy season. Emigrants arriving at this port continue to come in large numbers. The town is increasing very rapidly. Since my arrival, no less than thirty or forty houses have been built, some of bricks. Since my last we have established here a new society, called the Galveston Catholic Benevolent Society for the Relief of the Poor and Needy of the Town, who are very numerous, especially among the emigrants. This Society is all managed by the ladies, and as its object is to relieve the poor, so even Protestants are admitted in to it by paying twenty-five cents per month. It numbers already one hundred and twenty-five members, and the president is the lady I spoke of in my last. It will have a good effect for our holy religion, which is always solicitous not only for the spiritual welfare of her children, but of all mankind."

The war with Mexico soon after caused the good father some uneasiness.

“Since the commencement of the war,” he writes, August 12th, 1846, “some confusion prevails in the mail department, all the steamers being employed by the Government. We only receive the news from the States at very long intervals, and I would not be at all surprised if my letter of May 5th, or your answer, should have been lost. But the truth shall soon be ascertained. The Right Rev. Bishop Odin arrived here in safety the beginning of July, with a good supply of evangelical laborers. One is at present stationed here, and two are now attending to Houston. These three are from Ireland; eleven more are in the Seminary at St. Louis, studying the English language. Four or five will come to Texas in the beginning of next winter; the others, who are only Seminarians, will be sent for as necessity may require.

“I had the pleasure to give hospitality to Fathers McElroy and T. Ray on their way to the army of occupation. If it was pleasing to them, after so long a journey, to recruit their strength here a little, it was far more agreeable to my heart that I could afford it. I had just been preparing some rooms in a new house for the reception of the Bishop and his companion, which they occupied, and one Sunday, to the great satisfaction of all, the good Father McElroy had the kindness to preach for me twice.

“As soon as the materials arrive from Europe, we will begin the Cathedral, which will be built of bricks, with stone foundation, and will measure 120 by 60. I rejoice to see from the newspapers that Bishop Kenrick has sent out his Circular Letter for building the Cathedral in Philadelphia. Is it to be built on the lot recently purchased, and adjoining the Seminary, or elsewhere?”

August 19th of the same year he writes: “On Assumption Day, we had about twenty-four communions, and in the evening, I established the Confraternity of the Rosary, and nineteen members signed their names.

Several more will join it. The frequenting of the Sacraments, you will see, is increasing, though slowly, though I have a firm confidence that Our Blessed Mother will do wonders."

In another letter, he repeats the statement that Bishop Odin had brought with him eleven Seminarians, one Irish priest, three Redemptorists for the German mission, and three postulants for the Ursuline Convent "which will soon be opened here." Matters in Texas were advancing in the ways of peace, although "they were firing the canon very often to recruit volunteers for the Mexican war. Many of our men capable of bearing arms have already started for their work of destruction and plunder. Let us hope that the war may not be long!"

February 11th, 1847, he has more progress to report in spite of the war. "Of late I have been very busy," he says, "but for the future, I promise myself some more leisure hours in which I will be able to entertain correspondence with my friends. The Bishop since his return from Europe has given to me the charge of the parish, I have, likewise, the care of the house, and in his absence from home, (which since July has been more than five months) all devolves on me. Ten days ago, we sent three new priests into the interior, and three more, who are here, will soon be sent. Eight nuns of the Ursuline Convent have come to establish themselves here, and they have opened a school last Monday, with about thirty scholars. In a few day—maybe months—we shall lay the corner-stone of the new Cathedral. It would have been laid long ago, had we not been disappointed twice in getting our bricks."

From Galveston, Texas, to Butler, Pennsylvania, is "a long day's journey," but the interest of the next letter draws nearer home. The Rev. Robert Kleineidan, missionary, affords an insight into the home missions, then wild and rude and far distant.

"You are aware," he writes from Butler, April 13th, 1847, "that our great friend, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, stays in Butler, too, where he has charge of the English portion of the Catholics. It is a pity that whenever I have to go abroad to pour the balsam of hope and joy into afflicted hearts, and to give health and strength to the weak, he has to comfort and encourage those who are found at home, so that we seldom happen to be in the same place together. I have to attend four other missions beside Butler, and the Rev. Mr. Mitchell is visiting three Catholic congregations within a distance of 20 to 30 miles.

"In your letter, you wished to know something about these places where I am preaching. To give you some idea of my respective missions, you must bear in mind the places I am attending are Butler, Clearfield, Great Western (iron works), Indiana, and Donegal Township, where at present a church is being built, while in the other places the churches are nearly finished for the use of the German and the English. The Catholic religion is flourishing everywhere, and churches are building in the most hidden spots. Some few years ago, there was only one church in the whole of Butler County, but now there are almost four * * * * * I cannot conceal any longer something that has been for a long time the subject of great consideration; that is, I am on the brink of leaving Butler and Pennsylvania altogether, I hope, in a short time. I am resolved to ask permission of our good Bishop to let me go to Baltimore and join—the Monks. O dreadful! I will thus become, really and actually, corporeally and spiritually, not a Jesuit, not a Dominican, not a Carmelite, nor one of the Sulpicians, but, poor and humble, I presume with the grace of God to become a member of the Society of the Most Holy Redeemer. If you have ever seen one of those black gowns—perhaps in St. Peter's church, Philadelphia—who with untiring zeal preach the word of God to thousands of souls, and by their own peculiar system, do an immense deal of good, you may imagine me

shortly as one in their ranks. Of course, as individuals they possess nothing, obey most promptly their respective superiors, lead a mortified and severe life, but what is all this? Nothing in comparison to the gain, the salvation of one's immortal soul."

We take another flight to Galveston with a letter from Father Rollando, dated April 14th, 1847, and find that the church is steadily advancing there. "On Passion Sunday, we have laid the corner-stone of the Cathedral. The Very Rev. P. Timon preached to a very large audience, and a collection was taken up, which amounted to nearly \$200, more than two-thirds of which were given by one family. We have here the architect, Mr. Girard, who, in company with his brother, superintended the buildings at Emmittsburg, which were lately finished. I am glad to say that he has adopted the idea of my plan. It will be built in the form of a cross, in the Gothic style of the 13th Century; its length in the clear will be 126 feet, its breadth ditto, 60 feet; in the transept, it will measure 78 feet. There will be two turrets in the front, and two rows of pillars, forming three naves; that in the middle, 30 feet; the other two, 15 feet each. It will have an aisle in the middle six feet wide, and another all around the wall four feet wide. Beside the great altar, there will be two side-altars, placed in the arms of the cross, and two confessionals on each side of the side-altars—four in all. The baptismal font will be near the door, at the right as you go in, with a most beautiful railing before it. The sanctuary is divided into two parts, the sanctuary proper and near the great altar, where the Bishop's throne and the sedilla are placed; a step lower down, the choir for the ecclesiastics. On each side of the sanctuary, there is a sacristy; one for the Bishop and one for the clergy. A great part of the materials are ready, the plans are made, and the contracts written, and next week will be given to the bidder, and proposals received. By the next time I write to you, I hope it will be going on well. As soon as the church is finished, I will send you the drawings,

or, if you will prepare for me a good heavy purse, I will bring them to you myself. Do you not think it would be worth the trouble?"

In August of 1847, we find a collection of news items in a letter from the Rev. Joseph A. Gallagher, who had been ordained priest the Easter previous, at the Seminary in Pittsburgh, and "sent out here to Youngstown to live with a community of Benedictine Monks." (This was at Mt. St. Vincent's.) "My duties here are very heavy, as I have to attend to the English portion of the congregation, and, at the same time, be chaplain to a convent of Sisters of Mercy. The Benedictines are all Germans, and the greater part of them cannot speak a word of English. They are forty-two of them in community; three are priests, five are students; all the rest are lay-brothers of every trade and occupation. Bishop O'Connor was here yesterday on his visitation: he was accompanied by the Rev. J. F. Wood, from Cincinnati, who is going east for his health."

This is the first mention of the future Bishop and Archbishop of Philadelphia. The time had now come for the Rev. Mariano Maller, C.M., to leave his charge in Philadelphia, and we learn from the following letter certain particulars of his departure. It is dated St. Louis, Sept. 8th, 1847, and opens with his usual address:

"RESPECTED LADY:—

"I feel as if it were time to redeem my promise of writing to you soon after my arrival. I arrived in this city on the fourth. My health is somewhat improved. I am going to tell you some of the incidents of my voyage.

"We started from Philadelphia on Tuesday, the day after I left you in company with Mr. Magrane, who (as I suppose you know by this time) went to join the Redemptorists. The next day, very early in the morning, I left Brother Cesari in charge of the baggage, and went to introduce Mr. Magrane to the Redemptorists. I met Messrs. Duffy and Kleineidan. I said Mass, and then, with much difficulty, succeeded in getting out of there, for they kept me

as long as they could. I walked away as fast as I could, for fear of losing the cars, as it was getting near the hour, and but for a smart running of two squares, I should have been left. I had just time enough to jump on the platform of the last car. In my hurry, I forgot to deliver a letter I had for Mr. Duffy, as also to pay the hotel-keeper for a night's lodging.

"Whilst in the cars from New Castle, a great noise and continued hurrahs announced that some extraordinary personage was entering the car. And, to be sure, there was the Honorable Henry Clay. I had every opportunity of getting a good look at him, but we had to pay for our satisfaction in the rate of the speed of the cars, as, at every stopping place, the same hurrahs and shaking of hands, speeches and responses were reiterated. The next day, the same honorable traveller sat next to me in the car, but as I was no politician, I had no inclination to shake hands with him. At six o'clock P. M., the same day, we were in the stage from Cumberland to Wheeling. I slept in the stage very sound ; so much so that when I waked, I found myself hatless. My hat had gone overboard, and, therefore, all my endeavors to find it in some corner or other, were vain. On Thursday, about 10 P. M., we reached Wheeling, where a steamboat was waiting for us. We had time to take supper, and then took passage on board, but the baggage could not be put in at once, and as poor Brother Cesari's back was paining him very much, I told him to go to the boat, gave him the number of the cabin, and told him to go to bed at once ; that I would attend to the trunks. There were at the time, two steamers on the shore, and the Brother, by mistake, went into the wrong one. He soon perceived his mistake, but too late ! For the boat had left the shore, and was going down the river. He spoke to the captain and then to the pilot, but he got no answer. He requested to be put ashore ; he prayed, he insisted in vain ; he addressed himself to the deck hands, and promising something to them, with the captain's con-

sent, they put him on shore. They were satisfied with a quarter-dollar for their trouble. But now, the boat had gone far down the river, and Brother had to run up, for fear the other boat should start and leave him behind. He came fully in time, but how can I express my anxiety in the meanwhile! I knew not what had become of the Brother; the night was pitch dark; I searched every corner of the boat, I asked every person, but could get no answers that could assist me. Some thought they had seen him, or, at least, a man such as I described him. Others thought perhaps he was in the other boat. The most gloomy apprehensions pervaded my mind. I was not easy in any place, but going up and down, I would call his name aloud, and I had no means of ascertaining whether he was in the other boat or not, and I had now no hopes of knowing it until we should reach Cincinnati. When in this cruel anxiety, I beheld the Brother, coming towards me, and to speak of my relief is as difficult as to describe my preceding anxiety. A few minutes more, and we were steaming down the stream. When I write again, I will tell you the rest. I found Mr. Frasi getting up from a somewhat dangerous typhus-fever. He is daily improving, but still very weak. He sends his respects to all. I start to-day or to-morrow for Cape Girardeau, there to wait for further manifestations of God's will.

“Pray for the wandering priest.

“M. MALLER, C.M.”

Father B. Rollando at this time had taken the place of Father Frasi as a regular correspondent. “Whilst the yellow fever is every day more and more raging in New Orleans,” he writes from Galveston, Texas, September 17th, 1847, “carrying away so many of its victims, we in this town enjoy good health, thanks to God! Some of our citizens died, it is true, but inflammation of the bowels too long neglected was the cause; we had no case whatever of yellow fever. And although we might be

visited still—as the season is already far advanced and the heat is considerably abated, we hope that God will avert this scourge, at least this year.

“Our church goes on finely. To-day they will finish putting on the rafters of the roof, and in a few weeks more, it will be covered. The masons have finished the wall around, and have already begun the higher and lighter walls which rest on the columns of the large nave. The organ, too, is progressing, and when finished, it will not only vie with, but far surpass any organ you have in Philadelphia. Beside the great organ, it will have the *Eco*, or what the French call *le Positif*, and the Italian, *la Lontananza*; two fingering boards; twenty registers, divided into forty stops. The front will occupy the whole back of the gallery, viz., thirty feet wide, six feet deep, three feet high. The bellows, four in number, will be placed in one of the turrets, and the pedals on each side of the gallery, leaving a choir for the singers twenty-five feet long and five feet wide. The plan for the front has been drawn by the architect of the church, corresponding to the whole building. The whole will be made and put in its place, by a German architect, for the low sum of \$2000. He desires to make himself known, and this is the reason why he works so cheaply for the first time, and he seems to be confident of his own ability, for he will not receive any pay until the organ has been placed in the church and examined by competent judges.”

It was October the 5th, 1847, before Father Maller was able to send from Cape Girardeau the account of his adventures during the last part of his journey, and the letter was not received at Ivy Mills until January 1st, 1848.

“RESPECTED LADY :

“I received yesterday your long expected answer to my first from St. Louis. I say long expected, not that you have delayed, but considering my earnest desire of hear-

ing from a place which I had begun to call my home. You have filled my heart with joy by giving me so favorable an account of my dearly beloved children, the students of St. Charles; after which I can well imagine the mutual emotions at the parting moment, and the consequent loneliness at Ivy Mills. I am, also, delighted with the reception you met at the Seminary on your first visit after vacation. I must, also, say that I feel most grateful to you, and all at home, who with such disinterested charity, have paid to my dear students a truly fatherly, motherly, brotherly and sisterly attention, both in my presence and in my absence. Now, to my adventures. We left Wheeling at last, Brother Cesari in bed, complaining of being very tired and sore all over his body, but in a day or two he got over his complaint. The first day on the boat was spent in striking up acquaintances. It was an easy matter, as I was known to be a priest, and nothing could be more conducive to conversation. In the whole of my voyage from Philadelphia to St. Louis, I met with the greatest attention and respect from every one."

Father Maller returned the courtesy and attention in the best manner possible. He entered into several controversies, and appears to have made good use of every moment of the journey in a faithful setting forth of the truth of the Holy Catholic Faith. He closes the letter with the following statement regarding his health and prospects.

"Since my last letter, my health has continued to improve, but not rapidly. The doctor here thinks that my case is confirmed bronchitis, which may last a long while before being cured. You may direct your letters to this place for me, as it is probable that I will be here a good while. I have found the "Screw" flower here, but of a larger size, so that I have been able to analyze it. Its name in botany is *Neottia*, of the family of the *Orchids*.

"Pray for your old Pastor, M. Maller."

It is worth remarking that during the year 1847, the letters gradually abandon their old form of folding without an envelope, and are written on four sides of the sheet of paper. The letters that came from the South—from Texas, Cape Girardeau, etc.,—were the first to adopt the new fashion.

Once more, "poor Father Frasi," as he often called himself (from some familiar jest in the Ivy Mills household) appears among the letter writers, after a long, long silence.

"ST. LOUIS, MO., October the 11th, 1847.

"DEAR 'MA':

"Your child has not forgotten his duty towards you, although he has acted in such a manner as to give you reason to doubt he had gone entirely astray. If I have been in fault in keeping too long a silence, I beg a thousand pardons. But you, on your part, will be kind enough to allow me to plead a little my cause. 'Poor Father Frasi' has been through such a press of business and troubles since his last letter to you as he could not relate in the short space of a letter. He has been sick, too, and dangerously sick, of a typhus fever, but is now quite recovered.

"The Superior of this house having been directed to leave this place for another destination, and for a long time no Superior being appointed, I was charged with all the care of the temporal interests of this large establishment; nay, with all the care of the temporal interests of the Congregation in America. Things would have gone smooth enough, had the 'Old Man' been here, but he was in Texas, and, generally, away from me all the time, and I had to attend to the most intricate matters. And what more difficult business is there than to have debts—heavy debts—to pay, and to have no money? That was my case for a long time, so that I had not a minute to spare till things were arranged by the appointment of a Superior.

And, lo! here of late, when I thought I would rest awhile, our good 'Old Man' is snatched away from us to make him a Bishop.* Oh, I could not tell you the pain it gave me! And the trouble that his loss has brought on me, and all his children! God's will be done! In the meantime, we have only to pray that a successor may be appointed, who, full of the Spirit of God, may direct this congregation to its holy end. I will not speak of the heavy burden I have now upon my shoulders. This consoles me—that it does not make me so responsible as other duties that I had before. But of labor, I tell you I have more than a plenty.

"Now, of another trouble; in which you take a good share, I am sure. Very Rev. M. Maller is at Cape Girardeau (as I suppose you know) but his health is not bettering at all. Indeed, I fear it will grow worse during the winter, and this would be an additional cross for the Congregation in general, for it is the common opinion among ourselves, that he will be appointed to fill the place of Bishop Timon. What will be done for Philadelphia, I do not know. It is a hard matter to find one to fill the place of Mr. Maller there. We have, besides, received lately the news of the death of one of our priests at the College at Perrysville. He was in the last stage of life, and a very worthy and industrious member of the Congregation. You see, dear 'Ma,' that there are crosses for all. Mr. Maller while here told me much of your crosses, and you will believe it, I hope, when I tell you that I took a good part in your affliction."

That the very Rev. M. Maller was appointed to the charge of the house at St. Louis, that he returned to it from Cape Girardeau, and that he found his hands and his head fully occupied with the charges, we learn from a letter from him of June 1st, 1848. "The Archbishop intends to visit Philadelphia in a few weeks," he says, in closing, "M. Frasi's health is tolerably good now, though

* The Rev. John P. Timon was consecrated Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., in 1847.

not strong. He sends you all his respects. I must also pay a visit to Philadelphia, but I cannot as yet say when."

When Father Maller left the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo in 1847, the Rev. John B. Tornatore, C. M., was appointed as Rector in his place. He filled the position only until 1848, when the Very Rev. Thaddeus Amat, C. M., succeeded him. During the time of his rectorship, Father Amat went abroad, and Mrs. Willcox had several letters from him, the first dated "Paris, July 24th, 1849," and beginning simply: "Mrs. Willcox."

"We are in Paris since the 13th of this month, enjoying perfect health in the midst of cholera, which has been very bad here, but is now almost over. We had, owing to the prayers of many good persons, undoubtedly, a very happy voyage. As I fear our stay will be perhaps a little longer than we expected, I have thought I would write you a few lines to comply with your earnest desire manifested to me before my departure, though I have very few things to tell you. About the state of things here and in Rome, you will know all that I can tell before you receive this. The cholera has made great ravages in some places. The Sisters of Charity here at the Mother House, have lost forty-two Sisters of the disease during the months of May and June. In May, they lost as many as there are days in the month—thirty-one. The others died in June. At our house, none of the inmates died, notwithstanding some of them had the sickness, but all is over now in the two families. Please tell Mr. James that I paid a visit a few days after my arrival to the Apostolic Legate, made his commission, and gave him the letter. He was most pleased at hearing from Mr. James, and he seemed exceedingly interested in hearing news from the United States concerning the state of religion. He promised us a visit at the St. Laurence, which he has made already. I hope you have all the Seminarians at home and in good spirits. I learned that the cholera was increasing in Philadelphia.

I hope, though, it will soon be over, and that it will spare your family and ours."

The Very Rev. Father Amat was rector until 1851, and there are several short notes from him to Mrs. Willcox containing careful and exact directions for her spiritual advancement. From a letter partly illegible and partly destroyed, it is evident that he returned to France after his rectorship was ended, but at what time, there is no record. He states in this fragment of a letter, that he "commences to forget" his English. He was in France "to lead an expedition of about forty Sisters of Charity and four missionaries to Chili," expecting to set off on his voyage "about the 15th of next October." The Rev. Timothy D. O'Keeffe, C. M., writing (a letter of congratulation on the marriage of James Willcox) from St. Vincent's College, on October 21st, 1852, has this sentence "I heard a report a few days ago that Mr. Amat met his mitre in Paris; how true it is, I cannot say." As 'Mr.' Amat was Bishop of Monterey, California, in the course of his career, it was doubtless in 1852 that he was in Paris preparing to go to South America. The Very Rev. John B. Tornatore was again Rector in 1852.

The Rev. Timothy D. O'Keeffe had more of importance to communicate in his letter than the report about Father Amat. "Our church," he says, "is finished interiorly, except the floors, pews, and glazing of the windows. We are daily expecting the glass. It is indeed a very handsome church; none like it in this Western country except the Cathedral at Louisville. We are also building a wing to the College, 80 feet by 40 (not as it is represented in the engraving on the pamphlet, but far more handsome.) So you see, with the ordinary business of the house, the church, the wing of the college, it gives me a fair share of employment."

January 11th, 1853, there is a letter—the last—from Father Maller, which excuses himself from being present when the church at Ivy Mills was to be dedicated. He was

then at Emmitsburg. An unimportant letter from the Rev. John B. Tornatore from St. Mary's Seminary, Perry county, Mo., is the only other letter of 1853. The list had narrowed down, and the shadows were closing in around the happy home at Ivy Mills. The next—and the last few—letters which remain of the treasured collection, are those which were written to the widowed mistress, the lonely foster-mother, on the death of her beloved husband. Mr. Willcox—James M. Willcox—died on March 4th, 1854. On March 9th, five days later, the following beautiful expression of sympathy was sent to Mrs. Willcox by Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore, long a friend (and a grateful friend) of Mr. Willcox, whom he had known, and whose friendship he had tested, when Bishop of Philadelphia.

“DEAR MADAM :

“I beg to offer the expression of my deep sympathy on the loss of your devoted and excellent husband. There is every motive for consolation in his exemplary life, yet, our holy religion encourages us to pray for his repose. I offered up the Holy Sacrifice for him on Monday, and several of your friends here were present. I shall again offer it on Saturday, when several intend to assist. I shall long remember your kindness in throwing open your hospitable mansion to me and the clergy at a critical time, besides your many other generous and kind acts. Please communicate to all the family my sincere sympathy in their affliction. With great respect, I remain, dear madam,

“Your devoted friend,

“FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

“Archbp. Balt.”

“MRS. MARY WILLCOX,

“Balt., 9 March, 1854.”

In the letter, reference is made to the following incident: During the anti-Catholic riots in Philadelphia in 1844, the life of the then Bishop Kenrick was in danger.

His friends advised him to remove from the city. One night, about twelve o'clock, a man (apparently a Quaker) aroused the family of James M. Willcox, at Ivy Mills, and applied for admission. It proved to be Bishop Kenrick, who, disguised as a Quaker, sought refuge there, in company with one or more priests, also disguised. They were, of course, cordially welcomed. The so-called Native Americans, having learned that several priests had taken refuge in the house of Mr. Willcox, sent an anonymous letter to him, threatening to burn his barn unless he sent the priests away. But he took no notice of the letter, except to keep men on guard at the barn until the threatened danger was past.

There is nothing to be added to the Archbishop's letter. The others are short and reticent, as though hesitating to encroach upon a grief so sacred, or, perhaps, those of deeper meaning may have been destroyed by her to whom they were addressed, as too intimately connected with her grief to become the property of any other than herself. It is as though active life ended for her with her husband's life, for there is no further record.

[In the collection of letters intrusted to the editor, there is one from Bishop Charbonelle, without date or address, and consisting of such advice and encouragement as is most useful to a convert, but not of historical value. There is also a number of letters from the Rev. Michael Wirzfeld, a student, when he wrote them, at the Seminary, and ordained by Bishop Kenrick on March 24th, 1849. They, too, are only private and particular instructions, as were portions of many of Father Maller's and Father Rollando's letters. Such letters could not be made public property, but they bear witness, in no ordinary degree, to the fervor, the strength of character, the determined will, which impelled Mrs. Willcox to go deep into the pure waters of truth, and climb the heights of spiritual longing. She was thorough in her practice of her religion, and untiring in her search after wisdom. May this record of her

kindle some heart to greater fervor. And may she rest forever in the bosom of her God !]

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

Philadelphia, October 10th, 1896.

LIST OF THE WRITERS OF THE LETTERS.

[Furnished by Mr. Joseph Willcox, son of Mrs. Mary Brackett Willcox]

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| <p>Rev. Virgil H. Barber, S. J. Lived at St. Joseph's Church,</p> <p>Rev. P. E. Moriarty, O. S. A. Lived at St. Augustine's Church,</p> <p>Rev. Alexander Frasi, C. M. Lived at St. Charles' Seminary,</p> <p>Rev. Edward J. Sourin, S. J. Lived at St. Joseph's Church,</p> <p>Rev. P. F. Sheridan. Lived in Westchester, Pa, and thence removed to 10th and Christian streets,</p> <p>Rev. Anthony Penco, C. M. Lived at the Seminary of St. Charles,</p> <p>Rev. John B. Tornatore, C. M. Lived at the Seminary of St. Charles,</p> <p>Rev. T. D. O'Keeffe., C. M. Lived at St. Charles' Seminary,</p> <p>Rev. John D. Jennings. A student at the Seminary of St. Charles,</p> <p>Rev. F. McAtee. A student at the Seminary of St. Charles,</p> <p>Rev. A. Rossi, C. M. Lived at the Seminary of St. Charles,</p> <p>Rev. James Brown. A student, who died soon after his ordination,</p> <p>Rev. Michael Wirzfeld. A student at the Seminary of St. Charles, ordained by Bishop Kenrick, March 24th, 1849,</p> <p>Rev. B. Rollando, C. M. Lived at St. Charles' Seminary, afterwards, moved to Galveston, Texas.</p> <p>Rev. Thaddeus Amat, C. M. Lived at St. Charles' Seminary, and afterwards, was made Bishop of Monterey, California.</p> <p>Rev. Joseph A. Gallagher. Lived at Mt. St. Vincent's, Youngstown, Pa.</p> <p>Rev. Robert Kleineidan, C. M. Became a Redemptorist in 1847.</p> | <p>} Philadelphia.</p> |
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