

Was 37 in 1933
57
born 1846

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE AND REFLECTIONS ON
TIMES AND EVENTS DURING IT.

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died 1936

Many people wonder at the memory I have. It may be true that my mind in my early years was more sensitive and more retentive than that of others, but at the present I have considerable difficulty in remembering names and faces and even the appearance of places until repetition has brought a certain familiarity with them. Well, I suppose the mind is like wax, which takes an impression better when it is fresh than when it gets old and hardened.

Anyway, I can remember things that happened when I was still in the cradle. While it was still my bed I had an attack of fever and imagined that horrible monkeys were there pressing me on both sides in the narrow cradle that was big enough for only one. I remember old Miss Ann Mavitty who was a frequent visitor at our house, and how she would carry me around wrapped in her apron, which smelled strongly of snuff of which she was an inveterate taker, and occasionally she used the wrong side of her apron as a handkerchief.

Of my first school days I have no recollection, but I remember going to the little stone schoolhouse one mile east of Pittsford in Monroe County, New York, and perhaps a half mile west of our home. I think a Miss Cleaveland was my first teacher, and another to succeed her was Miss Betsey Ann Roller. As we left this place in 1852, I could not have been much over three years old when I began to go to school. Miss Roller must have thought it was all right for me to attend school at that age, for in after years in her letters to one of my elder sisters she said she had found no child of my age who surpassed me in school duties.

I remember my last term in that school very well, for the teacher was a man, and for some infraction of the rules he attempted to whip one of my brothers. The fault had been committed in the forenoon and he put off the correction until the afternoon session. My brothers went home for dinner, while I remained at the schoolhouse. During the noon interval the teacher cut a strong hickory sprout which he seasoned in the fire and passed under his foot to make it tough and pliable, remarking to me at the time that it was for my brother when he came back to school. He came back and the fun began. I had three other brothers in the school and they all took a hand in the fray. Most of the rest of us ran out, some crying and all frightened. I ran home and found that someone had informed my father who was on his way to the school to settle the difficulty. No great damage was done, but the affair was settled and I never went to that school again.

My father was a miller, and the mill stood close to the house, so we children (there were eleven of us, ranging from twenty years of age down to a baby girl of only a few months) had spacious playgrounds around the mill and the mill pond close by. The mill

was owned by a Mr. Theodore Parker and was of the then prevailing style, run by water power and using stones to do the grinding. It ground wheat, corn, and also limestone used as a fertilizer. The millstones naturally were subject to wear, and I remember my father working upon them with a steel pick, dressing them, as he called it, while they lay face upward on the floor of the mill. This meant cleaning out and deepening the lines that ran in different directions on their faces. I recall watching the warm meal as it fell from the stones and slid down a chute into the sacks, and the flour as it was carried up in little tin containers attached to a moving belt to the bolting machines revolving in a room overhead.

The mill pond was an artificial lake of considerable size and was a favorite place for swimming and fishing for the neighbors. It was quite deep and in the middle of it was a stump of a tree partly above water. It was a feat of note to be able to swim out to this stump and back again. Many of the older boys did so and no one ever drowned in the attempt, but the younger boys rarely tried it. The fishing was good, and I recall one neighbor, a Mr. Trowbridge Nicholas, who used a gun and got many large bass by firing at them from a high bank where the water was deep. The fish seemed to be stunned and came to the surface where he could reach them with a net. It was too young to take part in any of these sports unless to fish with a string and a bent pin, and I do not remember catching any fish. What I do remember was gathering chestnuts from a wide-spread tree near the road and going for great big rosy apples to the orchard of Mr. Knapp who lived a short distance east of our place. I do not think we had to steal them; I have the impression that he always gave them to us. Sometimes our rambles would take us to the banks of the Irondequoit, or we called, the Roundequart Creek.

Our nearest village was Cartersville on the Erie Canal. It was about a mile away, and as one of my brothers was employed in a grocery there, I went there occasionally in the hope of getting a stick of candy, which I often did, and went home happy. In after years my brother was a grocer himself in a different state and has as a clerk the very man for whom he worked at Cartersville. The wheel of fortune had turned half way around.

The only time I remember to have gone any distance from home was once when my father took me with him to Fairport. All I remember of Fairport was a number of houses along the canal. As for a church, there was none nearer than Rochester, some ten miles to the west of our home. I think there were two churches there at that time - St. Patrick's and St. Mary's. These are the two I remember hearing spoken of and I think the latter was sometimes called "The French Church."

The pastor of St. Patrick's was the Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, later Bishop of Hartford, Connecticut, and his assistant was Rev. Wm. O'Reilly, his brother. It was he who baptized me (the assistant), and I judge he was not very particular about his records, for when I desired a baptismal certificate at the time of my ordination to the diaconate, it could not be found in the record of that church. Of course he never thought that such a document might be wanted for such a purpose, and when my father, as I was told he did, asked for

my "Baptismal Lines," he said, "Never mind that; no one will ever be leaving him a legacy that he will need them."

Father William O'Reilly left Rochester to go with his brother to Hartford, and a Father Carroll officiated at St. Patrick's. I must have been taken to mass sometimes then, for my mother used to say that I would be very much impressed by him, and used to say that I would be big Father Carroll yet. My memory does not recall any such remarks.

I must have been about four years old when I got my first pair of boots. In those days, and long afterwards, the men and boys wore top boots, and as knee pants were not in fashion, it was the custom; especially in snowy weather, to wear the legs of the trousers folded inside the boot legs. It was a convenient and saving custom, but there was a little vanity in it also. For the boys there was often a little patch of red leather at the top of the boot, and for the very fine boots of the men there was often trained sheep skin dyed in some attractive color. My little boots were rather coarse, but they had red tops and I thought I was somewhat of a man when I put them on.

There was some snow on the ground and I went out into it to show off my new possessions. My brother made fun of me (which I did not like) and said that I did not know how to wear boots, as I dragged my heels in the snow. Of course, there were marks in the snow where the advancing step gradually went down to solid footing, and they pretended that this was proof against me, so I began to step high to show them that I did know how to walk right. This was a kind of goose-step, so they laughed the more and said that I walked like a chicken. Probably I did, but it did not please me to be told so, and it took some of the vanity out of me. I do not remember longing for red top boots over again.

I do not remember much about the games we played other than ussy-wants-a-corner, or who were the children who came to play with us. We were numerous enough among ourselves to dispense with the company of the neighboring children, but no doubt we had it; nor do I remember the punishment we got from our mother. I must have had my share, for I was no better than the others, and my mother did not believe in sparing the rod. I do remember the many times she taught me to pray at her knee before she sent me to bed. The Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary and the Apostles' Creed were those prayers, to which she added later the Hail Holy Queen and the Ten Commandments.

An event of 1852 is clear in my memory yet. It was the sight of the funeral car of Henry Clay passing on the New York Central railroad. The train passed near our house and I mind the black streamers hanging along the side of the cars. Henry Clay died in Washington, and the body was taken to New York, then to Buffalo, and hence to Kentucky for burial. As he was a famous man, as much of the country as possible wished to show honor to his memory, and the undoubted funeral was the result.

My father was born in the County Wexford and my mother in the County Kildare, Ireland. They were married at Castledermot, and two years later they emigrated to Canada with one child (Margaret) who died at the age of four years. Four more children were born in Canada within the next eight years, and in 1838 the family crossed from Canada and settled in Monroe County, New York. Here seven more children were born; twelve children in all, of whom I was the tenth. With such a family it was necessary to plan for the future. My father was no longer young, and none of his children had taken up any trade. The mill had degenerated to a mere grist mill, and in 1852 had ceased to operate. I do not know if Horace Greeley had sounded the slogan, "Go West, Young Man," at that time, but my father decided his plan was to go to Chicago. It was a growing city at that time and the surrounding country was open to settlement for all who preferred farming. The idea of a quiet life in the country, where he and his children would own their own homes within neighboring distance and live where the family ties would still prevail was in the mind, and he concluded that it could be realized in the vicinity of Chicago.

I have a recollection of the night of his return. Like little children, we searched his coat pockets to find out if he had brought us anything good to eat. We found only some broken crackers in the pocket where he carried his smoking tobacco, and I have still in mind the taste of those crumbs mixed with tobacco. And this brings to my mind experience of a year later, but that in good time. I do not know whether the winters were colder there than elsewhere, but I do recollect seeing the snow piled so high that the fences would not show through the crust.

My recollections of the people are rather vague. Attending the school were the Howell children of Cartersville, and Minnie Ackley whose family managed the Phoenix Hotel at that place. Minnie was about fifteen years old and not very bright in arithmetic. Dan Bromley was a friend who boarded at the hotel, and one day came in very hungry. Minnie was deputed to wait on him and she said he was so hungry that he ate sixteen biscuits all but four. How many that was she did not know, but she knew the pan held sixteen and there were but four after Dan finished. The Eddys were another family I remembered, but I fancy they were not very clean, for when my big brothers wished to shame my sisters if their smocks were not clean they said; "You look like Sal Eddy." Another family was the Jarvis Lords who lived at the locks of the Erie Canal. I believe they got into politics later and were mixed up in some unsavory business at Washington. I must not forget the old guide-post at the corner near the school with sign pointing east and reading; "Palayra, 19 miles."

In the Fall of 1852 we went to live in the Village of Pittsford with my Uncle John Doyle, a brother of my mother.

I went to the village school during this Winter, and probably some of the older children went with me. When Spring was well advanced a goodly portion of our household goods were packed up and we started by canal boat to Buffalo. I was too young to have many regrets for leaving Pittsford, or to have any great anticipations for the future, yet I thought I would miss the village blacksmith, Mr Wolcott, to whose shop I carried many old horseshoes and scraps of old iron for which he always gave a big copper cent, which I immediately exchanged at the grocery for sticks of candy with red stripes around them.

The children of our family in order of age were Margaret who died in Canada, Ann, Bridget, Michael, Martin, James, John, Thomas, Ellen, William, Joanna and Catherine. I have a list of them all in my father's handwriting in the old family Bible, and by the way, that old family Bible was purchased from a Catholic man who used to travel with one horse and light wagon selling Catholic books, pictures, beads, etc., through Western New York. His name was Mr Paul Gillen, and later in life, though he was not young at that time, he went to Notre Dame, Indiana, joined the Order of the Priests of the Holy Cross and was ordained and did good work on the missions in that part of the West for many years. Mr Gillen also took subscriptions for the Boston Pilet which some called "The Irishman's Bible."

The Pilet certainly had a lot of Irish news to recommend it, and besides it had a column entitled, "Missing Friends." This was of interest to my mother for her favorite brother, William, had gone to Australia years before and had never been heard from by any of the family afterwards. She thought his name might be found there among those who wished to find the members of their families again. However, it never appeared.

My father was a poor correspondent and seldom wrote to any of his family although he retained a strong affection for them. He named his children after them. His mother, Ann Williams, was a convert, and of his eight sisters, seven became nuns in the Presentation Order, and these were the ones he remembered in naming his own girls. His eighth sister was Mary, but he considered her cranky and he never named a daughter after her. His uncle Harry Williams did not become a Catholic, yet my father was very fond of him. He was a good man and at the time of the Rebellion in Ireland in 1798, he saved many a poor cropy from danger if not death. If he had become a Catholic I would probably have been named Harry. In consequence my mother got the choice of my name. My sponsors were Parrick Gaffney and Mrs Ford.

The Erie Canal passed through Rochester, and my only conscious view of that city was from the canal boat. All I can now remember is of the big mills along the banks where the wheat of the country was ground into flour. Our progress was necessarily slow and was made still slower by a washout in the canal. A break had occurred in the bank at one place and had carried a boat into an adjoining field. How they got it back into the water I do not know, but the break was fully repaired and the canal full when we passed the stranded boat to continue on to Buffalo.

The canal had done much toward the settling up of the country through which it passed. It was dug, we may say, by hand, and every Fall it was emptied of water and gangs of men were busy cleaning the canal of the dirt which had accumulated during the Summer. There were locks at various places to keep the water at proper levels, and it was interesting to see the boats raised and lowered to these different levels. The boats themselves were of two kinds - the larger and slower ones for freight, and the smaller ones, called packets, for passengers, although both might and did carry on a mixed traffic. Generally two horses or mules pulled the larger boats in a slow lumbering walk, but three horses were urged along in a little trot for the packets. The accommodations for passengers were also much better on the packets than on the freight boats. Also the prices were higher.

Many of the laborers who dug the canal were Irish and Catholic, and settling down in the villages and adjoining country they helped to form congregations and missions, and soon, under the direction of the priest churches began to be built for their convenience at many central points. I do not remember hearing of bigotry or prejudice against religion or race in those days around Rochester, and when these industrious immigrants settled down and went into business they prospered and founded a race of sterling Catholics. They were the Gaffneys, the Hannas, the Storeys, the Fords and the Kings (of whom poor John fell into the canal one night and was drowned), etc., and it was not long before there began a line of devoted and talented young men, the sons of pioneers, seeking first the Kingdom of God and giving their lives to His service. The Storeys were the first to give a son to the priesthood and others followed, and now the last, perhaps, of that original generation, but not the least, is that illustrious Prelate, The Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, California.

In politics they were somewhat at sea. There were the two great parties, Democrat and Whig, but these were so split into factions that it was difficult to choose among them. There were Whigs and Old Line Whigs, Free Soilers who wanted the public domain open to all settlers free, The Equal Rights Party which advocated equal rights for all and no special privileges, the Locofocos who, when the lights in their convention were extinguished, relighted them with the new locofoco matches. The Barnburners who were likened to the man who burned his barn to get rid of the rats, the Anti-Masonic Party, the

Anti- and Pro-Slavery into the territories the Old Hunders who were standpatters and office-seekers under present conditions. Teneral emancipation was also beginning to be agitated, but this was not of great interest yet in New York, for this State had emancipated its slaves in 1827 and was not greatly interested in the domestic affairs of the other states. My father cast his first vote for William H. Seward against William L. Marcy for Governor of New York, an act he regretted as long as he lived.

As for amusements they had that first of the great showmen, Dan Rice, with his traveling circus famous to this day. At Rochester Mr Rice had the misfortune to offend a prominent citizen and was arrested. He profited by the affair as it gave him an additional verse to his popular song which added to his biographical sketch; "I raised a gentleman's dander, and I was arrested for slander, and lodged in Rochester City's Blue Eagle Jail."

But why do I write these scattering notes and insignificant details?

Well, when one is in his eighty-seventh year he cannot look forward very far, but he can look backward and necessarily does so in his spare moments. Distance may lend enchantment to the view and may even exaggerate the importance of such little nothings, but there may be a few of the old generation left who will be stirred up to look back over their own dim and disappearing vista and find things to please or amuse them.

When, too, an old man has friends who show an interest in him, or a curiosity, and desire to know more about him, and like the bearer of news to Job when he was stricken with his trials: "I alone am left to tell the tale." It is possible also that a stray grain of wheat may be found in so much chaff that will clear up an idea, explain an event, or fill a gap in another's train of thought; so let an old man gather up the fragments lest they be lost.

They may be like souvenirs from a strange land, relics of a primitive people burgeoning into a new and more active civilization which later generations are proud to call the highest and most perfect the world has known. Then the spade was as necessary to the farmer as the plow, every hill of corn and potatoes was a real hill made with the hoe; the sickle and the flail were still useful in gathering and saving the grain, and the winnowing sheet was not relegated to "innocuous desuetude" by the fanning mill. We ate "puddin" and "milk" for supper; we said "I be", we spoke of the "steamers," we passed the weekly newspaper around to the neighbors; the Whigs were disintegrating and the Republican Party was only in the process of formation. What effect this new civilization has had upon the scenes which memory now recalls I know not from any personal evidence, for never since those days have I visited the old home places. Thus must close the record of my earliest memories. A new world opens before me, and henceforth it must be "Westward Ho."

At Buffalo we transferred to a lake steamer, The Keystone State, bound for Detroit. Besides the name of the boat, the wide expanse of water, and a pipe that continually poured out a stream of cold water I remember nothing until we were at Detroit looking across the water at a country they told me was Canada. My next recollection is of being on the train. The cars looked like the present day freight cars, painted the same dull red color, with wide doors at the sides, and I think small doors and platforms at the ends similar to the construction and boarding cars of today. A few loose benches were inside, but people had their chairs and all their years there was a great deal of moving from place to place, from state to state and often several families would combine and hire a car, which would be left near by until loaded, when it would be attached to a train and carried on to its destination with all the worldly belongings of the movers; even a cow or a horse might be taken along in the same way. Where, however, the distance was not too great the horses and wagons might be driven along the highways, and I have often seen them with a cow or two tied by ropes and led behind the wagons. Of course all the emigrants did not travel this way. The regular passenger coaches had their quota of people seeking new homes, but the great bulk of them were poor and this saving was no small item in their budget.

Our destination was supposed to be Chicago, and I know not what chance or information caused my father to change his mind and unload us and all our baggage at a little station on the Michigan Central Railroad called Dowagiac, in Cass County about one hundred miles east of Chicago. He may have listened to some boomers, who are always on hand and ready to praise their locality as the best place on earth for a poor man to settle and grow rich. Well, if Chicago felt the loss of the addition of a big family to its rising population it has recovered from the loss, and my father never found the wealth promised, for the vicinity was a poor place for a poor man to settle and prosper. The soil was light and sandy, and covered with heavy timber which must be cleared away before one could touch the soil.

We remained but a few days in Dowagiac while father looked around for a place where he could locate the least temporarily. He found such a farm one mile west of the Village of Cassapolis, in Cass County and, if my memory serves me correctly, it was on May 12, 1853, that a Mr. Gibbs transferred us and all our belongings to our new home. We had good neighbors there and it was not long before things were running smoothly on the farm about the farming, except seeing my father use the flail and the winnowing sheet, which makes me believe that our crop was not large and that machines for threshing out the grain were not

plentiful in that new country. The country really was new as far as the white man was concerned, for only twenty-five years before it was the property of the Pottawottamie Indians who had been removed farther west by the Government. In fact the Indians were not all gone yet, for a portion of the tribe was still at Silver Creek, a settlement only a few miles out from Dowagiac, but in the opposite direction from our home. My recollections are not very interesting of this place and consist mostly of school happenings, but simple as they were they recall the manners of those simple times.

Our schoolhouse was a small one-room frame building in an oak grove at the crossroads about a mile distant. It bore the name "Oak Grove School." There were about twenty-five children attending, mostly young, for the older ones had to help on the farms in Summer. In the Winter time the number was about forty when the older boys and girls were present. We were just ordinary children loving fun as much as, if not more than our lessons, but I do not remember any fights we engaged in. I do remember that on one occasion some of us barely escaped the broomstick of an irate mother. A family named Alonzo, but the resemblance was so striking that among the children he was invariably called "Monkey." He did not seem to resent it, and the name became so associated with him that it lost its unfavorable significance. One day at the noon recess we lacked one member in making up a set for some game and some of us were asked to go to the Neff house and bring Alonzo. Innocently we went to ask for him and it happened that it was his mother who answered our knock. We told her of our game and asked her if she would let "Monkey" come with us. She reached for the broom, saying: "I did not know I had a child named 'Monkey'," and she chased us out of the yard. We were surprised that she thought us disrespectful, but we made our escape and kept away from that house afterwards.

Another little silly incident was when I took my first, and last, chew of tobacco. One of the larger boys, Charley Huff by name, chewed tobacco. I sat beside him in school and he offered me a bite from his plug. It was hard-pressed and coal black, but it tasted like licorice instead of tobacco. Perhaps I disposed of it as if it were licorice, but I know that I lost the last meal taken previously and a few that I should have taken subsequently, besides, missing a day or two from school.

It was there in the early winter of 1853-4 that I saw the first priest of my recollection. He was the Rev Francis Gointet (commonly pronounced Quinty) from the College of Notre Dame, Indiana. He was a member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross whose Fathers, with Father Edward Sorin, C.S.S., had established themselves at Notre Dame about ten years previously. The Indians

at Silver Creek were Catholics and had a little church which had for several years been served by the Rev Louis Baroux, a member of the Holy Cross Order, but he was in India at this time and his place was supplied by other Fathers of the same Order. Only a remnant of the tribe remained, but an infiltration of Irish settlers had come in and the little church still had its uses. This time it was Father Gointet who was returning from Silver Creek to Notre Dame and he stopped to visit the lone Catholic family in a radius of many miles, of whose existence he had in some way learned.

It was a cold frosty evening, but with no snow, that he drove in the lane with one horse and light open wagon. It is needless to say that he was welcome - that little man with light hair and complexion, with a low voice speaking English easily but with a French accent, of an age when most men would be seeking rest and retirement, but still vigorous and alert in the work of his profession. His face was seamed with the marks of labor and exposure, but his smile was as kindly as that of an old friend renewing a friendship of years interruption.

I remember the little altar he set up in the main living room of the house the following morning. Many a time have I set up similar ones in my missionary years, in better and worse surroundings, but that first one is clearer today in my mind than any of those of my own arranging - it was so strange, it was so sacred, it was so portentous of something so great - Oh, I even recall the strip of rag carpet on the floor before it! And yet it was but a table covered with sheets, another one against the wall behind it, two candles, his crucifix, and his chalice covered with its veil in the center and the two small altar cards at the ends. Another thing which I remember was that our wonderment must have been a little out of order, for our mother was obliged to still us and she did it by threatening to make us go to confession if we did not keep still! That was enough; the priest was in a side room hearing confessions and giving penances, and surely we would get a big one. When mass began we were too interested to be disorderly. After the mass, Father Gointet gave each of us a little holy picture which we highly prized. Mine unfortunately fell into the hands of my baby sister and was crushed out of all shape. I had a good cry over my loss, but an older sister consoled me by pressing it into fair shape again with a hot flatiron, and I am glad to say that I have that little picture yet among my most valued treasures. It is now a souvenir, not only of Father Gointet, but of that little sister who died a holy death thirty years later as a Sister of the Society of the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross.

In regard to the threat of my mother to make us go to confession if we did not keep quiet I sometimes question the propriety of making religious practices a matter of punishment.

I do not think any great harm was done in this particular case, but confession has always been a forced practice with me and I could easily dispense with it if there were other means of forgiveness; still, one can imagine where forcing religious acts upon children as a punishment might give them a distaste for practices of piety in general. I never encouraged the Sisters of my school to punish their unruly pupils by sending them to the Church to say certain prayers or to make the Stations, etc.

In the Spring of 1854 my father bought a farm of 160 acres in what was called the Barron Lake settlement, some ten miles west of Cassopolis and six miles east of Niles, but in Cass County. Here we had quite a number of Catholic neighbors. There must have been as many as ten families within a radius of five miles, and others came in later. The Barron Lake settlement belonged to the Niles Mission, but just at that time there was no priest in the Diocese of Detroit nearer than Kalamazoo, forty miles away. By an arrangement, however, the priests of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Indiana, cared for this southwest corner of Michigan. At Niles there was a small frame church and the Catholics of the town combined with those of the surrounding country made up a very respectable congregation.

Catholics were not numerous among the earliest settlers of this vicinity. The building of the Michigan Central Railroad brought many to the village, and others agriculturally inclined to the surrounding country. The land was mostly wild and the settler had to build his log cabin, chop down the trees, clean away the underbrush and fence in his little open space before he could attempt to plow and plant a crop. Of course everybody was poor and the idea of supporting a permanent pastor was not practical for several years. Notre Dame, being but eight miles away, sent priests pretty often, but how often I cannot now remember. I still have the recollection of the coming of a Father Flynn and a Father Schilling. A resident pastor came in about 1856 in the person of the Rev. John DeNeve, and from that time the congregation seemed to grow. The church was enlarged, and a gallery put in and even then it was soon crowded. Father DeNeve remained about three years when he was appointed Rector of the New American College in Louvain, Belgium, where he ever afterwards remained.

The farm my father bought had a few acres cleared and a log house that was almost a ruin, for no one had lived on the place for several years. Making the house habitable was the first task. Then came the clearing of the land. The trees were felled, cut into convenient lengths and put into piles with the brush and set on fire. The underbrush also had to be removed and this was grubbed out by the roots or cut down to the ground and piled for the burning. We had great fun with these fires at night when a whole section would be lighted up with burning waste, but the gathering into piles was a laborious work which we children did not relish. It certainly was hard work and we got many a scratch on our hands and bruises on our feet while doing that pioneer work.

The plowing was for the men - and those plows would be curiosities now. They were so large that only a strong and expert man could handle them. As many as six yoke of oxen were sometimes hitched to them, and this was especially true when the brush and saplings had not been taken out of the ground by the roots. The steel plowshare, sharpened to a keen edge, cut roots two or three inches thick and turned over a furrow two feet wide. Then came another job for the children to gather up all those roots, or grubs as we called them, and piling grubs was worse than picking potatoes or husking corn. Oh, we children were not rarin' to do this kind of work; it was a case of "had to" with passing years and growing strength; however, it became less distasteful, and during the last year of our stay on the farm I was virtually manager and factum, for all my brothers were doing for themselves elsewhere. That I was not a failure is shown by the fact that the purchaser of the farm wished me to stay and operate the place for him.

School was always my delight, but our schools were of the most primitive sort. Our log school was early replaced by a brick structure, but it had only the usual one room. A three-months term was taught by a woman in summer and a four-months term in winter was taught by a man. The teachers, unless they lived in the neighborhood, lodged and boarded with the families of the scholars, spending a week with each family. This was called "boarding around," and was included in his salary agreement. I speak of the scholars; the term pupils might do in the towns and students had a college flavor, so we were just scholars even if we were not very learned. "Schoolers" might more exactly express our condition.

Not long ago I asked a boy of the lower grades if he liked to go to school. He answered "Yes." To my further question on what he did there, his reply was, "We play." I always liked to go to school, but I liked it for its studies. In our one-room school we did not have grades, but each of us was put into classes where we fitted, so that there were big boys in little classes and little boys in big classes, and there did not seem to be any dissatisfaction either way. Our classes were reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar and some history. Grammar was not popular among the ordinary boys; they made fun of those studying, "I love, you love, he loves, she loves, and they love," etc.; yet they managed to get a fair primary education. We had McGuffey's and Saunders's readers; Webster's and Saunders's spellers; Davis' arithmetic; Clark's grammar; Mitchell's geography, and some U.S. history.

A popular and profitable custom was the holding of night schools and for different studies. These were not on the regular program, but held occasionally as the teacher and scholars decided. There were singing schools, writing schools, spelling schools and sometimes debating schools. They were open to the public and well attended. The spelling schools were contests between different schools and it was a great honor for any school to gain the victory. In my studies I was up to my age, and in arithmetic and spelling, beyond it, so I was at times the champion in these contests even when the subject matter was anything between the covers of the book.

My last teacher in that district was a scion of one of the old families and he was one of the best and best liked teachers ever employed there. Forty-five years later he wrote for a local paper a series of articles on old times and old timers in that township, a copy of which fell into my hands. A note of appreciation from me to the same paper brought me a letter from the teacher, whom I had not seen for forty years, in which I find the following reference:

"Please accept my thanks for your kind words, and don't think for a moment that I ever lost sight of my old pupils. I think of them often, but as young and romping schoolboys and girls, and not as greyhaired men and women. In looking over my old school register I notice you went to school in November, 1863.....! In misspelled words, 'opposite your name at the footing, I noticed the word NONE, so you must have been quite a good speller at that time, to go to school four months and not miss a single word in spelling." This was from the Honorable John F. Coulter, a legislator in three states - Michigan, Nebraska and Kansas.

In our school there were no prayers or religious exercises, but until a meetinghouse was built in the community various preachers came and held services in the schoolhouse. I never attended any of these, and remember distinctly only one of them when a schoolmate was buried. Even then I did not go into the schoolhouse for the service, but remained outside until the body was brought out to be taken to the graveyard near by. I thought it would not be right to listen to any of their preaching.

The Catholics as a rule were not subject to any discrimination, perhaps because they minded their own business and asked for nothing in politics. We children would sometimes be called "Paddies", but there was no rancor or social prejudices. The sects did some talking among themselves; particularly in know-nothing times, and I remember hearing that at one of their Sunday meetings, as the warm sun melted the snow and ice and it slid from the roof of the schoolhouse, making a great noise and alarming the worshipers, they imagined that the Catholics were close to murder them. Only one man, a very respectable and sensible man, Mr. James Shaw whom everybody liked, had the courage to go out and see what the matter was. He brought relief to the panic-stricken assembly and assured them that it was not the Catholics, and the only casualty was the death of a horse which had broken away in its fright and dashed its head against a tree. The younger generation imbibed but little of this prejudice and that little wore away with wider intercourse and enlightenment. The same Honorable J. F. Coulter wrote in one of his letters:

"Some time ago I received a letter from you together with a book of which you are the author. You remark that I will not entirely agree with you in the makeup of the book, but it will serve to amuse me. I wish to assure you I appreciate your token of friendship, and will read the book and expect to get good out of it. I am a little tardy in acknowledging the receipt of the gift, but better late than never. I have been busy. I have been attending our Chatauqua at Arkhart and have heard some splendid speaking. Bryan has been here twice, LaFollette once, and Sam Jones twice. Mrs. Lake you may have

met. She is a nice motherly woman, a good talker, and I like her very much." (Mrs. Lake was a Catholic)

"I lived west twenty-four years and still own a farm in Western Kansas five miles from Russell Springs in Logan County. The West is so much alive and it tends to broaden men and make them more liberal. On church matters I no longer say I am right and everybody else is at fault, for they are as likely to be right as I am.

"My sister Sarah, who now lives in Ohio, has been visiting us and left last Saturday. She used to be a playmate of your sisters Joanna and Catherine; her age is I think between the two, as she is fifty-two this month. I showed her your book and letter. She recognized your looks of old after looking at the picture a little while. A good many of the old scholars turned out well, but you have the distinction of climbing higher than any of the rest. Should I ever visit town in which you reside I will certainly look you up.

"But few of the old settlers remain. You would scarcely know any of our old schoolmates - so many changes. Emory and Herbert Dloaney both very bald; Sarah Shaw and sister Mary very large women; Thomas Manix lost his wife. She was Maggie Ryan and used to go to school with me. They have a nice family of children. Dennis Bunbury begins to look old, but jolly as ever and quite bald.

"I wrote some reminiscences of the legislature of Michigan that I was in a good many years ago, but in the shuffle of moving last spring they were lost. If I had them I would send them to you. They contained some of the laughable things we come in contact with sometimes. The editor of the Dowagiac Herald requested me to write up Barron Lake of a long time ago. If I do I will send you the paper, as it will take in a good many who used to live in that vicinity."

I never received the article he was going to send me. for in the next letter he wrote me he told me he had a slight stroke of paralysis, and not long afterwards I heard that he was dead.

In matters of religion we were somewhat better situated in our home, altho we were miles from a chapel and that chapel was attended irregularly. It was different when Father DeNeve came as permanent pastor, for then we felt that we were in a parish and six or seven miles were not considered a sufficient excuse to remain away from mass. Most of the farmers had horses and wagons, and the father and mother and at least one half of the children were always at Sunday mass. Those who stayed at home to take care of the place or who did not find room in the conveyance went the next Sunday.

Father DeNeve was not long at Niles before he organized a class for First Holy Communion and Confirmation. He found a large number of both classes, and appointed regular days for the children to come for instructions. This was all right for those who lived near by, but for those out in the country, it was different. We had to study our lessons just the same, and on Sunday we recited and listened to the instructions. Our mother saw that we studied our

lessons, but I must say that the catechism seemed to be the most difficult lesson I ever tried to learn. We had Butler's Catechism, and everyone knows that needed simplification. There were three of our family in the class, of which I was the youngest, and some of the older ones wanted to hold me back as being too young. I maintained that ten years was not too young when I knew my catechism as well as the others. Under the circumstances Father DeNeve admitted me and I went with the class for instruction every day for a time and for the few days set aside for a short retreat. The day for First Communion was set for a Friday, for Bishop Lefebvre was to give Confirmation on the following Sunday, and Father wanted to have the children's communion out of the way of the big class for Confirmation.

The morning of the First Communion was a busy one for priests and people. I think there were three priests hearing confessions and they were kept busy until mass time. Of course, the people were busy too, for the mothers must spend a little more time on this day on the children's wardrobe than usual. The consequence for us was that when we had come our six miles the mass was about to begin and there was not time for confession. The rest was that we were not able to make our First Communion with the others. The ceremony was long and it was late when all was over. When the priests went to dinner and returned only after their Sunday recreation, it was near three o'clock before we could go to confession, and it was then that Father DeNeve learned that my brother and I had not gone to communion, and thus it was that we were able to keep in the class for Confirmation. I think this was October 27, 1847, and the following Sunday we were confirmed, and it seemed to me that almost all the congregation was confirmed at the same time. Old grey-haired men were there; but it was explained that many of them had not the opportunity of being confirmed in Ireland in their younger days.

After our confirmation we were kept on in our catechism lessons. Mr. John Dwan was engaged to open a little school in the sacristy of the church and he was our teacher of catechism. His manner for the more advanced was to call two pupils, one of whom was to ask the other the first question of the lesson. This answered, the next question was put back to the first pupil and thus they asked and answered to the end of the chapter.

In those days I had not much thought of becoming a priest. My mother entertained the idea in a vague way and sometimes spoke to the priests of it. As for myself, I would look at the priest at the altar and think how nice it was to be a priest, for no priest could ever commit a sin. Of course they did not have to go to confession. That was the bugbear.

My father never said much about it, but I imagine it was because he did not see his way towards paying the expense of such an undertaking. The farm was producing no more than necessary to feed and clothe so many, and as the older ones grew up they went to do for themselves and the younger members had to take their places in the work. To ask for assistance was beyond thought. He might be poor,

ut not poor enough to accept help in rearing his own family. He came of a good family and he always kept his family pride. My mother told me that when I was baptized my godfather wished to make an offering to the priest but my father objected saying "I will not allow anyone to pay for the baptism of my children." Evidently he was not familiar with the custom of many sponsors of making a small offering of their own to the priest.

He did not like the idea of being in debt, and he looked ahead like the prudent man of the gospel to see if he could finish what he began. Of course he sometimes missed his calculations, as I remembered it once happened in his school calculations. Compulsory attendance at school was not then a law, and in our district, as I suppose in others the salary of the teacher was paid from "public money" as far as that fund would reach, and the deficit was made up by a pro rata assessment for each child in attendance. One summer it was reported that the public fund was low, and a school tax would be levied to pay the teacher. There were five of us children of school age, and in a school of only about thirty children the anticipated tax was considerable. Only three of us were sent that summer, and when the term was over it was found that the public fund was in a better condition than had been anticipated, and my father's tax was only fifteen cents! If we lived near Notre Dame I would have been sent there to school, and I might have ended by joining the Order.

About 1856 my brother Martin established himself in the grocery business at Niles and I spent considerable time with him. That gave me the chance of attending the Catholic school for a time at odd whiles. It was not much, but it was the only Catholic schooling I got in my younger days. The rest of my limited education I got at the schools already spoken of. I read a good deal for a small boy, and my reading was not unprofitable. I liked history and I was scolded once for my alleged lack of judgment in the selection of reading matter for the family at the public library.

It happened this way: I was sent to the library to return some books and bring back others. I chose four volumes that I thought suitable, two of which were "Washington and his Generals", - the other two being along similar lines, but I had forgotten the titles. When I got home my brothers gave me a good talking to for not bringing something in the way of good stories, and they said they would send someone who knew books the next time. But I guess they read the books anyway.

However, all my reading was not all of this kind. Beadle's Dime Novels were on the market then and I used to sneak one away from my brother and revel in the company of pirates, Indians and hunters and trappers in the Rocky Mountains, but anything like a love story was made a matter of confession.

Of our home games I do not remember much, but I know there was a deck of cards in the house, but this was religiously put aside during lent and every night we were gathered together for the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin with a good addition of trimmings for various intentions. In the Rosary different ones were given the

lead at each decade, and I remember how proud I was when I led at each decade, for the first time. Father DeNeve gave every member of the parish a rosary shortly after he came to Niles and explained the manner of its recital in a sermon one Sunday. As that was for use I wore mine out instead of keeping it as I had kept the holy picture given by Father Cointet.

But we were not so pious that we did not need correction at times. That however, was left to our mother and she was not so very harsh. As for my father, I do not remember of seeing him raise a hand to any of his children. A word or a look was enough for him; his word was law and we respected the law. We had our little differences among ourselves and when complaining of one another we showed our anger and contempt by calling each other "Mr," or "Miss" so-and so. It was a term of contempt for us, but an incident in connection with it robbed it of its force for a long time. Some of the neighboring children were near on one occasion when we were having our little difficulties, and they went home to tell their parents how polite the Howlett children were, for they addressed each other as "Miss Ellen," "Mr. Tom," "Mr. Bill," etc.

One might not think that we were interested in politics, but we were to the extent of attending the great mass meetings held in the towns close by and witnessing the parades of uniformed horsemen, symbolic floats with ladies dressed in red, white, and blue costumes, hearing the cannon booming and watching the fireworks at night. Of course we favored the parties of our fathers. I remember during the presidential campaign of 1856, that a large wagon was prepared at our house for an immense flagpole. Thirty-one yoke of oxen drew the wagon, and thirty-one men dressed in black with high hats and red silk scarfs rode in the wagon. My oldest brother drove the entire team, and the crack of his whip was like a pistol shot. Each yoke bore a flag with the name of a State, of which there were but thirty-one at that time. After the dismantling of the float I saved one of the flags and flew it for a long time afterwards from a pole of my own erecting. It was the flag of Kentucky, but I knew but little of that State then, and hardly expected that it would ever be my home.

In 1864 I was staying with my brother in Niles and saw more of the campaign. Torchlight processions of Little Saints and Wide Awakes, as the marchers of Democrats and Republicans were respectively called, made the town alive night after night, and the mass meetings of each party brought the whole population in from miles around on certain days. I did my share of cheering when I saw a company of uniformed rider from my own neighborhood in the parade, all carrying small hickory saplings resting on their stirrups, and held up like lances, and at their head a banner with the title of their company; "Howard Hickory Sprouts." This indicated their stern Jacksonian Democracy. In 1864 I was one of the junior riders who followed the banner that read:

"We come from the glens of the brave and the free.
To tyrants and despots we don't bow the knee."

We marched for "Little Mac," and got a lot of fun out of it, but the opposition was too strong at the polls and "Honest Abe" was re-elected. At Dowagiac we nearly had a riot when someone cut the halyards of the U S flag floating over the public square where the speaker's stand was erected. It was found that a half-witted young man had been paid to cut down the flag by persons unknown. However, the flag was raised again and the speaking went on without further interruption.

During the Civil War I was not old enough to appreciate the condition of the country, but I can remember the intense excitement that prevailed when the news came of the firing of Fort Sumpter. That night few went to bed early at Niles, and the whole talk was of raising an army to fight the South. Seventy-five thousand men for three months were soon raised, and the second regiment to be mustered in was from Niles - the Michigan 2nd Infantry.

The Twelfth Michigan Infantry was also recruited in our section, and the barracks where the men were quartered and drilled during the winter of 1861-2 in the Fair Grounds at Niles were a great attraction for sight-seers. The glamour of the new uniforms, the glint of the shining bayonets and the flashing of the officers' swords as they ordered and controlled the movements of the squads and companies in their different evolutions were very interesting, and sometimes were the last straw that decided a hesitating volunteer to enlist. I did not like the cold looking tents where they slept on straw in bunks placed one above the other and only a few blankets to wrap around their bodies, and it must be remembered that the winter nights were very cold there.

In the excitement of the war, political lines seem to have been broken or badly bent and curved in both directions, and shifted people from one allegiance to another. Even those who voted for the war president were not at all anxious as a body to fight for him. My father was a strong partisan and had no sympathy with the cause of abolition, and every republican was to him a Black Republican or Abolitionist. He did not want his boys to go to war, and only one of them showed any desire of enlisting. This was his own namesake, John, and he would have gone if a higher office than Corporal Sergeant had been offered to him. He did enlist later as a private officer when the rather famous Colorado 3rd Regiment was fighting the Indian tribes that threatened the frontier in 1863-4. However, he missed the praise or blame of having taken part in the battle of Sand Creek where the Regiment under Colonel Chivington, a Methodist preacher, but fearless soldier, almost exterminated the hostile Indians and put an end to the frontier war. My brother's company had been sent to cut off the retreat of the savages, but a few got away, and these fled in all directions and escaped or evaded the detached company. As for our home regiments, the Michigan Second went to Washington and participated in the rout of Bull Run, while the Twelfth got its war baptism at Shiloh and both suffered considerably. The letters they wrote home were rather discouraging, telling more of their hardships than of their successes, and many of those who came home on furlough had hard tales to tell of privations

that really were more the work of army contractors than of the service. Their rations were more often poor and scanty, and the sick and wounded did not get proper care, etc. One of our Catholic boys, Tom Woods, came home on furlough with a scarred face where a bullet had gone through his face cutting his tongue and knocking out some of his teeth. Years afterwards General Fitch, who was a surgeon in the army of Buel and Rosecrans, related that at the battle of Perryville, Ky, he saw a soldier jumping and dancing about while uttering cries of distress. He went to him and found him shot through the mouth, and dressing his wound sent him to the emergency hospital. The surgeon-general said it was really a laughable sight except for the soldier who must have thought that his end had come. The Michigan Twelfth was in that battle, and Tom Woods was in the Michigan Twelfth. It looks as if in that battle, Tom was the wounded soldier.

During a part of the winter of 1860-1, I spent a time at Niles helping an old friend of the family who had a small grocery near the railroad depot. He had gone with my oldest brother to the Pike's Peak gold mines the previous spring during the gold rush, and had contracted a cold which settled on his lungs and developed into consumption. He came back for treatment and cure, but by degrees he grew weaker although he did not take to his bed. He asked me to tell Father Cappon to call some time when at leisure. I did so, and a few evenings afterwards the priest came. It was late and Mr Graham (that was the name of the sick man) had gone to bed. Father Cappon said he felt that he should come that night even if it was late, so he spent some time hearing the confession of the invalid, etc., and went away satisfied. During that night Mr Graham woke me and asked me to get him a drink of water. I did so, and then going back to bed, slept soundly until morning. I arose before daylight and prepared a little breakfast for both of us, but when he did not get up I became a little alarmed and went to the room where I saw him so quiet that I called a neighbor who told me that he was dead. It was too late then to get frightened, so I watched the store and sent word to my brother in another part of the town. What concerned me more was that when some men came in to stretch out the body on the bed a heavy gold ring disappeared and was never found. It was not so much the value of the ring, but the thought that anyone would steal from a dead man, and I had my suspicion as to who did it. I had heard of people so mean that they would steal the pennies from the eyes of a dead man and I now believe that there were such people.

I mentioned Father Cappon. He was the successor to Father DeNeve who had been recalled to Belgium to the sorrow of the congregation. There were few dry eyes in the church the day Father DeNeve told us goodbye. Father Cappon was also a Belgian, a good zealous priest, but a very mediocre preacher with only a limited supply of English. In those days the national spirit ran higher than it does now, and as the majority of the Catholics were Irish

they wanted an Irish priest as pastor, or at least as assistant. There were not many Irish priests in the Diocese of Detroit at that time, so none was sent and that made it harder for Father Cappon. The Germans were loyal to him, but notwithstanding that his position was not a pleasant one. An assistant came in the spring of 1861, and he also was a Belgian. This was Father Charles VanQuechelberg, a young man destined for Natchez, Mississippi, but unable to go there because of the war. He spoke English well and was a good preacher, but most of all he was a real St Francis DeSales in gentleness, piety and good will. He stayed two years and those two years were years of peace and good will.

His departure, however, raised the old question, and when another Belgian was sent who could speak very little English of any kind the situation was in danger of becoming acute. Some began to say that Father Cappon did not want an Irish priest; that he would have to watch him to keep him out of the saloons, all of which was perhaps untrue. He did get the neighboring priests occasionally for a Sunday, who, although not Irish, left no one an excuse for not receiving the Sacraments. Father Steiner of Michigan City, and Father Lebel of Kalamazoo, and Father Hennsart of Adrian I think came at times, so things were not so bad after all. Father Cappon had four counties to attend. From New Buffalo and St Joseph on the west to Watervliet, PawPaw and Constantine on the north and east, and when he began to visit those places oftener and left Father Joseph, an assistant, alone at Niles, the people began to wish he would stay at home more and they were glad to see him on the altar instead of Father Joseph whom they could hardly understand when he preached. So, by degrees the main opposition wore itself out and Father Cappon eventually won his way with the people and they came to appreciate his zeal and devotion and gave him their allegiance and their love.

But Father Cappon did not differ greatly from the older priests of that day; especially, those who had been trained in the stricter schools of continental Europe. He was not a Jansenist, nor was he a rigorist, but he wished to see his people practice their religion as it was practiced in Catholic countries, where the people had the customs of ages to follow and a crystalized Catholic atmosphere to help them. The atmosphere of America was different from that of Belgium and the immigrant Irish had made it different also from that of Ireland. I have in mind now a case where Father Cappon refused Christian burial to a delinquent Catholic. She was a resident of the Barron Lake settlement and negligent in her religious duties. Irish, good-hearted, a friend of everybody, she went to mass occasionally - at least on Christmas and Easter. She would say: "Father, you do the praying and we will do the work." If she anticipated death, no doubt she would not have met it unprepared. As it was, she died unexpectedly at night. The funeral went to the church but Father Cappon would not allow the body to come farther than the schoolroom under the gallery, and there was no blessing of the corpse; only a word that he would

pray for her, and a warning that she must not be buried in consecrated ground. The warning, however, was not heeded and she was buried in the family lot at Bertrand.

Bertrand was an old Indian mission of Father Badin in 1830, but when the Fathers of the Holy Cross came to Notre Dame they established their Sisterhood at Bertrand and built a neat brick church. Then the Sisters removed to Notre Dame. Bertrand with its church and cemetery reverted to the mission of Niles, and in my days Father Cappon sometimes said the first mass there not Sunday and the second one at Niles, but he never went there for burials as far as I know. Years later a cemetery was established at Niles and the old one was practically abandoned except for the burial of some of the old settlers whose families were mostly buried there. On a late visit to the old cemetery I found the grave of Ellen, the wife of Joseph Bertrand, but I also found the graves of most of my old friends and acquaintances, and I lingered long reading the names on the tombstones, for it seemed that I was getting deeper and deeper in the atmosphere of old times than when I visited the places where the old houses once stood. Here at least were the names and remains of real persons whom I had known, but few of the old homesteads were now occupied by a descendant of the original settler. Except in the cemetery I almost felt like a stranger in his own country.

One of Father Cappon's principal worries was, I have no doubt, the weakness of many of his congregation for strong drink. He did not hide his aversion for liquor, and there was a lot of it consumed by the early settlers. It could be had for twenty-five cents a gallon. Yet I must say that I knew but few who could be called "Old Topers." I really knew no one who made it a business to hang around the saloons and wait for someone to treat them. Some spent all their money for drink, but they worked hard for it and kept sober while working. In the country it was common to have gatherings called "Bees," for mutual help when one was behind with the necessary work, or sickness or death might have stricken a poor family. These were purely charitable occasions, and with the food a ration of liquor was ordinarily provided. It might be that on these and other social gatherings a part of the night would be spent in chat enlivened by the contents of the little brown jug. Songs were always in order on such occasions and the palm of musical merit was awarded to the one who could sing the loudest. Few had any knowledge of music, and "Rise it! Rise it!" was the cry if the tone was not satisfactory. In town a game of cards was often the accompaniment of a social glass, and pugilistic encounter might follow a dispute over the game.

But all this was among the older ones. A new generation was growing up and pioneer customs and freedoms moderated and gave way to milder and humaner ways, leaving the old traditions to be smiled at but not imitated by their legates.

Something more than a dozen Catholic families lived in the vicinity of Barron Lake and Father Cappon sometimes said Mass at one of the homes to which all gathered for the service. My first attempt at serving Mass was on one of these occasions. My father had begun to teach me the Latin but I knew very little of that and nothing at all of the ceremonies. This day the Mass was at the home of Mr. Pat Mannix, and I was put forward by my father to serve the Mass. He said he would answer the Latin and tell me how to do the rest. He perhaps tried to do so, but Father Cappon could not stand my awkwardness and told me to retire and try it some other time. My lesson did me some good, for when later I had more sense and had observed the actions of the servers I ventured once to serve a priest who used to say Mass at our house and I succeeded to his entire satisfaction and my own.

Father Cappon built the new church at Niles and laid out the new cemetery but it was at considerable cost to himself. He had a regular income from his family estate, and of this, he himself told me a year before his death, he had used \$10,000 to help the parish in making the improvements. He did not intend that this should be an insupportable burden to the parish but wished to release the congregation from the obligation by a stipulation in his will that the debt would be cancelled if the church authorities would cause fifty masses to be offered for him annually for ten years. He asked me if I thought he was asking too much and he might reduce the number. I told him that he was very generous with the parish and they should be willing to accept the condition with rejoicing. I do not know whether he imposed the condition or not, but if he did, and should there have been any dissatisfaction on the part of anyone in the parish, I am happy to say that my advice was strongly in favor of imposing that burden upon them. I learned that after his death there was a sum of money to his credit in his own fund and that the executors decided to use it for a monument over his grave. Some of the parishioners worked or otherwise helped in its erection, but the final remnant of his own private fortune was gone. I state these facts so that they may not be forgotten. Already his memory has begun to fade and these facts with it. His goodness and love for his people are yet remembered, and also the fact that he died on a Sunday morning during high mass and the people fell on their knees to pray while the bell tolled his passing. Rest in Peace, my good friend!

I am aware that much of this is degression, but it contains interesting facts and casts illuminating sidelights on the times in which the lives of the pioneers were cast. There was not much in them to foster religious vocations for the priesthood or convent life. And now, to return to more personal things.

Our health as children was fairly good. Of course, we had the usual ailments of children - whooping cough, measles, mumps, colds, and in our section, chills and fever. The taste is in my mouth yet of castor oil with sugar, of quinine dissolved in water, of pinkroot tea followed by a drench of senna that makes one's eyes ache. And, by the way, there were profiteers in those days also,

who trafficked in the miseries of the poor and sick, for quinine was held at one shilling a grain, owing to monopolistic tariff fixers. Our mothers provided as many remedies as they knew how from herbs and other materials, so we had sage tea, catnip tea, tansy, anemile, sassafras, mullein in season and stored for winter sulphur and molasses, goose grease, slippery elm for poultices and elder bark fried in mutton tallow for salve. Something for everything, so that a doctor's gig was seldom seen in the country, and when it was seen, all knew the case was serious, and if the priest followed there seemed no hope at all.

We lived surrounded by marshes and mosquitoes were thick, and at every door was a little pile of burned chips where the fires were lighted every evening to make the smudges to keep these pests out of the house. When, on one occasion, three of us children came down with the chills at mass on Sunday, it was laid to the malarial effluvia from the marshes and not to the mosquitoes. We are wiser now. Yet these marshes furnished the hay, and swamps were filled with huckleberries, and both of these were great resources for the farmer. Day after day in the season we took our pails and went to fill them with huckleberries, and regularly these were taken to Niles and sold at private houses and stores, and each of us hoarded our little earnings; at least what we thought was our share, for our mother was always a little conservative when she told us the market price. Anyway we got new books, new material for shirts, new boots or something of the kind.

In the harvest we carried the bundles of wheat to the chockers, and in the haying time we spread out the heavy rows of hay to dry and caked them together into windows when dry. All was hand work then from the planting of the corn to the shelling of it for the mill, the cutting of the grain and hay, the digging of the potatoes and the husking of the corn and the chopping of winter's wood. A plow, a harrow, a cultivator for the field crops and a wagon were a full complement of a farmer's implements for horse work, and his hand tools were axes, hose, shovels, scythes and cradles, rakes and pitchforks. And yet we did very well and found time to rest and enjoy ourselves. If we wanted to get to town we had our horses and farm wagons which served for taking the products of the farm to market and members of the family on shopping and visiting tours. A covered wagon was a sign of wealth, and there were not many of them in our village, but a buggy was always available at a livery stable when a young man wanted to give his sweetheart a ride through the country on a Sunday evening.

Those were days of real contentment, for people were satisfied with small profits and no one had the get-rich-quick fever. The small farmer had his chance to make a living for his family, to educate his children and give them a hop of starting out in life with better prospects than their father and mothers had. Things have changed since then for the small farmer. The style of farming, the standard of living, the prices of labor, the manner of markets, all have so much changed that a small farmer of the olden days would starve with or without a family. Modern

improvements have so increased the profession of farming as to put it beyond the reach of a poor man, and anyone who has the means to set up a self-supporting business in farming today is rich enough to live without farming. In fact, the farm and especially the small farm, has been improved out of existence. That is, the cost of the improved machinery in purchase and upkeep is greater than the ordinary revenue of a small farm.

But, as the French would say: "Let us return to our muttons."

On the farms the chores were the little things that came regularly and were parceled out among the children. I had the cows to bring home in the summer evenings and the fires to make in the winter mornings. Six o'clock seemed early on a dark cold morning, but if I did not rise promptly at that hour I was called to make the fires in the living room and in the kitchen and to put the kettle on the stove, and at night I often heard the question: "Ill, have you the kindling ready of the morning?"

In the summer the cows ranged anywhere within a mile radius, but one of them carried a bell and thus gave us the direction. It was not hard to drive them home but they need to be reminded that it was time to go home. If it rained, they often stayed out all night and had to be looked for next morning. On one such occasion that I remember, I went out to look for them taking with me a younger sister. We found the cows lying down in a patch of rich wet grass in a small opening surrounded by heavy woods. I roused them up and tried to drive in the direction that I thought was home. But the perversity of them - they were in the woods and, it seemed to me, they would go nowhere but deeper into the woods. In vain I tried to turn them until I was disheartened, and leaving them to their stubbornness, I took my little sister and started for home without them. At least I thought I started for home, but soon I found that I did not know where home was myself. We kept moving but the woods kept growing thicker and thicker. We went up hills and down great hollows for what seemed hours, and really was, under dripping trees and bushes with not a ray of sunshine to guide us. At last we came to a field which I thought I recognized. From that point I could gauge directions. Again in the woods I lost all sense of direction and we wandered on at random as before. Again we came to a fence, and this time I followed until I saw a house. Then I perceived that it was the very same fence we had left some time before. I did not know then that lost people are apt to travel in circles, but such was the fact, for here we were again, where we were an hour or so before. This time I had no confidence in myself, although I knew where we were, but I went to the house to inquire where we lived and how we could get there. I was put on a sort of a road and told to follow it and that it would lead us to our own fence. A walk of a mile and a half brought us home, but the cows had been there and were milked and gone hours before; and here we were just home at noon without breakfast yet, wet and being scolded for not having sense enough to follow the cows who would have brought us in safe. That was once I lacked horse sense or cow sense, and the only time I remember when I was lost in the woods.

But of course there were more things than work and sacrifice in the lives of the growing country generation. We had out streams and lakes for fishing, and we used them and our dogs and guns for hunting, and as for swimming holes, every creek furnished them and every boy knew all about them long before J. Whitcomb Riley revealed them to the world at large. In winter skating, coasting, sleigh riding were real enjoyments that never failed to interest the young, while the older ones had dances and parties to suit themselves. A day in town once in a while, a visit to the country fair, and above all the Circus Day when the caravan drove across the country from town to town to set up its big tent and amuse everybody with its wonderful performance.

My first circus ticket was earned by carrying water to the men putting up the big tent, or was it for the elephant? That was before the Civil War and it was Dan Rice's Circus. Niles was the place.

Sometimes also we had school picnics but not often. I don't know who promoted them - perhaps the teacher, for our parents paid little attention to the school except on the closing day when they came to hear us speak our little pieces, make our best bows and get our premiums for good work and good conduct in the form of a little card reading: "Reward of Merit," presented to Johnnie Smith by his Teacher, Eliza Jones, etc. These may seem little things, but they were appreciated and many a tear was shed by the child who did not get one.

Some time ago I read of an incident in the life of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author of "The Autocrat at The Breakfast Table." When he was a boy at school, the teacher punished him severely for some supposed fault. Forty years afterwards an old man came to his office and introduced himself as that teacher. He came to recall to the now great man the incident of the punishment which he said had been the source of painful memories ever since. He had found out that the punishment was unmerited and administered in anger. He wished to make acknowledgment of his fault and ask forgiveness. Of course Holmes forgave him as that had long been forgotten, but the pleasure of the meeting was heightened by the spirit that prompted it. Now I am not comparing myself with Oliver Wendell Holmes, but his experience brings to my mind an incident of my school days. One of my teachers, a Mr. Norris, called me from my seat to the platform one day and gave me a severe switching. What it was all about I did not know then and have never found out since. I remember that my partner in the seat was drawing pictures on his slate, and I may have smiled at them, when the teacher came down hurriedly and said; "Come out of there!" I thought, and my partner thought also, that he was the one wanted. His name was John McNichols and he was older than I was and stronger, and I saw him set his teeth and grasp the desk with both hands as if to resist, when the teacher turned towards me and said; "I mean you!"

I made no resistance but took what he gave me. I hold no hard feelings against him but my memory has never taken kindly to him and I have always had a vague desire to meet him and ask him why he punished me. Just a little curiosity and nothing more. No doubt we often deserved punishment and got it, and that was the end of it. We never carried our complaints to our parents, for we knew that would do us

no good. Parents then generally left the school discipline to the teachers, and with very few exceptions the plan worked well. If we got into mischief we took the consequences if we could not justify ourselves, and as we were all not George Washingtons we might tell a fib once in a while if it were not too big and better ourselves without the physical corrective. Talebearers were not common, so things usually smoothed themselves over.

We were patriots also. The Fourth of July always found us ready with flags, firecrackers, toy cannons to show our American spirit, but I guess it was rather to have a good time at some of the lakes fishing and swimming and making up some picnic party. The more serious part of the program was left to older heads, and there was no lack of zeal among them in making the whole affair a success as planned. It all did not mean very much to us youngsters, nor to the older ones either in many cases, for with all our guns and flags and warlike speeches that memorialized Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Yorktown, etc., there was not much enthusiasm over Bull Run and Pittsburg Landing, and even Gettysburg was not understood yet. Lincoln's speech on that famous battlefield was looked upon as a miserable failure, England found out and told us that it was a classic that would live and ring true after other tributes would be forgotten. That erudite and elegant Edward Everett spoke for an hour before Lincoln rose on that sultry day, but who remembers now what Everett said, or who seems to care.

Lincoln was not a popular hero in those days, and it was the desire of the politicians for a continuance of power that made them coin the slogan that helped so effectively in his re-election: "We should not swap horses while crossing a stream." If McClellan had been elected in 1864 it is possible that the war would have been settled by compromise. Both sides were tired of the conflict, and when the draft was ordered there was a great rush of citizens of both parties to prove themselves beyond the limit of forty-five years of age. They tried also to conjure up all sorts of ailments which no one ever knew they had then or before. Less than a week after the death of Lincoln I was on the road with our family to the West, and the West then was almost beyond the limits of civilization; certainly beyond the centers of politics, and the old order of things passed without my knowing much about the changes that ushered in and gradually gave form to new modes, new customs and new standards.

My boyhood days were over; the last of them (1864) saw me doing the work of a man on the farm like most of those growing up about me. Such was the past. What would the future be? There had been nothing to single me out as different from the general run of boys. I may have been a little more studious in school; I never led in sports; I was not quarrelsome; I never cared for sweethearts or their games of play, and I took a good deal of bossing from my elder brothers and did many chores for them because there was not one younger than I to pass them down to for execution. Now if there was anything to indicate a vocation to any particular state

of life it was to that of a farmer, with an occasional season of teaching a country school thrown in. I did not have sense enough to know what a vocation to the clerical life was, and certainly felt no divine urge towards the altar. There were only the thoughts of which I have spoken on a previous page and vague hopes of my mother which never promised any chance of realization, and when my father decided to go farther west, even to the Rocky Mountains, these hazy prospects vanished into thin air. As for myself, I never was very sanguine of any special career and was satisfied to take hold of whatever presented itself. Just then it was my duty to go with my people and let the future take care of itself. I had an offer from a farmer to stay with him at good wages but that was not temptation for me to separate from my relatives. I could not entertain the thought. If anyone had ever thought that I had a vocation (and I do not know that anyone ever did), the idea now must have come that I was running away from it, but the sequel will show that I was running directly into one.

Youth passes, and such were its days, for me, and what is there in them to make me look back lingeringly and pleasantly to them? They were very ordinary days, just such as children around us are passing through today. We see little in them for the children, and they see but little in them when we ourselves were passing through them in our own life. But wait! There will come a time in the far dim future when those days will make an unexpected appeal and pull the mind and the heart back through the years, and these children will live them over again, as we of an earlier generation often go back in thought to live over days long past but not vanished. To us now, and to them later will come the appeal.

"Backward, oh backward, turn Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight" -

their hearts still can be heard the echo of the old song;

"I wish I were a boy again," - until the chapter closes with that other song:

"Some day I'll wander back again," - and the weight of years will be lifted from them as it has from us on a similar occasion.

It may be that this feeling is not in those who never leave the neighborhood of their boyhood experiences, but for them too there is a personal element if not a local, and they must con over the things gone by with more or less interest. A rare exception may be found as a missionary in Tennessee once related. He found an old man one evening sitting at the door of his cabin where everything looked as if it might have come down unchanged from his grandfather's days, and he asked him how people spent their time in such lonely surroundings. The man answered: "Oh, sometimes sitting around and thinkin', and sometimes just sittin around." The real boy does not need to just sit around in his old age.

Some say when we grow reminiscent we are growing old. It is not necessarily so. It is truer to say we are growing older, and years are an essential element in reminiscence. In our younger days our minds are more easily and more deeply impressed. The mental matrix is plastic and receives the impress of events more readily.

The records harden later, retiaing the lines as a phonogram. Cares and occupations of succeeding years are super-added, filling the depressions like layers of dust on an etching, but remove the dust and the lines on the old petrified record appear and the old music will come forth again - the intervening cares are forgotten and the sequence is but the repetition of the harmonies of the beginning.

Early friendships need not be deep in order to make our looking backward a source of interest, although the interest increases with the number of points of contact. There is a human brotherhood which pervades even those loosely drawn associations of youthful acquaintances which makes them closer than twin brothers when an accidental meeting brings them together in the afternoon of life's day.

However, looking backward is not the exclusive privilege of old age, nor is its pleasure confined to old age, but we can say when it loses its power of interest and pleasure we are certainly growing old. For illustration, let me relate an instance or two:

In the winter of 1864-5 we had our spelling schools and wrestling contests between the different districts in Howard Township. One night a party of us boys, consisting of our best spellers and our best athletes, filled a big sleigh and drove about five miles to brave the champions of another school on their own ground. We gave a good account of ourselves and flushed with at least a partial victory, we started home in high spirits.

We cheered at every house we passed, and hurrahed for everybody. One house was that of Mr. Colin Thomas, and it happened that a boy had been born to the family just a day or two before. We gave a double cheer for the latest arrival and wished him long life and happiness. Forty-five years later (1910) I was a passenger on a train from Denver to Kansas City. Occupying a berth across the aisle of the Pullman from me was a man of middle age who smiled and remarked favorably on the warmth of the car as we came in from the raw cold evening air and began to remove our top coats. This opened a conversation which lasted until bedtime. The following morning we breakfasted together in the dining car, and it was only then that we exchanged names and addresses. Then I found that he was the identical baby whose entrance into the world we had boisterously hailed on that winter night in far-off Michigan! Needless to say we were quite chummy during the rest of the trip. It was our first and last meeting, and we felt reminiscent but not old. We were living our youth over again.

At present only a few of all those whom I knew in my early days are in life, and when I hear a word recalling old times I look around to find someone whom it would also interest, and finding none I then feel old. Then too, I like to do some thinking while I am "settin' around," for I believe there is no loneliness like that of the man who has nothing to do and nothing to think about. Then let me reminisce, and be happy.

Some time ago in my leisure moments I wrote my recollections of the village of Niles and its surroundings in the State of Michigan, and gave some copies to friends, who, I thought, would be pleased to know how the place appeared in the days of their fathers. I received

some very flattering letters in return and even a local newspaper surreptitiously got hold of a copy and published it. I also wrote of Denver as I remembered it in its pioneer days, and the paper that published the reminiscences was eagerly scanned during the time of its publication. This shows that we are interested in the past and like to recall it with its simple history of common life as lived by common people. Who can say that this is not the real history of a people by which they should be judged rather than by great buildings and monuments and wonderful achievements in which after all the common people have no share? The broad valleys of a country are of more value to its people than the high peaks even if they are not so spectacular.

As those writings are preserved with others of a similar nature in special safety collections, I do not intend to incorporate them in these more personal relations which, like the others, may become of interest after the lapse of three score or more of years. We know ourselves better when we know the history of our forebearers, and we know their history better as we know more of that of their neighbors.

Distance is a relative idea. It took the first explorers two years to make the circuit of the globe. Now school children plan a trip around the world as a part of their vacation, and some enthusiasts predict that it will not be long before it will be but a matter of hours. I remember when people bade their friends a supposed last farewell if they were but going into a neighboring State. And in many cases it was exactly that. All means of intercommunication were so difficult that other interests had so engrossed the exiles as to make the past an almost forgotten world. In 1865 the United States was seemingly a much larger country than at present, so when my father decided to go from Michigan to Colorado we prepared to say the last good-bye to our friends and neighbors. A birthday greeting card now spans the distance by airmail over night.

We lived a hundred miles east of Chicago, and Denver was a long way west of that city. One of my brothers had gone to the Rocky Mountain region five years before, and two more of them had followed two years later and when one of these returned for a visit, the longing to see the whole of his family united again took possession of my father. It was true that three of his children were married and in business for themselves, but all agreed to go together and cast their fortunes in the new and unexplored west. The gold regions might attract some of them, but my father's idea was: "I want to see all my children before I die." He was then in good health and I do not think he had any premonition of death, but in less than three months after he had the happiness of gathering all his children at his board again, he was dead!

Easter Sunday saw all of us at the church preparing for our Easter Communion, on which day also my youngest sister was to make her First Holy Communion. When we arrived at Niles we found the whole town hung with mourning for President Lincoln who had died that day from the bullet of the assassin. The excitement was heightened by the fact that some rash individuals had expressed their joy over his death, and they

were looking for them to hang them. However, the affair did not go so far as to culminate in any such violence.

The following Wednesday a sale was held of all our usual household and farm goods, and present on the occasion was our Aunt Fanny Johnson from Vandalia, Michigan, whose wagon we heaped up with many articles, among which I can yet see in my mind's eye the old mahogany cradle in which most of us, if not all, had been rocked. She also took our old dog, Sport, now feeble from age, but we had a fine watch dog (Bull) given to us by Mr. John Bunbury, one of our near and best neighbors, and Bull was a valuable animal and as knowing as he was good. In that long trip he knew how to rest his tired and sore feet by climbing into one of the wagons and stealing a ride for miles at a time. We had six wagons, all covered with canvas in the style of the old emigrant wagons, and in them all our necessary articles for traveling. The wagons served also as sleeping quarters for the women while the men and boys slept under them with blankets, quilts and buffalo robes, or sometimes in barns and sheds when available, but not a house did we sleep in for eight weeks. A couple of sheet-iron stoves were used for baking such bread as could be made by travelers, and the rest of the cooking was done over the campfire.

Our route lay through Northern Indiana, where a belated cold snap caught us near Valparaiso. Through Illinois we passed through Joliet, LaSalle, Ottawa, Galesburg, and on to the Mississippi River at Burlington. Through Illinois the roads were hub deep with mud owing to the spring rains and the thawing of the ground after the winter's frost. The rivers were high, and at Burlington we had to go five miles below the town to find a landing where the ferry boat could find a place to reach us to take us across the river. In Iowa both the weather and the roads were better, and after crossing the Iowa river at Farmington we found ourselves entering upon wide stretches of virgin prairie crossed by streams fringed with bands of timber of little density or extension on either side. Prairie chickens were abundant but no large game. We crossed the counties bordering on Missouri, and the principal towns we met with were the legal capitals of each county. There was much of a sameness about the scenery and the land seemed to be fertile and offered a fine opportunity for settlers. Yet we met with very few inhabitants and few travelers. Of the latter I remember but one family, who seemed to be only changing their location from Missouri to Iowa. They stopped with us one day as we halted for dinner at the side of the road. The mother of the family was very much interested in us, asking many questions and she was surprised to learn that we had come so far. Her geography was not very clear, for she asked if Michigan were not away across the ocean. We might have stopped and settled on sections of that fine soil but the land now was no temptation to my father; his destination was farther on - his thoughts were with his children.

The way through Iowa was uneventful and rather monotonous. I have no recollection of being near any Catholic Church on Sundays except once when we came upon a little frame church in the country. Around the church were hitched the farmer's teams, but the services must have been nearly over, so we did not stop. The womenfolk thought that the people would be coming out before they could put themselves in a presentable condition, and besides we were not sure it was a Catholic church, but the plainness of the building and the prominence of the cross on its simple roof almost told us it was.

We reached the Missouri River about the middle of May and crossed over it on a ferry to Nebraska City in Nebraska. This and Omaha, Leavenworth, St Joseph and Kansas City were the principal points where emigrants fitted themselves out for the long journey to western points, even to the Pacific. We found horses, mules and oxen there in hundreds, and tents and wagons were in every vacant lot and for out into the country. A few Indians of the Pawnee tribe were among the crowds, but that tribe was partially civilized and had their reservation not far away.

We stayed at Nebraska City about a week to rest our horses and buy what was necessary for the rest of our trip and some extra clothing which would cost more as we went farther from the cities. I insisted upon having a pair of mining boots, since we were going into the country of the gold mines. These were of strong cowhide with the soles studded with hobnails and the legs reaching to the knees in the rear and in the front provided with a flap nearly six inches higher upon which one could kneel while foraging around for the precious metal. I never used them for that purpose, for I found out that gold was not gathered in that way. They came in good afterwards while picking potatoes. On Sunday we went to Mass in a large frame church that had a somewhat barnlike appearance. That day the Bishop was there from Omaha. I learned that his name was O'Gorman, and I remember him as an austere looking man with grey hair, and I imagine his austerity came to him naturally, for he had been the Prior of a Trappist Monastery at New Melleray, Iowa.

When we left Nebraska City our next objective point was Fort Kearney, about 200 miles farther west on the Platte River. The country was wild and uninhabited almost all the way; the only settlement of consequence consisting of just a few houses which they said was Lincoln, the Capitol of the territory. We passed many teams of oxen and mules in groups, some bound for Pike's Peak like ourselves, others for California and Oregon. There were quite a few streams of water and we had no difficulty in finding good places for camping at night where wood, water and grass were plentiful. A couple of years previously the Indians had made raids on travelers along these roads and graves were visible of the victims along the Little and Big Blue Rivers, and at several other places. No Indians were supposed to be in those parts then, so everyone took his own time and traveled as he pleased. Many teams were met coming back, but most of these were freighters who had disposed of their former loads and were returning for more. Occasionally also there was a disappointed gold hunter, upon whose wagon cover might be read the sign; "Pike's Peak or Bust," and under it the significant comment; "Busted, By Thunder."

Fort Kearney was the limit of safety for western travel. A company of U S soldiers was stationed there, and no wagon train was permitted to pass this point unless it mustered a minimum of forty fighting men. We stayed there a few days waiting for other travelers and giving our horses a much needed rest. While there we saw something of western life. The big stage coach came in from both directions

daily, but to and from this point the western coaches were accompanied by a detachment of cavalry for the protection of the mails, and incidentally of the passengers. The Indians were shy of the soldiers and I did not hear of any attacks being made on the coaches while under guard. I do not think there were any permanent settlers at Fort Kearney, but there were traders who were selling spirits and limited supplies that might be needed by those passing. I saw there the first exhibition of public gambling, then so common in the West. This kind was by a Three-Card-Monte man. He tossed three cards around carelessly on a table in such a way that one could see the faces of the cards at almost every move, and he was offering to bet five dollars that no one could name a certain card as they lay upon the table. The way he had shown the cards made it look like robbing him to take up his bet. If I had any money I might have been tempted to bet, but I had no money and my brother who had been in the West, laughed at my simplicity.

"Yes," he said, "if I were being used as a bait I might win," but as soon as the stake was important the gambler won. He had a trick in the cards and in his manner of showing them that would make him win or lose at will. It was a variation of the game of the thimble-riggers at the fairs in Ireland. They had three thimbles and under one of them was placed a pea. Then the thimbles were moved about and whoever could guess under which thimble the pea was would win. I heard my father telling of the game, but he never told of anyone who won except the rigger himself.

A few days after our arrival at Fort Kearney there came along a train of forty wagons bound for California. We fell in with this, but without joining ourselves officially with it. We had their protection without social obligations on either side. They were men whose business was hauling freight across the continent, yet some of them were making their first trip, and this rather to see the West and judge if it might hold anything for them. A few might go as passengers - at least they were two such, very nice boys from Beloit, Wisconsin, who were tired of their undertaking and joined our party with the expectation of going to Denver and taking the first opportunity of returning. They were brothers in kin, and they paid us a small amount for their meals and bed while walking as most of us did. Two days after our arrival in Denver I saw them get a job as teamsters and never heard of them afterwards; but they did what so many did before and afterwards; yield to homesickness in its first stages, which are always the worst, and went away without even looking over the country they came to see.

Our way lay up the Platte River along the south banks; the road was good as a general thing with the exception of sandy bluffs here and there which were very hard on the horses. At times we were forced to double the teams and take only one half of the wagons over the sandy hills and return for the other half. The horses got very thin and weak, so travel was slow and days' journeys short. We had grain for them and the grass was good, but we dared not allow them to range far away from the camp for fear of the Indians who were ever on the lookout for horses. They

were less solicitous for oxen which they could not stampede and drive away so easily.

The Platte River was at high tide, and at places was at least a mile wide. It was shallow, with a bed of sand that moved with the current and made it treacherous and kept the water always dirty. We had no wood for fires. There were some large cottonwood trees along the river but all the dry wood fit to burn had been gathered long before we passed that way. Our fuel was called "Buffalo Chips" - the dried droppings of the thousands of buffaloes that had ranged for ages over these plains. They made very good fires and there were plenty of them wherever we stopped, and we never went hungry for want of a hot meal. Our food was good and lacked only fresh vegetables to make it the ordinary food of the working man. Our appetites left nothing lacking.

The long days of slow traveling were tiresome, and the constant watch for Indians told upon our nerves. Yet no Indians molested us, although the report reached our old home in Michigan that we had all been massacred. Only once did we see any Indians, and then they were dead ones. They made an attack on a party of travelers camped at the Julesburg ranch but were driven off. They generally carried their dead away with them but here they were unable to reach some of the bodies. These were thrown in an old shed and left to rot there. Curiosity led us to view them, but the smell was so overpowering that one could not remain long near without feeling a strong weakness at the stomach. There was one man, however, who wanted a souvenir, and he cut off the lower jaw of one of the bodies and took it to the river to scrape and clean it. I don't know how he ever did it, but he went that far, but when the relic was cleaned he succumbed and threw his treasure away.

A peculiar sight we met with was the myriads of grasshoppers crawling on the ground in many places. They were unable to fly or even to hop much; they moved along all together in one direction (north) and so closely were they packed together that the ground seemed to be actually moving. The history of the West speaks of the grasshopper years, and I was witness of some of them. Generally there are two of them in succession. The first of them sees the grasshoppers come in late in the summer, and to say that they come in clouds that obscure the sun is no exaggeration. They literally cover every bit of green vegetation and in a day leave nothing but bare ground or bare fibrous stalks of corn, cabbage and vegetables. They do not stay long, for there is nothing more to attract them, but they stay long enough to bore holes in the earth and deposit their eggs. Then they die or disappear, but the next spring sees these eggs hatch and the young must live on whatever they can find until able to fly away and devastate some other section. So, the first year the late crops are destroyed, and the

second year sees everything eaten soon after the planting season. There are stories about their being so numerous as to stop railroad trains. This is no fable, but a truth easily seen when the facts are explained. The moving mass of young insects must cross the railroad tracks at some points, and here they are ground up by the wheels until the oil from their bodies render both wheels and rails so slippery that they lose their grip and spin around just as an auto wheel does in a mud hole or soft clay.

Another sight, but a disappointing one, was the mirage. Now, what was the mirage? And how was it disappointing? Just imagine yourself on a sunbaked plain - the heated air is blowing in your face; if you were not already burned and tanned you would expect the skin to peel off your face in scorched scales as the result of the sirocco - you are thirsty but the tepid water in your supply does not cool the lungs or moisten for long the cotton of your saliva. You reach a rise of ground and before you go a mile or so, in the distance you behold a lake, its surface rippling in the breeze and its farther shore lined with waving trees. You are a greenhorn, or a tenderfoot, as was the term in the Wild and Woolly West, and your spirits rise with the prospect of camping in the shade on the bank of that crystal gem in the wilderness. But what is the matter; the farther you go the farther the lake goes also, and when you arrive where you think it ought to be, it is miles away yet or gone from sight. What has happened? Meteorologists and those familiar with the refraction of light rays will understand the phenomenon that results of the uneven heating of the air currents and strata over a wide plain. The unequal bending and crossing of the rays of light confuse the picture, and you will see the sky where the earth ought to be, and vice versa. It is an optical illusion, - a portion of the sky has come down in the picture and a portion of the earth has risen above it, and the former represents the water, and the distorted view of the earth looks like a forest of trees. You then have the mirage, and the disappointment.

On this long journey there were no settlements to be met with, but there was occasionally a fortified ranch house which served as a trading post and in times of peace, as a connecting link between Whites and Indians, but were now fortified shelters for travelers and owners. The proprietors lived on friendly terms with the Indians where they could, and fought them off where war was the order of the day. Jack Morrow's place was one of these where the Indians were half friendly on account of Morrow's Indian wife. The Frenchman, Jules, at Julesburg, had to fight them as did Godfrey at Fort Wicked, and these were the only posts not burned by the Indians between Fort Kearney and Fort Morgan in Colorado where the U S troops were located.

Near Julesburg the major part of our caravan left us. The road leading to Fort Laramie crossed the Platte River at a place called the California Crossing. At least it crossed the south branch to follow up the North Platte which marked the route to Fort Laramie and farther west. Denver lay upon the

South Platte about two hundred miles farther up. At the California Crossing the big wagons, many of them being drawn by six mules (these were Government wagons), and having a smaller wagon coupled behind, plunged into the flood and all passed over safely. Fourteen wagons were left to continue our journey, and we had accomplished only one half of the dangerous passage of the Indian ranges. Yet nothing happened to us, although we were obliged to stop and rest our horses for several days at one of the most exposed places. This was near the present site of Sterling, Colorado, after we had passed through a series of sandhills. South and east of us were the Frenchman and Republican Rivers, then a favorite hunting ground of the Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes of Indians. The weather was rainy and the grass good, so while our horses were resting and feeding, the Indians were probably busy killing buffaloes for their season's meat supply. We saw no larger game than antelope, but larger game was there in season and the buffalo season was just coming on. At a later date I saw herds of buffaloes so numerous that it was impossible to count them. In fact, I saw them moving along slowly grazing and when the leaders of the herd had passed from sight the rear ones had not come into sight. Now, and for years past, not a buffalo ranges the whole plains.

At Fort Morgan we left the Platte River to follow the "Cutoff" to Denver. We saved a considerable distance by so doing, but we met with some inconveniences by shortening our journey. We left the region of good water, and found the smaller streams and waterholes contained a strong solution of alkali, a substance we were not familiar with. Its use had a bad effect on both man and beast, and our company had several sick animals and a few humans with disordered digestive tracts. There were, however, no fatalities; at least immediately, but it probably was a contributory factor in the fatal results of subsequent diseases.

I think it was on the 12th of June that we came to our last camping place before reaching Denver. The place is now called Capitol Hill, and the town was in sight below us from a point somewhere on the present East 18th Avenue, or thereabouts. It was near enough for a walk into the town for sightseeing, but the wagons rested there until the next day. That we were tired and dirty may be imagined, and glad to get to our journey's end. Matters of clothing and toilet were not considered of much moment on those western plains, and I never was so impressed with the differences those things made upon individuals as when an incident in our own camp brought it home to me. Some of the men had gone into the town, and upon their returning I noticed an apparent stranger with them. He was clean-shaven, his hair was neatly trimmed, and he wore what would pass now as a new Palm Beach suit. He seemed to act very familiarly about the camp, and I wondered who he was and what his business could be. Not until I came close to him and heard him talk did I recognize

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the voice as that of my own brother with whom I had traveled, eaten and slept for the last eight weeks; he had simply got a general clean-up and a change to civilized and Sunday wear, but the transition was so great and so unexpected that the eye was completely deceived while the voice was unchanged to the ear. I don't think we were all as bad off as that, but perhaps we all needed to be scrubbed and dressed up a little.

In the outskirts of Denver we found two small vacant houses which we rented and moved into at once. They belonged to a family named Clifford and were located on Walton Street behind the Catholic church just two streets away. Most of the ground, however, in the vicinity was vacant and the streets were on paper yet. I used to sit at our door and shoot at owls and prairie dogs as they sat in the sunshine and fraternized in their little community just across the supposed street. Not a house was visible beyond us, but a busy town lay behind us.

Denver was a busy city for its size in those days. The streets were generally well filled with wagons, mostly heavy freight wagons, bringing in supplies of all kinds, except perishable goods, and distributing them to the various mining camps throughout the district. Freight rates with time of delivery unlimited were about twenty cents a pound, and a considerably higher rate by limited transport; that is, twenty-one days from St Joseph on the Missouri River. The population was uncertain, as many were coming and going from and to the mountains and "The States." The authorities managed to get an estimate on the resident portion of it and set it down as about 4800, with men in the majority. Still there were a good many families at that time, and the residence portion of it built up with brick houses as well as compactly along several streets, but mostly within a radius of half a mile from where the city hall now stands. Several hotels were doing a good business, such as the Planters, the Broadwell, and the Lindell. Several banks were flourishing, and a branch of the U S Mint was ready to receive all the gold brought in by the miners. A theater gave opportunity to an Irish actor, Jack Langrishe, to give exhibitions of dramatic and melodramatic skill of the lighter order to fair audiences of the best people. Gambling was a recognized business and there were two large halls for that purpose on Blake Street; one called the Progressive, and the other the Diana. Heatley and Chase ran the former, while the latter was operated by a popular little Jew called Chancer Bob. These institutions were run on the plan of Monte Carlo, with all the devices of the profession and music day and night. One of the musicians was Alex Sutherland, a Scotchman, a Catholic and an ex-British soldier. He was one of those who sounded the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava which Tennyson immortalized in verse. I often sauntered in to see the play and hear the music, but I never risked anything at the tables. I did not understand any of the games, and besides I had no money to bet with and I never wished for any.

The Catholic church was a brick structure 30 x 46 in size, and the very Rev Joseph P Machebeuf and the Rev John B Raverdy lived in a few rooms of wooden construction behind it. They attended Denver and many of the mining camps in the mountains, besides seeking out and saying mass for a number of settlers who were attempting to farm along the creeks in the valleys or raise livestock for the markets. The first Sunday I attended mass Father Machebeuf was the celebrant, and while he was preaching I was thinking that he was the oldest man I had ever seen. Yet he was only 53; but he was so weatherbeaten from exposure in missionary work that he looked as if he might be 80. I lost that impression when I came to know him better. His youthful spirit changed all that and in appearance he did not seem to me a day older when he died 24 years later.

My first work in this new region was not digging for gold but in the hay field about 30 miles down the river from Denver where my oldest brother had a contract with the Government to furnish an unlimited amount of hay to the camp at Denver at \$30 a ton. My work was to rake the hay with a horsesrake, one of the kind then in use - a revolving affair about 12 feet long behind which the driver walked and turned over when he got to the window. It was no poetic Maud Muller business, but a continual strain on arms and legs and also the back. Also, I hauled hay to Denver part of the time. My team consisted of three yoke of oxen, my load was 3 tons of hay, and my time was 3 days. The first day I drove about 20 miles and camped for the night by the roadside and unhitched my oxen and turned them out to feed for the night. My own food I sometimes carried with me (that is, when there was a plenty at the camp of the hay makers), and sometimes I got something at an occasional ranch house on the way. At night I wrapped myself up in a blanket and slept on the load of hay or under it if it threatened rain. The second day I drove to Camp Weld, unloaded my hay, did some necessary trading and started back to the hay camp where I arrived on the third day. My compensation was \$50 a month and board, which I considered very liberal for a boy of 18, but the work was the work of a man.

Father Machebeuf owned a fine ranch of some 400 acres 8 miles west of Denver upon which he had a German family from Denver, but they were not experienced farmers and he wished to make a change of operators. He spoke to my father about taking the farm and took him out to the place to look it over. My father was a professional miller, and when he spoke to Father Machebeuf of the adaptability of a certain spot for a mill the priest was most anxious for him to take the farm and build the mill. Farms were being taken up then and considerable wheat was being grown already, so we too could farm and the mill would convert our grain into flour as well as that of the neighbors, for flour was being brought from the east at that time and sold for exorbitant prices. But this project came to nothing, for my father died in September, and Father Machebeuf came near following him from the same intestinal ailment which became epidemic and carried off quite a number of people, among whom also was another of our party, the husband of one of my sisters. After our afflictions we took up again the question of the farm and Father Machebeuf agreed that we should take the farm anyway and do the best we could with it without the mill.

Farming in Colorado was not quite the same as in Michigan. Irrigation made the great difference, but my brother Thomas and I were willing to take a chance at it and learn the new methods. For the present we continued our jobs with the hay, and on one of my trips to Denver I was present when two beautiful bells were received from St Louis for religious purposes in Denver. One of these bells was for the Catholic church and is now in use at Holy Ghost church there. It was a fine bell and in the clear atmosphere of that day it was heard at places on the mountain slopes 14 miles away. The other was for the Sisters' Convent of Loretto and is still used in their new academy to call the hours and exercises for the Sisters. I recall that it cost \$505 to bring them from St Louis to Denver. They reached Denver by ox wagon. Father Machebeuf was too ill to bless the bells, so that ceremony was performed by Father Raverdy assisted by Father Thomas A Smith, pastor of Central City, who also preached on the occasion. Two of my brothers, Martin and James, built a crib of logs about ten feet high in front of the church and upon this the big bell was installed and remained until the church was enlarged and a tower built some 4 years later.

When ready to move to our ranch home I hitched four of our horses to a wagon and loading it with hay started to Denver, intending to go by the way of the ranch, unload my hay and leave two of the horses on pasture until wanted. The way was new to me and not much traveled but the general direction was plain. It happened that on the day before my going the expected supply of provisions failed to arrive, and all I could find for my journey was four small biscuits. If you recall the story of the man who ate "sixteen biscuits all but four" at one meal you will have an idea of the supply of provender. The first day I did not meet a house, and at night I camped beside a small river (the Big Thompson) secured my horses, ate two of my biscuits and slept under my load. Early the next morning I harnessed my horses, ate my two remaining biscuits and set out on my way.

Several miles farther on I came to a house, but seeing no one, and not being very hungry, I kept on, expecting to get breakfast at some other house. The other house, however, did not appear until long in the afternoon when my hunger had passed away and I was in sight of my destination. At the ranch I did not make known my plight but accepted a watermelon which I did not eat, but unloaded my hay and proceeded to Denver, eight miles away, arriving with a headache about six o'clock, where my mother made me a good cup of tea and I went to bed, slept well and woke up the next morning fit as a fiddle.

That year the crops on the farms had been destroyed by the early grasshoppers and a crop of rank weeds had grown up on all plowed land. These were mostly the tumble weed, and it had grown to a size of about three feet and shaped like a ball of that size. When my brother Tom and I took the farm the first thing we had to do was to clear the fields of these weeds. They dried up early and, being held by a single root, were easily pulled, so we set to work with rakes to gather them together for burning. It was slow work until one night when a high wind came, and the next morning our field was

as clear as a table. It was well named a tumble weed, for the wind had lifted all of them and tumbled them over and over until they were clear of the field and in Timbuctoo for all we know, but we had learned our first lesson in farming in Colorado. Our second lesson was when we found that a two-horse walking plow was of little service in the adobe soil either wet or dry, and the only way to do good work was with a steel riding-plow and three horses. We learned other things that we had not known in Michigan, but we learned fast and practiced our lessons.

The farm was well located on Clear Creek eight miles from Denver, as Denver was then. Now it is the Mount Olivet Cemetery. Part of the land lay along the creek and the rest was a high level. The winter was mild that year and we prepared our fields for the crops early. I think we sowed about ten acres of wheat, but the seed cost us fifteen cents a pound. As we harvested fifty bushels to the acre the overhead cost was not too much although we did not get that price for the grain after harvest. The land along the creek was fine hay land, and also for vegetables. There we planted our field vegetables, and let me quote the cabbages as samples;- there were heads that weighed (Don't look incredulous; I weighed them) Fifty Pounds! They were large enough for a County Fair, but they were too common, so we made them into sauerkraut. We learned the science of irrigation easily, and as we had plenty of water, good weather and fine land we made a grand success of our agricultural experiences.

From our place to the mountains was four miles, but their size made them appear much nearer. Of course we had heard of the strangers who wanted to walk to them before breakfast from Denver. That may not be strictly true, but first experiences made such events quite probable. I well remember my first visit to them. I went into them to get a load of logs for firewood. The road was the main traveled road to the mines and was well laid out and graded for a mountain road. But in some places the rocks were so high and apparently so insecurely placed that they seemed ready to fall down and I was actually afraid to pass them. I stopped several times to give them time to fall if they would do so, but they stood still and I reasoned that other wagons had passed them and they did not fall, so maybe they would stand until I passed also, and with this hope I shudderingly crept by. Many times in later years, when I was familiar with mountain travel, I passed that way and looked for these dangerous rocks but could never recognize them. It made me think of sin: - How enormous it looks to the uninitiated but how small to those familiar with it!

During this year Father Machebeuf visited us often and sometimes would stay a day or two. He had special rooms and a

private chapel in the house and said mass every morning. It was here and with Father Machebeuf that I learned to serve mass rightly. I began to remove the book, give him the wine and water, ring the bell, and answer at some of the responses. He was pleased with my progress and encouraged me, and I was greatly pleased when he complimented me the first time I ventured to do all without being prompted. We spoke some about going to a seminary, but Father Machebeuf was not a Bishop yet and Denver was but a parish of the Diocese of far-off Santa Fe. Neither was I in love with the Far West nor with it as a location for a priest as I had imagined it in Michigan. In fact I did not feel exactly at home in the West. It seemed that my stay there could be only temporary and I could never make it a real home. It seemed to me that almost everybody else had a sort of that feeling and kept themselves partly aloof from all others. They entertained the vague hope of finding a fortune and returning to civilization. Like the Hebrews they sat by the waters of Babylon and wept as they remembered Zion.

The days went by uneventfully although I did consult some books and papers on seminaries and learned the location of some of those institutions, among which was St Thomas' Seminary at Bardstown, Kentucky. That was a long way from Denver, but it was not as far as Cincinnati or New York, and then it was not too high-priced. We were making some money and might decide later, but I could not afford to be extravagant. Thus the matter rested until an event took place that turned the course of the future for me.

Father Machebeuf was anxious to have the children of the parish receive a Christian education. For this purpose he had brought the Sisters of Loretto to Denver and helped them to open a select school for girls. It was not a parish school, yet most of the girls of the parish attended, and a number also of non-Catholic girls whose parents wished them to get that convent polish not found in the public schools. The Sisters taught the grades as well as an academic course and were equipped to give a complete education to the pupils of the time. A boys' school was established with less success; the pupils were not as numerous and one lady teacher was all that the revenue could support. Twice in this school the teachers sought to better themselves in matrimony, and towards the end of 1866 Father Machebeuf asked me to take his school. I had never had any experience, but the school was small and most of the boys were young, so I accepted and began a new career which closed the prospects of my ever being a farmer, yet did not settle down into the permanent occupation of teaching the young idea how to shoot.

About this time Father Raverdy went as pastor to Central City and a young French priest came from Santa Fe to help Father Machebeuf at Denver. His name was Rev John Faure, and as he knew no English it was arranged that I should teach him English and he

would give me lessons in Latin. I had a room in the priest's house and the arrangement suited us very well, only I was very slow in Latin. I also took some lessons in music from our church organist, Mr Schormoyer, but my success at music was about on a par with my Latin. Father Faure may have got some benefit from my lessons but they were mostly conversation, for his spare time was spent with a penknife and a glue pot making a model of the Cathedral of Santa Fe out of cigar boxes. He was very skilful at this work, and years later I saw among the pictures and postcards a photograph of the model. There was no indication of who had made it but I recognized the masterpiece as his.

I did not teach long enough to turn out any great scholars. The boys were not numerous anyway, and of those I had I remember but few names now. There was Johnny Vought, who became somewhat of a politician, and Johnny Kuykendall who became head of the Denver Cab and Omnibus Company, and Will and Alex Davidson, James P O'Hayre, Henry Keeler, Bernard Doyle, John Phillips and others whom I forgot. I don't think my term lasted more than six or seven months, but in that time I came to know at least by sight many who became identified with commercial, industrial and social Denver, and I might add political, professional, financial and religious Denver also. But I will not trace them in their varied careers; it might be a humiliation for some of their descendants and it might be a source of pride for others. I knew of no millionaires and of no beggars; both classes came later making Denver a more metropolitan city but perhaps not happier.

During the summer of 1867 Father Faure was taken down with typhoid fever. There were no professional nurses in Denver at that time, but it happened that a couple of Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati were staying for a time with the Sisters of Loretto, waiting a safe opportunity of going to Santa Fe to look up the prospects for founding a hospital there. These Sisters cared for the sick priest during the day, while I volunteered to act as night nurse. I attended to my school during the day, and it is probable that the extra work laid me open to infection more readily and I was the next victim of the disease. I went home to the ranch and for several weeks lay in bed with the fever. It was several weeks more before I was strong enough for any work, and then I concluded that my next work would not be teaching others but learning from others as a student in the seminary.

My choice of St. Thomas' Seminary in Kentucky was made definite by the act that its president was an old friend of Father Machebeuf. They were both from the same Province in France, and had labored in the same province for some years in America, so with a letter from Father Machebeuf in Denver I felt sure of a welcome from Father Chambige in Kentucky.

December 12, 1867, was the day of my departure from Denver. I did not this time make the trip over the plains in a slow wagon but by stage to Hays City, Kansas, and by rail there-

after. One of my brothers was to go with me as far as Moberly, Missouri, where another brother was in business. It was not exactly for my sake that he went, but it was very convenient for me to have him as he was accustomed to traveling and I was not. Then I was still a semi-invalid, and his company was a safeguard. There was another man going so the three of us had the big coach all to ourselves. That made it more convenient especially at night, for it gave us room to stretch our limbs and rest. We had no hotels to stop at for the night but our journey was one unbroken move with the only interruption of changing our horses at the various relay stations which were about fifteen miles apart. Leaving Denver we had six prancing grey horses, and our big Concord coach cut quite a swell as we left the city.

At the first relay station we got but four horses, and so for the rest of that day. The following day when we could see we found ourselves jogging behind our mules and we continued thus until the last relay before reaching Hays City when we got six horses and entered the new town with some style about us. For our meals we brought our own food, and you may be sure our mother put up plenty and of the best. We saw no Indians during the trip, although we were passing through dangerous country where they might appear at any moment. But we were well armed and would have put a good fight if attacked, and made a race for the nearest relay station where we could have been safe for the time. These stations were built mostly under ground - showing over ground only a dirt covered mound with openings for light on all sides and serving as lockouts and portables for defense against attackers.

Hays City was then the terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railroad then in course of construction, and it was served by a mixed train for building material, freight and passengers to Kansas City, 300 miles distant. There was no sleeping coach, so I got a full seat and with a blanket for covering stretched out as comfortably as I could, and although there were no cushions on the board seats, I slept more comfortably and restfully than I ever have done since in any Pullman. The starting jerks and stopping bumps did not disturb me in the least. The cars then were linked together loosely in the old fashion and stopped by handbrakes, but the start was generally when the engine took up the slack between the coaches and each started with a jerk, and the stop came when each coach bumped against the one in front. A night and a day were required to make the distance to Kansas City, and there we stayed at a hotel for another night's rest, and the next day we reached Moberly, then a town just started in the woods where the North Missouri Railroad was building a branch road to Brunswick and farther west.

The priest attending the district was Rev. Michael Walsh of Macon City. He had not said mass at Moberly yet, but on New Year's day he was at Renick, a small town a few miles away, and some of us went there by handcar to hear Mass at the house of Mr. O'Keeffe, a foreman of the railroad. A few days later my Missouri brother accompanied me to St. Louis, whence he returned home and left me to pursue the rest of my journey alone. It was the first time that I had ever been in such a large city, and the crowded streets were strange to me. I never felt so much alone as in that crowd. I was not homesick, but a spirit of lonesomeness came over me, and I was immensely relieved when the bus came to take the passengers across the ferry to East St. Louis for the eastbound train. The next morning,

January 6, 1868, I arrived in Louisville, Kentucky, too late for the train to Bardstown, and had to wait until afternoon, and the long day was spent near the station for I did not want to get lost in a strange city.

That evening I reached Bardstown and stopped at the Murphy House. There was another hotel called the Hynes House, but the other sounded better to me and I went there. I might have gone to the old Cathedral church and been welcomed by the Jesuits who were in charge at that time, but I knew nothing of him, although I visited the Jesuits in St. Louis and met Father O'neil, the President of the University, and Father Stunteback, and heard mass at their church, the old St. Francis Xavier's at Ninth and Green Streets. Green Street was afterwards called Christy Avenue.

The next morning I went to St. Thomas, which was about four miles out from Bardstown, to begin my studies. It was raining, but the road was a toll road and kept in fair order. It also was picturesque winding around hills, crossing the Beech Fork on a long covered bridge and lined with substantial looking houses. I felt that I was in the South even if it was not sunny at the moment, and I watched at every turn to meet an old "Uncle Tom" or a band of Kkluxes, (at that time the Kkluxes were not of the modern brand, but a Southern band of nightriders with far different aims and principles), but I met none and arrived without incident at the Seminary.

Father Chambige received me kindly and gave me in charge to the student prefect who was at leisure that month. There were two prefects; one on duty each month, and this one was Edwin Drury who labored well and fruitfully in Kentucky in after years as a model priest; the other was Michael Ronan of Boston, whose work in the ministry in that diocese, and especially at Lowell in Massachusetts has kept him in holy memory. I think I may say that Mr. Drury was the first person with whom I ever got acquainted in Kentucky. No thought entered our heads then that he would spend years in the very room where I am now writing his last years of a fruitful life directing the good sisters of Loretto, or that I would succeed him in that work and put in twenty years as his successor, with his tomb in plain sight only a few rods away and a reservation close by for my own remains to await with his the call to immortality.

The transition from one manner of life to another may suggest sacrifice and pain, and no doubt there is much of both in such changes generally. In looking back now I do not see that there was very much of either in my cases. I had been absent from home for some time anyway, and then I never did consider the West to be my home. My father was dead, the older members of the family were doing for themselves, or planning to do so, and it was only a question of a short time when many families would replace the old original one. The old order had shaken itself off and a new one was before me. Would I become a priest? I did not know but I was going to give the preparation a trial. If I could not succeed in going through to the happy end I might get so far as to be able to try to teach in some college, and thus have a settled career. It was with these feelings that I began the new era. If I had a vocation I did not feel it. I revered the priests, I liked their company, I was pleased to serve mass and I

did not realize that this was the very essence of my vocation, and in going forward, as I intended to do, was but fitting myself into the requirements of the new life upon which I was entering. Some of the students when they saw me said among themselves that I would not stay. I may have borne the appearances of a semi-invalid after my illness, but I felt stronger than when I left home. The table at St Thomas was not suited to delicate feeders, and I never in reality had been such, and the food suited. It was plain, substantial, nourishing and plentiful. I might ~~not~~ get better at home, but there had been times when I had not as good, and the food was not going to be one of my grievances. Leaving St Thomas was simply unthought of; I had the money, but not the will to go elsewhere, even to return to Denver.

The main thing now was the studies. It was three years since I had done any school work for myself, and, although, my mind was ready, my memory was rusty. It was never easy for me to commit my lessons to memory, and that had always made the catechism the hardest of my lessons, and now I found that in the systematic study of Latin the rules, declensions, the conjugations, and consequently all progress, depended on memory. To add to my difficulty was the fact that I was going into a class which had been four months in operation. The Rev David Russell, pastor of the church of St Thomas, was also a professor in the seminary and he kindly offered to help me in my difficulty. I was much indebted to him both in the way of class work and of encouragement, for at times it seemed that I never would see through the confusion of cases and tenses and all the rest. He gave me the light that by degrees pierced the darkness which at first enveloped the dead languages in the tombs of the masters where I thought they ought to have been left undisturbed. It was quite encouraging to be told by Father Chambige at the end of the scholastic year that I had merited several first prizes, which would have been mine in fact if I had not been too late in entering the classes to be eligible for their award. That pleased me more than if I had been there the entire term and won them according to the rule. In either case the honor would not have been so very great, for my classmates were mostly young boys while I was a man of twenty-one and farther advanced in other studies than they were. There was one exception, however, a man older than myself came in at the same time from Lawrence, Massachusetts. He was woefully lacking in understanding but he was strong on will and memory. To construe a Latin phrase was beyond him but he knew by heart every word without case or tense; he could develop a problem in Geometry exactly as the book showed, but displace one letter of the diagram and he was lost. He was advised to try some other vocation, but he persevered in spite of all. No bishop in the United States would adopt him, but he went to Canada and was ordained and did good work, dying a successful and honored pastor.

I spent the vacation of 1868 at the seminary doing a little study, but principally passing the time until the return of the students for the opening of the following term. In September, again with the advice of Father Russell, I combined the classes of two years into one, and by hard work finished with credit, thus in a year and a half I was on a par with those who had been there three years.

This year and a half tended to settle me in my plans for the future. My old pastor, Father Machebeuf, had been made a bishop and had come to see me at St Thomas. The lure of the West was coming back to me: I thought of the great need he would have of priests, and I saw that he expected me to go to him if I ever reached the goal of our expectations of ordination for me. There was no special contract, but it was mutually understood that I would return to Denver.

The vacation of 1869 I spent in the vicinity of Niles and my old home in Michigan. Four years had made a great change in everything there. It did not seem like the old home at all, and I felt somewhat of a stranger in the old surroundings. I suppose the change was partly with myself, for people recognized that I had grown up and was a seminarian. They thought they had to show me a certain deference, and all this tended to make somewhat a stranger to myself. Yet I had a pleasant vacation and visited many of the old familiar places and some new ones and met old friends and made some new ones. At South Bend, Indiana, I visited Father P P Cooney, C S C, who had been a chaplain in the Civil War and had often assembled his men for mass and confession at St Thomas Seminary and I was interested in his account of his experiences with the men of both armies, for soldiers from Braggs army of Confederates and Buel's army of Federals passed St Thomas and received favors. A Southern Captain lay sick there and was discovered by Union men and paroled.

This summer I paid my first visit to Notre Dame although I had lived for years near it. The only incident there was that, after going through the college and mounting to the cupola for a view of the surrounding country, I was permitted to be one to help work the pedals to swing the big seven ton bell which was then mounted on a platform on the lawn. I don't think the tower of the church was finished at the time.

Another visit I made was to Kalamazoo. Two of my fellow-students at St Thomas were from that village. I say village, for although it was a place of 10,000 inhabitants, it had but a village charter and took pride in calling itself the largest village in the U S.

During that visit I was present at the dedication of the new church of St Augustine, just finished by Father Lebel. There was no bishop in Detroit, so Archbishop Purcell came from Cincinnati for the occasion. The mass was sung by Father Cullen of Chicago who later became the first Bishop of Davenport, and the sermon was by Father Riordan, who became Archbishop of San Francisco. A lecture in the evening was given by Father Cooney of South Bend, and, as might be expected, was on the Civil War.

While at Kalamazoo I received a tempting offer from Father Roy, a Viatorian priest from Bourbonnais Grove in Illinois. The priests of St Viator had just founded a college at that place and need a teacher of English. He offered to assist me in the continuation of my studies and pay a small salary besides for my services. I did not feel free to accept his offer but I found a

young man who was glad to accept it, to the satisfaction of all concerned. This was James J. Bent, who eventually became a priest for the Diocese of Covington, Ky.

The new church at Kalamazoo was considered the finest Catholic church in western Michigan. It was a brick structure and the Archbishop told us it cost \$65,000 and was paid for with the exception of \$5,000. This was not the case, for Father Leber was a poor bookkeeper, and after his sudden death a much larger indebtedness was found and Bishop Rorgess of Detroit found difficulty in clearing up the affairs and having legal claims paid off. In the end the matter was never satisfactorily settled. Father Leber was at our house once at Barron Lake, and when my mother presented me for his blessing he remarked to her inquiry that he thought I would be a priest and that I had a fine head for a bishop. I thank God that there were not bishoprics enough for all the fine heads, and that the supply of heads never ran so low that mind had to go into the market.

Another old pastor whom I visited was Father Baroux of Silver Creek. This was once an Indian Mission but now all the Indians had gone except one named Topash, and he was the organist of the little church. Father Baroux told me something of his early life, and how he was so frightened at his examination for ordination by Bishop Bouvier in France that he could not bless himself. It was only after the strongest pleadings of the superior of the seminary and his willingness to assume all responsibilities for young Baroux that the bishop consented to ordain him. The superior made no mistake in that case. He also read for me extracts from his very interesting diary of mission work in India at the time of the Sepoy rebellion in 1857, but it was a hot day and I was just after dinner and so sleepy that I was ashamed of my lack of attention, and consequently lost much of his reading.

My headquarters that summer were at Niles with Father Cappon, and from there I returned to St. Thomas for the opening of school in September.

Old St. Thomas! The name thrills me yet. But is there another to whom it brings the same thrill, born of experience in the carefree and hopeful days of youth? Yes, there is one, a layman, Mr. John Doyle, now of Chicago, but for many years a resident of Louisville, Ky, who has never forgotten its charm, even if he did not follow out to the end the motive that made him seek its guidance, but who, nevertheless, wrought as much good along other lines as he probably would if events had not diverted his life's work. But among the clergy I know not one to whom it is more than history and a hearsay, but that at least it will remain as long as the printed word interests those who share in the benefits of its legacies.

St. Thomas was not impressive in its looks but it did impressive work. Its opening day in Kentucky was June 11, 1811, the day Bishop Flaget was installed in his new diocese that embraced Kentucky, Tennessee and the West and Northwest from the eastern boundary of Ohio to the unexplored regions of the unnamed territories beyond the Mississippi. Bishop Flaget brought his students and professors with him, and temporarily established his seminary on the spot where I

now sit (See that rare and priceless volume "Spalding's Sketches of Ky") where it functioned for five months until removed to its permanent location on a tract of land donated for the purpose by Thomas Howard, fifteen miles from here and four miles from Bardstown. Humble it was, but when we think of the early missionaries it prepared for the work of planting the faith - it was so deeply planted in Kentucky - we think of universities, of scholars and saints. Flaget, David, Badin, Nerincks and the pioneers brought their faith with them, but the new generation had to be taught if the old faith were to be preserved, and St. Thomas became the spring from which the life-giving and life-preserving waters flowed which made the Tree of the Cross grow in the forests of Kentucky and spread its branches through East and West. Need I name Abell, Durbin, Aud, Elliot, Coomes, Elder, Burne and other devoted missionaries who went out from St. Thomas in its early years to spend their lives on horseback seeking out and bringing faith and grace to many who otherwise never would have known either?

And the hundreds of later years, some of whom became leaders in Israel, such as Bishop Reynolds of Charleston, Richter of Grand Rapids, Byrne of Nashville, Alerding of Fort Wayne, Lenihan of Cheyenne, Tierney of Hartford, Ryan of Alton and Lavielle and O'Donaghue of Louisville?

Of the priests they were scattered from Massachusetts to the western borders of our civilization, and the rank and file of the clergy of Kentucky ever came from its doors. It is no wonder, then, that St. Thomas was dear to the priests of Kentucky and its closing was considered as a blessing although its removal brought prospects of greater advantages and less hardships to its inmates.

Bishop Flaget's solicitude for his people went beyond the strictly religious care of them, but he wished to provide them also with a sound education founded on Christian principles. Already he had two female religious orders in the field, the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross, and the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, both founded in 1812, but he had nothing yet for boys and young men of the world. The completion of his Cathedral in 1819, gave him his first opportunity, and in the basement of his own newly completed residence he opened a school which soon expanded into a college, and for more than forty years was one of the noted educational institutions of the South. His priests and seminarians were its principal professors until 1848, when the Jesuits took charge of it and taught there till 1861 when the Civil War closed it to make it a hospital for wounded and sick soldiers. It had not been re-opened after the war, and its fine series of buildings was far superior to anything we had at St. Thomas, four miles away. For some years after the war the buildings of the colleges of St. Joseph at Bardstown had lain unoccupied and furnished with only a caretaker in charge, and Bishop McCloskey of Louisville decided to transfer the students of St. Thomas to its more commodious halls and dormitories. The transfer took place in October, 1869, when we loaded our trunks and belongings on a big haywagon drawn by two mules, and we tramped behind it in a body to take possession of our new home.

The new accommodations were fine but there were changes in the faculty and in the teaching staff. Our old president, Father Chambige, did not come and we missed him. There were some little hardship at

Thomas. We had to cut our firewood to keep the place warm; we went to the well for water to wash our faces from a pan on a log, stump or any convenient place, winter and summer, but we kept warm and reasonably clean. We had cornbread and bacon as the great reliables, and we had white bread at least once a day, and on feast days we feasted. The faculty fared about as we did and we felt that we were at home as others under a good father. At St. Joseph's the culinary department was slow in getting to work and the larder seemed not very well provided in quantity and quality. We bore within for a time, but when improvements were slow in coming, murmuring were heard and contrasts were made, and old St. Thomas did not lose by them. These defects were remedied and things resumed their normal course, but there was an indefinable something at St. Thomas that we did not find in our new surroundings. A new faculty, a number of students from other colleges, the presence of the town at our gates, a few changes of discipline, and St. Thomas with its simplicity and fraternity became dearer to those who knew it, and its traditions have been remembered and repeated with respect and affection until now. I believe I am now the last of the company who went out from St. Thomas when the change was made, and let perpetuate here the memory of old St. Thomas, the mother of priests and bishops and the guardian of the faith in Kentucky. Not enough of it left now to constitute a ruin, but its little old church is there yet, the first cathedral of Bishop Flaget, where the early priests were ordained and where I was present at the Golden Jubilee of the first Kentucky priest there ordained in 1818, the Rev. Robert Abell, familiarly known as "Uncle Bob" when fifty years later he came there to celebrate the cent with all the clerical staff of the church in Kentucky wishing him many more years and more honor and merit as a climax of those busy ones of labor and accomplishment just closing. God granted him five more eventful years of grace for his own perfection before calling him to the great reward that must have been awaiting him in heaven.

When we were organized for work at St. Joseph's, Mr. John A. Dley and I were appointed prefects of studies. Our duties were to reside for a month at a time alternately in the study hall and keep order, and to report at the end of each month on the conduct and application of the students. The office carried with it the privilege of a private room in the daytime and some other favors. I did not enjoy the position of a boss at any time, and, although I had no trouble with the students and never had to report a single one of them, I declined the office prefect when offered it the following year. My successor was Denis O'Donaghue, one of the bright students who began there a career of wise and mild authority that ended when he ceased to rule as Bishop of Louisville.

The vacation of 1870 I spent in Missouri with my brother at Osberly. The town had been organized as a parish and Father McKenna was then its first pastor. He was then building a small frame church, and I had the honor of helping him arrange the altar for his first Mass in the church which also I served as his acolyte.

Upon returning to the seminary in September, Father DeFraine, who was President of the Seminary and Pastor of the Church of St. Joseph, appointed me sacristan of the church. This gave me even more

privileges than I had as prefect, for I was practically free except at class time. Freed from the distractions of a crowded study hall, I could apply myself to the preparation of my classes and do some reading besides. I liked the work of sacristan for it made me familiar with the different services of the church, and all the solemn offices were performed there instead of in the seminary chapel. I liked all the altar breads with the old fashioned irons, which were two plates of steel polished and engraved on one side and fastened together with two long crossed handles and heated in an ordinary stove fire. It was not hard when you knew how to work them.

The church itself had some history. It was Flaget's Cathedral when he was Bishop of Bardstown. The old church has celebrated its centennial but it stands as firm as it was on the day of its consecration.

For two years I held this office, and after the vacation of 1871, which I spent at the college, in addition to my own duties I took charge of two classes; one in English composition and one in advanced Arithmetic. The work was easy, and as I got a class of volunteer boys from all the classes it was really enjoyable. This last year passed pleasantly enough; it was philosophy year for our class and our last year at St. Joseph's.

Of the students I have not much to say in general. The brightest man in the class was, in my opinion, Henry Churchill Semple from Selma, Ala. He became a Jesuit and was rather prominent in the society as well as being the author of several good volumes. Another who was not so prominent was Daniel O'Sullivan.

Daniel was born in Ireland in 1836. Left an orphan early in life he was cared for by an uncle, but by the knavery of pretended friends he was swindled out of the little homestead where he was born, and leaving Ireland with his sister four years older than himself, he came to Cincinnati when about twenty years of age. Dan found work in a tannery and his sister went into domestic service. After a few years his sister resolved to join the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati. Dan strenuously opposed her resolution, and declared he would never speak to her if she left him and became a nun. Neither of them had much schooling in Ireland, and work was all that could be before them in any walk of life. But the sister carried out her plan, and Dan refused to see her for a year, but his anger could not hold out longer and they became reconciled as was inevitable with a man of Dan's big heart. Dan was thrifty and steady, and, at about the close of the Civil War, had a saving of \$1,000.00. Then the thought began to haunt him that he might be a priest. He recognized his lack of education, but he wondered if there might not be some place in the church where even the unlearned might fill if they had the desire to serve God as best they might. He consulted with a priest of Cincinnati and was told that in the secular ministry he could never succeed. He was too old to begin a course of study, and his mind would not respond at his age to training. It was suggested that a religious order might give him a trial. With this encouragement he applied to the Franciscans, telling them of his little savings, and got an answer that it might be possible but they would consult and give him an answer later. The later answer was

that they would not receive him. At this juncture some friends told him that priests were wanted in Louisville, and it would do no harm to apply there. Dan followed this advice telling, as before of his deficiencies and of his limited funds. A reply came at once from the authorities at Louisville telling him not to worry about his finances but to come and they would be glad to give him a trial. Leaving Cincinnati quietly Dan came to Louisville and was sent to St. Thomas in September 1866. He did not even tell Sister Mary Joseph, his sister, of his movements and his intentions. For a year he wrote to her under cover of a friend in Cincinnati, leaving her with the impression that he was still at his job there. She was out in the state caring for a community of orphans, and did not know of his plans until he returned to her after a year at St. Thomas. He wished to spare her the humiliation of knowing that he had tried to be a priest and had failed and he was afraid that one year at St. Thomas would convince his new teachers that his was a hopeless case. When at the close of his first year of study he was told to come back and continue, he hastened to visit her and share the good news with her.

But Dad did not get through without anxiety. He was a close student as far as he could study, but his progress was slow and his apprehension difficulty by reason of his age and previous lack of book learning, but his conduct and observance of rules were perfect. He was always a gentleman. Yet, many times he despaired and was on the point of giving up and returning to the world of manual labor. He was made prefect of studies and everyone was his friend. I, as one, advised him to continue, even after we had finished our year of philosophy, and not to give in until his superiors, who knew him and were responsible for him, told him to go and not return. The fact was that Dan continued and was called for ordination more than a year in advance of any in his class. He used to say that they ordained him then because they knew he would never learn any more and they needed a priest to say mass at some of the numerous communities then attended from the Cathedral. But Dan O'Sullivan was nobody's fool. He had an alert mind and a good judgment, and no one can say that he did not do good work in any position he held. His parish of the Blessed Sacrament, where he built a brick church and school, was proud of him, and when business drove the most of them away and his parish dwindled to almost nothing, they still came to hear his mass and simple sermon, and contribute to his scanty revenue. The last few years of his life he spent as a patient invalid unable to say mass, but he clung to his old parish to the end, which came only a few weeks ago in the ninety-seventh year of his age and the sixtieth of his priesthood.

And what of his sister, Sister Mary Joseph? Their lives ran in a way parallel, in good works, in humility and in friendship. Regularly he visited her, and every year his Christmas present to her was a check equal to the number of her growing years. Last year (1932) she celebrated the centennial anniversary of her birth at the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, where an Archbishop, a Bishop, a large number of priests and hundreds of sisters gathered to honor her, not alone for her years but for her merits. It was a great day for her, and her only regret was that Father Dan was not able to be present. Her life has been a happy one because she loved God's work among the lowly and did it, but there were a few days of excelling happiness, and some

of these were the day she made vows, the day Dad told her of his intention of being a priest, the day she heard his first mass, and the day of her great Jubilee. She still lingers active, finding her pleasure in praying before the Blessed Sacrament where she hopes the Angel will find her when he comes to take her before the God whom she has so faithfully served.

In those days the schools did not close until near the end of June. Our closing exercises were of the simple: a little music, an essay or two, the valedictory, the conferring of honor and a word from a member of the faculty; then home. I reached Denver, this time by rail all the way, on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1872. It was my first return since 1867 and I noticed great changes in the town and in the surrounding country. It was no longer "wild and woolly," as in the earlier days. My old dislike passed away, and I felt perfectly satisfied to consider it as my future scene of labor and my home. The ox wagons were mostly gone, the stages had given way to the railroad, four of which radiated from Denver, and two priests were doing the work of the surrounding missions. There were now seven with a bishop at their head. Manufacturing had started, farming was becoming more general and prosperity reigned everywhere. The outlook was bright and I was anxious to share in the work of the future.

My hope at the end of my preparatory studies was that I might go to Louvain in Belgium for my course in theology. During the vacation I consulted several times with Bishop Machebeuf on the matter and found him adverse to my going abroad. The Rector of the American College at Louvain, who had given me my First Communion had suffered a mental breakdown, and the Bishop feared that might interfere in some way with the successful management of the institution, so he would not send me there. Rome was out of the question as the Pope was a prisoner and the city in the hands of the enemies of the church. Cincinnati had a fine seminary and that was his favorite just then. So it was settled that I go to Cincinnati and enter Mount St. Mary's Seminary which would open for registration of students on Monday, September 2, 1872. On the day preceding my proposed departure for Cincinnati I called at the house of the Bishop to say goodbye, but I found that he was absent at Central City, forty miles away, and would not return until the next day. Father Raverdy, the Vicar General, advised me to remain until the Bishop came home, and I would yet have time to reach Cincinnati by Sunday morning. The next day saw the return of the Bishop and two priests with a brand new plan for my consideration. This time it was to go to France and enter the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. The pastor of Central City, Rev. H. Mounion, had a younger brother, Alcide, who had just finished his preparatory studies, and was about to start for Paris to continue his theology. He was then visiting in Central City, and would leave for Paris on the following Sunday night. It was then Thursday evening, and I was considerably upset by the proposition and the suddenness of the departure. I had no fear of any trouble in Europe from the start, and I do not think Bishop Machebeuf had either. It was his way of putting things to make his plan appear the best thing. France had just been defeated in a serious war, and the ruins of a part of Paris were almost smoking still from the fires of the Commune. He had no fear of trouble, and it was such a good chance with a Frenchman as my companion and guide all the way.

Just then I would have been better pleased if he had said nothing about France. My mind had been made up and all preparations finished for Cincinnati and it seemed like taking snap judgment on me. I could have refused the offer, and I was tempted to do so, for I was ignorant of French, and that would be a handicap. However, the Bishop offered to give me a year to familiarize myself with the language and continue the study of philosophy, so I left the decision to him, and he closed the argument by saying: "In the name of God, then, go to France."

On Sunday evening, September 1, 1872, we left Denver and reached New York on Thursday evening. On Saturday morning we boarded the French steamer Ville de Paris bound for Havre, France. Apart from a few days of seasickness, the passage was uneventful. The feelings one experiences during the first voyage at sea were mine, and these have so often been described that I may pass them over. The restless sea rolling mountains of water in upon us at times and at times as smooth as a mirror; the dolphins sporting in the distance and the smaller fish running with us like a crowd of urchins with the elephant at a circus parade; the beautiful sunsets off forming the centerpiece of an incomparable evening landscape, as a Syrian prelate denominated it, the cooling breezes after the heat of the day, and the long evenings on deck. Then the appetizing meals five times a day, and after my seasickness! There was no mass during the ten days of the voyage, although two Syrian priests were in the company. A young student from New York was also a passenger on his way to the Seminary of Aix in the south of France.

The steamer touched first at Brest on the French coast to let off some passengers. We did not dock, but simply lay to, and a tugboat came for the passengers, mail and whatever express matter was to be landed there. Havre was the destination of almost all, and from there we went on immediately by rail to Paris. One night Mr. Bourion and I spent in Paris at the Hotel Fenelon, and the next day we went to Issy-sur-Seine, a village just a short distance outside the walls of Paris, to the Seminary where I was to spend my first year in foreign lands.

My remembrances of Issy are pleasant. Those who know the Sulpician Fathers need not be reminded of their kindness and the fatherly interest they take in every one of their students, and the surroundings were ideal--the cozy rooms, the spacious halls and chapel, the shrines of Our Lady of All Graces, and of Notre Dame de Lorete, where a replica of the Holy House was made more our own by the tomb in its middle of Paul Seigneret, Issy's own martyr of the Commune.

Among the students were two from America and a dozen from England, Ireland, and Scotland, all answering the general designation of Les Anglais, so called because we formed a foreign unit among a hundred Frenchmen and all spoke the same language. If we were not so many Anglais it might have been better for us for we would have been forced to learn French more quickly and perfectly. It is not easy to listen in silence to a strange tongue when your own is being spoken near you, and we of the same tongue gathered together as much as we could. Once a week we took a long walk all together, sometimes going into the city to the Grand Seminary, or to visit some shrine, or we might roam through

the country to a church in some village or merely for exercise. It was unknown that some free American resented the insult in a way that the insulter was wiser and a sadder man.

On one occasion I made a visit to Versailles and listened to the debates in French Chamber. Mr. Leboulays, who was a great admirer of America, sent me a ticket on request, but I was not greatly impressed with the dignity of the proceedings.

It was the Chamber of Deputies, and one did not expect the same dignity found in the Senate, but when half a dozen members were trying to speak at the same time, and a dozen running about shouting and shaking their fists at one another, and the presiding officer continually ringing his bell for order, it was hard to convince one self that this was a body of men chosen to make the laws for forty millions of people.

Many reminders of the war were visible around us. The walls of Paris were battered and broken, the fort around the city were masses of ruins (all but the Fortress of Mont Valerien, which even the German guns were not able to reduce) the marks of cannon balls were to be seen on many of the large buildings, and the Commune left its souvenirs in the blackened walls of the Tuilleries and the ruins of the hotel de Ville, and the wonderful monument to the memory of Napoleon's victories lay a broken mass on the Place Vendome. In the spirit of the people was the thought of revenge. "Wait", they would say, "Our time will come some day and you will see what we will do to the Germans." It was a humiliating thought that the German Empire had been proclaimed in the royal Palace of Versailles, and only a French army dictating the conditions of a future peace would satisfy for the present defeat.

Everybody seemed to take some interest in politics: yet we saw but few papers, and then mostly the Semaine Religieuse of some particular diocese. Of American affairs I knew almost nothing unless something might come to me in a letter. On rare occasions I might go into Paris and get a copy of Galigani's Messenger, the only English paper I knew of in Paris, but this did not occur often enough to keep me up with the current events.

Now that I was in the old world a thought came to me: I might get an opportunity to visit the land of my forefathers. I knew the address of one of my father's sisters, a nun in work, so I wrote to her telling her of my present occupation and future hopes. Not long afterwards I was surprised at receiving a visit from two young students from the Irish College in Paris. They gave their names as John Browne and Patrick Ryan, and their home as Enniscorthy, Ireland. This was the home town of my father, and Mr. Browne said he was a relative of mine, our fathers being cousins. The good Sister Bridget, to whom I had written, lost no time in telling the news to the others who sent it on to Mr. Browne in Paris. It made me feel good to find that I was not absolutely alone in a foreign land, and fixed my determination of visiting Ireland. We exchanged visits or notes from time to time and matured our plans for some of our vacations. Another piece of good news came to me also that winter, and that was that my youngest sister had entered the convent of the Sisters of Loretto in Kentucky. I had been the first boy to leave Denver for the seminary, and now my sister had entered the convent and was the first girl to go from there to a convent.

So the winter passed and the spring followed with more rapidity than the growth of my stock of French, but things were clearing in that direction also, and the year ended satisfactorily in June when with the class I received clerical tonsure at the hands of Cardinal Guibert of Paris.

I have already noted that during my last two years in Bardstown I was sacristan in the old Cathedral church. Upon my arrival at Issy in France I was appointed one of the three sacristans of our principal chapel, and during the vacation was in full charge. Anticipating my narrative a little I will say that when we went to the Grand Seminary in Paris in October I was named one of the four sacristans of the principal chapel and held the office as long as I was there, rising to the first place at the close of my stay. I never knew just what it was that seemed to point me out as a sacristan; but certain it was I always did like the work and tried to keep things in apple pie order and, although I had at times to exercise some authority over students already in orders, there never was the slightest friction.

The seminary in Paris was also under the direction of the Sulpicians and in October, 1873, I went from Issy to begin my study of theology without feeling that I was going among strangers. I knew most of the professors and some of the students, besides the class that went with me from Issy. The order of things was about the same in both places, and the government was mild and traditional. The students were supposed to be men of reason, having come there for a purpose and with honor enough to keep them to their purpose. If anyone could not keep up to this standard he was quietly told at the end of the year that he need not return. If anyone were so disposed of, I have no knowledge.

The usual routine of studies which filled this first year in Paris was varied a little by short pilgrimages to some of the numerous shrines in the city and suburbs, and the regular free day was spent at Issy. The walk to Issy was about three miles, and in summer we made this immediately after morning prayers so as to hear mass and receive Holy Communion in the Issy Chapel. We returned home for supper. Other places of interest we visited in select groups as occasion presented, such as the Galleries of the Luxembourg, the Pantheon, the Hotel des Invalides, the Cemetery de Pere Lachaise, etc., a dinner at a restaurant of the Palais Royal. This part of our program was not in our permissions and probably would not have been granted if asked, but when the Anglaises got out together it might be expected that something unusual would happen. We had plenty to eat at home, but at the Palais Royal one could select at will, get a bottle of good wine and finish with a pousse cafe, a luxury never permitted in the seminary, and a good cigar. We never indulged to any great extent, and if any should even be so inclined, none of us had money enough to pay for extravagances. Our little feasts were moderate, and the more enjoyable for that. If those good Sulpicians were alive now, this little confession would astonish them, for they never seemed to suspect any such irregularities. We were supposed to make a secret manifestation of small personal daily faults after night prayers to the presiding official as we filed past him, but I doubt that anyone spoke of these things. It could not well be done without incriminating someone else and this would not do. It was a happy combination after all and soothed our conscience. We were human after all.

In Parish we had the opportunity of seeing more visitors than at Issy. This year members of the first pilgrimage to Lourdes visited the seminary. I saw Bishop Boenger of Fort Wayne who was the spiritual director of the pilgrimage, and Father DeMeulder of Louisville with whom I was acquainted in America. He had been partially paralyzed and hoped for a cure at Lourdes. In this he was disappointed, but he was resigned to God's will. I saw him at my return to America three years later and he seemed to be as cheerful as ever.

Members of the French hierarchy called often, and some of the prelates-elect came to us for a rehearsal of their consecration ceremonies. Of these I remember Bishops Langenieux and Perraud, both of whom became cardinals afterwards. A Roman priest who visited us was once the center of an international storm. This was the Rev. Mortara, then a professor in the college of the Propaganda Fide in Rome. He was of Jewish parentage but was baptized by a nurse when in his childhood he was supposed to be in danger of death. The parents refused to permit the child to be brought up as a Christian and the civil authorities withdrew him from their care to place him under Christian influences. This was when the Popes ruled Rome and the Jews were only tolerated there, but with less restrictions than in any other nation. The bigots know-nothings of America protested loudly and even asked the President to interfere. It was the eternal groan of the hypocrite: the Catholic child might most virtuously be taken from its parents and guardians and put in Protestant almshouses, and taught, with or without law, to hate the religion of its father and mother as a mass of superstitions, of scarlet crime and idolatry, but the "Mortara Case" was different in their eyes. The world is wiser now but not exactly sane on this point yet, while Father Mortara, the one most interested, went on with his studies to become a priest of Jesus Christ in order to teach others the blessings of that religion which they wished to deprive him of in his helpless years.

The celebrated Monseigneur Dupanloup was a visitor, and I remember Archbishop Perche of New Orleans, before he was Bishop of Grass Valley in California. Some of the Irish Bishops called, but they came mostly to see the Abbe Hogan.

Of the great ones of the world we saw but little. Once, however, we had the honor of a visit to the parish church of Marshal McMahon while he was President of France. He looked very dignified, even royal in his decoration with the broad ribbon of the Legion of Honor across his chest. I can still recall the night of suppressed excitement when we expected him to hand over the supreme authority to the Count de Chambord, and let us wake up the next morning as subjects of Henry V, King of France. It was a disappointment to learn that the work of McMahon and his friends was wrecked by the Count's refusal to accept the tri-color as the flag of his kingdom. He staked his kingdom and lost an idea which many said was only as a sentiment. With him it was a vital principle, and the fleur-de-lis was its expression but his action put an end to the ancien regime and Bourbonism went into an eclipse forever.

With our fellow students we indulged in no prophecies, but there were some who rose to eminence in their careers. Leon Adolphe Amette was there, future Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris; Paul Bruches was there, the future Archbishop of Montreal; the Abbes Negro and

deCourmont, later Bishops in France, and perhaps others whom I have lost sight of. Of lesser light there were many. Abbe Odelin became Vicar General of Paris, Abbe Blanvac a Vanon of the Cathedral in Paris, and others who rose to dignities in their respective diocese. From America we had George Corrigan, a brother of the Archbishop of New York, Father McNamara, who died of the Yellow Fever at Memphis, Father Flodd who built the Sacred Heart Church in San Francisco; also, Canon Murnane and Philip Newman of London, Canon MacCluskey of Glasgow and Patrick Agnew who came to Chicago later and died pastor of St. Sylvester's.

One I well remember was Paddy Morris of Edinboro. We were of the same class and ordained together. I rehearsed him in the manner of saying mass and he, like many others, used to come to the sacristy to practice before their ordination. Fifty years after the date of reception of the subdiaconate I was thinking of him, as I often did on account of the peculiar names of the Biblical persons mentioned in the first lesson of our office for trinity Sunday afternoon. They struck Paddy as very funny. Paddy was a most congenial and good-natured companion, with good talent and a level head, always smiling when he was not laughing.

My thoughts led me to consult the Catholic Directory in its report of the Church in Scotland, and in the report for the Archdiocese of St. Andrew's and Edinboro I found the following:

Vicar General--Right Rev. Msgr. Patrick Provost Morris;
Cathedral Chapter Provost: Right Rev. Patrick Morris, V.G.
St. Patrick's Church, South Grey's Close, 40 High Street,
Right Rev. Msgr. Patrick Morris, Mr. V.G.

With due respect for all these titles and the bearer thereof, I addressed him a letter that was written for Paddy Morris, and waited with some apprehension to learn whether I was writing an impertinent letter to a stranger, or recalling old times to an old friend. Here is the result. I also enclosed a kodak snap of myself.

St. Patrick's Rectory
40 High Street
Edinboro
19 June, 1925

My dear Father Howlett:

Your charming letter has just been handed in by the afternoon postman and I cannot delay a minute before sending a reply. How good of you to remember your old companions of fifty years ago. Wherever I have been, and I have been to many Missions in this diocese, I have always carefully preserved the class photograph of 1876, and have it hung there beside me to this day. There you are and very little change there is, although the change might appear greater had you removed your biretta for the snapshot.

It is a great pleasure to know that some of the class will celebrate our fiftieth year in God's holy service. There are few on this side of the pond.

Bisset still lives, but has been retired for many years. Sutherland died in 1884 and MacCluskey in 1920. I still hang on, but as I have always a staff of good curates, I am not overworked. Bruce Geddes too you will remember; he died in 1909. I think these are all the Scotch of our year.

Yes, I am the same poor Paddy of fifty years ago; but I fear you would not know me if you met me. Here is a snapshot taken by a young girl as I left the motor car last week. What a peculiar life I have had, from what I expected. I arrived in Edinboro the Thursday after our ordination. I got full charge of a Mission the next day, and have been the head of several Missions throughout the diocese. I was elected member of the Cathedral Chapter in 1898 and appointed V.G. in 1905. Anyone who knew poor Paddy in 1875 and '76 as you did must surely say the Lord is wonderful in His dispensations. However, under all my trials and difficulties, like Job I took all as the will of God, and just did my best--and the best could do no more. So life has passed, and as the end appears it is indeed difficult to face our dear Lord with little fruit for all the favors He has bestowed.

However, the heart grows young again in meeting an old and dear chum at the close of the long day.

Trusting to hear from you again,

Yours very sincerely,

PADDY MORRIS

The snapshot he sent was a very good picture, showing his genial smile, but the years had their effect, and I doubt if I would have known him if I met him face to face; certainly not if that meeting unexpected. Since that time he too has passed to his reward. Rest in peace!

The summer of 1874 brought me the opportunity of a visit to Ireland. My friend and relative, Mr. Browne, was my companion on this occasion. We passed over to London and spent a couple of days seeing things in that metropolis. There was not much time for sightseeing, but we visited Westminster Abbey and saw the Chapel of Henry VII which was a magnificent piece of architecture, but it seemed cold without the altar. I felt more devotion in the humble chapel in Spanish Place where we heard mass. The abbey has a great graveyard, and while roaming among the tombs my friend called my attention to a marble slab upon which I happened to be standing, and looking down I read in large brass letters the name of "Charles Dickens".

We visited Hyde Park, saw the aristocracy on Rotten Row, strolled along the Serpentine, viewed the exterior of Buckingham Palace and made a visit to the Tower of London, sacred in Catholic eyes to the martyrs of the Reformation, but now a curiosity where the principal attraction is a strong-room containing the jewels of Queen Victoria. The crown was shown to us without its jewels for the real ones, they said, were safe in some other stronghold. The entire exhibit may have been imitation for all I knew.

From London we went to Holyhead at the far extremity of Wales to get the boat for Kingstown in Ireland. It was a three-hour run across the Channel, but far out at sea I saw the hills of Ireland rise like clouds on the horizon an hour or so before we landed. I was in somewhat of a daze, for Ireland to me was a sort of fairyland that I knew only in a dreamy way, and never expected to see in reality. In a kind of abstraction I stepped on the shore, when my friend roused my senses by grasping my hand, giving it a good shake and wishing me welcome to Ireland - a Cead Mille Failthe!

Our stay in Dublin was very short, giving us time to visit only Glasnevin Cemetery and the tomb of O'Connell, Phoenix Park, the old Parliament houses and a couple of churches, when we boarded the train for Enniscorthy on the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway. We passed through the Vale of Avoca and crossed the bridge at the meeting of the Waters of Avonmore and the Avonbeg.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

"Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms of life's troubles forever would cease,
And our hearts, like the waters, be mingled in peace."

At the station of Enniscorthy we were met by a host of waiting friends, anxious to welcome the old friend and the new one. I needed no introduction to my Uncle James, for I knew him at once from his resemblance to my father. None however, met me as a stranger, and I could see the beginning of a pleasant summer.

Ireland! I found it a real country after all. It was peopled with men and women--yes, even boys and girls, like other places. It was not a fairy or a dream land; it was something of a homeland, for I found blood relatives, and saw the places and persons whom I had heard spoken of in many a fireside conversation at home. I saw no fairies, banshees or leprechauns, but I saw many hedges and ditches, and raths where such mysterious people might play hide-and-seek at will. Old castles were there in ruins, old churches in Protestant control, not many of them, but many chapels, all new, and some very humble in appearance but all suggestive of piety and reverential faith.

I was also on patriotic ground. Vinegar Hill overlooked Enniscorthy and the Slaney ran through the town. Three Rock Mountains were in sight, and Culart and Newtown barry were only a few miles away. Ferns, with its ruins of the Castle of Dermot MacMorrough, suggested events further back, and Tintern with its Abbey, and near by the sculptured tomb of Strongbow and Eva--all gave to the clustered scenes a deep historic setting. The people, too, serious, but lighthearted, toiling on their little farms for a living, but always ready for fun or a funeral. Music I heard at the firesides, and dancing at the crossroads, was not unusual sight. The social glass was universal, yet sobriety marked the people. Beggars were met with at times, but poverty as such among the very poor was not glaringly evident. There was plenty for all with thrift, and a happy life was theirs if they ceased to dream of far-off America and the gold they imagined they could have there for the asking.

I did not travel much for mere sightseeing, but went where there were people whom I wished to visit, so, many of the beauties of Ireland I know only as anyone who reads of them. A trip to Cork, however, was a necessity, for there lived my good old aunt --the saint of her convent-- patiently suffering from cancer of the face, and patiently and lovingly attended by another saint--Sister Ursula. At Donerally Sisters Agatha and Monica still lived, the two remaining sisters of my father-- Monica an invalid, Aunt Agatha quite lively. This was before the day of the author of "My New Curate," or I might have another note to add to these recollections. Once again, the following year, I saw these three religious people when I brought a niece whom they had never seen to visit them. People do not travel much in Ireland.

My second year in Paris was very much like the first. Two events marked it as important, namely: my reception at Christmas of Minor Orders, and of the subdiaconate at the Trinity ordinations following. I had not planned leaving Paris this summer, but my superiors thought a change was necessary and again I went to Ireland. I was alone this time, for my relative had been called home in May and ordained in Ireland. I went to Dieppe but was desperately sick from the action of the train, and more so on the boat crossing from Dieppe to New Haven. A night's rest in London restored me, and I was happy to meet there a fellow student who had been ordained at Innsbruck in Austria and was returning to Ireland. He was with us at Paris but spent a year at Innsbruck. His name was Father John O'Mahoney and his home was near Cork in the Diocese of Ross. We traveled together as far as Dublin after spending a couple of days in London together, where we met two of our former Paris students-- Rev Father Walter Wyley and Rev Philip Newman. We called at the house of Cardinal Manning but he was not in, but we saw one of his assistant bishops. I remember getting my first lobster luncheon in London with Father O'Mahoney. Fresh from the sea, cooked just right and the shell cracked so that every part could be easily removed, and served with a delicious sauce and lettuce-- it was a dish fit for an epicure.

My visit to Cork was varied this year as Father O'Mahoney was my companion for a time, and we visited Blarney Castle about six miles from Cork on that river famed also for

"Those Bells of Shandon, that toll so grand on
The silvery waters of the River lee."

Your thoughts run now to the Blarney Stone? Yes, it is there and I do not like to stip it of any of its fame, but it is so woefully overrated. The feat of kissing it is not the dangerous operation so often described, although some have not the steadiness of nerve to look down upon trees waving in space beneath them, and Father O'Mahoney was one of them, but there is no hanging by the

heels--the coat tails are sufficient--and as for the eloquence... Well, no one ever accused me of it so we will let it go at that.

With Father Browne I spent a season this year at the seaside, and together we had the privilege of seeing some of the celebrities of the time. Irish celebrities were generally politicians then. We got invitations of a famous Home Rule banquet by Wexford when Home Rule was beginning to take form as a burning political question in Ireland. There we met Isaac Butt, the father of the movement, the "Wexford Quadrilateral" the first County delegation in Parliament that stood four-square for home rule, namely: Wm Redmond, Sr, Chevalier O'Clery, Sir George Bowyer and Geo Dunbar; also the two Sullivans, A M and T D, and a member in his first term, not eloquent but earnest, not prominent but rising, who was introduced as Charles Stewart Parnell. The elder Redmond was the father of two sons who became famous afterwards in the cause of Home Rule. O'Clery had been a soldier in the Papal army and got his title from Rome, the two Sullivans were literary men and poets, Sir George was an Englishman and not a Catholic at that time; neither was Isaac Butt although he was a regular visitor to the Catholic Church in London said his beads and always had masses said when he had an important measure in Parliament. I am not sure if he died an open member of the Church. The speaking was varied--all good, but to my mind the best speech was delivered by Father Martin Dunne, a curate from the parish Oulart in the Diocese of Ferm.

Another event we attended was the celebration of the Centenary of the birth of Daniel O'Connell in Dublin, August 6, 1875. We were rustivating at the seabeach of Ballyconiger, and drove to Corey on the previous day to get the train to Dublin. The religious celebration was on the 5th and the civic on the 6th, which fell on a Friday. A dispensation from the abstinence within the city had been granted for the day, for it was thought impossible to provide other food for the million people who were there. I remember how the housekeeper of the house where we lodged objected preparing a meat breakfast for us. She had plenty of eggs and refused to prepare the beef steak until our host assured her that the Pope permitted it and the priests must do as the Pope said. We got it and plenty of eggs, too.

The civic celebration was grand; the officials rode in state carriages and the clergy were prominent. Cardinal Cullen of Dublin and Archbishop McHale of Tuam rode in the same carriage although it was well known they did not agree altogether in political matters. Only one flaw was noticed in the procession by some, and that was a float decorated with chains and dedicated the "physical force men" prominent among whom was John O'Conner-Power, whose acquaintance I had made a year previously at Maryborough where he made a very telling but moderate speech. It was said that soon after this display he quit Ireland and Irish politics through the influence of English gold. Michael Davitt was connected with it also. I had not made the acquaintance of Davitt at that time, but met him later, and at his request I presided over a meeting of Irish Patriots at which he and I were the only speakers, and he

gave a good address marked with true Christian sentiments. I was new in my parish at that time and the patriots were a little bit uncertain about me, but after that night I had them body and soul.

The end of my last vacation in Ireland was spent with Father Browne at the chapel of Ballycullane where he was appointed curate of St Leonard's in the parish of Tinturn. One morning he drove me to the boat-landing at Ballyhack where I was to get the river boat for Waterford. The boat was fulling out just as we drove to the landing, but a couple of boatmen hurried me into a boat and rowed me out to midstream where the steamer waited for me. I did not have time even to shake hands with Father Browne, but waved his goodbye from the deck as I reached the waiting vessel. At Waterford I got a boat for Milford Haven in England and said Goodbye to Ireland, as I thought then: "It may be for years," but as I think now: "It may be forever."

For a time I corresponded with Father Browne, but like so many other things, in time it ceased except for a very occasional letter. I did not forget him, but distance and other distractions made it easy to postpone writing. Both of us found weighty obligations to draw our attention and occupy our days. He became parish priest at Ditter in Wexford and Canon Penitentiary, of the Cathedral Chapter of the Diocese of Ferns.

When leaving Ireland it was my intention to pass that way again after my ordination, so in good spirits I left it and all the many friends I had found there. Promising myself a sure visit soon and many through the course of succeeding years. But the years passed and always something to prevent the fulfilment of that promise, and now, too late. One by one the old friends passed away until but few remain--Father Browne being almost the only one remaining--it seems almost better to picture the old scenes as

"Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light of other days around me."

than to go and find everything so changed that a visit could be but little more than a disillusion and a disappointment.

Now let me close this reverie on Ireland by a transcription of one of the precious letters of Father Browne, written on a special occasion:

Nitter,
Corey, Ireland,
1 July, '25.

My dear Father William:

I thank you with all the warmth of my poor old heart for your truly kind remembrance of me on what may be called

a grand yet no less epoch of my life. Your letter furnishes many serious subjects of meditation, and they are formulated with such unction that they are quite affecting. I was rather expecting this letter from you, though you were not in the knowledge of the date of my Golden Jubilee. I will surprise you by telling you that yours was the only letter of felicitation I received on the occasion. As far as I know, nobody seems to know, or care perhaps, whether, there is a jubilee or not. It was an absolutely private celebration. Had all to myself. As it was a personal affair and concerned nobody but myself I made up my mind to keep it a secret. In writing your letter on 3rd June you were not far off the proper date, which was May 22nd.

In the bulk, as you say, these fifty years look short enough, but in reality long enough to have done a great deal of good, which I have too many grounds for believing I have failed to do.

Through all these years I have had wonderfully good health, and even at the present age of 77 I am well and can't feel old. I am well pleased to hear that your health is so robust. What a pity you can't manage to get a substitute while you pay us a visit. It would be a really enjoyable treat to have a visit from you. I hope you will be able to satisfy your and my wishes in that direction. The call to Rome is very urgent this year, and remember Ireland stands between you and Rome, so that you can't miss it.

I am very grateful for your loving remembrance of an old time friend, for your good wishes and prayers. Would it be too presumptuous to hope to be alive when you celebrate your Jubilee? It can't be far off now. I should like to know the date, so that I might join my feeble voice to the chorus that America will raise on that eventful and joyful day. "Jubilate, Ad Multos Annos!"

With all best wishes and heartfelt thanks, I remain, My dear Fr William,

Sincerely yours,
**** JOHN M BROWNE.

My ordination as deacon took place at Christmas, 1875, and to the priesthood on June 10, 1876. Cardinal Guilbert was the ordaining prelate, and the ceremony was performed in the Church of St Sulprice in Paris. I believe ours was the only class to receive all orders, from tonsure to priesthood, from Cardinal Guilbert while he was Archbishop of Paris. There was a large class composed of French, English, Irish, Scotch and Americans. Few of them can be alive now, and these must feel that they are growing old even if their hearts are young. We would live a long time if the mens sana in corpore sano was the result of the heart's feelings. The fact of so many leaving us, and a sense of loneliness growing upon us make us feel old rather than the

weight of years. One is old when one can say:

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Those lights are dead and music fled,
And all but me departed."

Among the missions of Colorado there were many Germans, and there was a dearth of priests to minister to them in their own language. It was not that they did not understand English, but they wished to make their confession that they often neglected the Sacraments and became careless in religion. In order to remedy this situation in part I asked our Bishop of Colorado to permit me to spend a season in Germany in the study of language among the people who spoke it. A year spent in this way would not materially affect my plans while it might extend my field of usefulness at home. The permission was granted, and Father DeFoville, my former director at Issy, advised me to go to Wuertzburg in Bavaria. The very Rev Dr Franz Hettinger was a friend of his and spoke French, which would make it easier for me, and a letter from Father DeFoville would secure me a friend and at the same time facilitate my entrance into the University of Wuertzburg, of which Doctor Hettinger was a professor. That settled the matter.

My first mass was a Solemn High Mass in our own chapel on Trinity Sunday. As head sacristan I had that privilege, and I stood upon my right although some of the natives thought that a foreigner should not outrank a Frenchman in Paris. During the rest of the week, with others of the class, I said mass at the Madeline, at Notre Dame de Victoire, at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, but in the crypt which was the only part then ready, and at other shrines. On the following Sunday I was invited to officiate in the suburban church of Courbevoie at the solemn mass and procession of Corpus Christi. My predecessor as sacristan was an assistant at this church and gave me the invitation. He afterwards became Cure of Clinchy and Canon of the Cathedral of Paris. The day was very hot and the rich vestments were burdensome, but in the afternoon the procession was in the public park where ~~sixxxxx~~ there was at least some air, while four French soldiers carried the Canopy.

Leaving Paris the next day I went to Brussels, in Belgium, but made only a short stay there and pushed on to Louvain. At the American College there I found but one American student whom I knew. This was the Rev Sam B Spalding of Kentucky who had just been ordained. His cousin, Ben J Spalding, had just been ordained also, but had started on his return to America. I met Father Ben many times afterwards, but Father Sam B joined the Diocese of Philadelphia and I never saw him again. At the college I learned that the Rector, Magr DeNeve, who as I have already said, gave me my first Holy Communion, was at a sanitarium at Diest under treatment for mental trouble. It was but a short distance on the train, so I went to call upon him. Upon arriving I sent him my card, and was delighted to see him come

immediately looking well and as alert as ever. We had a most pleasant afternoon together talking of Niles and the old acquaintances of his former parish in whom he took a keen interest. Not long after that date he returned to Louvain to resume his duties as President of the College. I took my departure to visit two places of pilgrimage close by, of which he told me. One was the room in which St John Berchmans was born at Diest, and the other was the church of our Lady of Montaigu, or Scherperheuvel, a place of pilgrimage of Father Nerinckx when he was a pastor in Belgium.

The next day after Mass and breakfast I went to Aerschot, some five or six miles on foot because I missed the way to a nearer station, but I did not regret it as it gave me a chance to see the Belgian peasants taking their garden products to market. They may have those magnificent Belgian horses such as we see under that name in America, but here I saw nothing but dogs. Some of them were hitched singly, others in pairs to carts or four-wheeled wagons, and some even to wheelbarrows to help the man or woman who held the handles and guided it. I found also that these dogs were good sentinels, for when I came near they growled to keep me at a distance; especially if the owner was not with them. I narrowly escaped the fangs of one of them as I turned to pass a barrow on the path, ignorant of the fact that a dog was lying in front of it.

From Louvain I went to Cologne on the Rhine. I arrived on Saturday, and the next morning I went to the Cathedral to say mass. It is a wonderful structure from the exterior, but it was from the interior that its immense proportions struck me. The thought came to me that the largest church I had ever seen in America could be placed in one corner of it and be noticed only as one of its chapels. I was given an altar at the gospel corner where one arm of the cross leaves the main aisle, or nave, and as I began mass an attendant raised a curtain just behind the altar and I saw before me three skulls. These I learned were supposed to be the skulls of the Magi, which are the most precious possessions of the church. It was quite a compliment to me to allow me this altar which is not often offered to strangers, and the exposing of these relics was a greater compliment. But it was because my permit was that of a priest just ordained. It was my certificate of ordination signed only a few days before by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris.

Later in the day I witnessed the second procession of the Blessed Sacrament of the Corpus Christi celebration through the streets of Cologne. In Paris and the suburbs the procession was not allowed in the streets, but here it was public, and I noticed that the policemen made the men take off their hats while the Blessed Sacrament was carried by. Crowds lined the streets and those who did not uncover were perhaps tourists and strangers. In the afternoon I went to Vespers and heard a Sermon in the church of St Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins. I did not understand the sermon, but I put in the time examining the decorations of the church. Along the interior walls was a series of seeming windows where behind each pane of glass was a skull, hundreds of them in all, and the decorations on the plain spaces of the walls consisted

of human bones of all sizes artistically arranged in pleasing figures, thus taking away of the constituting material. These were supposed to be relics from the martyred companions of the Saint. The following morning I said mass in a chapel of this church while before me lay a skull which they told me was that of St Ursula.

A noticeable feature of Cologne was the great number of shops where each one announced that there and there only could be got the genuine Johanna Maria Farina water. Farina was the original discoverer of the famous cologne water.

A trip up the Rhine is a treat of a lifetime, and from Cologne to Mayence is the essence of it. It has been so often written up that I can say nothing new, but I must say that I do not think it has been over-written. Apart from its interesting legends it is unexcelled in the beauty of its scenery, and with them it is like passing through fairyland. The Rhine steamers are magnificent, and if the company is intelligent and congenial such as I chanced to fall in with, the trip is most enjoyable. The country is rather mountainous and every mountain has its history and romance, and many a ruined castle and fortress conform the tales of chivalry and song; Bonn with its university, the Drachenfels with Nonnenwerth and Rolandseck, Coblenz, the Lorelei, the Rheinfels and Rheinstein, Binger Johanninsberg and so many other wonders crowding into the day that one almost regrets the time to partake of the veritable banquet they serve as a dinner. All this, and the beautiful mountain sides now covered with vines bearing the grape of the most famous wines in the world and toning down the ruggedness of the hills, being a sense of rest and enjoyment not found in a month of sight-seeing in Paris or London.

At Mayence I said mass in the Cathedral, one of the finest in Europe, but badly crowded by shops up to its very walls. No good view can be gotten of it from the outside.

I did not delay in Mayence but took the train for Wuertzburg, where I arrived a little after noon and had my first experience in speaking German while trying to order dinner at a restaurant. I had taken several prizes at the seminary for my excellence in German, but now it had all evaporated and all I could think of was the phrase, "Ich bin hungrig," and the waitress smiled an amused smile and brought me my dinner.

I had no difficulty in finding the residence of Doctor Hettinger, who read my letter of introduction and most graciously offered to find lodging and entered a room occupied by a young man. They began a conversation in German while I waited from some kind of an introduction. Suddenly the young man turned to me and said in plain English: "So you are from America?" I gladly pleaded guilty to the impeachment, and asked him if he were from the same country. He replied that he was; that his home was in Louisville, Kentucky, and his name was Louis G Deppen. When I told him I was

from Bardstown in the same State and knew many in Louisville, our friendship was sealed from that moment. And our friendship continued and grew closer until I looked upon his dead face in the sanctuary of the Cathedral of Louisville some forty years later. With Dr Mettinger's help I secured rooms where some kind ladies lived in the next street and near the Carmelite church where I could say my daily mass at a convenient hour.

There was nothing startling in the life at the university. We attended our classes at the appointed time and the rest of the day was at our disposal. We might study at our rooms, in the library of the university, and wherever we pleased. I followed four classes-- two by Dr Mettinger and two by Dr Hergenroether. The former taught Theology and Homiletics and the latter taught church history and Canon Law. But my main aim was to learn German. A young man employed in the library exchanged lessons with me in language. I remember his name as Herr Gramich, and he was as anxious to learn English as I was to learn German. We often went walking in the country together, and our plan was to speak one of these languages going out and the other when coming in. A kind widow lady also gave me lessons. She was the landlady of the house where Mr Deppen had rooms and the mother of four children. Her husband had been a government privy counsellor and the family was highly educated and greatly respected. They were also excellent Catholics. I spent many an evening with them over the German grammar and German books. When I was able to read pretty well I found a German copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin and I used to read from it for them while their tears would flow when listening to the account of the sufferings of the poor Negroes and the goodness of little Eva.

For a time I acted as Chaplain for the English Fraeulein, a branch of Loretto nuns, and heard my first confessions in their boarding school where some French pupils could not speak German. Also I said mass for the Sodality of the university students on Sunday at a late hour when it was difficult to get a priest who would fast for this mass, but that did not bother me. The Prefect of the Sodality was to my mind the finest young man in the university. His name was Alois Schaefer, and he lived to become the Vicar Apostolic of Saxony and Bishop of Dresden.

That summer we had the privilege of seeing the aged Emperor William. He came to Wertzburg to have a conference with Bismarck, although he did not see the "Iron Chancellor." The Emperor drove from his train to the hotel in an open carriage, graciously bowing to the throngs on both sides of the street, with his head uncovered and his heavy grey sidewhiskers seemingly to extend farther with the broad smile he wore. That night the students gathered in the street in front of his hotel to cheer him, and nothing could be more soul-stirring than the national anthem, "The Watch On The Rhine," as it was sung that night by more than a thousand voices. And the voices of many of the German students were magnificent. We heard them many a night at the social gatherings of the local societies, and at the united meeting of

all of them. These gatherings, often attended also by some of the professors of the university, were very enjoyable. Generally they were entirely informal, but of course with a chairman, and during the various speeches, jokes, burlesques and other features one sat at a table with his cigar, his beer and pretzel, or black bread and Swiss cheese, and chattered with his companions. Each one paid his own reckoning, which never amounted to more than a Mark. I never saw any intoxication or rowdiness at any of them. The class meeting was called a Kneip and the general gathering was a Commerz. I saw Dr Hettinger at the Commerz, but never Dr Hergenroether. He was very retiring in his disposition and had few intimates among the students. I was in his room but once, and then it was to congratulate him on his feast day. He loved his books and was the author of several volumes. As Cardinal Hergenroether he was later Librarian of the Vatican, a position held afterwards by the future Pius XI.

There is a royal palace and a court church at Wuertzburg, but King Ludwig made but one visit to the city during my time there. His principal residence was at Munich and his people saw little of him elsewhere. He was young and fond of pleasure, but his subjects thought well of him and celebrated his feast of St Ludwig (Louis) with a civil and religious pomp. There were several fine churches in the city, among them a fine cathedral, but it had no bishop just then. The government had presented the name of the Carmelite Father Kaas at whose church I said mass daily, but some refused to appoint him, so the Diocese stood vacant. Some time later the Rector of the University, the Very Rev Dr von Stein, was appointed and gave such satisfaction to Rome and the government that he was promoted to the Archbishopric of Munich. St Killian, the Irish apostle of Wuertzburg and St Burghardt, its martyr, had their churches, but a place of pilgrimage was the exquisite little shrine of the Blessed Virgin, Die Kaepele, across the Main River. A church dedicated to the Holy Innocents had the honor of possessing an entire body of one of Herod's little victims. It was especially shown to Mr Deppen and me one the day previous to its solemn exposition on the feast of the Holy Innocents. In fact they made the exposition a day earlier to accomodate us as we were going away on a little vacation trip. The body was very small and apparently mummified, and its head showed a large fracture as if it had been cleft with a sword. It was richly clothed with silk garments and lay in a sort of a crib like our Christmas cribs.

Our vacation was in the nature of a visit to a few of the famous old towns in or near the valley of the Rhine. Frankfort-on-the-Main was our first stop, but we did not delay there long. The Judengasse was the only curiosity I remember now. This was the street of the Jews to which they were limited in bygone times. In this street is the original house of the Rothschilds. A young Jew was pleased to point it out to us. It is a small building facing on the street, but it is four stories high, and each story is of a different style of architecture. The Jews were not allowed to live in any other part of the city, so when children of the

family married they built another story to the original home, and as styles changed they built to suit the times. The big iron gate used to close the street at night is still in place, and woe to the Jew who was not within the prescribed limits at eight o'clock every night. Now the gate is a curiosity and never closed and the Jews have the same freedom as all others.

We spent the New Year with a priest, a friend of Mr Deppen, a Father Hilpisch at a village near Wiesbaden, and we took occasion to visit that famous resort while in the vicinity. For New Year's Eve we were invited to a Wurtzsuppe (Sausage Supper) at the home of the Burgomeister (Mayor). Soup made from sausage was served, and new wine which took on a straw color if not drunk quickly, which was an indication of duty done or not by the guest. As the wine was fresh from the press it was not intoxicating and the guests generally did their duty. This was an old custom in Germany. We sat up till midnight and welcomed the New Year with the hymn: Grosser Gott, etc.

Going by the National Monument to Victory we reached and crossed the Rhine in a skiff and climbed to the ruins of the Castle of Rheinstein and its gothic chapel, the best preserved of its ancient proofs of grandeur. At Mayence we took the train for Mannheim, the American city, as it is called, because it is laid out in squares like a checker-board. Next we went to Worms, famous for its great monument to Luther and the tree called the Lutherbaum, which the legend says grew from the walking stick he planted as a proof of the truth of his doctrine. A storm had blown the tree down, but pieces of it were being sold as relics. I bought one as a paper cutter for curiosity.

The fame of Worms may or may not be enhanced by being the Birthplace of Mr Jerry Kahn, the Jewish merchant of Lebanon, Kentucky, from whom I buy some of my raiment, and who takes pleasure in telling my friends that I was in his native town when he was four years old.

From Worms we went to Speyer to see its famous cathedral, in which I said mass, and after a short tour of sightseeing we went to Heidelberg. It was the Christmas vacation and the university was idle. A visit to the old Schloss was interesting, with its great wine cask holding 300,000 bottles and its ballroom floor built on top of it. A stairway leads up to it, and we climbed that to stand where princes and their ladies were wont to disport themselves to the music of the witching waltz. Three times, it was said, the cask was filled and emptied by the Lord of the castle. This ended our tour and we returned to Wuertzburg.

These days were the days of the May Laws, which oppressed the Church in Germany under Bismarck, but I managed to say mass in the Prussian territory when we were at Eltville, and my mass was served by the Burgomeister with whom we took our old year supper.

I had the high altar of the church on New Year's day and the finest set of Gothic vestments I ever saw. Father Hilpisch said mass on a small altar nearer the middle of the church, and by this subterfuge my mass was considered a private mass and thus escaped an arrest for violation of the law.

Toward the end of winter I received a letter from Bishop Machebeuf of Denver recalling me home, and as he seemed to make the call urgent, an important part of my plan was defeated. I had intended to visit Rome and to pass through Ireland on my way to America, but now this was impossible and must be postponed to some future time which, I regret to say, has never come. It has always been a disappointment to me, but I have never felt that I could take the time and incur the expense of an extended trip, such as that would be for me, and the years slipped by until nearly all those whom I would care to visit had gone beyond the boundaries of sight and association. It is true that in a sense there is sadness in the saying: "It might have been!"

In Colorado there was a good young German priest within the limits of whose mission my mother and brothers lived. This was Father Vincent Reitmeyer, and his parents lived at Augsburg in Bavaria. He had advised them of my presence in Wuertzburg and I received from them a very cordial invitation to pay them a visit. Here was my chance, so I left Wuertzburg to return to Paris by the way of Augsburg, Munich and a ride through the Alps of Switzerland.

It was a gloomy day in a rainy season that I left Wuertzburg. I myself was not overglad, for the love of Germany and the German people was growing upon me, more than had that of France and the French, but this may have been because I was living more among them and got better acquainted with them, and the feeling still persists. As the train sped along and the scenery rushed by the thought of an old song came to me:

"Do you recall that night in June,
Upon the Danube River--
We listened to the Laendler's tune
And watched the moonbeams quiver?"

Well, it was not a night in June; there was no moon for it was raining; the Blue Danube was not blue, although I may have been; darkness was spreading over the water, but I could see their yellow flood, swollen by recent rains, surging noisily along under the great iron bridge as the train passed over it at Donauwerth. Poetry, and romance had gone, and the Danube became for me just an ordinary river, stirring me less than my first sight of the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Columbia, the Potomac, and as disappointing as the Suane in the Florida lowlands.

My visit at Augsburg was made pleasant by the Reitmeyer family but it could not be extended beyond a day or two, and I left bearing messages from all of them and some warm socks from his mother to her reverend son in the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. A day at Munich and a long ride down to Lake Constance and into the Austrian Alps to Feldkirch. The Jesuits had a college at Feldkirch, and my little friend, Franz Scherer, the son of my German teacher at Wuertzburg, had come to join them. I passed a pleasant Sunday with him and with him visited the tomb of Feldkirch's martyr-- St Fidelia, called, of Sigmaringen.

Monday was a great day, for our train traversed the whole length of Switzerland to Zurich and Basel, through mountains that reminded me of the Rockies on a small scale, with a subdued beauty and an enchanting civilization. The trains in Switzerland were the first in Europe to remind me of American railroads. The coaches had doors at the ends instead of at the sides, and a long aisle allowed free passage from one compartment to another although the compartments were small and graded as first, second and third class. We changed to the French trains at Mulhausen, and a tiresome ride all night brought us to Paris nearly next morning.

By request of Bishop Machebeuf I went to visit his relatives at Riom in Auvergne. There I found his sister--Sister Mary Philomene--and spent a couple of days there in the parish where they were born, and then under the care of their cousin, Father Fontanel. A visit also to a brother, Marius Machebeuf, who was in business at Clermont, was a part of my errand, and while there I called to pay my respects to the Bishop of the Diocese, and the good old man began by telling me that he had no priests to spare for Colorado and New Mexico, but he was reassured when I told him that I did not come for his priests, but to get a blessing from the very hands that had conferred the graces of the priesthood on my bishop forty years before. The Diocese of New Mexico was sometimes called "Little Auvergne," from the fact that nearly all the priests there had come from Auvergne in France.

At Riom I asked Sister Philomene to preserve the letters she had received from her brother, Bishop Machebeuf, as they would make excellent material for some future biographer to write his life. She said she had them all and would give them to me; an offer I declined as I did not wish to have the family correspondence of one in whose house I was going to live at least for a time, but promised to remember them when the time came, never dreaming that the work would be left to myself to do years after his death. When that time came, she very kindly sent me copies of all of them.

The return voyage to America was in March and the crossing was favorable. I do not think I lost a single meal on the ship, although some of them were not very hearty. A silent passenger on the steamer was a Mr Sweeney, but no one seemed to

know until we reached New York that he was the famous Peter B. Sweeney of the Tweed Ring of swindlers in the government of New York. He had been a fugitive in Paris for some years and was returning by special arrangement to endeavor to effect a compromise with justice in that famous case that brought Samuel J. Tilden to the front as a Presidential Candidate. I do not know what arrangements he made, but he was allowed to return to Paris to spend the rest of his life undisturbed.

In New York I spent a few days at the Church of St. Michael at the invitation of an old acquaintance, Father Spalding of Kentucky, then Bishop-elect of Peoria, Illinois. My old professor at Bardstown, the Rev. Jas. P. Ryan, was then a Paulist and I had a pleasant visit with him at their monastery. I witnessed the St. Patrick's Day parade and listened to a fine lecture on Ireland by Bishop-elect Spalding at St. Michael's in the evening.

On my way west I could not leave Kentucky off my itinerary, so, coming to Louisville I was the guest of the family of my friend Mr. Deppen, and I made a circuit of the places with which I was familiar in former days.

Bardstown with its old college and cathedral, Nazareth, Loretto, Lebanon, New Haven and other places in what is called the Holy Land were visited again; a mass and a few words to the students of the college, and a serenade by the band in return recalled former days when I helped to do for others what my successors were now doing for me. A former classmate, the Rev. Thos. F. Tierney, got an extension of time for me from Bishop Machébeuf, and I went with him to Franklin, Kentucky, his mission, for a visit. It was Holy Week and we went to Nashville and helped at the Holy Thursday services and again on Good Friday. There I made the acquaintance of Father Scannell, the rector of the Cathedral and future Bishop of Omaha. Nearly forty years later I assisted at his funeral in the City of Omaha. We also helped Father Bax at Bowling Green for Holy Saturday, and then Father Tierney told me I would have to preach for him on Easter Sunday. I had very little time to prepare and as this was my first sermon I was glad it was to be a small congregation. It can be understood that it was short, and nearly half the attendants were Protestants, who generally are quite appreciative of a sermon on the Gospel.

Continuing my way toward Denver I stopped at St. Louis to see my sister who had become a member of the Loretto Order and was teaching at St. Michael's school in that city. It was my first sight of her as a Sister and her first sight of me as a priest. We had many things to speak of in the wonderful dispositions of Providence which need not be written down here. Her life was not a long one, and there are some yet living who knew and loved Sister Theodora. It was while I was in St. Louis on this occasion that the old Southern Hotel was burned with the loss of many lives. I was staying with Father Eustace at St. Michael's and heard of the catastrophe only the next morning. I went down to the scene of the fire and saw the ruins while the fire department was yet at work extinguishing the blaze among the debris of what was one of St. Louis' most popular hostelryes.

From St Louis to Denver I had the pleasure of the company of Mother General Dafrosa of the Loretto Order and Sisters Dolorine and Otilia whom she was taking west for their first mission. We reached Denver without accident or special incident except that we were made the recipients of very special attentions from Judge Deveraaz, a prominent official of the railroad and a good Catholic. It was Saturday morning, April 14, 1877. The next day I sang the high mass at the Cathedral, at which my mother and other relatives were present; then dinner and the afternoon with them, and a return to the Cathedral to report for work.

Bishop Machebeuf did not have as urgent need of my services as I had been led to think from his hurried call for me to return from Wuerzburg. Already he had three priests at the Cathedral; Fathers Ravedy, Matz and Reitmeyer. A fourth had just been permitted to leave the diocese and go to California. It is true that Father Reitmeyer was not a regular assistant, there, but temporarily unplaced as his mission was too sparsely settled to give him a church anywhere or a competent living. He, too, went to California where he joined the Jesuits and lived many years among them. Father Maguire became pastor of a church in Oakland, California, and built up a fine parish. We shall soon see that the force was still more reduced, but the work went on about as usual.

Denver had grown since I saw it five years before, and now numbered about 12,000 inhabitants. The Sisters of Loretto had enlarged their convent, and the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth had a good hospital for a town of that size. The Sisters of Loretto had mass in their chapel every week day but came to the church on Sundays. The hospital was rather far from the Church, and it was necessary for a priest to go there for mass. Sometimes an invalid priest might be there for the service but ordinarily it was attended for from the cathedral. Only two masses were the regular order on Sunday at the Cathedral, and this was the only church in the city. There were some outside missions with occasional mass, and a number of section houses along the railroads with Catholic foremen and laborers, and a few ranchers within reach of the stations. Then there were distant missions to which the bishop must go at times. The bishop generally took a boy with him, but seldom any priest unless one might go with him as far as his nearest neighbor, during these visitations. So, after all, the clerical force in Denver might be reduced to two, as it often was, and the essential work would be done.

I sang the high mass on my first Sunday in Denver, so I must preach on my second Sunday. This I did to my complete dissatisfaction. I felt that all eyes were upon me and all ears were open to hear what I would say. I know they hoped for the best, as I was considered a home boy, and all I can say is that I tried to do my best, but my best was poor enough. The high mass satisfied the choir on the previous Sunday, and that was a compliment to me, for I was a sort of Chorus boy in that choir ten years before.

My first experience in mission work began the next day. I was sent to visit the Catholics along the railroad east of Denver and any other families on the ranch near the stations. The section foremen were generally good and reliable men, and most of them were Catholics and practiced their religion, so I had always a stopping place where I would be welcome. Bishop Machebeuf laid out my itinerary; it was to visit certain stations, and say mass and administer the sacraments to all desiring them and give them an encouraging and helpful sermon. Being new at the business, and visiting a new place every day, the task seemed rather hard to me, especially the preaching, in which I had not yet acquired any great facility. The Bishop told me that was easy; all I had to do was to tell them to be good and say their prayers and teach the children and little practical things like these, and, as I was not twice in the same place, the same sermon would do for the whole trip. Such, he said, was his practice when he started out on the missions in Ohio many years before and it worked out all right.

Assured by these instructions I set out in a fine railroad coach over the same route where I had passed ten years before in a mule-drawn vehicle when we were prepared to shoot Indians, now to save souls. Tempora mutantur!

My first stopping place was about seventy-five miles away, and on this part of my journey I had the company of Mother Elizabeth of the Sisters of Loretto of Denver on her way to St Louis, and Father Thomas McGrath, pastor of Georgetown, Colorado, on his way to Chicago, from which he was not to return. Godfrey was the name of the station where I left the train, and there was not a building in sight except the section house. It was merely a station in the big cattle country. Mr Richard Listen was the section foreman, and his wife and little daughter made up the balance of my congregation with a few of the men who worked as section hands.

I made a few more stations on this trip, among them one near Hugo, to the ranch of Captain Barron, a cattleman who was a convert. He had an estimable wife and family and a very comfortable home. This was one of my regular stations as long as I was on those missions, and the entire family would go to communion at each of my visits. His youngest daughter, a beautiful little girl, went to school of the Sisters of Loretto, later, and I prepared her for her first communion, and years afterwards I prepared her for death. She died just as I had given her the Last Sacraments and Blessing.

The neighbors in those days were not very near, and on one of my visits to a station beyond Hugo where the Cliffords lived, Mrs Clifford complained about the nearness of her neighbors at that time. I could see no sign of civilization and I asked her how far it was to the nearest of her neighbors. She answers; "Eight miles." Then she added; "When they were sixteen miles away, they came occasionally, but now they want to come every Saturday and stay till Monday!"

Mrs Liston had a neighbor, a Protestant lady, living about three miles away. One day while she was visiting Mrs Liston this lady happened to pick a book from a table. It was Mrs Liston's prayerbook, and when the lady saw what it was, she dropped it like a hot coal and very soon went home. Her husband's name was Hamilton and I think he was Scotch. Some time after my first visit to Godfrey, Mr Hamilton met with an accident and had a leg broken. The doctor ordered him to be taken to Denver and treated at the Sisters' hospital. It was like a sentence of death and his wife and children bade him goodbye in tears as if taking a final farewell. While he was in the hospital I visited him often and we became good friends. He told me of his feelings when he was taken to the hospital and of how surprised he was at receiving such kind treatment. He invited me to visit him on my next visit to Godfrey. I did so, but he was not at home, having gone some miles away for a load of wood. His wife, however, was pleased to see me and spoke of the hospital with a spirit of gratitude. I met Mr Hamilton on the road as I was returning from the visit, and he was most friendly and glad that I had gone to his home and visited his family.

Another sort of a visit was one that Mrs Liston received. A band of roving Indians had pitched their tents in the vicinity and began to scour the prairies for antelope. They had come down from the mountains and were not supposed to be hostile, but they were great beggars and their methods were not always those of peace. One morning a big buck Indian came to ask for something to eat. An Indian seems to be always hungry, and Mrs Liston had fed a number of them already. She told this one that she could not spare any more food, but he saw a ham hanging on the wall and reached for it. Mrs Liston was a woman of courage and weighed over two hundred pounds. She had a pistol on the shelf, and taking it she turned to the Indian and told him to drop that ham and get out. The Indian took the hint, and leaving the house ran as fast as he could to a ravine where she could no longer see him and he could join his tribe at his leisure. They bothered her no more. However, they did kill a boy who was herding cattle on the prairie. They probably wanted his horse, but the horse escaped them and came running to the station riderless and with blood on the saddle. A posse of neighbors armed themselves and set out to punish the Indians but, although they found the body of the boy perforated by bullets, the Indians had gone and were never seen around there afterwards.

My first assignment to a parish came after my return from my first mission trip. It was but temporary, for it was to the parish of Georgetown from which Father McGrath had gone on a visit to Chicago. This was a good mission, with two churches where mass was said every Sunday and a mission where mass was said during the week upon assignment. It happened that just after my arrival there was an outbreak of smallpox in the village of one of my churches; in the Village of Silver Plume about two miles from Georgetown among some very rich silver mines. For a time only a few of my people were affected and not so seriously as to need my ministrations. I thought this a good time to go to my more distant mission at Idaho Springs, fourteen miles away. In the afternoon

of my arrival I baptized five children and had the prospect of a good attendance at mass the next morning. Hiring a horse I rode the distance through a storm of wind, rain and hail and arrived at nine o'clock to find a sick lady already unconscious, in which condition she remained until she died, at four in the morning. I gave her the usual rites of the church in her condition, and after her death I saddled my horse and returned to my mission, arriving there at the appointed time. To my surprise I found only a handful of my expected congregation. The report had been spread that I had gone to a case of smallpox, which was not true, but it had the effect of keeping most of the people away from mass. Immediately after mass I got another telegram, this time it was to a case of smallpox, my first experience with that plague. I was tired with my last experience but answered that I would be there by the next stage coach, which passed my station after dinner. There was a lady passenger in the coach, and when she heard that I was on a sick call the past night, she asked me how the sick woman was. I told her of the death of the patient, and she broke into tears saying: "She was my sister, and I hoped to see her before she died."

Arriving home, I made use of some disinfectants and went to see the sick man. As the case was likely to prove fatal (which it did the next day) I administered all the Sacraments, but I felt some nausea from the fetid odors of the sick room and the sick man's breath. I thought I was in pretty fair condition for infection, as I was somewhat exhausted from travel and lack of sleep, but I attended another case before leaving the village. I was told that I should have taken a big drink of whiskey before going into that sick room, but I did not think of that then or afterwards. Other cases followed until the village was placed under quarantine and no one allowed to enter or leave it except the attending physician and myself.

Some of the fearful people asked me to cease my visits lest I carry the disease into my home place. I told them that I would go as often as called and if necessary stay in the stricken village if not allowed to come out. They even asked the Board of Health to prevent me from going among the sick, stating that one of their ministers had permission to do so. This angered the Chairman of the Board who was also a physician and who knew of the precautions I was taking and approved them, and he replied; "There is a d---d good reason why; none of them has asked it." That settled it for good and there were no more public complaints. None of my people died without the sacraments, but when the epidemic had almost passed I was stricken with the disease in a modified form, but within a month was again on duty. The Sunday after I was attacked the Episcopalian minister (Rev Johnson) told his congregation of my devotion in exposing my life for the good of my people, and the Methodist Minister (Rev Snow) asked his people to pray for my conversion.

In July I went to Denver to see the Bishop, and he sent Father Matz (the future bishop) to Georgetown and told me that I needed a rest, and a visit to my relatives which I had not yet had,

but at the same time he planned a mission tour for me which took in the principal settlements of Longmont, Loveland and Fort Collins, none of which was organized or had a priest. This necessitated a drive about a hundred and fifty miles, but I enjoyed it all the same and met a lot of old friends as well as relatives.

The departure of Fathers Maguire, Reitmeyer and Matz left the Cathedral with only the Vicar General and myself as workers with the Bishop, and that meant a slowing up with some of the outside missions. The Bishop, too, started on one of his long visitations and only Father Raverdy and myself were left in Denver. Yet, I had to make a visit to some of the camps along the railroad that was then being built in the mountains up the Platte river where there are now so many bungalows, summer camps and mountain resorts.

I took a horse and buggy for the trip, and one day in the vicinity of Dome Rock I was caught in a mountain snow storm. The road soon dwindled to a mere trail, and that was difficult to follow in the storm. To add to my trouble a connecting rod in my buggy broke while I was descending a steep and sideling mountain side. I managed to tie it up with a loose strap from the harness, and finally reached a camp almost frozen. The foreman of the camp saw me coming and, helping me out of the buggy, told me to go in to the fire and he would take care of my horse. While I was getting warm and talking to the cook, who was an Irishman, the foreman (a non-Catholic Englishman named Madge) asked his men who were mostly Irish, what was the custom when a priest came to visit the camp. They told him of mass in the morning, to which he kindly agreed, and said they might take an hour off from work for that purpose. I told him they need lose no time for the mass would be before working hours. He made an offering, and as the men had not received their monthly pay, took their names and subscriptions and gave me a check for the amount saying he would collect it from the men and reimburse himself.

At another camp I was told that morning services were not possible but I might preach on temperance some night. To another camp I had to walk several miles, but I said mass there, and the boss said he would take a subscription from the men and forward me the amount after pay day. I am of the opinion that he took up the subscription, but he did not send me the amount. He was supposed to be a Catholic, but later developments proved him to be a rogue. When I came to my first camp my buggy was repaired and the weather was fine, so my drive home was pleasant after a week's absence.

The Bishop did not get home until just before Christmas, but he found that we had met all the work and difficulties of the situation. In the meantime he learned that Father McGrath was not coming back to Colorado, so he appointed Father Matz pastor of Georgetown and myself assistant in Denver.

My stay in Germany was serving me in good stead, and I was urging the formation of a parish for the Germans. I did not want it for myself, but a German priest (Father John Wagner) had come from Evanston, Illinois, and was willing to undertake the work. He actually started the project but soon turned it over to another (Rev F Bender) who completed the organization and built a small church for the German element throughout the city. This was the beginning of St Elizabeth's church, now in the care of the Franciscans.

The Irish were strong from the beginning, and St Patrick's Day was a great day for them. They thought the French priests were not in sympathy with them, and there was some truth in it, for they were a rather wild set of Fenians anxious to blow England out of the sea. When St Patrick's Day came around I was appointed to prepare and preach the sermon on the occasion. There was a military company--The Emerald Rifles--and they were to appear in uniform at mass with armed guards at the sanctuary gates and whom I had to instruct in the manner of saluting at the time of the Elevation. I did my best to get ready, but I was flabbergasted when just before mass there appeared Bishop O'Connor of Omaha and Bishop Conroy of Ireland. With Bishop Conroy, who was Apostolic Delegate to Canada, was his secretary, Rev D J O'Connell, later Bishop of Richmond. What was I to do? I might get along in the presence of our home Bishop, but I really could not face three of them. I begged Bishop O'Connor to say a few words in my place but he was firm in his refusal. With fear and trembling I approached Bishop Conroy, and if I ever got anything for my blarney it was at that time. Bishop Conroy yielded, and preached on the most beautiful sermons it was ever my good luck to hear. I sang the mass and introduced the preacher, and we had a grand St Patrick's day. My old sermon was laid aside and used at a later period when I had the Irish all to myself in another parish.

In 1879 the Jesuits came from New Mexico and were given the section northeast Twenty-third Street and Park Avenue where they Established the Church of the Sacred Heart. This curtailed our work at the Cathedral but left us all the outside missions. Those to the east I attended as far as Kit Carson near the Kansas boundary. This year also the parish of Central City in the mountains became vacant by the death of Rev Finotti, an aged and learned ex-Jesuit, famous in the East but now in the West for relief from rheumatic and other pains. This was an important parish and moreover it was on the point of bankruptcy and its fall would be a catastrophe to the bishop, who was responsible for the debts of the parish and a lawsuit here would bring actions from other sides for claims he could not meet. The bishop tried to get an experienced pastor for this parish but failed, and finally sent me to do my best. This was my first experience in bringing order out of the frenzied finance of my predecessors, and I went with nothing but good will and the grace of God.

I found the people good but divided into factions and clamoring for three churches in three small villages which formed the parish where one was fully sufficient and reasonably convenient. Then, a portion of the Irish did not come to mass because of differences with former pastors. I said mass in two of the villages for a time, and was glad to find the Protestants put obstacles in the way of building a church in one of them. The church I had was a big stone basement and a grandiose plan for a superstructure that never could be realized. The front of the basement was above the street and the rear was excavated into the mountains. One half of the basement was used as living rooms and the other half was the church.

My first work was to see the creditors and assure them of payment of their claims, which they had almost despaired of. By paying small instalments I gained their confidence, and when by degrees a spirit of unity came back to the people my way seemed clear. I removed the partitions from the basement and soon the congregation filled the entire space. The result of this was that all cause of the Bishop's worry passed away. It took years to pay off the indebtedness but the end came, and while it was coming I secured ground and built a comfortable rectory, and also bought a fine bell from the Stuckested Foundry of St Louis, the same that had made the bell for the Cathedral in Denver, and both bells are still admired for their beautiful tones. One of my altar boys and first communicants there was little John Brown, who became a Jesuit and rose to be the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission of that order. He was recognized first for Bishop but declined and remained a Jesuit to act as spiritual director at several of their novitiates.

I had some outlying missions but none regularly constituted. They were little mining camps that flourished for a while and then faded away. These I visited and often said mass at the house of some Catholic, and I was always well paid for these trips, for the miners were not stingy when they had money.

In those days the whole of Northwestern Colorado was almost a wilderness. The Ute Indians had been removed to Utah after the Meeker Massacre, but they would return at times in the hunting season and then were would be trouble. In 1879 they killed some of the adventurous settlers near Meeker, and were supposed to have set fire to the timber. One Sunday the smoke was so thick people could not assemble. It was a false alarm, however, for the Indians were nearly a hundred miles away. Once against them (by the State) and after a single skirmish they retreated to the reservation in Utah and were kept there by the U S forces.

In 1880 one of my best families moved into the Middle Park district, some fifty miles from Central City. Cozzens Ranch it was called, or Grayer, the name of the post office. Mr Cozzens was not a Catholic, but his wife and children were good ones. When they were leaving Central City, Mrs Cozzens gave me her fine cooking stove for my new residence. The father and mother were the first couple married by Father Machebeuf at Central City in 1860.

My first visit to this section was in company with Father Matz, when we went farther and visited Hot Sulphur Springs and Grand Lake,

On another occasion I took with me a priest from Kentucky, Rev J Jenkins. I left him there with friends on an outing to have a traveling vacation for six weeks for his health. He was anxious to kill a bear, which he did not, and to catch a wagon-load of trout which did not know how to angle for. He had a good time, however, and wrote a book on his experience. If Father Jenkins could not fish he could preach, so I had him preach for me one Sunday. It was the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, and he said he hoped the time would come when our lofty mountains would be crowned by a statue of our Lady rising above the snow of their loftiest peak, etc. There was a good Austrian miner Joe Pleiss in the audience and he had a mine up pretty high in the hills. It was but a prospect, but Joe had hopes, and to buoy them up he got a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, and making a case with a glass front he proceeded to install it on the mountain. So much for Father Jenkin's sermon, but some irreverent boys broke the statue and its case and Joe never put up another. His mine proved to be no bonanza.

After Easter, 1883, I exchanged parishes for a few weeks with Father Cummins of Boulder. In his missions my mother and other members of the family lived, and while attending these missions I received word that my sister--Sister Theodora--was ill of a deadly disease in St Louis. Without returning to my parish I went to St Louis and found here she was rapidly wasting away with lung trouble. A sever cold, caught at Christmas time, had settled in her lungs, and now death was only a question of a short time. In the interim I acted as assistant to Rev P O'Reilly at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Lucas Place, and also helped Father Shea of St Kein's on Compton Hill when he was sick, and made the acquaintance of many of the priests of the city. They were mostly older pastors, and I believe all of them have been called to their reward before now.

Sister Theodora died on July 4th, and after seeing her laid away in the little cemetery of the Sisters at Florissant I returned to my mountain home.

The next year I took a more extended vacation, and passing through St Louis with only a few formal visits I went to Kentucky to renew acquaintances with my former classmates of seminary days. These were not all in Kentucky, but in Indiana also, and while so near, I went into Michigan to visit the companions of my boyhood days. I fared better than I had expected, for Father Cappon of Niles right royally received me and asked me to supply his place for a week while he attended some of his missions. It became noised abroad that I was there, and on August 15th the high mass was the occasion for all the old and young people of the town and of the Barron Lake district to come and see and hear me. The exhibit was not very wonderful in either way, but it was a very pleasant meeting on both sides. There were not as many of them, and the really young were not in existence when I was young

there twenty years before. A goodly number of my old school companions of religions and of no religion came also, and we were just as glad to meet as any of the rest. I realized then how rapidly the world slips away from us, and like new wine in old bottles, the surroundings were the same but a fresh installment of life had been fused into them.

This suggests changes that change, and changes that do not change. I was just reading of two priests who were traveling incognito and were recognized as priests by a man who had not seen a priest for thirty-eight years. It also brings to mind an experience of my own. My outing dress consisted of a suit of grayish brown, a blue woolen shirt, a white lined duster and a handkerchief tied loosely around my neck. A slouched hat completed my costume. Grand Lake was the limit of my pleasure trip, and from there I took a saddle pony to go about twenty miles farther to the little town of Teller, where I heard there was a Catholic lad with his sister running a little hotel.

Lulucy?
About midway of my journey I came upon an entirely new village in the process of building. I found about fourteen Catholics among the inhabitants and, as it was Saturday, I concluded to stop and remain over Sunday. An unfinished store building served for a church and the entire population of the camp came to mass. I preached before mass to gather the congregation and at mass for the good of all, baptized one baby, and gave them, as they said, the first Sunday they ever had in the camp. I took up no collection, much to the surprise of the non-Catholics who expressed themselves openly upon it, and one of them said he would have passed the hat around himself if he had not thought it would be a presumption on his part. As it was, he paid half of my hotel bill, the hotel keeper remitting the other half; the stable man would not charge for keeping my pony, and the father of the baby gave me a "Fiver."

Ear
In the afternoon I crossed the Rabbit Bar Range by a trail, which was only a zigzag path over broken rocks and passable only in summer. The little town of Teller lay in the beautiful valley and there I found the lady and her sister. The husband was very kind also and did all he could to make me welcome, even to helping me fix up the temporary altar. After mass, at which the two Indians received communion and the Protestant husband was a respectful assistant, I took my breakfast and started on my return. Now, no priest had ever been in the district before, and not a soul there knew me; yet as I was riding out of the village a man approached me and accosted me respectfully and rather reverentially. He begged pardon for addressing me, but informed me that he had made a bet with a friend and I was the only one who could decide the subject at issue. He had wagered his friend that I was a Catholic priest, and had I any objection to telling him if it were not so. The incident was unusual, but his manner was not impertinent, and as I had nothing to conceal I told him that he had won. True it is that it is hard for a priest to disguise himself. There is something in his calling

that marks him and no one else. There were many camping in the mountains, and all of us were rather unkempt in our appearance, but I never heard of any of the others having been mistaken for a priest.

I have referred to the friction between some of my predecessors and many of the members of the congregation on the Irish question. A few of the Irish were supposed to be Irish radicals who were plotting the destruction of England with dynamite. Poor men, they talked a lot and sent a few dollars to politicians in New York and Ireland, but never did anything worse. As I have said, the coming of Michael Davitt was my first opportunity, but when John Devoy of New York came to ask me to preside at a public meeting in the opera house where he was to speak; and also when Sheridan, the famous "Number One" who was sought for by the British government and who was living in Southern Colorado, asked the same favor of me, my stock rose to par with the Irish of the district. I had a conversation with both of these men before the meetings, and I was sure their speeches would be as moderate as their reputations were radical. Some English sympathizers censured me through the press, but I answered them through the same medium, with the result that my careless patriots thought that I was as good an Irishman as they, and they came back to the practice of their religion.

I had several missions during my pastorate and one of my missionaries was Father Brady, a Paulist from New York. It happened that as he was coming to my parish through the mountains the stagecoach in which he was riding was upset, but without injury to the passengers. Among the passengers were several preachers, and the remark of one of them at the time of the accident was not bad. "This," said he, "is what I judge to be the greatest outpouring of the Gospel ever witnessed in this section."

Father Camp, A Jesuit from the West, was another who gave a mission and every night after the last exercises he wanted a dish of cornmeal mush and milk. This leads me to remark that priests' housekeepers seem to misjudge the stomachs of missionaries. The poor men are fed on all the extras and rich dishes each cook can compound; roast fowl, salads, puddings, pastries, pies, cakes, spiced fish and meats, oysters in every style, until their stomachs must be burned and paralyzed with spices, acids, and rich condiments, as if trying to outdo the cook at their last mission. If housekeepers could only understand how much some missionaries long for a plain meal and peace while eating it and not to be urged and pressed to have more of this and of that when they have had all that they cared for and then some! How often they would like a Jiggs Dinner or an Irish dinner of leg of mutton and turnips. Father Mark Moeslein, C.P., was as simple a feeder as could be found, but he had the knack of tickling the vanity of the cooks. When they presented him with one of their prize dishes he always tested it, praised it highly and asked for the recipe of it. Those recipes did not go into the kitchen of the Passionist Monastery, and probably poor Father Mark is not using them with his colored

neophytes in the south. A housekeeper I once had gave me fresh green vegetables all winter, but when spring came I got none, and her excuse was that everybody had those things and they were too common. Another went to the opposite extreme, and when I asked her what she would do if company came for dinner, she simply said she would open another can. A great part of my missionary days were spent without a housekeeper and I took my meals at a hotel or restaurant, but sometimes I would tire of their meals and open a bachelor's hall and then I had what I wanted and cooked it, not to the queen's taste, but to my own taste, and if I do say it myself, many a visitor envied me my menu. In some of my missions this manner of living was a necessity, for only thus could I have paid the debts or made any improvements. I never cared for exotic or dainty dishes, but I did want a good bed, and I always managed to have it. Father Rosswinkel at a retreat told us to get a new bed every year. I never did that, but did so as often as the old one grew uncomfortable. I do so yet, for not bed is quite as comfortable to me as the one I break in myself and fit to my own corpus.

As the years passed the inhabitants of Central City and the other mountain towns would move away and locate in the towns and country in the level districts. I myself felt that mountain scenery was good for a time, but the attraction began to wear off and I longed for a place where the view widened out and one could move about without the feeling of being hemmed in even by those beautiful barriers. It was generally a treat to leave the mountains for a day or two, and such little trips aroused the desire and increased the hope that some day I might find a home not quite surrounded by everlasting hills. I did not let the thought worry me much but I felt its force and when, in 1886, Bishop MacheBeuf called me to Denver I left Central City without many regrets. A good man was to be my successor and I felt that the congregation would be in good hands.

At Denver I was supposed to be rector of the Cathedral but my position was an anomaly. I was rector in name, but in reality there was no such position. The bishop and vicar general had been so long at the head of affairs that they could not stand aside and let another assume charge. The people did not realize that there could be a change nor did the priests of the parish change their allegiance from the bishop to the new pastor. It was only as if another priest had been added to those already there, and marriages, baptisms, etc., were arranged without my knowledge just as before. My coming added no authority, but little help and no beauty to the situation. My duty seemed to be to collect funds and pay the bills. How long this might have lasted I do not know, but an unexpected event changed it all. In February my brother James died, leaving five motherless children ranging in ages from four to twelve years. He had a good farm in a recently settled district about forty miles from Denver, and the relatives and neighbors looked upon me as the proper one to take the guardianship of the children and the management of the property. I did this and for seventeen years the care of those children was an essential duty of my life.

This change in my fortunes, however, did not lessen my work as a priest, but rather increased it. Lines drawn from Denver to the boundaries of the state both north and east would cut off a section nearly one hundred miles in width and one hundred and fifty in length. This section had no priest in its entire extent. Father Conway of North Platte, Nebraska, had made one or two visits to a part of it but no priest in Colorado had charge of it. In leaving Denver I assumed the care of this field. It is not that most of it was unbroken prairie over which herds of cattle ranged, but there were two railroads crossing it and homesteaders were then coming in and taking up government land. Several little towns were starting also, among which were Brighton, Platteville, Fort Morgan, Sterling, Julesburg, Akron and Yuma. Section houses at the intermediate stations were about fifteen miles apart, and many of these were in charge of Catholic men. My first work was to explore this region and find out who and where the Catholics were. After locating them I made the little towns my stations for Sundays and visited intervening station houses during the week. My first headquarters was at Brighton, about twenty miles from Denver, and there I built my first mission church. Mr. Daniel Carmichael donated the ground and in 1888 I built a neat brick church which served the congregation well until a new one was built about 1930. Sterling was then growing and a new railroad was coming to it when the Burlington was building from Holdrege in Nebraska to Cheyenne in Wyoming. From the graders on this road I collected enough money to buy a block of ground in Sterling, and in 1888 I built a frame church which was dedicated by Bishop Matz, June 24, 1888--the feast of its patron, St. John the Baptist. The church had the misfortune of being hit three times by hurricanes and demolished the third time.

In one of my old notebooks I find data which I condense:

"Prior to 1887 there were but few Catholics in what is now Logan and Washington counties. Both these counties were then a part of Weld County (both counties have since been subdivided several times) and had no settlers except along the lines of the Union Pacific and the Burlington railroads. Sterling was a division station on the Union Pacific road, and as such, had prospects of becoming a town of some importance. It was founded by people from Mississippi and Tennessee who belonged to the Southern Methodist or Cumberland Presbyterian denominations, and these naturally inherited a great deal of religious prejudice. However, none of these opposed me in efforts to establish a Catholic church there, and some of them even added their mite to my subscription list. I first said mass in the railroad section house occupied by Mr. Michael Nelligan, then in a small hall owned by a citizen and rented for any public purpose, and finally in my new church. The congregation was composed mostly of railroad men, and the remainder, about a dozen in all, were business men and homesteaders.

"Julesburg was at the northeast corner of the state at the junction of the main line of the Union Pacific railroad and the branch leading to Denver. It was a new frontier town and was all agog over the rush of settlers seeking government land. Like all frontier towns it was praised up as the future great city, from which railroads were to radiate to all parts. It was said to have every natural advantage and blessing except rain, and that would follow as it always did when the country was settled and the ground plowed. There were several good business blocks there, and I bought a site for a church, but in the meantime said mass at the section house. Counting the homesteaders with

the railroad people there was a nice little congregation, but later this and most of the frontier towns dwindled away for a time when the homesteaders found that the rain did not come and they had to abandon their claims and seek a living elsewhere."

Brighton, Platteville, Sterling and Julesburg were small towns on the Union Pacific railroad where I could say Mass on Sundays and have a goodly number at mass, and there were six intervening stations where I went on weekdays. On the Burlington road, Fort Morgan, Akron and Yuma were the principal stations, and four smaller places where I said mass. When the Burlington road was completed as far as Sterling on the Cheyenne line, a thrifty town was founded near the boundary of Nebraska, called Holyoke, and I attended that as well as three stations in Nebraska and three more on the new line.

This seems like a very heavy load to carry as we look at it now, but at that time it did not worry me and I know I enjoyed every moment and every part of the work. However, I was glad when, after Easter, 1880, I got the offer of an assistant, and more pleased to know that he was a priest who had studied at Bardstown, Kentucky, and the Rev. Hickey. I gave him my station at Brighton and Platteville on the Union Pacific, and all those along the main line of the Burlington, except Fort Morgan which was then organizing into a mission for Sundays. I also gave him plans for a church at Yuma where I had secured a good location. The plans and specifications were for a brick church and were of my own drawing and the church was build according to them.

In the fall of 1888 Father Hickey thought a church might be built at Platteville, but he thought that I would accomplish the work more effectively than he, as it was in this district that my relatives lived and I was better acquainted with the people in general. I had already said mass many times using the schoolhouse for that purpose and had gathered together quite a congregation at that center. Giving him the care of Fort Morgan, I took Platteville in exchange and began the work. A Mr. Johnson donated two lots and I began the work of securing funds for the building. I planned the building myself and superintended the work, and had the church erected and paid for to the extent of being able to say mass in it on the last Sunday of January 1889. The interior finish, I left to my successor, for the next day I left the missions to take charge of St. Ignatius parish in Pueblo, by appointment of the bishop.

This is but a sketch of the missions and the work, but those who are familiar with missions and their work will know how to fill in the rest.

During these years there were ups and downs: some serious, some half ludicrous, some just ordinary, and some out of the ordinary. A few may be worth recording. My first religious service at Fort Morgan was in 1897. It was a sermon preached one evening as I was returning to Brighton from Yuma where I had said mass that Sunday morning. The sermon was well attended, and listened to with respect by a few Catholics and a larger number of Protestants. There was a Presbyterian church in the village and a preacher. The next time I preached there, the entire population came to hear me except the preacher's family and I was told they wanted to come but could not, as they had to hold some kind of service in their own church.

In those days Dr. Nubert Work lived in the town and attended to the sick in the vicinity. Later years when both of us lived in Pueblo he used to refer to the time when he was the best doctor in Morgan County and I was the best preacher in Morgan County. The fact was that he was the only doctor in the county and I was one of the two preachers in the county. When he was Postmaster General of the U.S., I had occasion to address him on a matter of business, and his reply was a reminder of those days, which goes to show that public men are not so offish as some think and are human when one can see the real man under the vaneer.

The year 1888 was a year of general elections, and I had an experience a little out of my line. There was a democratic rally at Sterling one night, at which the Rev. Myron Reed, and two Swedes were the speakers. I was present, and the next day I went to Hartun, a small station about thirty-five miles away, where I was to say mass the next day. When I arrived there in the evening I found the place thronged with people from the surrounding country. I had no idea that so many people could be gathered together in such a sparsely settled district and I learned that the two Swedes were there and were going to speak on the political situation--the election of a president and a governor. Myron Reed was not there and the people seemed at a loss how to begin the meeting. It is supposed that preachers are always ready for everything, so when I arrived I was asked to preside and conduct the proceedings. As the meeting was in line with my sympathies I took the chair, and with all the dignity and importance of a dyed in the wool politician made my first and last political speech.

An improvised choir sang a few appropriate songs, and I introduced the honorable gentlemen. We lost out in the election, but we certainly had an enthusiastic and successful meeting.

The year 1888 was a bad year for the settlers. It was dry almost to a drouth, the farmers raised almost nothing, and toward the fall an epidemic broke out among them. Many died, and many became discouraged and went away. Rev. Moron of Iowa had a claim several miles south of Julesburg and the scourge carried off his wife and daughter. I went out to his place when they were sick and while I was attending the sick, the driver of my hired buggy drove away and left me to walk back. He did not seem to realize that I was to go back also. Holyoke was fifty miles from my residence at Sterling, and one day I was called there. The lady of the house told me there was little hope, as the girl refused to take the doctor's medicine. The girl was in a dangerous condition and I gave her all the sacraments for those in danger and urged her to take the medicine. In fact, I resolved to stay a while and administer it myself. When I called for the first dose the lady brought me a capsule of quinine. I saw no difficulty in this dose, but when she offered me some water in a spoon and a pin, I asked what all that was for. She told me the pin was to get medicine out of the container which was to be swallowed with the quinine inside, and exclaimed: "You would not make her swallow the box, would you?" I no longer wondered why the poor girl did not take the medicine. She took the medicine from me, but you would assume that that lady had come from some cave-in in the mountains or plains of the wild and wooly West. Instead, she was a late arrival from St. John's parish in the City of Brotherly Love in Pennsylvania.

The year 1888 was also noted for another serious event. It was the year of the death of my mother. I was on one of my regular missions when I got the sad news. Only a few days before I was with her and said mass and gave her communion. She was in her eightieth year. I was not at her death bed but I presided at her burial. She died well. Rest in peace.

This year also I had a little diversion from my ordinary routine on a trip toward the east. An old Kentucky schoolmate of mine, the Rev. Ruan, was to be consecrated Bishop of Alton, on May 1. I gave Sterling the mass kit and told him to meet me at the train that evening. Then I pursued my journey and was at the consecration on Tuesday. There I met a number of my clerical friends from Kentucky and had a pleasant day with them and their bishop renewing old memories and associations. In passing, I may say also that I met there Father Augustine Tolton, the first colored priest ordained for the American missions. He was ordained at Rome for the Diocese of Alton, but went to Chicago later and organized a congregation of colored Catholics there. He died there a holy death brought on by his devotion to duty.

I also met an old friend and teacher of both spiritual and worldly wisdom in my seminary days, the Rev. Ruan of Davenport, Iowa. He insisted upon my going home with him and spending a few days going over old times, which I did, and thus began a series of mutual visits which ended when I saw him laid in an honored grave thirty-one years later.

I cannot leave the subject of my prairie missions without paying due tribute to the generous hearted and faithful Catholics of those pioneer days in Eastern Colorado. There were no rich among them as far as worldly goods go, and thirty-five miles were not too long when they had a child to be baptized. When I visited them in their homes nothing they had was too good for me. If they were at meals they invited me to sit down with them but generally they would begin by taking their ordinary food from the table to substitute something better. To this I always objected, telling them what was good enough for them at all times was good enough for me at one meal, and I was not fit to be a missionary if I could not live on the food of the country. They may have lived in a sod house or a dugout but the best corner was given to the priest. In fact, I found that it was possible to kill one with kindness.

In Germany I slept one winter with one feather bed under me and another over me, and I slept comfortably all winter. In America I never cared for a feather bed, but had sometimes to put up with one on the missions. On one occasion at one of my stations the weather was very cold, and when I was shown to my bed I found it with a deep feather tick and near it a stove in which a big coal fire was roaring. Soon I was perspiring in bed. I threw off the coverings in my sleep and the fire burned itself out before morn. When I awoke I found that I had caught a severe cold, and it was the mercy of God that saved me from pneumonia. These missions have now sixteen churches with as many resident priests, and the end is not yet.

The severance of my connection with these missions took place in 1889. My old friend, Father Matz, became Coadjutor Bishop of Denver, and he asked me to leave my missions and take charge of the parish of St. Ignatius. We had always been friends and were neighbors in our

mountain parishes, and when he was offered the choice in 1885 of the church at Grand Junction in the western part of the State or of St. Ann's church in Denver, I advised him to take St. Ann's. He had worked hard at Georgetown completing the church and building school, rectory and hospital, and attending the two churches of Georgetown and Silver Plume. He was still in the prime of life, and with health that could be strengthened and conserved for many years with the present strain removed. Grand Junction would never be such in his lifetime, while St. Ann's had a great future before it. St. Ann's was then in the very outskirts of Denver, but it was growing in that direction and it afterwards became the great parish of the Annunciation. He took St. Ann's and I advised him two years later to accept the honor and the burden of the episcopate against strong opposition when they were offered to him.

I do not know whether he remembered these things when the question of filling the vacancy in Pueblo came up, but I do know that when I advised him, no thought of future favors entered my mind. St. Ignatius was a fine parish, founded in 1872 by the Jesuits, but from which they had resigned, and for the last two years it had been under the care of Rev. Frederick Hender. A pilgrimage to the Holy Land was to go from America in 1889, and Father Hender wished to go with it, so he resigned and it fell to me to be his successor. I had not looked for a change, nor did I desire it, but I readily accepted after reporting the conditions of my missions and finding that Bishop Matz was willing to provide for them and assume responsibility for some indebtedness that still remained upon the Sterling church.

My arrival in Pueblo was on February 1, 1889. The work of the parish is about the same everywhere, so there is not much to tell. The interior of the church needed renovating, the woodwork needed paint and a debt of twenty-five hundred dollars was crying for liquidation. All this was accomplished within the year, and when the unfinished church of St. Leo, Denver, became vacant and needed a pastor the next year, Bishop Matz, asked me to undertake the task of completing the church and directing the activities of the parish.

The work at St. Leo's was a little more strenuous. The new church was under roof, but only the basement was available for services. Two Dominican Fathers were there to begin a mission the next day, which was Sunday, so that my arrival was amid complications. There was no house, but a few rooms over the sacristy were put in order for sleeping purposes, and I secured, with the help of Father Koch, a good boarding place with a private family, as there was no restaurant within convenient distance. Though hastily arranged, everything was satisfactory and the mission was a success. The people responded loyally and I must give them the credit of a hearty allegiance to their duty during the whole of my pastorate, which was only two years.

My first care was to complete the church. For this purpose a loan was necessary and this was negotiated. All was in readiness for the dedication; the auditorium was plastered and frescoed, all woodwork completed, the pews in place, and only the permanent altars lacking. My old friend the Rev. Ryan of Davenport came upon my invitation

and delivered two masterly sermons at the morning and evening services. The next care was to open a school. The large basement accommodated the school in September. There were 140 children for the opening day, and the number increased as the school went on.

But why enumerate these things. Hundreds of pastors are doing the same work throughout the land and consider it ordinary routine at the foundation of every parish. No doubt they experience anxiety and labor, but the life of a priest in a pioneer country is partly made up of these, so we let them pass.

In the summer of 1892 I took a little time off and left the congregation in charge of the Rev. Eis, a priest from Michigan, temporarily in Colorado for his health. He later became Bishop of Marquette. I made a rather extensive but rapid trip to Chicago and then by the northern route to the Pacific Coast, visiting St. Paul, Minneapolis, Helena, Portland, San Francisco, and Salt Lake City. I wrote a running account of this trip for the Colorado Catholic at the time, but here I shall recall only a few of its interesting events.

My oldest sister was then living at Stevensville, Montana, and as I had not seen her for twenty years, I stopped a few days at her home. It was in the valley of the Bitter Root river, close to St. Mary's mission, the original foundation of Father DeSmet among the Flathead Indians. The church was a very neat structure in the form of a cross of logs, but was closed at that time as the Indians had been removed to a new reservation on the Mocollo, or to St. Ignatius near Flathead Lake. The church was in a good state of preservation and I believe it has since been opened for the convenience of white settlers. In order to see the Indians I went to St. Ignatius and was there for the great annual feast of the tribe--St. Ignatius Day. It was late at night when I got to the station, and from the mountain heights as we approached the Mission the place looked like a large city. The lights in the building were still burning, and the campfires of the Indians glowed in the darkness like so many street lights. I rose early the next morning to say mass and my server was an Indian boy who did his part as well as any serving boy I ever had.

At seven o'clock I went to the church to see seven hundred Indians receive Holy Communion. It was anovel and interesting sight. During the mass the Indians recited the rosary in a peculiar quacking tone, and after every decade sang a verse of a hymn in nasal tones, but the air was rather pleasing. The men were on one side of the church and the women on the other, and almost all wore blankets; and the women had colored handkerchiefs on their heads. Plain benches were in the church but few of them were used as seats, for all knelt on their heels and the women used the benches to lay their babies upon, and there were a goodly number of papooses. Two chiefs directed the lines for the communion and the last in the lines were two aged men who were blind. At the high mass Bishop Brendel pontificated and gave confirmation to a large class. He also preached in English but Father Cataldo repeated each sentence after the Bishop in the Flathead tongue. The choir sang the modern music of the mass very creditably.

The day was spent in various sports, and a dramatic performance was given by the girls under the direction of the Sisters. There was no piano for the girls, although the boys had a brass band. The other exercises were just about what one would expect in a white school. I visited the workshops of the boys and found all the skill of the trades shown in carpentry, blacksmithing, harness making, shoe making, tinning, and other trades, and the work was all of superior quality. It was said that the freighters in the Flathead region get all their harness and saddles from the missions, for they knew they were getting the best material and the best work.

My first view of the Columbia river was at Pasco Junction and I must confess that it was disappointing. It was just a broad river flowing through a wide plain covered with sagebrush. I saw it in a different light a few days later at Portland, when I looked down upon it from the height above that city on the Willamette, with miles of its length in view in the broad expanse of city, of forest and plain and mountain scenery, from Mount Tacoma, looking like a vast barrier shutting in a new world to the southeast where Mount Hood pierced the sky like a snowcovered pyramid.

Down through Oregon the scenery was not new to an old mountaineer but it was not without interest, and I entered California through the long tunnel under the summit of the Siskiyou range down past Mt. Shasta, and the Shasta Springs that spout mineral water high in the air. It was like the soda water of Manitou, Colorado, but far more abundant. I traveled on down to Sacramento, and to the upper end of the Bay of San Francisco, where we crossed on a ferry that took the entire train and landed it on the opposite side a mile away to continue its way to Oakland.

San Francisco was not then what it is now. It was a busy city but had its limitations. Between it and the Cliff was a stretch of sand dunes that moved with every wind. Mayor Sutro had begun reclamation east from his fine mansion on Sutro Heights and his gardens where he had to stake down the grass to give it time to take root. The Cliff House, Seal Rocks and the wide Pacific were sights, and my old fellow students of Paris: Fathers Flood, Cummings, and O'Connor, were hosts to receive me and make my stay enjoyable. Menlo Park, San Jose and Palo Alto were visited. The grounds of the Stanford estate were open to the public except the residence of Mrs. Sanford, the privacy of which the public was requested to respect. Stanford University was then only in its beginnings, but was gathering its students in goodly numbers already. Taken all in all, San Francisco was a wonderful city where the fabled East came to mingle its romance with the gigantic civilization of the busy West.

The Union Pacific railroad from San Francisco to Salt Lake City is a long stretch of travel, and if I were to travel it again I would try to make as much of it as possible during the night-time. The long dreary passage of the desert would then be unfelt. It was dreary on the Northern Pacific from Spokane to Paco, where miles and miles of sagebrush make up the scenery, but from Keno to Humboldt one longs for the sight even of a sagebrush to relieve the monotony. Garson and Humboldt lakes are but stagnant pools that seemed to be avoided by both beast and bird. Humboldt station was the only relieving feature of the day,

for it was a little paradise of flowers, fruit, shade trees and mountains. It was made so through God's gift of a spring of water from a nearby mountain which, piped down to this place, showed what the whole desert might be if blessed with rain. Apart from the employees of the railroad, the only signs of life were a few Digger Indians who roam as lords of the sandy waste, but where they get their food was a mystery.

The valley of Salt Lake is a relief after such a journey, and you welcome the voices of the children crying: "Here are your genuine Mormon apples," and it sounds peculiar coming from Mormon children at every station. But the apples were good and the price reasonable, and no doubt that little Mormon apple merchants increased their sales by advertising the fruit as Mormon grown.

One day was all I could give to Salt Lake, but there are not many sights there, and they have often been described. The fine cathedral of Bishop Scanlon was not finished and the Bishop himself was not at home. Father Kieley took me to the Tabernacle, the Temple, the grave of Brigham Young who had prophesied that he would rise again twenty years after his death. The Mormons did not erect any monument over him, but a plain stone inside, and iron fence with a sort of canopy over it. Forty-one years have passed since then and I have yet to hear of the resurrection of Brigham Young.

Denver was my next move, and two years at St. Leo's settled things down to their regular course, and Bishop Matz sent me to a new field of labor in the Cathedral parish. The financial condition of the Cathedral parish was anything but encouraging, but it was not desperate; only time would be necessary to devise plans and put them to work. Before much could be done, the depression came on and forced everything to a standstill to await better times.

Early in 1894 the consecration of Bishop Tierney of Hartford, Connecticut, took place, and as he was a great friend of Bishop Matz, and of myself also (we were both alumni of St. Thomas Seminary in Kentucky) I had the honor of an appointment from Bishop Matz to represent him and the Diocese at the consecration, and the pleasure of visiting him and some other old friends in the East. Among them were Msgr. Denis O'Callaghan of Boston, and Father Michael Ronan, another student of St. Thomas in Kentucky, who was pastor of St. Peter's church in Lowell, Mass. Father Ronan was building his new church, and he gave me the history of the sale of the former church and the purchase of the new site. His old church was in the midst of the business section and he wanted a location more conveniently located among the homes of his people. He had his eye on a beautiful spot, but it would cost \$180,000. At that time a new Post Office was needed in Lowell and the site of the old church was ideal for it. But the Ayer Sassaparilla Company had vast interests in another section of the city and were willing to donate a site for the government building. Hood's Sassaparilla Company opposed Ayer and was in favor of downtown site. Father Ronan's old church occupied the exact spot that suited the Hood's and they joined with Father Ronan in raising a fund to buy the new church site. Ayers offered their location to the government for One Dollar,

but Father Ronan's offer was One Cent. The low bid got the business, and Father had framed and hanging in his room a warrant on the U.S. Treasury for the amount. He valued the souvenir more than the cash.

Upon my return to Denver the depression was at its worst and I saw no hope for any betterment in the Cathedral affairs, and was relieved when Bishop Matz offered me the parish of Georgetown. This was his old parish in the mountains, but it had deteriorated greatly on account of the slump in the price of silver, and a great part of the congregation had moved away to find better opportunities. There was some debt on both churches there and very little revenue to meet them with, but I managed by the greatest economy to clear them off. The church at Silver Plume had but few members except Italian miners, and they never came to church except for a funeral or a marriage.

For more than two years I struggled along with what good material I found and got the financial condition in order, and in 1897 Bishop Matz sent me to Colorado City, a village between Colorado Springs and Manitou, but not incorporated with Colorado Springs. Father Bender had built a small church there, but it never was entirely finished or furnished. Father Nis had charge of it for a time, but it was now being served from Manitou and had a congregation of about thirty families. I was given some additional territory from the west end of Colorado Springs, and set about paying off a debt of \$500 and completing the church. Pews were put in, a gallery built, a permanent altar set up and the interior plainly but appropriately decorated. A residence was needed and provided and a hall built for social and dramatic gatherings and I had a very comfortable home and a growing parish where I hoped to spend the rest of my days. It was all clear of debt also.

It was then that the idea came to me to write the biography of Bishop Machébeuf. Years had passed since his death and no serious effort had been made to reserve the memory of his life and labors. I wrote his sister in France and received a copy of his correspondence with her for so many years and some information from her and from his brother upon their early family life, all of which formed the foundation and essence of the work. The gathering of matter was slow, and in the meantime another task was requested by some of my old fellow seminarians.

The old seminary of St. Thomas had fallen into ruins, and its history existed only in scattered fragments and not even a picture of its sacred halls was in existence. Could I and would I write a memorial of it and its work that saved Kentucky to the church and the faith to half of the middle West? A visit to the old grounds, for there was little left but the grounds, decided me to do my best to preserve its traditions, and my spare time in 1905 was given to the production of the volume entitled "A Historical Tribute" to St. Thomas Seminary near Bardstown, Kentucky.

The cause of my writing this book was more accidental than premeditated. In 1883, while I was in St. Louis, a convention was held there of the Catholic Knights of America, a social and insurance organiza-

tion of Catholics, at which I was present as an onlooker. Upon my return to my parish in Central City, Colorado, I organized a branch of the society, and the following year had enough branches to organize a state council. For many years I was the state representative to the Supreme Councils, and on some of these occasions I had an opportunity to visit Kentucky. It was not, however, until 1905 that I availed myself of one of these opportunities to visit the site of old St. Thomas. It was my first visit since my seminary days, and it was a saddening visit. The grounds were there, the church was there, the log residence of Bishop Flaget was there, but not a sign of the seminary buildings remained except the excavation where our basement refectory was, and a tree a foot in diameter was growing from the middle of this. The grounds were strewn with fallen trees, the church was in bad repair, and the whole had a dilapidated and neglected appearance. I wrote a letter on the condition of the grounds, and the Bishop of Louisville took the matter in hand and had the church repaired and the grounds cleaned up. It also aroused the priests of Western Kentucky to an appreciation of the fact that they had a great history and many sacred traditions worthy of preservation. I received letters (published) asking me to continue my letters and to extend them beyond the ruins of St. Thomas. With promises of help from many of them I began my book which was published the next year. Let me counsel others who contemplate writing a book, not to depend too much on promises of assistance from others. Even those most liberal with their promises are liable to refer you to so-and-so who again will refer you to other so-and-sos for information. Have your subject substantially conceived in embryo, and it will take shape and be born as your own child.

Still, I must give credit for help to the Rev. James Ryan, Eugene Crane, Edwin Drury, William Hogarty, John Abell, Michael Melody, and Engelbert Bachmann, and to Bishop Tierney and Msgr. Murray for special encouragement.

These remarks have led me ahead of my narrative for, in 1903, Bishop Matz took me from the little home in Colorado City and transferred me to St. Ignatius church in Pueblo. This was the scene of my labors thirteen years before, but the building of a pastoral residence had put it again in debt, and the present pastor was unable to cope with the conditions. It was not an easy place, but things righted themselves and the debt disappeared and the church given a needed renovation with improvements.

When the History of St. Thomas was published, or as Bishop Matz said; "This bantam was hatched," he asked me to continue with the life of his saintly predecessor, Bishop Machebeuf. This volume was published in 1908, and all unsold copies of it, as well as those of the history of St. Thomas, are now at St. Thomas Seminary in Denver. From the life of Bishop Machebeuf, Cather says she got her inspiration for her novel, "Death Comes for the Archbishop," but anyone who reads the two volumes will know that she got far more than an inspiration.

The clearing of the debt of St. Ignatius did not end the need of improvements there. As a new church was necessary, for the old one was but a temporary structure from the beginning and had served its time, I did not contemplate this work with any sort of delight. I was not as young as formerly, and money raising had grown tedious and distaste-

ful; especially as it was nearly always to pay the debts of others, so I asked Bishop Matz to give me a small place where I might get a modest living and work more in the literature field. He offered me Loveland, a mission attended from Fort Collins in the northern part of the state. Loveland had a small but neat brick church not yet finished, but with a debt of \$500. and no house to live in. Nevertheless I accepted it and moved into its sacristy in the fall of 1909. Hoping this was to be my last move, I built a residence without any cost to the parish and furnished it to my own taste. By economies I also paid the debt on the church, finished the interior, and had it frescoed by a real artist. Within the territory of my mission was Estes Park, then becoming quite a resort during the summer months, and I went there to investigate the prospects and the needs of a mission church. It was a pretty village, but no Catholic family resided there permanently. Only tourists and summer residents were to be found, and I said mass there for their benefit with a fairly good attendance. The church was to come later.

Four years were spent at Loveland, and during that time I was not idle. Bishop Matz asked me to translate into English a volume of Massillon's Synodal Discourses, and this I did so well as to have them approved and read as table reading at two successive retreats of the clergy. I did not have them published but gave them to Bishop Matz in manuscript to do with as he pleased. Another book I there outlined was one of historical and traditional fragments of the early settlers in Kentucky, published later as a serial in The Record of Louisville, but never printed in book form.

Loveland was a pleasant little village in a good farming section, and its principal industries were a sugar factory and a canning establishment. A few farmers were among my congregation. Events, however, happened which foreshadowed a change in two ways; the first not much to my liking, and the second more agreeable but apparently temporary.

In the spring of 1913 a convention of the Catholic Knights of America was scheduled to be held at Washington, D.C. As supreme representative from Colorado I expected to attend, and went to see Bishop Matz about my absence for a few weeks. At that time Father Donnelly of St. Francis de Sales parish was very ill in a hospital. In fact he was supposed to be dying. For some time he had lain unconscious, and the physicians said his death might be looked for at any moment. Bishop Matz said Father Donnelly's death would be a great loss to him and a source of considerable embarrassment. Already he heard rumors of several applicants for the place, ready to ask for it as soon as Father Donnelly died. This did not please him, and less so because some of them he could not consider under any circumstances. He offered me the position and asked me to accept it as a favor to himself. He could tell all applicants then, that the place was filled. He mentioned no names and laid no command upon me, but he parried my objections and argued his case so well that I yielded and accepted the provisional appointment. The matter was to be kept secret until the proper time, when I would assume the burden with the aid of two assistants. Happily, Father Donnelly got well, and has lived and labored all these years to the immense advantage of his parish and to the great joy and thankfulness of his provisional successor. I say this not as a mere form, but as an expression of sincerest satisfaction.

The second series of events ended differently. My trip to Washington was leisurely made both going and coming. I stopped at Davenport, Iowa, to spend a couple of days with my friend Msgr. Ryan, and at South Bend, Indiana, to visit relatives and at Jackson for the same purpose. (My niece, Sister Aquinata O'Donnell was there in charge of the schools of Father Cullinana of the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea.)

At Washington, besides the Convention, I had several other interesting experiences. The highlights of the Convention were visits from Msgr. Bonzana, the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Russell of St. Patrick's, a Commissioner of the District of Columbia, and Senator Ransdell of Louisiana, and their talks would make good reading. We also went to Mount Vernon and laid a wreath on the Tomb of Washington, had a dinner of planked shad at Marshall Hall, visited the White House and had a handshake with President Wilson. Individually we saw the Capitol and had a ticket of admission to the House of Representatives from Champ Clark, visited the Congressional Library, the Smithsonian Institute, and other national museums; nor did we neglect the Catholic University, the famous church of the Holy Sepulchre and other churches of interest.

After the Convention I took a run down to Baltimore, and while there called at the residents of Cardinal Gibbons, but did not find him at home. Saw the Cathedral, St. Mary's Seminary on Paca Street and St. Charles at Catonsville; went to Annapolis to see the U.S. Naval Academy, and had a view of Fort McHenry, the inspiration of the Star Spangled Banner. Other minor but interesting events filled in a week at Baltimore and ended my stay in the East, and my return trip was broken by calls at Wheeling and Bellaire on my way to Louisville, Kentucky.

My first call in Louisville was upon my old friend Father Deppen. From him I learned of the death of Father Drury, who for several years had been chaplain of the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Loretto. Father Deppen spoke of the vacant chaplaincy and suggested that I make application for it, and he had no doubt but that I would get the place. The idea was not to be entertained for many reasons. I was a pastor in another diocese and not free to make a change or promise one; nor had I any idea of doing so, but the subject was as good a stimulant of conversation as any other equally fantastic idea. Nazareth was also one of my calling places, and Loretto was not to be passed by. I had a number of acquaintances among the Sisters, and several of my parish girls were there in the novitiate. My visit was very enjoyable and just as I was leaving the Mother General Praxedes proposed that I return and act as their chaplain! Just as with Father Deppen I treated the subject as impossible of such an ending.

My next and last call was upon another old friend, Rev. John Abbell at Bethlehem Academy. We had hardly settled ourselves for a talk when he broached the same subject and made me the same proposition. I asked if there was a conspiracy on foot to transplant me from Colorado to Kentucky. I was given to understand that there were worse places than Kentucky to which I might be transplanted. Was not Kentucky once my home, and were not the priests of Kentucky my old friends, and not one of them but would be glad to have me come? This was all very

flattering, but it got us nowhere; the Bishop of Louisville might be an old Bardstown student with us and want us all together, but he knew we were not like the preachers, obedient to calls and offers of better positions. I told him also that I did not think my bishop would listen to a request for a change, but I did mention the fact that some time before the Bishop of Davenport had asked me to accept the position of Chaplain to the Catholic students at the University of Iowa at Iowa City, and Bishop Matz had made light of the idea. "A chaplain," said he, "I've got better than that for you myself." However, I promised to think it over when he said the Sisters had some writing they wished to intrust to me..

When I reached home I found that Father Donnelly was on the high road to recovery, and that ended the Denver provisional arrangement and I also dismissed the thought of Loretto.

Shortly after my return I received a letter from Mother Praxedes asking me to come back as chaplain. I had to explain my position that it was not a matter of my will or of hers alone; there were two bishops interested in the matter, one in Louisville and one in Denver. Another letter from her told me the Bishop of Louisville was willing and in fact a letter from O'Donague came a few days later urging me to come and promising me a home-coming welcome into his diocese. As he and I had been fellow-students at St. Thomas and at Bardstown, his kind invitation had some weight and I concluded to lay the matter before Bishop Matz.

It was at the priests' retreat in June that I broached the matter to him, giving him an account of my experience just about as now written and handed him the letters to read in the order I had received the. His answer in substance was, "I know you are not getting a proper living at Loveland, and our Denver arrangements are things of the past; I know you like to write and I have nothing more for you to do in that line, so if you wish, you may go to Loretto for a while. I am willing to give you an indefinite leave of absence. I will not give you an Exeat, but you may stay long enough to do any writing they want done and then come back to Colorado. Do as you please in the matter."

After consulting with some of my friends I concluded to go at least for one term of three years and let the future decide my course afterwards. The summer was on in Kentucky and I knew what that was, so I wrote to the Bishop of Louisville and to Mother Praxedes that I would come in the fall if that was satisfactory, but my business would not let me come sooner. I wanted to let the hot weather by. I could not possibly think of plunging suddenly from the snow-cooled invigorating atmosphere of Colorado into the hot and stifling humidity of a Kentucky summer without any acclimatization. I knew that the Sisters were well cared for by the Passionist Father, any my delay would not work to their detriment. Both wrote that such an arrangement was satisfactory, and the bishop wrote me to let him know a couple of weeks before my coming.

Such is the history of my coming to Loretto. Mother Praxedes told me that the Sisters were praying to the Little Flower for a suitable successor to the good Father Drury, but she added, "I think I am the Little Flower who got you to come!" The wisdom of it all will be known only in eternity. I arrived at Loretto in the beginning of October 1913, and found Father James McDonnell, C.P., filling the position until my arrival. The work was of the ordinary kind in an institution of the sort, with a sisterhood of about seventy-five members, a novitiate of sixty and an academy school of some fifty girls. The work was not heavy but it was confining and allowed little time for visiting. This was not disagreeable to me, and it gave me time for study and preparation for the press of the story dealing with the Catholic pioneers of Kentucky which I had blocked out before coming, and which I now gave to the press under the caption of "In the Old Days."

Then I took up the work of compiling and completing a biography of Father Nerinckx. There was one already published by Bishop Maas of Covington but it was lacking in some points subsequently discovered, and it was rather involved in other matters foreign to the subject, so a new work was thought the best way to correct the deficiencies. This was finished in 1915, and I went to Techny, Illinois to arrange for its publication.

Before leaving Denver in 1913, Bishop Matz told me that I should return perhaps the next year, to build a chapel in Estes Park for the accommodation of tourists, and that a Mr. Carry of Chicago had offered to assist to the extent of \$500. through the Extension Society. When 1914 came, Mr. Carry's donation had been diverted to Meridian, Mississippi, but later he might help the Estes Park project; so in 1915 I called at the office of the Extension Society in Chicago, stating that I was on my way to build the chapel; but I got no encouragement there, they having lost all recollection of Mr. Carry's promise. However, I went to Davenport, Iowa, to visit Msgr. Ruan and interviewed an old friend, Mr. Patrick Walsh whose son, Walter, had died at Colorado Springs some time before, and from here I went on my way to Estes Park, relying on the Providence of God and Mr. Walsh's check for \$500. to build the chapel of St. Walter.

I reached Estes Park on the 29th of June and rented a log house of four rooms for the season at the monthly rental of fifty dollars. Already some tourists had come in and others were expected, so I set up my altar in the front room where it could be seen from all the other rooms and from a porch that extended the whole length of the building. I said mass daily with some few present, and on Sundays with a good congregation attending, and those who could not get inside the building heard mass from the porch.

The securing of a location was not so easy. Those who had favorable locations thought I came with a pocket full of money, and put exorbitant prices on their property. Finally, through the good offices of Mr. Stanley of hotel and automobile fame, I got a fine lot near the Post Office for \$150. from a member of the Estes Park Land Co., in Greeley. Mr. George Cook of Chicago, then with his family in Estes Park, gave me \$750, and Mrs. P. T. Walsh added \$250. to her husband's donation, and other smaller donations made up the rest. The church was

started--a pretty frame structure with cement foundations--on July 29, and on August 29, I said mass in it, although it was not quite finished at that time. Another week finished it and still another saw it painted, and then completed at the cost of about \$2,000 it was clear of debt. On the 29th of September I was again at Loretto.

Again I visited Colorado in January, 1916, to attend the funeral of Capt. John J. Lambert of Pueblo, the friend of Bishop Matz and my own. Bishop Matz was ill at St. Elizabeth's hospital in Lafayette, Indiana, at the time, and asked me to go as his representative. Returning I attended, as the representative of the diocese of Denver, the funeral of Bishop Scannell of Omaha. Then coming by Lafayette I visited Bishop Matz and saw him for the last time, for he returned to Denver a very sick man and lingered until the next year.

Another visit I made to Denver, was in 1918, to bury my sister, the last but one of six sisters, and the remaining one died since in Idaho at the age of ninety years, so that I am the last of a family of twelve born to my father and mother. Both sisters were many years my seniors, so I may have a few years yet to live if I measure up to the standard of longevity of the family.

A new bishop had been installed in Denver--Bishop Tihen-- and I called upon him to pay my respects and know his will in my regard. He said he would take care of me if I wished to return to Colorado, but added; "Go back to Loretto, stay as long as you like, and come back when you get ready."

This remark left me free to remain at Loretto when Bishop O'Donaghue renewed my appointment the following year, and later also when Father Cronin, the Administrator of the diocese, requested me to remain in Kentucky.

In 1927, I took a vacation of four months, during which I visited Cincinnati, Detroit, Notre Dame, St. Louis, Denver, Santa Fe, and made a tour by Kansas City. My Christmas was spent at El Paso, and I must say I saw more snow there than in Kentucky. A record of this trip I have written elsewhere, so there is no need to go into details of it here. Other trips I have made, but I cannot say that I have been a great traveler, although I have seen the cotton growing in the South, oranges in the Swannee country, the bad lands of the Dakotas, the timber forests of Oregon and Washington, the mines of Arizona, the shops of the Fords, the factory (steel mill) of Pennsylvania and visited as many as three-fourths of the individual states; yet in the long period of my life I have been more of a home-body than a traveler and sight-seer. During these years there have been ups and downs and moments when I felt that my guardian angel protected me, and for what purpose I could not and cannot yet see except that it was the goodness of God to save me in eternity.

And what have I done in return? Very little. If friendship be a sign of good done, then I have done something, for among the Sisters whom I have seen enter and go out from Loretto I have many friends,

and the thought is comforting that I may have had something to do with their ability to serve God and their fellow mortals better, and if the Mammon of iniquity can be made a friend, a Bursar founded at St. Thomas Seminary in Denver may spread that friendship, or its consequences, over many years and many souls, and through it I hope to have a share in the prayers and sufferings of the Church and her faithful children until God in His mercy will admit me to His presence when all prayers find their fruition in the Glory of God. Amen.

Loretto Motherhouse
Nerx, Kentucky
Augst 21, 1933.

died - 1936