To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.¹

recreation of 1st Evening of 1815

indeed the preacher was very very warm—too deep at first for his homespun people²—but the abundant heart poured itself Admirable as with all “authority” love and—very very few faults of English³—fire enkindled in earnest I hope—I shall never forget the gospel or Epistle more than the preacher—this just and godly living, Meditation for a thousand times—you take such a hard countenance when preaching of late G—not only when a son of thunder⁴ as to day, but as the angel of peace last week. What is the reason?—I wanted you to call the past year more to account and the threatenings of the present if abused—but if many hearts felt as our poor dear Cecilias!⁵—never G can I describe to you the expressions of the soul—happily my stop at Mrs. McAters kept me behind that she might hold fast my hand on her heart and hers on mine all the way “O my Mother the hand of God is on me” was all the utterance she could give, and slowly fainting in her sighs and sorrow she came the way along - I in silence like the clown, with heart lifted to God to strengthen her or tears pouring in the heart of my G where our Jesus then was—at last at the bridge⁶ I stopped her to tell, but could obtain only the expression “O my Mother” and broken words about “graces lost, and graces he would

¹Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., added at the top of this letter: “look at last page important the persecution of Mother Seton and of her Sister[in-law], when they became Catholics.”
²The rural congregation at Mount St. Mary’s and in the village of Emmitsburg were neither highly educated nor sophisticated.
³Elizabeth was helping Bruté to improve his English.
⁴Cf. Mark. 3:17.
⁵Sister Cecilia O’Conway, whom Elizabeth Seton had encouraged in her vocation despite Cecilia’s bent for a more contemplative way of life
⁶This probably refers to a small bridge across Toms Creek which flows between St. Joseph’s Valley and Mount St. Mary’s.
have given - and when he said *that word*’ she said it was like a thunder bolt—

this Evening she says again kneeling “O my Mother the Commu­nions made so many many years—what now should be the love—O for the treasure of that divine love!” dear G I delight so to make that heart pray for you—

if you could hear the Community on this authoritative exhorter how you would laugh I hear nothing else—and Charlott [Nelson (Smith)] says “Mr. Harold’ was nothing to that never did I hear any thing like it, and the arm stretched out to speak the resistance to God”—and Celinise⁸ clothed in smiles says “O the deliteful sermon I would not miss it for the world”—Becca “Mr. Bruté said he was so full of devotion he could not get it out”—devotion child - *emotion* you mean another answers—Margaret [George] says “I thought I would never be bad any more, but I suppose the first knock I will forget I am an ANGEL of my GOD”—my G there my recreation to tell you—Vespers and Benediction with you then at 4 the same in the choir—union as close as soul in soul can be—and so will be O dearest thought FOREVER - yes it *must* be forever

- after supper -

+ Note my G in poor Ogdens⁹ letter to Harriet that he says, “*means not tried with Cecilia*”—yet that her brothers and sisters had her many days in a room of his own house threatning every extravagance they could think of that she should not live with the wicked corruption of her mind if she did become a Catholic, but be sent away to the west indias in a vessel then ready—that she would cause my distruction and deprive my children of bread, for they would if there was no shorter way, petition the legislature (<of which he was a member> his brother) to remove me out of the state with abundance of such non-sense—

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⁷Rev. William Vincent Harold, O.P., an Irish Dominican, was in Philadelphia at this time.
⁸Possibly Cecilia O’Conway
⁹Gouverneur Ogden, husband of Charlotte Seton and a brother-in-law to both Harriet and Elizabeth Seton, was staunchly opposed to Catholicism. He wrote Harriet a scathing letter November 27, 1809.
for interest, it is a fact that my mother's own brother who had loved me more than any one in the world made his will of an immense fortune and left me (the lawful heir) only 1000 dollars I believe for I never heard of it since—he was an old churchman—and the lady who now is at the head of all the poor establishments in New York with an elegant house and carriage to share with me, publicly declaring me and my children her heirs of a large possession, even her will made—but the moment religion was in question the friendship lost—besides Bishop Hobart and many visitations to every friend who would have assisted me in any establishment to warn them of the consequences of any communication with me—but Ma [Bridget] Farrel comes with her little hem and says “well if ignorance be useful I am ignorant enough do Mother (down on her knees hands elevated) tell me how to examine for the year - and how to make an act of HUMILITY - but the Lord be merciful to me if I mince the matter I know no better but I am a poor examiner I would rather give all up to my God and forget it!!”—quite a sympathy my G—

6.181 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

+[January 6]

this day of manifestation - how many melting remembrances when in 1805 alone with God in so singular manner as to take the desperate
resolution to remain till the Moment of death of no religion at all since I could not find out the right one\(^1\) - with what ardour and firmness I would stretch out arms to him and cry I will hold to you in life and in death and hope and trust to the last breath—

then on this very Epiphany day dusting a Volume of our Bourdaloue\(^2\) I open the very festival and on the words “O you who have lost the Star of Faith”—then the torrents of distress and anguish overwhelming again—to see a Catholic Priest, O it was the only Supreme desire on Earth but that impossible so wrote immediately to Bishop [John] Cheverous in Boston. I must show you his beautiful answer—

\textit{after communion}

Now my God O God immense God will your atom\(^3\) ever forget this Epiphany 1815—the gratitude of a thousand years penance would be little after it—

My Jesus—Our Jesus / My God—our William /—O God!—
Your lifted chalice alone can thank /—O his Kingdom—
poor Souls unconscious./—there the point of points

\textbf{6.182 Copy to William Seton}\(^1\)

[January, 1815]

My darling child, my William,

1st I recommend to you above every thing your precious Soul dearer to me than my own life a thousand times—O there is no comparison my dear, dear William—

\(^1\)Elizabeth Seton made her profession of faith as a Catholic March 14, 1805.

\(^2\)Louis Bourdaloue (1632-1704) was a French Catholic spiritual writer whose sermons delivered in Paris fill dozens of volumes.

\(^3\)In 1803 John Dalton (1766-1844) first proposed the atomic theory. Elizabeth may have used this term to indicate her smallness or sense of humility.

\textbf{6.182 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:18}

\(^1\)The following instructions so impressed Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., that he made a copy, heading in French: “Instruction donnez par la mère à William en janvier 1815 toutes tache de ses larmes.” [Instructions given by Mother to William, January 1819, all stained with her tears.]
2nd a kind attention to Mr. [Simon] Bruté as your true friend and a devoted respect for his sacred character

3—And to his family a grateful affection - you will I know my dear one

4—you will especially mind all his advices knowing your own inexperience—

5—You will mind oconomy in Every thing, as we have Nothing but what we recieve from our friends, till you make your own independance my William

6—When you are with the [Antonio and Filippo] Filicchis take every opportunity to show them you remember their uncommon friendship to your father [William Magee Seton] and to us all and never be ashamed of our poverty while you are industrious and exert yourself in the employments they give you—you know my dear one it would be very mean to dress and make a show untiill you earn for yourself and do What you can to requit[e] the debt of gratitude we owe them

7. I beg you so much not to give way to National prejudices, but to allow for many customs and manners you will see,—why should not others have their peculiarities as well as we have ours—try to please every one you must be with and to do every obliging action in your power, I never remember to have failed in this but I repented it—and let your father’s daily good rule be Well in your Mind, first given by our Lord as the great point of charity to consider how you would wish another to do to you. 2

8. be cautious and prudent, my son, with strangers till you know that they mean good to you—if not why should you be their dupe—and as you will be so long among strangers take at once a habit - of kind friendly behaviour, but be firm in never indulging a disposition to jest or laugh at others, it would be a great Mark of ignorance and ill Manners in both the countries you go to—

9—again I recommend you the strictest oconomy [on] our principles—and to keep a little book of private account—and on [no] account run into debt

2Cf. Mt. 7:12.
10. And my William - my soul’s darling the first object of every care and anxiety of my heart do do remember your own mother is your best friend. give her the fullest account of all that happens to you - tell her even your faults and errors—Do do my William—and be not my dear one so unhappy as to break willfully any command of our God, or to omit your prayers on any account—Unite them always to the only merits of our Jesus and the Maternal prayers of our Mother and his - with them you will always find your own poor poor mother—you cannot even guess the incessant cry of my Soul to them for you—don’t say Mother has the rest to comfort her—no, no, my William, from the first moment I recieved you in my arms and to my breast you have been consecrated to God by me and I have never ceased to beg him to take you from this World rather than you should offend him or dishonour your dear Soul and as you know my stroke of Death would be to know that you have quitted that path of Virtue which alone can reunite us forever—separations, every thing else I can bear - but that never—your mothers heart must break if that blow falls on it—think much of your tender loving Josephine and Rebecca, of Richard’s set out and the future consequences of your example to him

again I must recommend to you to be most grateful to our Filicchis - you will find them as I have told you most amiable Men, but with great ideas of order and exactness and even severe where they see a want of Good Will - but nothing easier than to obtain their friendship by a little attention—Mrs. Amabilia Filicchi will be surely your friend if you are kind to her children especially her little Patrichio and Georgino—Mrs. Philip Filicchi also if you are attentive in the little triffling things which may oblige her—

—my darling Child - Mother’s heart can say no more - these friends have been the most generous and kind to us, be grateful that is all—do not blush to be so - it is ingratitude that is base and vile

—Our God—Our Eternity—the last and only word!—

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3Mary, Mother of God
4The sons of Amabilia and Antonio Filicchi
My Eliza dear

love my William for me the little while he will be with you - what would I give to see him meet dear Craigs\textsuperscript{2} for whom he has always had the most uncommon affection—he goes to France for a first step towards the mercantile life he has concluded on - probably to be placed with the Filicchis after a while—You would say God is too too good to me if you knew the friend who takes charge of him - Due may tell you I feel as secure as old good Tobias\textsuperscript{3} was—give William a line to your Paulina if you can and Mrs. Olives direction\textsuperscript{4} if he does not see J[ohn] Wilks who I hope will give him a letter to her at all events give him her direction if you can

—alway your own friend EAS

William will tell you all about my dearest remembrance to All—when I tell you the Rev. Mr.[Simon] Bruté will take William in his own home and family in France, it is not necessary to ask of you and dear Craig every kind attention if he is any time in New York

\textsuperscript{1}When he left St. Joseph’s Valley, William Seton carried this letter of introduction from his mother to her dear friend in New York.

\textsuperscript{2}The Craigs, William and Samuel, were Eliza Sadler’s brothers as well as Elizabeth’s brothers-in-law.

\textsuperscript{3}Cf. Tob.5.

\textsuperscript{4}Direction means address. Mrs. Olive was a New York friend who had moved back to France.
My dear J Wilkes

I know you will be glad to see our William, though I think it will be but a moment. I am sure too you will think me very happy in being enabled to send him to Europe with an excellent friend who will probably forward him to Messers [Filippo and Antonio] Fillichis to begin his Mercantile career on which he has now settled his mind, and as Richard seems inclined for the same course the advantages William may now gain may be useful to both—I beg you to remember me very affectionately to your dear family all, especially to Eliza and be assured of my unceasing attachment to you and them EASeton.

William will tell you we are all well little Kit almost a woman—

Will you give William Madame Olives direction in a letter perhaps, he wishes so much to see her family—

My dear Antonio

this letter will introduce to you the Rev. Mr. [Simon] Bruté, a most distinguished Soul as you will know in a moment, if you have ever the happiness of a personal acquaintance - there is no possible recommendation I could give him which would not be ratified by our Reverend Archbishop [John Carroll] and the Blessed [John] Chevrous by whom

6.184 ASJPH 1-3-3-7:79
1William carried this letter of introduction when he left St. Joseph’s Valley.
2William’s father, William Magee Seton, had been an import-export merchant and had also spent time in the Filicchi firm as an apprentice.
3Direction means address. Madame Olive was a New York friend who had moved back to France.

6.185 ASJPH 1-3-3-10:43
1Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., received this letter of introduction before leaving St. Joseph’s Valley.
he is most highly loved and esteemed, our Archbishop indeed values him as an inestimable treasure in the church and you will find if you have the happiness to know him yourself that his uncommon PIETY, learning and excellent qualifications (and even his family since you Europeans take that in account) entitle him to the distinguished friendship and regard of Mr. Filippo [Filicchi] and yourself—he has adopted the great interests of my William so generously, that with yourselves I consider him our truest friend in God—what more can your little Sister say to interest you - judge for yourself—

Your EASeton.

6.186 To William Seton

+[February 1815]

My own darling William

all these new Uncertainties bring a deluge of tears from your Mothers inmost heart before our God, but be assured my dear one we may have the most perfect and entire confidence that every thing will turn out for the best, and you must rely on your Mother that not the least step will be taken, or any thing whatever done, but what accords with your own wish, and if any thing should be concluded about your remaining yet awhile in Baltimore, and you find yourself not happy in your situation, speak your heart to your own Mother who will be every thing for your contentment—tell me Your whole heart even now - let me see it as it is, not considering me, but yourself—if you should be received by Mr. Tieman¹ surely it would only be to try it you could engage you[r] mind in the career pointed out to you, and you would I am sure conduct yourself there as you have always done, with attention and good will to every one—however as I know that in such

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6.186 AMSV 100:10, 7

¹Luke Tieman was a prominent Baltimore businessman who later accepted Richard Seton as an apprentice to work with him and live with his family. His sons Luke and William were students at Mount St. Mary’s 1813-1817.
houses order and exactness are of the greatest necessity I point them out to you as of the first importance—

Your friendly and attentive behaviour also to that family² most kind and friendly to us, and whose children have so long called me Mother I need not recommend Josephine's uncommon affection for the eldest daughter here will probably make a lasting tie between our families, since it is known that they have the strongest attachment to each other which the Tiernans have done every thing to cultivate often inviting Jos to pass Vacations there etc—

My own William let nothing be hurried - be assured you have the tenderest friends, and your own happiness is the only intention of all - be as candid as possible with our ever kind excellent Madame [Marie Françoise] Chatard³ - never will you meet truer friends than in her and the one I first committed you to, and though you will probably not be separated from him, ever preserve for him the heart of gratitude for the unbounded goodness of his intentions towards you - and show it on every occasion in your power.

2 O'clock—

I find Mr. [John] Dubois strongly bent on your pursuing the first intention,⁴ and proceeding immediately if possible to Leghorn - if it is your wish also, I will wish it too, but really my William I can form no distinct idea of what is best, yet what you would wish yourself would have the strongest weight with me. My child—our God will direct—the poor little girls catch at the hope of your remaining, but we must be strong and look only to the permanent Good, not the present Consolation - it would be too sweet to us to see you comfortably settled in this country without enduring the cutting separation - but our God alone knows what is best—I am ready for every Sacrifice to

²The Tiernan family of Baltimore
³William was staying with the Chatards while waiting to see the passage, the delay caused by war conditions. Not anxious to leave the United States, he tried to secure a position with Mr. Tieman. Word of the peace treaty ending the War of 1812 reached the United States February 11, and it was announced to the public February 17.
⁴Rev. John Dubois, S.S., favored apprenticeship with the Filicchis in Leghorn (Livorno) for William.
promote your good - time and distance change every thing but never can alter my tender doating love for you, if I go and depart even in the next World as Anina said I think my William will be the first cry of my heart—

Sunday Evening

—If you could have seen Richard to day when I only hinted the hope that perhaps you might not go from us - his heart was so full thinking perhaps you might be together in Baltimore - but I think if even you come afterwards and settle there yet for the present it would be your wish, and perhaps best that you should go first—but indeed my William I know nothing and leave all to the Providence of our God, only you have my full consent and blessing for a decision either way—Nature would plead much for your stay, but our God knows best, and that is the only wish I indulge

—how I wish this letter was in your hands that you might know my whole heart is set on your good, not any particular wish of mine, since every wish is only in that one aim, you[r] good my dearest one.

Saturday morning—

Mr. Raborg⁵ - cannot stop a moment— all well—

your own Mother—

6.187 To William Seton

[February 1815]

My own dearest child,

I cannot write you very well till I hear from you—my eyes and heart overflow at every thought I indulge of you - the uncertainty of what your situation may be—whether the operation is made - if you are in your bed of pain or what may be the event of your journey - but

⁵Goddard Raborg was enrolled at Mount St. Mary’s 1815-1816.

6.187 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:12
yet never did I give up my child to our God, as at this very time - and your yourself my dear one let your heart look [to] him - trust him con-fide all to him and be sure as I told you to remain faithful to your exte-rior duties.

to tell you how much I wish to hear from you is impossible—you know the heart of your Mother and as to Rebecca and Josephine they can hardly look at me but the tears start in their eyes at the remem-brance of our Willy—our kind Rose [White] has made you panta-loons, I feared so much that something might happen to those you have—do write me as soon as you can—remember what Mother told you beside the chapel—and do go to your dear communion if you can

6.188 To William Seton

12 February 1815

my own loved William

they say you are not gone yet from Baltimore but I hope indeed you are many days ago, over your sickness, and enjoying the delight I know you will have in being at sea—yet as you may indeed be delayed by the ice Mother incloses the little word of love to Madame [Marie Françoise] Chatard who will return it if indeed you are gone -

My darling child - no hour that passes but you are remembered and talked of by your own Beck and Jos - for me my soul and body are not more united than my heart with yours—

Sunday Evening

—just from our Mountain and read your so dear letter to our Rich-ard and little word to Mother - Richard was so pleased and we thought we could see you flying on your skates and admiring the flotilla etc. - all your pleasure in this new scene I doubly share - and am full of hope and confidence that all will go well with my every day dearer William - My hearts darling as Bec calls you when she speaks of you only “be
good" as Anina said and I will be the happiest of Mothers—I am sure you show a grateful heart to our kindest Madame Chatard and that is all we can do - but let that be seen my dear one in even your most trifling actions—to Mr. [Simon] Bruté too, you know how earnestly I wish it—how much it will contribute to your good and happiness as well as your own mothers—if you should want any thing my Darling ask Madame Chatard freely for it, I have begged her to keep a little memorandum if you have any wants and in the summer I can return it to her—I long for your letter by Post - it will tell me every thing—my dear one prepare yourself again for your Voyage - you know I mean the precious soul so loved—

They hurry my letter Mrs. Wickam is going so early—will write again in a day or two—soon that sweet little comfort will be over - but hope - is all to your Mother—

Remember me most kindly to the so friendly MacMarnesy - to all who are kind to you—dear dear dear child be blessed for ever
Your own Mother—
tell our blessed Mr. Bruté Rebec says she never suffers but she thinks of him, because he told her to offer her pains for you both - poor darling has had many indeed lately

6.189 To William Seton

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Thursday Evening 16th February 1815

My own William

I can imagine well how painful this long detention - but it is for the best be assured, on a better principle than Mr. Popes “whatever is is right,”¹ but this delay will give you a little time to be weary of a life

6.189 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:3
¹Elizabeth Seton quotes from line 289 of “Essay on Man: Epistle One” by Alexander Pope (1688-1744).
without activity, and when you set out to work you will be in earnest—how we will long for the first letter which will tell us you are engaged in some business with our Filichis or which ever way the Patriarch provider\textsuperscript{2} will point out—My William - my William - I could write a whole page of only that word - but I must be strong, and give you up again and again to God my dear one—

We hear Peace is declared - O that it may be so - you have enjoyed the gazettes so much I know, I cast my eyes on General Jacksons\textsuperscript{3} name and read it with pleasure knowing you had read the same more than for the events of the day, for my dear one your poor Mother looks only at Souls I see neither American or English, but Souls redeemed, and lost.—but you must—your case is quite different - love your country—yet also all countries my William - see things as they are - Passions and excesses you will find every where - try to speak openly to Mr. Bruté and with a free heart - your own Mother asks it on her knees, as last request - he can advise you so well - and you my William without Father or Mother on the wide ocean of the world - ah how much more dangerous than that you will so soon embark on - rely on it God himself points out to you that you must confide in this true friend, and you can recieve nothing but advantage and blessing from it, though he will not be so attractive to you as a thousand others you will meet

—O my dear dearest Child a thousand thousand blessings be with you—again they hurry me

Your own Mother
We are all well—
My Very Soul seems to go in this letter

\textsuperscript{2}Divine Providence

\textsuperscript{3}General Andrew Jackson, (1767-1845), a major-general in the War of 1812, came into prominence when his forces defeated the British at the battle of New Orleans (1815). His victory made him a national hero, and he was elected President of the United States in 1828 and again in 1832.
My dear Sir,

Your letter inclosing the check for $90 29 - is received—Mary [Diana Harper] is in perfect health and all life and spirits though disappointed for the moment of your so much desired visit—her dispositions unfold very fast and reason and good sense are always predominant when she takes time to reflect - but that is not often. We find the real cause of her impatient and indocile behaviour for some months past arises chiefly from an extravagant affection for her class Sister,¹ the least attention of this Sister to any child but herself is a pain to Mary. and you would be amused to see how this fancy acts on her little mind - but it will pass, and is of no consequence now compared with the future—I mention it to you that you may know so leading a point in her temper—she improves considerably in every respect except the high haughty temper which I am sure for her own happiness you would wish controled but I treat it very gently, unless when she dares us all, which sometimes happens, then indeed I could only insist on her taking bread and water for her dinner and asking pardon, which has happened but once this long while.

She has written to her aunt and yourself yesterday

with most grateful respect to Mrs. [Catherine Carroll] Harper I am your faithful Servant

EASeton

¹Sister Margaret George
6.191 To Julia Scott

My own Julia—

I had an uncertain hint by our Sisters in Philadelphia that it was so¹ - but hoped and hoped that it was mistaken - My Julia - now to be by your side if but one hour - my own dear dear friend!—my God, what would I not give—Yet I should even there be silent for he alone now can give comfort he alone can speak peace to that dear heart

—Louisa Caton is here and says much of what the dear and amiable John Scott is to his Mother - his devoted attentions - cheerful heart etc but I know well by the same experience you have how far that goes, though indeed I am most grateful that he is at home and with you—My own dear Julia - take courage at this moment, look up think of our future blessed home where there will be no more separations do do my Julia - and do ask John to write me a line if you cannot, to tell me in a week or two how you are and how you pass this dreadful trial—I fear the poor little dear frame will sink—I pray much that you may be strengthened my dear one it is all I can do; the first use I should have made of the bill you enclosed would have been to have gone to you immediately had it depended on me, but we are obliged each one to be at our post or all goes wrong and our school would suffer without my presence just now - but my poor heart you know Julia—you cannot doubt it a moment—

William after all his different desires to settle himself in some useful way finally resolved to go with a kind and excellent friend to France with a view to perfect himself in that language, and as the safest way to join the house of our good friend Filicchi and devote himself to commerce—poor darling—he is an excellent child, that is all my hope - You may suppose my Julia what a gift your 100 dollars was

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¹Julia Scott's daughter, Maria Litchfield Scott Pederson, died in Copenhagen, Denmark, November 14, 1814, but word did not reach Philadelphia until March 1815. Three Sisters of Charity who had moved to Philadelphia in 1814 to take charge of an orphanage were in contact with Julia Scott.
at such a moment to settle the unavoidable expence of his little narrow
outfit—poor children they will love and bless you to their latest
breath—if William passed thro’ Philadelphia which was uncertain it
would be in the Mail to New York where he embarks the 1st April, yet
if he could be in Philadelphia a half hour he would find you—

O our Julia—May the God of all mercy bless and comfort you—

your own friend EAS.

6.192 To William Seton

18 May 1815

My dear William—

I wrote you a few lines - that our Rich[ar]d was safe back poor Jack
saddled without a rider - you know how much all that means, but I try
to be thankful rather than sad sure that at least we have meant all for
the best—and your two dear dear letters from New York, Aunt [Mary
Bayley] Posts kind reception, and your last word opposite the Battery
in the ship which would . . . O my William tears will overpower and
my Soul cries for our Eternity! My dear dear one if the world should
draw you from our God, and we not meet there! that thought I cannot
stand - I will hope, do hope—my God who knows a mothers Soul sees,
and he will pity—

// I can write you but few lines at a time, the heart is so full, but you
will write to us often as possible not in the Zeluco stile, O no, you will

6.192 Apostolic Nunciature, Washington, D.C.

1This letter to William is addressed to Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., in Rennes, France. William and
Bruté sailed on the Tontine April 6 for Bordeaux.

2The horse William usually rode

3The Setons had lived at the Battery by the Hudson River at the tip of lower Manhattan when they
faced bankruptcy and left New York City for Italy because of William Magee Seton’s deteriorating
health.

4A tear stain appears on this letter after the words: “in the ship which would.”
never think it a task to write to beings so dear as your Bec, Jos, and Mother - for us, it will be always like a renovation of life, for it is almost unaccountable how tenderly we love you who seem now to be the only root and dependence - even with Rich[ar]d for all the comforts looked for in this life—

/18th of May/

—this written before the last news—You can easily suppose what will be our Anxiety till we hear from you—but you know my old and confident rule that those who most want the protection of heaven are surest of obtaining it—my very Soul cleaves to you day and night, and night and day, the one look of my heart to our God for you is unceasing, except in sleep and often even then—My full confidence that whatever changing events you may pass through you will act as a Man and a [Christ]ian and will keep in view our true Home and eternal re-union, is my sweet consolation, and that Confidence is even extraordinary since you are so young and may have so many trials to pass through—

dearest dear dear William!—we are all taking care of one another that we may live to see you again - while I count what Oclock it is in France, where we must hope you are arrived, Rebecca says “and one day more gone of Willys absence” - Many think the Tontin's will return if you should meet the last account half way - for me I can but look up and dare not even wish, knowing so little what is best - or give you one word of what I w[oul]d wish for you, in whatever change may befall you in our original plans—all to God alone in his dear Providence—but do take every care of yourself Soul and Body and write write above all difficulties—but I know your Blessed Master will take care of th [page torn] as for the opportunities far as depends on him, and for your heart I am sure it will not be in want

Reb and Jos will not write you now, until we hear how it is with you . . . we amuse ourselves [so] much in calculating what you are doing the different hours of the day wh[en we] are going to bed you just done dinner and when we are calling every blessing on you in the Morning with the divine Sacrafice you sleeping soundly and sweetly we hope—O how often I kneel in spirit by your bedside—you understand
my own dear one, I would be as faithful to you as your good angel if I could—they write me that your Uncle [Wright] Post is gone to England for his health so you may meet in Europe somewhere which would be so great a pleasure to both

Richard is as you left him, he makes the Wednesday visit sometimes in a lonely mood since you are gone, and really does not seem as if he would ever get accustomed to the separation—My dear one I must repeat to you the earnest recommendation to show a most grateful heart to your Blessed guide and friend—do do write - and love and pray for your own Mother—

*Trinity Sunday*

- the most heavenly day - Charlott [Nelson (Smith)] sung the Grand *Te Deum* with little Bec, Jos, and a few more of our best singers how many thoughts of you, and after dinner at Mr. [Charles] Duhamels with Sister Susan, Richard, Beck (who road in her coach cart), Jos, and Mother but it is useless to look back - we must look forward my dear one and encourage one another with the tenderest blessing

Yours

6.193 To Julia Scott

[May 20th 1815 written on the outside]

My Julia dear

your letter was a true cordial to my heart - I knew well the heavenly purity of Marias' mind from her infancy but had no idea that she had been even under the influence of pious impressions—dearest friend you see then in so dear a picture the certainty that religion is the only real support in the uncertainties of the present life—how different would have been the departure of your darling so far from you and all

6.193 ASJPH 1-3-3-6:106

1Julia’s daughter, Maria, was recently deceased.
she had so long loved if this best consolation had not supplied for all—but you knew all that long ago—

how much you must be attached to her Pederson,² his character must be admirable indeed by his letter and with him she must have had a prospect of happiness which might well have attached her to life—dear dear friend I repeat again and again look up, oh yes look up with your own friend—if I did not life would be a burden indeed—

My William with all all his warm hopes and our best intentions for his advantage in procuring him this Voyage to Europe is now between Bourdeaux besieged and Italy in a state of Insurrection³ if the last news be true but happily he has a turn of temper which minds nothing taking every thing as it comes and making the most of it—When we had the prospect of War,⁴ he was all desire to be in the midst of it, and when peace came he was equally desirous to enter any useful way of life—so if only he escapes massacre etc he will be happy either way.

long long ago I gave him up to God really as the idol of my heart and I expect all to turn for the best, though anxieties will crowd—

Louise Caton has had the attention to write me a great deal about you my own friend and says I can form no idea of your sorrow—my Julia dear—what can I say—God alone can help—she also wrote me a page on the advantages of my sending my Kitty to you of which I am well persuaded, and no motive on Earth could be so persuasive as the hope that she might give you the least comfort or cheer one gloomy moment, but that she would not do, as her mind is not unfolded and she is still a complete child, and her affection so fastened on Mother that she cannot bear to be from me an hour—my Sister [Mary Bayley] Post has so often urged her coming to her, but the poor darling supplicates let me only stay with you Mother as long as you live, and I on my part anticipate as early a death for her as Annas she is much more delicate than she was, and has frequently a little hack cough which indicates a very weak breast—also it would be depriving my poor little lame darling of the only companion of her heart—and for myself, William

²Peter Pederson, widower of Julia Scott’s daughter
³Elizabeth was concerned for her son’s safety because of the state of insurrection, the One Hundred Days of Napoleon, when he escaped imprisonment.
⁴The War of 1812 between Britain and the United States
gone, Richard soon to go somewhere for his living, I think it would be worse than death to let her go from me—such a mystery this life is that beings so dear to each other can ever consent to live apart I do not understand it, nor could poor William, only that he was really obliged to turn out as the eldest of the family that he might make some exertions for the rest if they should be in want of his care otherways he never could have stood the conflict - he was really sick and ill for the first week—

my dear dear dear Julia our Eternity—O will we meet there—and this dearer part of self too - our God - all must be committed to him.

in the mean while I am your own own most tenderly attached


6.194 To William Seton1

[June 17, 1815]

My William

I will direct your letters to yourself as soon as we know you are safe and where. that you may not be delayed in receiving them in case you are nearer the Sea ports than our friend 17th June 1815

My William So dear, the girls are so particular about their sides [of the paper], I did not mean to limit them, only that they should leave me a little place, as I do not know what postage may be your side of the world—and so here we are almost as opposite as the poles - I have the globe our blessed Mr. [Simon] Bruté made for the mountain standing in our room, and even at night by the light of the lamp often look at France as the spot on the globe containing my dearest treasure—I know not how absence acts with you my son but to me it doubly

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5Elizabeth's son William was in Europe, and Richard hoped to be accepted for an apprenticeship in the near future.

6.194 ASCSE Seton-Jevons #296-297/8

1The first pages of this letter were from Rebecca and Catherine. Elizabeth wrote at the top of the first page and continued on the third page.
endears what I had thought could never be more endeared—sometimes the sad thought strikes me is my William unhappy, is he regretting his country and friends (especially after the little taste at New York) but I do not rest on these ungrateful thoughts and look straight to the intentions and motives of our separation... and now as a man you will see things in their true light I trust knowing well that in every situation and place on earth we must find contradictions and difficulties—my own own dear one

—this moment I hear your old rooster under my window and jump up to throw him some crumbs, he call his hens and chicks, and with his bill gives them all without swallowing one bit—independent self-denying gentleman, more reasonable than his betters, I cannot help drawing the lesson to my son so dear, while in it I remember the great heart of your poor grandfather who was incessantly employing himself to procure ease and convenience for others, never in his bed after day light, or in it till night, and so indifferent to every ease or indulgence for himself that his whole life was what we would call in our better light a hard penance—this from a mere amper of independence and release from common wants and habits—Others when you have so long known the blessed value of intentions, Keeps yours straight up and look to him who dispenses all, and all so surely for the best—but how I do long long to hear from you—a beating heart at the sight of every letter that comes—can a child be loved as I love you—but you know it well—

So strange I have not a word from New York since you left it, only that your poor Uncle [Wright] Post was gone for England as I wrote you - that is all I know beyond our mountains—My William - My Souls William remember me in all your thousand trials and temptations feel the heart of a Mother wrap round you - hear its cry for your Eternity—our Dick is looking to the moment of your reunion together as almost the only wish he has in life—I could not have guessed how great his attachment to you if you had not parted—Rebecca has a large tumor in her lame leg, Yet her health is better - to see Willy again is the whole cry -

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2Dr. Richard Bayley, Elizabeth’s father, had been a skilled and dedicated physician.
O then guard well that Virtue and pure heart My dear one which will be the charm of our reunion - O if our God should be forgotten in that heart and it should become—no no no - never never - let me die and be gone before that insupportable sorrow comes—I pray for you incessantly and really often take care of the old bones so dear to you—tell me all your wishes without reserve, everything possible to me I will do to meet them—that you know well—

your own own own Mother

6.195 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.¹

JOURNAL 1815

+St. Scholastica [February 10]

first letter from New York²—all the House round to know “what the Brother said”³—O my grateful Soul! after it was too late the thought that I had not begged you to lodge William always with you made me tremble and to hear you had been firm on a point so dear, on which I had even earnestly prayed!—you understand - our God - our God - our all - Such a friend as his G for so miserable a one as the poor sinner - mystery of infinite goodness - I try to repay at the tabernacle - while on the high seas rolling billows up to the heavens and down to the deep—our God!—

now in retreat - the Superior [John Dubois] in his element - almost I laughed out at his opening - telling the children to be as many little stumps, no, “chunks” of fire put together, one he said if left alone

6.195 ASJPH 1-3-3-3:26

¹Elizabeth wrote this journal on four pages in an almost microscopic hand for Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., whom she refers to as “G.” It is difficult to read without a magnifying glass; however, it reports the activities and people from three different establishments in the immediate area: the Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Mary’s, and the Catholic congregation in the village of Emmitsburg (later St. Joseph’s Parish.)

²Bruté and her son William left New York to sail to Europe together.

³Elizabeth had an especially close relationship with Bruté, who must have suggested to Rev. John Dubois, S.S., to keep a journal during his absence, but this labor of love fell to Elizabeth.
would soon go out - my eye fell on an old black stump in the corner, and a big inward sigh to the live coal far away which used to give it the blaze in a moment - well - so, and so, and so—

Saturday Eve of St. Josephs Patronage [April 15]—of the first communions of the Valley 1815 your letters of Easter Saturday and Sunday just arrived this ____ of April—alas so much for distance of only 40 miles - what then for thousands—well—but my very heart is laughing at your anxious desire for William—that too much—*not only to take him, but desire and wish to have him*—O my infinitely good Master and laughing too at your earnest request to your Brother [John Dubois] so dear for a journal from him, or you say "*chargez la mere de ce petit journal*" excellent - Oh if that is your wish *fear not* you will have enough—Well as far as this very day I believe you have all only that Mr. [Charles] Duhamel has been two weeks home with many complaints rising from cold - Ma [Bridget] Farrel nurses him (O most happy) and Johanna⁴ good Mr. Egan⁵ who is almost gone - Mr.

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⁴Sister Joanna Smith (1768-1841) was one of the first two candidates (Sister Bridget Farrell was the other) who petitioned admission to the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity January 30, 1813. Known as Sister Joanna, she was Procuratrix (1814 -1817), an office from which she wished to resign but was not granted permission. She also served at the Baltimore Infirmary (1823), St. Mary's, Albany (1828), and St. Joseph's (1830) where she died January 21, 1841. She is buried at Emmitsburg in the original community cemetery.

⁵Michael de Burgo Egan was ill. He was a nephew of the bishop of Philadelphia with the same name and one of the first students at Mount St. Mary's. Mary (1800-1817), his sister, was a student at St. Joseph's at this time where she was admitted gratis because of her father's financial difficulties. She entered the community December 1816, was known as Sister Mary Teresa, and died June 20, 1817 as a novice. She is buried in the original community cemetery in Emmitsburg. In *Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté and His Connection with Community, 1812-1839* (1886), a passage attributed to Elizabeth describing Mary Teresa Egan's death is given: "The most pure, the most heavenly minded Mary Egan departing. I have been watching the little lamp these twenty four hours, and when we thought it just out to the last minute, all the Sisters gone, the last Indulgence given, she turns suddenly to her poor Michael, her brother, with a smile and tells him: 'You know not how sweet it is to die in the arms of JESUS or you would not cry. Rejoice with me Michael, thank Him; He takes me to Himself. Be faithful to GOD—the last words my father said to me.—I leave you in His hands, Michael; I am going home, my brother, I go a little before you, to beg a good place for you, Michael.' Then she gives me the smile, and says: 'Rebecca promised to get one for me.' And turning again said: 'It is so sweet to die in the arms of JESUS'" (p. 560).
[John] Hickey⁶ quite well - so embarrassed with the 3 minutes I stand by his table in the morning I believe it is the plague of his life, yet I persevere and often catch a word to show him what he is in the eyes of my Faith - O!! blessed soul—we have nursed him and given him all the little cares we could. I give him share of Martinas [Quinn] bitters,⁷ make him candy for his cough etc.—I tell you because you know all my Supernatural whys—letters from Philadelphia⁸ most urgent Sisters will be sent immediately - Rose [White] says when she saw the Brother it was as if she saw Mother Superior and the whole Sisterhood she never had experienced such feelings—so and so—and your Mass there—O—and the last at my New York—no word from Mr. [Anthony] Kollman—fiat—

Dr. Wells⁹ our good hearted friend who drew the needle for Annina nursed Harriet and Cecilia received all the Sacraments, and a last request was to write to Mother and the Sisters to pray—nobody sick now of your dear congregation who so many catch a word of Blessed Mr. Bruté asking me as Mother Mrs. Haws in full simplicity says “I do not think I ever saw a saint upon earth but Mr. Brute dear Mr. Brute” you know how long she takes to get it out—let them think so for our Lords sake

—your Brothers health is miraculous—Mr. Duhamel says “the fellow says come old gentleman ant you going to get up and say Mass when I am obliged to scream as if I had lancets in my back if they only go to lift me” - but he is much better. Speaking of you “poor crazy Bruté if his neck ant broke—the Lord help him but you are very happy Mam to have such a gentleman to take care of your son” O most happy

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⁶Rev. John Francis Hickey, S.S., (1789-1869) was the first priest ordained at Mount St. Mary’s and the first American member of the Sulpicians. When he was a young priest, Elizabeth once reprimanded him because of a careless sermon. At Mount St. Mary’s (1814-1818) he had a reputation as a disciplinarian and as an English scholar. After an interlude in Baltimore, he returned to Emmitsburg around 1825 where he remained despite the Sulpicians’ withdrawal of sponsorship of Mount St. Mary’s. He became the fifth superior (1830-1841) of the Sisters of Charity while he was also pastor of St. Joseph Church in Emmitsburg (1825-1841).

⁷Bitters are a tonic, usually alcoholic, prepared by distilling a bitter herb, root, fruit, or seed to stimulate the appetite and improve digestion.

⁸Four sisters were at St. Joseph’s Asylum in Philadelphia, but because the demands of the mission were stressful to their health, some replacements were needed.

⁹A physician in the Emmitsburg area who had attended Anna Maria as well as Harriet and Cecilia Seton, Elizabeth’s sisters-in-law.
indeed dear Sir—and good Miss Polly puts up her eyes and clasps her
hands echoing—O most happy indeed

—Here comes Rebecca¹⁰ smiling and bright as an angel says Dear
Mother I am all clean I hope - just recieved my absolution—O the
light heart - and a big new swelling come in the highest part of the
lame leg—darling Josephine in her endless anxieties not yet heard,
comes to ask “is biting the fingers and biting the nails all the same sin”
- dear dear child—O when she knows truly what sin is - must
she?—our Jesus—

// St. Josephs Patronage [April 16] after the communion of our 30
white caps,¹¹ 12 first communions Your good youngest Galleher and
Maecan, most sweet and edifying - called them in my room for the
white cap and cape but more to remind them to remember you - O!

—your Brother so delighted with a first communion he gave little
Hughes (Daniel Hughes child) on her death bed last night, soon as he
brought in our Lord she put up her hands and cryed “O my God I thank
you”—he had his deacon (Dedier) [Anthony Deydier] and sub Elder¹²
and is as gay as can be, planning and laying out future “What I will do”
- he lives in futurity, and I in the past until the World of realities - lov-
ing dearly to look often at our Easter tomb when looking at any
thing—but such a vacant brain - only to press the crucifix on the heart
and look up in silence or at the eye within, that is all - and let the rest
pass its way as you and my souls William on your high seas—

reading a picture of Judgment to our black caps¹³ the other evening
I got laughing as so often happens when my nerves are weak, and to
hide it I said I hope at least in the great rising we will each be able to lay
hold of our crucifix that we may hold it up for defence, and all agreed
it was a shame that we have so few in the house that we cannot allow a
poor Sister in her coffin that last possession, then the next thought is to
write to the Brother to beg him to bring us three or four dozen ever so

¹⁰Rebecca, Elizabeth’s youngest daughter, was suffering from a painful tumor which caused her
lameness. She was barely thirteen when Bruté and William left St. Joseph’s Valley.
¹¹“White caps” probably refers to a group of the children at St. Joseph’s. There were not yet that
many novices. In March 1815 fifteen Sisters renewed their annual vows.
¹²Two Elders were enrolled at Mount St. Marty’s in 1815: Alexius Elder (1810-1819), son of
Charles Elder of Baltimore, and Guy Elder (1810-1821) of Emmitsburg.
¹³The Sisters of Charity were often referred to as “black caps.”
coarse ever so common - and then your act of charity too will appear when “the elements will be melting”14 Our God - when will I be good and look at Death and Judgment as I ought, pray for that fear for your poor Mother—

the girls resound the house with their hymns - do you remember “Come let us lift our joyful eyes” at Mr. [Charles] Duhamels?—our Jesus!—

Ma [Bridget] Farral makes us laugh till we cry she went to nurse Mr. Duhamel “I walked in Mother with my cabbage leaves in my pocket to dress the Rev. gentlemans blister and he refused my services because he had some old woman he had sent for, so I told him Mr. Duhamel Mother sent me here, the Superior I am sure wished me to come, Sister Betsey [Boyle] I know wished it and Margaret [George] herself desired I should be sent (all the council) and so Mr. Duhamel if you will not let me dress the blister at least I will have a hand in it and so Mother I picked my leaves most carefully and staid it out - then the Reverend gentleman was so much better next day and Miss Polly so much better we sat all to breakfast together and the Lord forgive me in the middle of Breakfast I remembered there was no grace said and up I got to say mine and up got Mr. Duhamel to say his, but he was not offended for before I left him I was the best old woman in the whole country and he did not know how to part me”—

now while I think of it let me intreat you to bring us some medals of St. Camillus de lillis15 patron of the agonizing - pictures of Xavier16—Anastasia [Nabbs]17 and the two Nelsons [Ann and Charlotte] be sure to remember.

St. Anselm [April 21]18

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14This is the first line of “Contemplation in Heaven” in Hymns for the Use of the Catholic Church in the United States of America (Baltimore 1807).
15St. Camillus de Lellis (1550-1614), patron of the sick along with St. John of God and also patron of nurses and nursing groups. His feast was July 14.
16St. Francis Xavier (1506-1552), one of the first Jesuits sent to India, was named patron of foreign missionaries. His feast was December 3.
17Anastasia Nabbs was serving in the infirmary at Mount St. Mary's.
18St. Anselm (1033-1109) was a monk, theologian, and archbishop of Canterbury.
the last word from *the Narrows*\(^{19}\) and going with pressing sails - O our Jesus! he held the poor heart in his own hand while it gasped to him and him alone—Well, that is done—now the morning sacrifice and evening adoration *full* indeed—they who have neither!

St. Mark [April 25]

—a most dear Communion for the Absent - but which is not most dear and for the absent? your Brother sung the litany - I search my vacant brain, and not a word, while the heart flows and overflows. I would note you something about *his* affairs but they seem to me all comprised in his *cautious, equal, daily* grace almost miraculous - a moment of vexation on receiving Mr. Bertrands\(^{20}\) bill to Mrs. Seton, but I laughed him out of the important affair - no money on earth could have the least value with me but the “*Oh*” which is sewed on *the Sacred breast*—that indeed as a sacred relic would be *precious* gold. to tell you how gay and cheerful he is is impossible, it puts me out of patience almost—such loving epithets and condescensions—my bad heart sickens—but quick drops in its nothing to let all go round - our God must pity, I am sure he does—

I can never tell you either the strength and grace I draw through every bad moment from the little words of last year written even for these very passing festivals—the oil never fails to flow at one glance of them, ever new and calling the Soul to its true light of Faith and better hopes—

// Mr Duhamel - says “poor [John] Hickey got a great compliment this morning an irishman told him the 3 priests\(^{21}\) at the mountain all put together is not worth one [Simon] Bruté - poor creatures,” the old gentleman adds, “they tell me to my face, now Bruté’s gone all is gone - some say they will not go to confession till he comes again—poor dear good Bruté, did you see his letter Mam *to every body, to save

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\(^{19}\)The Narrows is a strait in New York between the end of Long Island and Staten Island which connects Upper New York Bay with Lower New York Bay, now connected by the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge.

\(^{20}\)Felix Bertrand was at Mount St. Mary’s 1814-1819. Often the older students were instructors for those in lower classes.

\(^{21}\)In 1815 the three priests at Mount St. Mary’s were Rev. John Dubois, Rev. John Francis Hickey, and Rev. Charles Duhamel.
souls - poor crazy Bruté he says he will be on the high seas, he would be much better here attending his congregation, he could tend six congregations at least, he can do what would kill ten men if you only give him bread, and two or 3 horses to ride to death one after other poor gentleman if he was but steady!” “But Mr. Duhamel,” I said, “he is sent by the gentleman in Baltimore22 by Mr. [John] Tessier.” “O my dear Mam he has turned their heads too.”—very well - what a fine account of you Mr. Bruté and he loves you so much that you are gone and loses patience whenever he speaks of it—so drolly he said you had “used at least 3 reams of paper to convert Peter and Paul” but you will “never do anything while you keep rambling about.” So consider well my “dear crazy gentleman” many a truth is said in jest as you know—

// a letter from Mrs. [Eliza] Sadler very reserved “I have done all that human prudence could do in sending William with such a guide”—that is all and “William’s gravity”—very well—and poor “Brother [Wright] Post sailed for England for pain in the breast and rest from his professional duties”—our God, . . . and his Eternity!

// Cicils [Seton] dear anniversary [April 29]—eve of rogation Sunday—your Brothers very soul dancing at a new thought of moving old Peters house to the side of Mrs. Dusiens house and planting 3 old Sisters there (maybe I shall go at last)—“I propose I intend I will”—very well—excellent—and Anastasia and Julia23 goes to relieve poor good Teresa and Rose will take the school of little ones, Josephine24 goes to return the carriage of Livers with Susan—well all well—

Sunday -

and our so dear Mountain Altar—O the hours in that tribune! - Silence Soul till Eternity—and our good Superior [John Dubois] running out of the little cell down the hill without hat calling “Mother,

22One of the Sulpician priests from St. Mary’s College
23Elizabeth sent Sisters Anastasia Nabbs and Julia Shirk to relieve Sisters Teresa Conroy and Rose White in Philadelphia.
24Catherine and Sister Susan Clossey were going to return a carriage to their neighbor Mr. John Livers.
Mother"—and the sudden news Bon[aparte]25 etc. and the ship would perhaps turn back—Our God—but the great ship of St. Peter! my G26 will in the bosom of God as in the moment of first parting - cares, sorrows, disappointments all of course and my Mother 80 and more, Augusta Camile—our God - our hope - our Father—and the 100000000 souls—ah these the point!—Rogation Days—the full cry of his whole church!!

Monday—

poor Gibson27 here protesting so much—and "Nothing to withhold him from God"—yet remaining - because of studies I told him if you were studying for a wife you would study fast enough—reminded him of blessed Mr. Moneyham28 who would at least take care of the Negros for our Jesus - alas a Priest more or less in our country—and the high calling yet I did not make him angry for he forgot forms and seized the withered hand in parting or rather the fingers so quickly drawn back with a look up to our God - ah poor poor Gibson had he ever drank our morning cup—but how few—now for the last time the Pascha nostrum immolatus29 etc. - other music of that preface!—

Ascension Eve of [May 4]—

Jesus Volupitas cordium Victor triumpho nobili30—but my two words, lacrymarum gaudium31—the thousand pressing thoughts—dare not hope you will be at the Altar til Whitsunday [Pentecost]—that begged for with the whole cry of the heart—that first in your dear France again!—William servant—Silence! our God!—5 or

25Napoleon had escaped.
26Elizabeth seems to be freely associating Bruté, whose first name was Simon, with the allusion to Simon’s boat as the barque of the apostle Peter, who was sometimes called Simon Peter. Cf. Mt. 14:29 and John 21:3. Bruté would be visiting his brother Augustine and his wife Camille in Rennes, France.
27In 1815 John M. Gibson of Maryland and Horatio Gibson, whose residence is unknown, were both enrolled at Mount St. Mary’s.
28A Mr. Moynahan was on the faculty at Mount St. Mary’s in 1812. Rev. James Moynahan was ordained in 1813.
29The Latin "Pascha nostrum immolatus" means “our paschal lamb which was slain [for us].”
30The mostly Latin phrase, “Jesus Volupitas cordium Victor triumpho nobili” means “Jesus Delight of the heart, noble and triumphant Victor.”
31The Latin “lacrymarum gaudium” means “the joy of tears.”
six communions only of the congregation—a terrible Deo gratias from Uncle Elesius about a dozen O's to Mr. [John] Hickey (deacon) ten—a most heavy spiritual atmosphere for ascensions after a long council—but the spirit willing—your Brother begs you to bring your poor little bad Mother a Breviary, one side English or French—it is his very very particular wish—

St. Michael [May 8]

—our hour of Death—in the mean time gave our Rev. J[ohn] Hickey a scolding he will remember—the congregation so crowded yesterday—and so many strangers to whom he gave a sermon so evidently lazy and answered this morning “I did not trouble myself much about it Mam” O Sir, that awakens my anger do you remember a priest holds the honor of God on his lips do you not trouble you to spread his fire he wishes so much enkindled, if you will not study and prepare while young, what when you are old—there is a Mothers lesson—“but prayer”—yes prayer and preparation too. blessed Soul God has not given—yet he may give—

// our dear worn out Sus returned—our God! what must be the meetings in heaven—so happy to have her alive that she may die with Mother—but such letters from Baltimore about the late event—ah they do not see the heart of Faith so high with our God overlooking the clouds of all human events—what is the worst and the worst that can happen to the dearest—Death? and what of that—but the poor “pupil” who may make ship wreck of his dear eternal interest—or the one hand less to hold the chalice—there the point—and the immense interests!—we now make your meditations of last years Octave to the Holy Spirit—this night the heart of poor sinners who will let the heavenly feast pass by! our God—how will we in the very Sanctuary improve

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32 The council refers to a meeting of Elizabeth Seton and the governing council of the community. In 1815 the council included Elizabeth as Mother, Elizabeth Boyle, her Assistant, Margaret George, Treasurer, and Angela Brady, Procuratrix. The Superior, Rev. John Dubois, S.S., usually participated in the council meetings.

33 The breviary contains the official prayer of the Church, then called the Divine Office, which consists of psalms, scripture readings, and readings from the Fathers of the Church for designated times throughout the day for each liturgical season.

34 Sister Susan Clossey returned in poor health to St. Joseph's Valley from her mission in Philadelphia.
then? and where the G. of my Jesus - in his bosom that is sure your own poor Mother EAS—

Whitsun Eve [May 13]

This the third little sheet for good Mr. Bertrands voyage, now renounced - but the good angel will direct—Whitsun Eve at the foot of St. Marys Mountain from whence the thousand streams of remembrances coming down with the silent heavenly dews which to the “whole world gives excess of joy” as says our divine preface—the God of our heart sees what passes in mine on such a festival of desires, remembrances and realities, with its unutterable cries to the lux beatissima35 which is to pervade so intimately every faithful heart you understand fully—the hope that you will be at his altar and there recieve the Olive of Peace from the mystic Dove—or if yet shut up in your ark, the abundance he will pour—either overflows the soul of the poor American Mother with torrents of desires for you in this season of graces—your share will be without measure if the poor sinner is heard - first Mass in France - the dear venerable Mother so long counting days and hours - the multitude of friends - yet the uncertainties—so, his bosom in silence is the rendezvous at last

[Whitsun] Day!! [May 14]

// so many of the congregation speak of you—Mrs. Uphold in her full innocence says “if he would come back - I love him so as a saint in his very flesh.” I give many of the little pictures of the cross with the motto “he gave himself for me” in your name and to remind to pray for you—5 or 6 communions only these two days of Ascension and the Holy Ghost (except the seminarians) where there used to be 70 and 80 at high Mass—perhaps they go to early communion, I only know your Brother hardly takes time to breathe as they say—Yet his health seems as usual, and be assured I spare him all that depends on me—you understand

35The Latin “lux beatissima” means “most blessed light.”
Friday—One o'clock

if you could see the Superior in the hall surrounded by the singers practising *Te Deum* for Sunday—I *steal* to say litany of saints for inten-
tion of the church this blessed Ember Day and another *Veni Sancte*\(^\text{36}\) for the G of my Jesus - *whole soul*—

// Trinity Eve [May 20]

—the impressions of this day like those of yesterday especially at
10 and 11 alone under the eye of sorrow; after the morning affairs of
the house settled - the divine sacrifice so present, the holy holy holy so
incessant in the heart—was it *then* O my God? - what is distance or
separation when our soul plunged in the ocean of infinity sees all in his
own bosom - there is no Europe or America there—our God, and our
*All*—the pen can say nothing—the Unions of tomorrow that is all in
our home choir, while sleep reigns the other side of the world, and in
our Tribune at your Mountain—and at the Vespers and Benedic-
tion—Charlott [Nelson (Smith)] is to sing *her best* tomorrow poor lit-
tle Angel Bec\(^\text{37}\) to go in her cart with Sister Sus[an Clossy], though she
has a large swelling high in the lame leg - blessed child - I forgot to tell
you *Cecilia* [O'Conway] has taken my soul in hand, and declares *it
shall be perfected*, she will do violence to *his* heart she says, and every
communion and prayer for that until her mother is a *true Mother*. she
says these things with such awful emphasis it makes me cold—yet
how precious the prayers of such a soul—

Trinity day [May 21]

—7 *in the morning* half hours thanksgiving amidst the *heights* and
*depths* - *God* and his *creature*! *WE* lost *in him*! the little visit paid Mr.
[John] Hickey - our 2 divine Psalms 102 and 103 read - tears mixed on
the Bible—and now would say a word but not one can speak but *God*!
this the feast of *sky gazers* I place Mary in her leather case on the heart
with earnest beggings that she will keep that eye on him for us till our

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\(^{36}\)The Latin "*Veni Sancte*" is a traditional prayer to invoke the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The
title means "Come, Holy Spirit."

\(^{37}\)Rebecca Seton, now quite disabled and ill, would be pulled by Sister Susan Clossey, who had
always served as a nurse for the Setons.
Octave in Eternity—and this day - O on our Mountain! in him wrapt and him in us—

on that mountain the souls loud cry seeing the good oldest Galaspy38 gone, returned to his family health lost, a skeleton - and I, a mother of 2 both for the World—my sins - I know - yet his mercies - he sees the torrents at the thought that I bore and suckled them for any thing but his service—O do do do pray—

EVE of Corpus Christi [May 24]

— the thousand dear remembrances with the one great remembrance! Soul be silent—

Day [May 25]

—so bright and glorious—the hidden manna so abundant—all day exposed on your beautiful Altar - crowded congregation Mr. [John] Hickey's best endeavours - many communions - quiet dinner at the grotto before the old cross yet standing after winter storms - draughts of the clear stream; then benedicite39 and back to adoration old Europe and America in one - on the road in the morning going gently along under the burning sun, the poor soul was surprised by the momentary light sometimes allowed on such a day—and in this moment begged as in such moments may be begged, A Soul—you understand, and your unbelieving Brother came quicker than thought—all day then he was the pole to which the little needle turned while it went its rounds for the whole world—alas he only one of millions unmindful or blind to the glory of our day - your Mass and benediction our Mass and benediction! one only Soul in All—Your brother cried out to me what he had lost in his brother, and could hardly restrain his tears at my louder cry, “My God what then have I not lost,” yet your only will forever—silence soul—not the sky gazing but the heart burning feast now—Wrapt in him, with all that love him, how closely then with the heart of Eternity—

38 Three Gillespie brothers were enrolled at Mount St. Mary’s: Neall, (1812-1815), John (1813-1817), and William (1813-1817). Elizabeth is probably referring to Neall.

39 The Latin “Benedicite” is a traditional invocation at mealtime signifying, “Let us bless the Lord.”
Mr. Tessier writes in such triumph that his darling was called for even by the Superior over seas, on particular business, and how happy that this precious pearl was esteemed and confided in equally by both—the clearer eye of the Mountain and old microscope of the Valley must laugh at these doating Grandpapas though so venerable—the darling himself must smile at these poor blind optics — our Lord permits — let it pass—Tu es sacerdos in Eternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech — there the souls grand triumph, all else but smoke.

// this beautiful octave of remembrances, past—+—who gave benediction every evening last year? O the full full Union now—if you could have seen Sister Betsey [Boyle] dressing your Mountain Altar with laurels—and the poor good Jaimsons anxiety — he is so drole every thing must be done by the book, we call him the Rublic—poor good Floyd is very sick, he is to enter the sanctuary with youngest Galespy and McGerey — if he recovers—Alas, alas, alas!

we have had our dear 80 years old Mrs Wyse here a week to get once more the divine Sacrifice and Communion—she says she has never forgot you one day, and will not forget, she prays the whole time dear dear soul an enthusiast at her age— when I left her in the morning to go to the mountain she would stand on the chapel porch to look after her little mother, and when we returned in the evening met her on her horse going home, she put the bridle on his neck stretched her arms up with her eyes fixed on the clouds a moment then on me as for the last look in this life—O my Saviour—the last look — how many many last looks have I recieved—Williams, yours—

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40This refers to Brute’s trip to Europe on business for Mount St. Mary’s and a visit to the Superior General of the Sulpicians, Antoine Duclaux, S.S.

41Pss. 110:4. The Latin “Tu es sacerdos in Eternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech” means “You are a priest forever according to the order of Melchizedek.”

42Henry Jamison of Frederick, Maryland, was a student at Mount St. Mary’s and later entered the seminary in Baltimore, but he withdrew prior to ordination.

43John Francis McGerey, son of Felix McGerey of Frederick, Maryland, was enrolled at Mount St. Mary’s 1810-1819. He had a sister Mary (1809-1869) who attended St. Joseph’s and in 1826 entered the Sisters of Charity. Know as Sister Mary Eulalia, she later withdrew and entered the Georgetown Visitation Convent.

44Mrs. Wyse who lived in the area visited St. Joseph’s for a week because distance and infirmity prevented her from getting to Church as she wished.
you see I say not a word to you of my poor interior world—the poor little Atom in darkness clouds and continual miseries - going like a machine in the beautiful round of graces—a sad month the past—but yet another begun in the same stupidity and weariness of soul and body - communion itself but a moment of more indulgence for this state of torpor and abandonment—wanting all, and asking nothing for after so much asking, and so much granted, to remain still the same unfaithful thing so long—poor poor Soul where will it end - there the point of dreadful uncertainty. I look over to the little Sacred woods, then up to the clear Vault all is silent - poor poor soul—

You pray while we sleep, we pray while you sleep—this an odd comfort, but a great one—the last thought with the dear crucifix on the pillow your Mass

The good archbishop [Carroll] says “how unfortunate Mr. Brutés going, will he ever return I hope so indeed and that very soon” - dear dear archbishop how tenderly he loves you - take care - you are so well and too much loved by all I fear for you—would rather you should be in China than too much a darling here—it is only because they do not know you my son - yet those who know you so well do they care less?

Eve of St. Barnabas [June 10]

—to look so bright a morning over at the Mountain church and round it! the anxious Saturday heart no more there - words are nothing - the eye on Eternity - that the only remedy—

Night

- Now the look to the blessed hands bound with cords, and the tears - and blood—the Mothers heart cries by all these to bless - the Mothers heart of Eternity, nothing in this world this happy eve of your first Mass he entered Simons ship, bid him launch out in the deep, O yes the deep our Jesus - to leave all - and follow—O that your Simon may indeed catch and plunge after souls, your beloved souls with every breath of his life

—my son go burn under the torid zone if he wills it, but do not stay and eat sugar plums—“their sound through the whole world, their words to the end of the earth”—then the “throne”—I am jealous of our Archbishops doubt—but peace - the only only Will.
so many of your Mountain children and poor good blacks came to day for first Communion instructions—they were told from the pulpit all to repair to the Sisterhood - so they came as for a novelty, but we will try our best to fix them—poor dear souls so unconscious !!!

St. Barnabas [June 11]
—a man full of the Holy Ghost and of Faith - exhorting all with purpose of heart (how I love that) “to continue in the Lord”—O the thousand thousand thoughts on this so dear festival of the Apostle of Consolation and the first Mass of my son of Eternity—so in our mountain tribune - there the silent torrent—I have reminded your Brother how dear this days remembrance—

St. Anthony of P[adua]
—I hope you think of Filicchi to day—dared not ask for communion this year tho’ it was granted the last, and recieved from hands most dear—now the torrent had overflown, and the clouds so thick—no sunbeams—alas alas alas!—Mrs. Oliver (so rich you remember) is crazy and they apply to us to recieve and take care of her—a precious beginning of our hospital as he offers any money—you may suppose how many plans of a building through the zealous brain of your brother “I will I will I will”—while I with hands crossed on Marys picture and the crucifix under the shawl bow, and assent and smile and expect it may be in Spain - yet it may be the moment—

we have eleven Protestant girls entered since you are gone—one to day from a heart broken Father who begged she might recieve the strongest religious impressions “the only consolation in this life” he added - I gave only the silent bow with eyes full from the heart—our God - my tongue was fastened for he was an elegant refined man of the high world, so—

// Rebecca says “I cried so in my sleep last night dreaming that the Brother was come back and had not seen his Mother, and while he

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45The feast of St. Anthony, June 13, would be the feast of Antonio Filicchi.
46Elizabeth gives the impression that some discussions had been held about the Sisters engaging in health care ministry in a more formal way than by home visiting and nursing as they were now doing.
47Elizabeth insisted on accepting Protestant students at St. Joseph’s Academy over the objections of Dubois.
blessed me he said 'my Mother is dead Rebecca’’” She told this so innocently and added “if he was but my real brother as well as my spiritual one (poor darling she does not know that is the only real) yet Mother if he was I could not love him better.”—do bring her some little thing and Josephine, and above all the Nelsons.

—O Yes the only real—our spiritual world how real and unchangeable its dear dependencies - no dividing oceans, variations of time and the painful etceteras - these I am ever praying and begging for the accomplishment of his will and the establishment of his Kingdom in and through his so dear Missioner*8 - distance and time forgotten - wrapt!

// yet such continual gathering of clouds—I read again the hundred direction papers of the two years past with yet greater delight than the first reading and gather new courage and stronger Faith as when they were first applied - the grace as present as when they came fresh from the hot press of the burning heart—now cold perhaps - and surely far and far away—

// good Mrs Nat Elder*9 has picked up a poor eighty odd years sinner from over the mountain among poor Methodists and I so poor was sent to see her, nothing so drole as her answer to the proposal of our Mysteries the continual repetition “to be sure I can believe, cannot the great Almighty God do it - to be sure” “Great Almighty God” to everything - tomorrow she makes her first Communion (death close by) 84 or 5!!! O infinite goodness—and I have all the Blacks (O I [unclear]) all the blacks for my share to instruct—excellentissimo! you will perhaps be back just in time, for the Superior says no one can be ready before October or November Silence - Eternity!—your heart would ach for him as mine does if you could hear what his position is “Not one soul Mother on whom I can rely to see a class well kept much less to give a spiritual instruction Mr. [John] Hick[ey] pure as an angel but neither Judgment or intelligence”

*8Rev. Simon Bruté

*9Mrs. Nat Elder was a long time resident of the Emmitsburg area. The Eyler’s Valley Methodist Church was built in 1857 and is still over the mountain from Mount St. Mary’s. Prior to its construction, the congregation worshipped in private homes.
—poor Superior often he will not dine because his head is so suffering and no sleep—he said laughing “you see my hair cut I met the barber in the woods and I sat down on a stone to let him do it there there is no time at home”—Often I remind him of how you would suffer to know how little he spares himself - but you may as well speak to the moon - and he will have to preach now twice for once to let Mr. Hick[ey] prepare his sermons—no one would believe any one so drole in hesitations and unconnected—trying to say how the flesh was our enemy he would detail the senses O and coming to the smell after hems and stops and folding his arms “the smell—the smell my brethren distracts us” I pray for him more than ever for your crazy English, and scold him with all authority of an Ancient—but he says “Mr. Duhamel says it makes the congregation proud if they see you try to give them good sermons” but my friend if your subject is unintelligible for want of preparation and connection what becomes of Your grace and theirs—he shrugs his shoulders and says “pray for me”—so it goes—O Eternity - a moment more and—O do do do pray much for your poorest Mother, and look to my child in every thing as your own—L.J.C.—

6.196 To Filippo Filicchi

[29th July 1815 date received]

My dear Filicchi,

you will have no doubt of the tender love of our good master for your poor little American convert, since even this so well advised step as being approved by our Venerable Archbishop [John Carroll] who treats us like darling children, the blessed Bishop [John Cheverus] of Boston even pressing it, my Rev. Superior [Dubois] here insisting, and at last our God throwing my poor William in your hands without

50Previously, Elizabeth had reprimanded Hickey for poorly delivered and inadequately prepared sermons.
permitting the delay and time for knowing your will to receive him\(^1\) or, perhaps the most just and sacred reasons to the contrary—all this proves indeed I must be a little child and take from the Adorable hand my little hard crust,\(^2\) for though my delight and pride that you and Antonio [Filicchi] as the Providence of God to us have so long supported us, is increased instead of lessened, yet to abuse and take advantage of your goodness to us was far from my intention—one thing only I am sure of that our God will turn all for the best, for if ever an intention of [mine] was for him it was this above all, to shelter and keep a soul so dear, [from] what seemed inevitable if he remained here, and if even now you should find it necessary to send him back I will ever bless God that he has seen Catholics and Catholic religion as they are, instead of the shadow he sees here, and that he will have at least a year more of strength to [support] him in that only object of my Solicitude—for what is their fighting with [trials] and disappointments of this world, so much the better for them, if only that one only one point—

O my poor pressing heart when I think of it— and you must not think it is all because they are my poor ones, our God knows since I am where you called Filicchi, and with me so many more in his own church, I would indeed consider the whole world as dung\(^3\) for any one soul I could help to the same happiness, much less those whom he permits and commands me to struggle for; you would be convinced of this if you could know what we have gone through only to decide on this separation from William, for we have been so linked by our particular situation and total division from family connections that it is like tearing Soul from Soul as you will know when you see into his disposition which exteriorly is cold and reserved, but very different in reality.

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\(^1\)Elizabeth was anxious about William's arrival in Leghorn (Livorno) because she had received no response to her letters asking the Filicchis to receive him as an apprentice in their firm. William had hoped to contact the Filicchis upon his arrival in France, but because of the political turmoil due to the Hundred Days of Napoleon, William had had to leave France in haste. The Filicchis, in fact, did not know of his coming, and Filippo gently scolded Elizabeth in an August 14, 1815, letter for sending her son without notice.

\(^2\)Cf. Mark 7:27.

\(^3\)Cf. Phil. 3:8.
dear dear child - if only he can master his bad pride I believe all the rest would be secure - and you will pity him, and pity me, and be assured whatever you will do we will recieve as from the hand of God himself - will you salute for me your dear Signora Marie⁴ and if my poor Boy remains, recommend him to her - if not thank her for the abundant kindness I am sure she has already shown him -

Your devoted EASeton

this letter from Williams little Sisters read it and see their innocent hearts. It is sealed but he will give to you—

6.197 To Antonio Filicchi¹

[7/n.d. received]

My dearest Antonio

It is not to such a heart as yours I shall represent what passed in mine on hearing that poor William was obliged to go on to you without waiting to know your will on the subject—You see that with one glance, but I cannot see what is the event for him, or what your situation in these sad times of uncertainties—

Antonio, my brother—friend of my soul, and instrument so dear of its Salvation, and in mine of so many more than you even can guess, be in this point so extremely tender to my most weak mind, broken down by so many hard trials as you know, and by so many more you never can know while this great Ocean divides us, be my true brother and tell me all your heart, scold me if you are angry (but gently) and tell me all if any thing can be done in any way to alter what I could so little foresee, for bad as it is to have him struggling with the hundred disadvantages and dangers of our country so miserable for young men, yet if our God wills it he will pity—all is in his hands and yours - and I can

⁴Mary Cowper Filicchi, Filippo’s wife

¹William hand carried this letter to Antonio Filicchi.
answer only for my Faith *all will be right and that you will do all for the best* - our dearest, truest, best friend.

I did not know of the Vessel our Archbishop [John Carroll] wrote by or I should have been to happy to have profited by it to show you at the first moment my *only* wish on the subject that your goodness may not be abused, or we go out of the order of Providence—I sent you the most Fatherly letter of the blessed Bishop [John Cheverus] of Boston, and I have had another since, all consolation and encouragement—pity and pray for your poor little sister—EASeton

Every dearest remembrance to your lovely family—O do do write me soon—how my poor heart will fasten on God when I shall see a first letter from you, for you can have no thought of my heart for that child or his endearing dutiful conduct to me—God alone sees.

6.198 To William Seton¹

29th July 1815—

My Souls dear William

Many letters I have written you to Bordeaux but it is doubtful if you will ever recieve them - this I will beg Mr. [Felix] Bertrand to forward to Leghorn in one Vessel and Rebeccas and Josephines in another hoping that at least one may get safe²—

You know your poor Mother so well you can judge of the moment we first heard you were safe - and of the next when the *Blooming Rose*³ arrived and your letters were thrown in the sea - but above all that you had been obliged to go on to Leghorn without knowing if our friends [the Filicchis] could recieve you—

My child my own and dearest William I hold the handkerchief with one hand while writing with the other for my eyes are as streams till I

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¹Written on the outside: Sister Susan kisses this direction with a full heart.
²Elizabeth was sending the letters from her daughters Rebecca and Catherine separately to increase the probability of at least some of their letters arriving safely.
³A sailing vessel
know all about your situation and reception, not that I doubt a moment of every Kindness yet your going might have been ill timed and inconvenient - yet my poor heart rests upon God for I know you must begin the World and to be accustomed to its trials and disappointments, your mind will never be strengthened and enlightened in any other way, and I hope all from the excellent principles you have always shown—only I repeat to you try to accommodate yourself to the dear Providence of our God for you in every thing—the only distinct imagination I have of any part of your situation is when you have the lovely children of Filicchis round your knees knowing how dearly you love little ones—those at the Mountain you used to play with asked to this day if William is coming back—I gave little Ternan a ribbon you had worn round your neck to wear round his own which delighted him so much it repaid me for my Sacrifice for you know how I love everything you ever touched—

My William—do do mind Oconemy, Order, Submission to every wish of these generous friends who are such true friends to us.—You have now seen the dear grave, the counting house he was in at your very age, where he gained every ones good will by his amiable manner and peaceable disposition.

—O my child—what would I not give to hear from you - and you will write I know if it is but five lines every Opportunity—Richard is anxiously waiting to know how it is with you his heart is more set every day on doing his part in life with you, he feels the Separation more than you can imagine, but he seemed when he left us to keep Batchelors hall with poor George Boarman, who has lost his Father and is very sick, to be determined on pushing on with his writing and French etc. and wait still a while before we make any application for a

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4“Little Ternan” was probably a child in the family of Luke Tiernan of Baltimore where Richard would later be for an apprenticeship. Two Tiernan boys, Luke and William, were enrolled at Mount St. Mary’s from 1813 to 1817.

5The grave of his father, William Magee Seton, who died in Pisa in 1803 and was buried in the English burial ground in Leghorn (Livorno)

6Archbishop John Carroll conferred tonsure on George Boarman, a seminarian at Mount St. Mary’s, October 8, 1812. Boarman later discontinued his preparation for the priesthood at Mount St. Mary’s. He had three sisters who were students at St. Joseph’s, Catherine, Elizabeth, and Mary.
place any where—poor darlings you have a rough road to go—if only at last we all meet where all will be well, and no more separations—

All goes just so here - every body prays for you and loves you I have letters from all directions to comfort me about your unfortunate Voyage as many fear for your safety - but your little Mother does not—Our God is so good, and has been always so tender a Father to us—

do write Mr. [Simon] Bruté a few kind lines my dear one - it is proper you should he has been so kind to us—And do love every one of the Filicchi family for me - only think [what] they have been to us - a grateful heart [is the] only return in our power, and your conduct my dearest one must express it for us all—Mr. [John] Dubois told me to unite my Communion for you this morning with the divine Sacrifice he offered—O My William you know with what love I obeyed—and how the poor doating heart wraps you in it very center night and day—A Dieu

Your own Mothers tenderest blessing

6.199 To William Seton

My own William -

last week I have written to both Mr. Filicchis, and to yourself in each of their letters—but since that, how can I tell you the happy moment we have had when seated on our little trunk Mother in the middle Jos and Bec opened your letter so careful that the seal should not tear one word—Our God only knows the joy and gratitude and sweetness of that moment—My William - I could write whole pages only with that word as I repeat it at my little table so often in the day looking up at the blue sky or over at our little wood—child of my Soul be good

6.199 ASIPH 1-3-3-9:6

1Rev. John Dubois, S.S., added a note to this letter.
and be happy the only thought that frightens me when I feel weak and faint is that I will see you no more in this World, but that is Nothing - if only in the next write me how often you have been to the tribunal\textsuperscript{2} since you left me, and if—

\textit{O do do} be a true man in the image of your God - cherish and keep that Soul pure so dear to him and to your Own\textsuperscript{3}—Richard is still with [George] Boarman in proportion as our love for you increases (if possible) our delight in having him near us increases - but I know not how it will be—do my love write him at once and tell him how you regret every moment you lost in improving yourself, as I am sure enough you do, by experience - he is so young and one year more till your Allotment is better understood could not but be an Advantage for his whole life, especially as Mr. [Felix] Bertrand is to teach French at the Mountain which you know now he cannot learn too well—

I long so to know if your American heart bends to your duties with a good grace, if you are industrious and determined to show your good sense and fortitude in the position your God has placed you—that is true courage my dear one, as you will know when you get a little more experience—and do write us - it is all you can now do for us, if you could see Bec’s eyes glisten at the thought of a letter from you, and Jos throw up hers and smiles of delight—as for me I say nothing, for truly you cannot even guess what you are to me. —and the more of your recreation you will give us to write all the details of your days and hours the more you will comfort and console us for this hard separation

—I will write your friends in New York what you say of their goodness, already I have done my part be sure—Mr. [John] Dubois is so much interested in all your concerns, and was much delighted to hear of your safety under the \textit{Eagle}\textsuperscript{3} we thought always reports were exaggerated—I hope you have written Mr. [Simon] Bruté if you are safe in Leghorn—O MY CHILD A \textbf{DIEU}

—a thousand kindest remembrances to our Friends.

\textsuperscript{2}the sacrament of Penance.

\textsuperscript{3}"The Eagle" symbolizes the United States.
To William Seton

My own dearest loved William

Word is just brought that I may write you by some Vessel going from Washington - we wrote last week and the week before to yourself and to the Mr. Filicchis also — and how many times I have written you in France is endless, but the chance of loss of our letters makes me anxious to repeat them as I know a line from us at any time must be so dear to you — Jos is preparing for her ASSUMPTION COMMUNION, and Rebeca as serious about her confession, but never was there two more faithful little hearts than theirs to you — every little pleasure it is “O if Willy had it” and every weary or painful moment O if Willy was here - the thought of you is seldom absent from either of us — you cannot imagine the Extravagant news we hear from Europe, but I have always the strong hope that you are safe, sometimes we think perhaps our friends in Leghorn may think your stay there of no use if all is in such disorder as is represented, and that you may quickly return — Our God [only knows] but I know that at all events I shall be glad that your [character] has been strengthened and enlarged by being a little out of your Native land — Make the best use you can of the time be it longer or shorter, and above all mind [the point] of points since our dear Eternity together depends on it — one only letter from you as yet - but I am sure you [wrote] if you are safe arrived - and every least particular you [unclear] how dear — Richard not returned from [George] Boarmans yet - we are all very well, every thing very much as you left it — Mr. [Simon] Bruté we suppose returning, but all so uncertain.

Not a word to tell you my dear one but what has been repeated in so many letters — Nothing from New York since the Death of your poor uncle Richard¹ — Edward Post² declares he will come to see us as soon as his Father returns which is expected next month September

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¹Richard Bayley, Elizabeth’s half-brother, married Catherine White in 1812. He was killed May 29, 1815, in a horse and carriage accident. He left two small children, Henry White and Anna Margaret.

²Elizabeth’s nephew, the son of Dr. Wright and Mary Bayley Post
BE Blessed my own dear one - every kindest most affectionate love and Respect to the two families of Felicchis—Your own Mother

Mind to write - imagine your 3 sitting on the little old black trunk, Becks arm round me, and Jos head on my shoulder, while we read together the greatest delight on earth to us A letter from our William

Beck comes in and crys out “my dear dearest love to my Billy O how I did dream of him last night”—alas our dreams are all we have my Willy—

6.201 To Julia Scott

14th August 1815

My dear Julia

Your little letter and its Bountiful contents are received but it neither comforts me for your health or the sorrows of your dear heart which I see plainly, and know well by long experience are worse than even in the first bitter moment—every day I feel more and more my Anna¹ is gone how much more sensible must you be to the separation from your still dearer one for you my own Julia had every flattering prospect for this world, I only anxiety and fears which increased with my doating affection for her, and which I could not even guess at the extent of, till she was gone. but we must both look only at the Fathers hand.

—you will be pleased to know William² arrived safe at Bourdeaux, and from thence went with a most kind and respectable family³ to Marseilles from there his passage to Leghorn will be very easy - he writes in the full expression of his hearts content, says he is quite safe

6.201 ASJPH 1-3-6:107

¹Anna Maria Seton died in 1812; Maria, Julia’s daughter had recently died.
²William, Elizabeth’s eldest son, had traveled to Europe with Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., in order to begin an apprenticeship with the Filicchis in Italy. At Marseilles Mr. Preudhomme de Borre facilitated William’s journey to Leghorn (Livorno).
³Madame de St. Césaire, a sister of Mr. Preudhomme, provided William Seton hospitality in Marseilles. From Genoa William traveled in the company of an English gentleman to Leghorn (Livorno).
through all the rough scenes around him under his American cockade and Eagle which he is obliged to wear - the most dangerous Voyage, both sides of the Vessel staved in, cargo thrown over, but he says “I slept sound and dreamt of you” — I am sure Filicchi will do all he can to forward his settlement in life - his sole ambition now is to become some way able to take care of his sisters in case of my Death, or their wish to change their home—how little he may have it in his power, or how much he has to go through before he can be in such a situation, I never have told him because he never could have a better motive for his exertions.

—Your J[ohn] M[orin] S[cott] they tell me is the most affectionate attentive son that can be imagined - so indeed he well may be to such a darling little Mother - at least when you return to your home let me hear from you dearest Julia, and of our ever loved Brother, and Mrs. [Charlotte] C[ox]—they must be almost old people now if I judge by myself—

your own EASETON.

6.202 To William Seton¹

You should receive this my dear one and not mine just written and sent by different opportunities for a better chance take with it the tenderest blessing of the Whole Soul of your doating Mother.

⁴Symbols of the United States
6.202 AMSJ A 111 013
¹Elizabeth added this sentence to the August 27 letter of Rebecca and Catherine.
6.203 To Antonio Filicchi

My ever dear Antonio

Surely by this time you have received some of my multiplied letters on the subject of William's being sent—Our God at last would have it so though not indeed in the way I wished or expected—

You were absent when your so kind brother and my William wrote, but do not do not scold your poor little Sister—this life will pass so soon—and you lay up such blessed stores!—plead my cause with your dear Amabilia [Filicchi] - embrace all your dear ones for me—I am so afraid now that William should forfeit your protection that I think it almost a temptation—I must trust All to our God at last—

Your blessed [John] Chevrous' letter I fear has not reached you—he blames and tenderly reproaches a moments hesitation to trust all to your boundless Goodness—yet Antonio to abuse that Goodness!—

Our God knows all the struggles I have had about it—do write me a few lines—

Your own friend and Sister forever EAS

6.204 To Archbishop John Carroll

+7th September 1815

Our Revered dear Father.

It is so long since I have asked your blessing and rememberance that I take this good occasion to recommend again a family so dear to you, especially our excellent Sister Kitty [Mullen] who after long gathering of an abcess on her breast seemed to be at the last extremity,
and was anointed last Saturday - she since has a little relief but re­ mains in a very uncertain situation - she has written her good little Sally¹ and earnestly begs your prayers. She may live a long while if the abcess gradually discharges.

—Mr. Green the guardian of good little Fanny Wheeler² has persevered so long in his delay to settle with our House that I have been di­ rected by our Superior [John Dubois] repeatedly to give up the debt to one of our creditors who certainly would sue him for the amount but as Mr. Coskery³ tells me that if any thing in the world would move Mr. Green to settle in peace it would be an application from yourself whose favour and good opinion he values above every thing—so I re­ solved to beg you (if you thought it proper) to speak this word of Peace for us whose Application and intreaties he has long been deaf to—

// Oh here our Charlotte and Ann [Nelson (Smith)]—how many feelings at the sight of them—they say you are Very Very well but will not let me write any more—

ever your devoted EASeton

6.205  Note on envelope¹

$10 Sr. Angela [Brady]
out of which was pd.
Mrs. Red for Jos 2 2/5
Kelly for Rebec[ca] 1
Harp[er] for Tier[nan] 1

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¹A sibling of Sister Kitty Mullen
²Fanny Wheeler was first enrolled at St. Joseph’s in 1810.
³Francis Arthur Coskery, from the Taneytown area, entered the seminary but became ill and unable to continue studies for the priesthood. Elizabeth Coskery was a pupil at St. Joseph’s Academy in 1813. William Coskery of Baltimore was enrolled at Mount St. Mary’s 1816-1817.
6.205 ASJPH 1-3-3-18:65
¹This is a note Elizabeth wrote on the envelope of a September 22 letter she received from her son William.
To Rebecca Seton

first day - 25 September - Monday [1815]

Mother looked after the carriage which held her little dear one till it was hid by the woods which before hid our William from our last looks, and hide our Nina under the green sod—then in the chapel - all laid in his bosom who sees a Mothers heart—about 10 oclock they told me Mrs. Scott asks for you and I find poor Aunt [Julia] Scott in the hall—many tears, and much disappointed not to see Rebecca—they staid about an hour - and then away perhaps to meet no more till Eternity - Oh when the beautiful coaches and horses went off so grand and gay how Mothers Soul darted through the blue heavens to bless and praise that we are not numbered with the rich in this world, and to call down pity on them—pray often for her dear Soul

= Angelus at night

—you know my darling what rememberances - and saying your indulgences and little prayer at my bench in the choir instead of by your side Tené was with Jos, so I could think of you with our Lord as much as I desired—and on your bed with so many blessings on you dear darling. O what it is to cross the arms on the breast and crucifix and giving up all to him [to] sleep in his own arms, and wake in them too. I know you thought of me almost as much as I of you.

Tuesday

No Dick - Tene with Jos - Mothers heart following her darling to the steam boat such a heavenly afternoon the little insects and all nature seemed to praise him we love above all—My Rebecca we will at last, at last unite in his eternal praise, lost in him You and I closer still than in the nine months so dear when as I told you I carried you in my bosom as he in our Virgin Mothers—then no more Separation—

6.206 ASJPH 1-3-9:43

1 At the urging of Julia Scott, Rebecca traveled to Philadelphia for examination by Dr. Philip Syng Physick, a specialist in treating diseases of the hip joint. While Rebecca was in Philadelphia, she stayed with the sisters at the asylum.

2 Julia Scott came to Emmitsburg to take Rebecca to Philadelphia but arrived after Rebecca had left. Their short visit at this time was the last time the two friends saw each other.
O our Jesus bless now my little dearest one—I have just said your prayers for you by the side of our bed. O if I could have one kiss of Peace from my darling and give her the Sacred Sign, and holy water—but we must have Patience, and love him, and he will turn All for our good—

Tomorrow dear COMMUNICATION how I will beg him to give you strength for the Doctors Visit and courage to bear all with him—he will, our Jesus will hold you in his own arms my dear one—

Wednesday Night—

Very tired, just going to bed after the mountain walk—and my darling I trust safe in the arms of Sister Rose [White] going to take her sweet rest after so much fatigue—O my dear one, our God alone knows my heart for you—could I see you tomorrow when you rise with all the little children round you—I beg your good angel to bless and love you for me—Peace—good night.

Thursday Morning—

A letter from the Brother [Simon Bruté] to Mr. [John] Tessier⁵ William not able to go by water to Leghorn [Italy] (fear of Algerians) going with letters of highest recommendation by Genoa over the Alps—he met a friend⁴ of your dear Papa’s at Marselles who has served him (the Brother says) “with the utmost zeal”—my heart is very full of you my darling at this moment I must go in the chapel I think it is about the time you will see the Doctor.

Evening.

While I was at my translating class Livers’ came, my 3 oranges and little letter from his hand so careful and kind with news most dear of your safety and set out in the steam boat—My child—my darling I cannot command my tears—our God sees and pities a poor Mother, but I thank and bless him that you went since it was his own will—Ask our

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³At this time Rev. John Mary Tessier, S.S., was the superior (1810-1829) at St. Mary’s in Baltimore.
⁴William met a Mr. Parangue who had known William Magee Seton. Mr. Parangue secured letters of introduction for William for Nice and Genoa. The English Consul in Nice gave William an English passport.
⁵The Livers family was a prominent Catholic family in the Emmitsburg area.
so kind and tender Superior to Bless you for me, and kiss the cape on the heart of my four dear black caps\textsuperscript{6} - how I wish you had had something for the little ones, but too late to wish - be very good to them and Obedient and Affectionate to all. O do my Rebecca - be affectionate and grateful to Aunt [Julia] Scott, but try to go as little as possible—and the dear Cauffman\footnote{Catherine M. and Sarah Cauffman were students at St. Joseph's in 1813.} family be all love to them for me. Your own own poor poor Mother

7 1/2 just going to singing. Communion tomorrow you close under the crucifix. Bless you a 100000 a happy death to us

Mountains and Valleys of love to you from all - but Jos and Sister Sus[an Clossy] insist to be named St. Michael Friday morning.

6.207 To Eliza Sadler

+[postmark October 10]

My dear Eliza

I earnestly wish to know if my Brother [Wright] Post has returned - if he is better - Sister [Mary Bayley] P[ost] has perhaps not yet left her summer retirement and waits to be in town before she writes, but I am sure you will supply for her silence, and tell me about my Richards Catherine too\footnote{Richard Bayley, Elizabeth's deceased half-brother, had married Catherine White in 1812.}—is the poor babe alive—if I listened to my own weak nature how gladly would I have made the journey to New York only to be near her these two months past, though she has so many tender relatives I would have wished to have been a hearts nurse to her—but All must take its course in this world—

Our Rebecca is in Philadelphia under the inspection of Dr. [Philip Syng] Physic[k] - the tumor I believe I mentioned to you is in her lame leg, had increased and an excellent opportunity occuring, she went.

\textsuperscript{6}Elizabeth refers to Sisters Rose White, Fanny Jordan, Teresa Conroy, and Julia Shirk at St. Joseph's Asylum as "my four dear black caps." The sisters wore a simple black dress, cape, and cap, similar to widows' garb worn in Italy where Elizabeth first donned similar attire.
Mrs. [Julia] Scott will interest herself in every way for her and (Sister Rose [White]) Dué will tell you who she is, will do all a nurse can do.—if any operation should be indispensable I shall go to her—poor Darling her life and spirits and piety would delight you, yet she feels deeply the distress of her situation—

No news from William since his arrival in Marseilles except that he was to leave it immediately for Leghorn—dear child, he says “dearest Mother write again to Aunt [Eliza] Sadler after you receive my letter and thank her again for me if she had been my Mother she could not have been kinder to me - and Dué too” - he adds—he says he would gladly exchange all that he sees and enjoys for one walk with Kit and Rebec in our Valley—

—October 8th brings me long letters from William and Filicchi who speaks of his excellent dispositions and modest deportment with much pleasure, and adds that if William will improve himself and do what he is now in an ill state of health obliged to do himself, I need have no more anxiety about him—So much for that good prospect - Antonio F. was not in Leghorn it is his Brother Philip who writes—William himself can not say enough of the continual kindness he has received from every one since he left us, and so many who knew his Father and doubled their attention for his sake especially Mr. Paranque at Marseilles who has been he says as a Father to him and the good French family with whom he sailed from New York and who took him to Marseilles with them have been to him as if he was their own—dear child - his expressions of affection to me and desire to fulfill all my wishes are almost extravagant—again in this letter he speaks of you and Dué.

—do Eliza write me a few lines if you please—do—to satisfy your poor MOUNTAIN friend - tell me of Helen and her dear ones - of Mary, and my ever dear Craig - Dué - yourself - all—

ever yours EAS.

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2William Magee Seton had worked in the Filicchi firm before his marriage to Elizabeth.
3Helen Bayley, Elizabeth’s half-sister, was married to Eliza Sadler’s brother Samuel Craig.
4Mary Fitch Bayley, Elizabeth’s half-sister, and William Craig, widower of Elizabeth’s half-sister Charlotte Amelia Bayley
6.208 To William Seton

+9th October 1815

My own, own dear, dear dear, Souls dear William

I could say the whole side down of this word dear William, but only in heaven will you know how I love you, and you must must go there my dearest one, I insist—could you imagine my joy to recieve two letters from you and one from Mr. Ph[ilip] Filicchi at one moment - I see nothing in yours from Marseilles but the love and kindness you recieved - what can I do to speak my grateful heart to Madame St. C,¹ your friend Parangue and the respectable old gentleman you accompanied—tell me shall I write them - I would do any thing, would give them my life if it could serve them. the letter you say you sent by Captain Joy via Boston will I suppose tell me how our friends in Leghorn² received you and how you are situated - but by Mr. [Filippo] Filicchis I think you must have had some discouragements at first in not being lodged in their house and in your arrival there without their sanction, so contrary to our wish—but all that in the Providence of our God, and you must now My Son take up your poor Grand Father [William] Setons “Hazard it forward”³ since Mr. Filicchi assures me that if you preserve your good principles and keep in the path pointed out to you, I need have no more anxiety for you My Souls William now every tie of gratitude, honor, and integrity must bind you to that path—it will not be a human hazard with us but a stake for our Eternity together—but my heart is so confident of yours I see you fulfilling daily the sacred Obligations we all owe these generous friends as far as depends on you, preparing a way for your brother and filling our poor doating hearts with gladness this side the world by your exertions to restore in our branch of the family the respectability it once enjoyed.

6.208 ASJPH 1-3-9:11

¹Madame de St. Césaire, a sister of Mr. Preudhomme de Borre, of Marseilles, France
²The Filicchi family and their circle of acquaintances
³The motto of the Seton coat of arms is “Hazard zit forward” meaning “Risk to go forward.”
—Courage my dearest one never will your manly fortitude be better exercised than in giving this proof of love to your dearest Mother—You know enough now to be convinced that every man in whatever situation he is, is bound to accommodate and bend himself to those he lives with if he desires to live in peace and good will, but when you will bend and submit yourself to men of the character of both the Mr. Filicchis you will show only your good sense, and that sacred and high principle which abhors ingratitude as a crime and knows how to appreciate the rights of friendship—I am sure I would be a Kitchen-Maid to either of them with pleasure, and think myself too happy to show in any way my sense of their goodness to our family which began long before you were born my darling - but I know you and have the tenderest confidence in my darling William—

Josephine will [use] the other side of my paper to write you herself—your own Rebecca little angel of love and patience will write soon as she returns—we will never miss a month, without repeating all we can in this world of separations, how dearly we love. Josephine will tell you how all the Sisters speak of you—if you were their own son they could not show more delight to hear your letters and know every thing about you—Bless bless you my dearest one - a thousand thousand times

EASeton

6.209 To Archbishop John Carroll

9th October 1815

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Our dear and most Revered Father—

I just receive a most sorrowful letter from the good little Sally Mullen,¹ who fears her good Kitty is gone but she is getting a little

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¹Sister Kitty Mullen who had been very ill and had written to her sister, Sally. Sister Kitty died December 25.
over her complaint for the present - I know of no sure way of getting the inclosed to Sally but by enclosing to you—

You will be much pleased to know that I have the most consoling letters from my William promising every thing a poor Mother can desire and filled with expressions of the boundless kindness he has received through every moment since we parted - in the midst of strangers he has been treated as a beloved son in Bourdeaux, Marseilles, and now in Leghorn - our Antonio Filicchi was absent from home but his Brother Philip writes me that all depends on Williams exertions, and if he will make himself capable of doing what he (Mr. Filicchi) now does, I need have no more anxiety for him, and he hopes he will, as he adds William has "very good dispositions, and a most modest behaviour"—I know my Father you will remember this dear child - 

// I have a cruel letter from a parent of one of the children with us portraying the consequences to our establishment in having our poor N____ in it charging me with "the wages of iniquity" etc, etc the noise and surmises of their journey to Philadelphia and the aggravating horrors of their mothers conduct—I must answer in justice to them but my heart sickens at every word of it—

—A[n]2 finds school rules, on the minutia of which general order must depend, extremely hard since her return, and poor Lotte went away very much troubled about her situation with us, wishing openly that she nor Ann had never entered the house,—so much in this world for the sad trials we have had from them—but such foolish words will not prevent our continued care to fulfil the Providence of God to them as long as you think it best to leave her here—My conduct I hope in God has been, and will be invariable to them as dear and Suffering children who merit the attention and compassion, and most generally the esteem of every good heart.

—I keep the letter mentioned with the same secrecy as if it had never been written except to Mr. [John] Dubois who must direct the answer when he returns—Bless the poor little suffering Rebecca3 for

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2 Ann and Charlotte (Lotte) Nelson (Smith) were pupils at St. Joseph's.
3 Rebecca Seton would be returning from Philadelphia via Baltimore.
me when she passes through Baltimore—Becky Nicholson⁴ writes me a long affectionate letter - is going to consult you on her coming to St. Josephs—I cannot know if it is ever possible ‘till I know what would be her plan—

All goes well with us - a little the way of the cross sometimes - but order, charity and Peace prevail most beautifully

_Bless all_ I pray you Our Father and your poor affectionate devoted

_EA Seton_

6.210 To Rebecca Seton

+[1815]

My Souls darling

My bed and table are covered with letters for you - one week at least you must have to read them and our little _Carolines_¹ is the only one I would beg you to answer particularly - She was so very anxious about it—

—I send you your Williams letters - take care of them—dearest darling child _now_ be but _obedient_ and keep a grateful heart for the thousand cares you recieve from my Rose [White] now your tender Mother - and my Fanny my Teresa my Julia² - judge what my Soul feels to them for what I know they are doing for you—for your pains my heart and eyes fill at the least thought of them but our God will pity and comfort you—O could I but take your Jalaps³ and every pain and your precious Soul yet be adorned with the blessed graces they will bring to you—MY REBECCA - he alone knows - on your

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⁴Possibly, the young convert had become Elizabeth’s student in Baltimore in 1808-1809. (See Document 5.15.)

6.210 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:44

¹Caroline Livers was a student at St. Joseph’s Academy.

²Sister Rose White, the Sister Servant at St. Joseph’s Asylum where Rebecca Seton stayed during her time in Philadelphia. Sisters Fanny Jordan, Teresa Conroy, and Julia Shirk were also at the Asylum in Philadelphia.

³Jalaps are a medicinal herb, the dried purgative roots of the Mexican plant _Exogonium purga_.
bed and little pillow—"but yet a little while" I hope everything for our dear Eternity since you must suffer so much here.

—NO DICK—I cannot understand—if he does not come this week I will intreat the Superior [John Dubois] to send that we may know what it means—

I hope my dear one while you are all affection and gratitude to Aunt [Julia] Scott you will never forget a moment that my Rose is your Mother and you must refer every thing to her with the greatest fidelity or I should be very uneasy—mind my dearest the most earnest wish of your Mother

A thousand thousand Blessings to you and share them [with] My Our Sisters tell Sister Teresa [Conroy] she shall have her full share of my St. Teresa Communion tomorrow—And my Fanny [Jordan] that all are well at home her Biddy⁵ here this morning and all the dear little ones - and every body so kind to you

they just bring your communion cap to Jo by some mistake—what thoughts to me—my darling—

6.211 To Ellen Wiseman

+[October 14, 1815]

My Ellen most dear,

You will be more than amused at this 3 dozen Bundle to our poor little Sufferer⁴ - the whole house combined to try and amuse her, and show too their love for dear Mother - I put Williams letters so that you

⁴Hag. 2:6

⁵Bridget Jordan (1788-1821), the older sister of Sister Frances (Fanny) Jordan, was admitted to the novitiate September 4, 1818. Known as Sister Appollonia, she died at Emmitsburg July 14, 1821, and is buried in the original community cemetery. Her mother, Mrs. Mary Jordan, after her husband Dominick Jordan died, spent the remainder of her days at St. Joseph's until her death in July 1823.

6.211 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:B5

¹ Rebecca Seton was in Philadelphia for a medical consultation. Elizabeth sent a package of letters to her, including some from William Seton in Italy, via former Academy student Ellen Wiseman.
can read them as my heart and yours is one—seal Becks letter after, and wrap all in the bundle which I hope you will find an immediate opportunity to send safely, very safely dear, they will be such a comfort to her—

O now if you were on the little bench - one oclock all at play - but his only will forever—one heart in prayer at least - tomorrow is St. Teresa's day² I shall beg for you a heart of love my Ellen—too much yet to wish you should love suffering as she did - but I must, and we will at least sincerely love his blessed will in every thing—

Poor Matilda White,³ what could have induced her to that Voyage so strange for her way of thinking—say every little word to Maria to tell her I love her very dearly and greatly regard her dear parents—

and our Julian love her for me, and try to comfort Catherine C[au]ffman] a little—try and keep all your intentions with our Lord; when you go to your dearest companions go in his name and send up the little sigh to beg him to stay with you, even most in your liveliest moments. dearest Ellen it will soon become so easy, and so sweet - and when death come[s]—O then the blessed practice will be your great consolation

dearest Nina⁴ - how the red and yellow leaves heap over her already - her bed of peace I trust my Ellen—

Joseph⁵ is not, nor will be forgotten William - alas - who can tell if he will persevere - We must hope all, in him who can do all.

Your own poor Mother of St. Josephs

² October 15 is the feast of St. Teresa of Avila (1515-1582), a Spanish mystic and doctor of the church.
³ Former St. Joseph's Academy pupils from Philadelphia include Ellen Wiseman in 1811 and 1812, Catherine Cauffman in 1812 and 1813, and Julian Duncan in 1811 and 1812. No Matilda White is listed in the Academy register; several Marias are listed but cannot be identified without the last name.
⁴ Elizabeth's daughter, Anna Maria, had died March 12, 1812.
⁵ Ellen's brother who became a priest and taught at Mount St. Mary's 1829-1831
Saturday St. Simon and Jude remember our Brother.

My precious Darling

it seems our dearest sends us another such good Opportunity to write you as Mr. [Luke]Tiernan will put a letter so easily in the steam boat—we sent you since the package to Ellen [Wiseman], and the one by Redford a box containing a doll from Dué by a Mr. McCarty who left his only darling here - he will tell you at the dying request of his wife—poor little soul she is so grieved at being from him—and so spoilt—She is fat and healthy and strong enough, but thinks herself so weakly you would have laughed enough to see her she began to tell me “Mrs. Seton if any body speaks the least word hard or loud to me I begin to faint, just so” (and she began throwing herself back shutting her eyes and trembling) “and if I go to learn any thing I get such a headach, and I can hardly ever get out of bed before twelve o'clock”

O my! - well poor darling she could not eat our cooking she was sure—but no sooner did I give her up to the bell and the rule before me little woman though she looked a little mad at me the first day, began to take it easy - and this morning she walked in my room with an orange in her hand for my Acceptance and I took her with it over to poor Len who has been at Deaths door and has asked so often about Miss Becky—I send you our darling daddys letter - Radford will go for him next Monday if he does not come in the stage Sunday - do write to him my dear one - not a line from you since our dear Superiors [John Dubois] return—Our Jesus my only hope - how do I beg him to hold your dear head and hush you to sleep in your pains—dear dearest one love him, love him—and be good and obedient—love my own Rose

6.212 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:45

1Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., on the feast of his patron saint

2"Obediant" is underlined three times.
[White], and Fanny [Jordan], and Teresa [Conroy] and Julia [Shirk] for your own Mother

My hands are so stiff old sticks you know - can you read? our stoves not up yet how will you get home—O if I did not see our Lord in all and trust it to him what an Aching heart should I have—but not so, I look all the while to our purification, and then our ETERNITY so long for love and enjoyment—

tell my Rose I saw Charles\(^3\) yesterday quite well - poor little Conelly’s arm broke falling over a bench—

tell my Fanny the cold weather strengthens her dear Father - they are all well—always love to Aunt [Julia] Scott, and the dear girls—

### 6.213 To Julia Scott

10th November 1815

So my dear and tender friend

notwithstanding all the disappointment and even pain the Mother gave you, you have been lavishing every kind attention and benefit on the child\(^1\)—Rebecca cannot say enough of it - little wild crazy darling it would take me a month to hear half her perpetual conversation—imagine our meeting after all dangers past as she says, for the overset of the stage between Newcastle and French town\(^2\) had given such a shake to her nerves that she thought every thing dangerous afterwards, though she was so happy as to meet with a most easy private carriage from Baltimore home and had every possible attention—her fatigue from the journey makes it impossible to judge of the effect of what has been done for her by Dr. Physic\([k]\), but at least I have the

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\(^3\)Charles White, Sister Rose’s only son, was a student at Mount St. Mary’s College.

\(^1\)Julia, not knowing that Rebecca had already left and was staying with the sisters at the Philadelphia orphan asylum, had traveled to Emmitsburg in September, intending to bring Rebecca to Philadelphia for medical consultation. This was the last time Julia and Elizabeth saw each other.

\(^2\)On Rebecca’s trip home from Philadelphia, the stagecoach overthrown between two towns in Delaware.
consolation of knowing he has done all that could be done, and while I am sensible of the generous pleasure he must have received (from his general character) in relieving or checking the progress of her complaint I am not the less grateful—and would Our God knows give my life with joy to serve him in return, but all I poor creature can do is to pray for souls so kind to us, but unfortunately that is but a poor acquittal from so bad a creature, so you my Julia will do what I cannot if you have not already done too much - I think you must have the sweetest consolation in thinking of your invariable kindness and charity to us—poor I have never been able to serve anyone in this world but by words, but so our God dispenses, and he knows why—What does Rebecc mean by saying your John is going away that he is chosen something3 she does not remember what—so strange time passes that I have been thinking of him always as when I saw him last not considering the difference 7 and 8 years make at his time of life—

I have again most pleasing news from William - Rebec says she told you all that the first letters contained - how good a prospect for my poor boy if he does but preserve the excellent dispositions he had when he left us—Filicchii has a residence at Pisa which gives him many a reminiscence - the very house, or rather pallace on the river Arno, where my own Seton died4 so William can almost see me with him and our Annamaria there—he says he is always writing, that by the Vessel then sailing they had sent only to America a hundred letters that day

tell me when you write how Brother Samuel is, - how you are, what you are doing—now Julia for all you think me such a goose you know very well I have the best part of the comparison—be good, and do not think too harshly of your poor friend—leave all to our God—

is Mr. Pederson5 come, I hope not almost—it would be the renewal of many a pain to no purpose - dearest Julia how often your hard trial on that point has since come to my mind - I make the case my

3Julia’s son had been elected to the Pennsylvania House of Representatives where he served several terms.
4William Magee Seton, Elizabeth’s husband, died December 27, 1803, in Italy.
5Peter Pederson, the Danish Consul-general to the United States, had married Julia’s daughter, Maria, in 1812. She died November 7, 1814, on a visit to Denmark with him.
own, but see no remedy but a generous silence and waving all explanations - so I think I would do.

Do write me a little word soon—a little one if you cannot resolve on a letter - say “I am well and remember my poor crazy friend with my usual affection”

ever your EASeton.

6.214 To Antonio Filicchi

20th November 1815

My ever dear Antonio—

Your few words of the 8th of August the only ones received since your letter by Rev. Mr. [Nicholas] Zocchi in 1812 was a treasure of consolation to your bad little Sister, for though I reflected continually on the boundless generosity yourself and Brother had exercised to the whole generation of Setons, and your most tender goodness to us poor converts yet too often that very argument would raise the more anxiety and only prove that I should have been the more delicate in imposing on you an additional charge—but that must drop now since you not only receive, but in such a manner that William says “every thing that is possible is done for his happiness” —I cannot hide from our God, though from everyone else I must conceal the perpetual tears and affections of boundless gratitude which overflow my heart, when I think of him secure in his Faith and your protection—Why I love him so much I cannot account, but own to you my Antonio all my weakness. pity and pray for a mother attached to her children through such peculiar motives as I am to mine. I purify it as much as I can, and our God knows it is their Souls alone I look at.

You say continue to pray for you, indeed you have much better prayers than mine, though they are abundant from “the squeezed heart” (as you used to say when you would say yours could not ex-
press itself)—mine never can for you or yours, but our pure and heavenly minded Sisters pray for you and your family habitually as the tenderest friends and benefactors of mine—

You can have no idea of their devoted affection and kindness to me and the children—they treat me more like the Mother above, than the “poor protestant dog” as you used to call me just dragged out of the mud and set on the Rock—O Antonio, my Brother dear, the ways of our God how wonderful—See my good little Sister [Mary Bayley] Post and excellent Mrs. [Julia] Scott wrapt in their blindness, and I, in the milk and honey of Canaan already, beside the heavenly perspective.

We are all every part of the Church as well as individuals, in a most anxious moment over the situation of our Blessed Archbishop Carroll—his life seems in eminent danger—for my part was it not for the long habit first learnt me by you dearest Antonio to look direct at our God in every event, I would tell you that it is a great affliction to me, but all must take the course of the Adorable Will—yet we beg more with tears than words if he [will] be yet spared.

imagine for a moment if I had all your [dear] sweet children one after the other in my arms and their most dear amiable mother [Amabilia Filicchi] giving that smile of pardon for all the trouble and even pain I gave her while she was heaping benefits on me.—Oh Antonio if I should think she would not, how truly unhappy I would be.—but I will never see them till beyond all pain and separations—yet your letter gives some distant hope I might see you—My Brother? Oh most blessed day indeed to me if it ever comes—have patience with my William he has many of his poor bad little Mother’s faults—cover them and love us both—both so unworthy but our God has given us to you. You say you will write. O do pour l’amour de Dieu.

blessed Bishop [John] Chevrous is always the same, and always speaks of you as I think of you, - partially enough you know. We pray

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1Cf. Ps. 40:3.
2Cf. Ex. 3:8.
3"For the love of God"
for you continually Antonio—you laugh at the fine bill of exchange but wait till the great accounts are to be settled, you will find the widow and orphans prayers were counted—

Your EASeton

6.215 To William Seton

25th November 1815 the birth day of my Souls darling.

My own beloved dear dearest to my heart and Soul,

good old Mr. Raborg will put this in the way to you—I write by every person who goes from here almost as if you were close to us ever hoping this at least this may reach you - if I had only kept account of my letters but I think I have not written less than 20 these long months of our separation—Mr. Vespers, Mr. [Felix] Bertrand our most kind friend does every thing to pass them but our blessed Mr. [Simon] Bruté it seems has been equally disappointed in losing the many his friends have addressed to him - we have not yours by Captain Joy which we long for as it must have been the first after your arrival in Leghorn and might tell us much that we wish to know - but I am so thankful for the 3 written in August and their contents so consoling in every expression of tenderest love that I cannot keep my heart quiet when I think of them—

Yesterday Rebec just returned from her Philadelphia jaunt and giving us her account so drole of all the dangers she had past, the care the blessed Virgin had taken of her, and her confidence in her even when

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4 A playful reference to William’s services as an exchange for the Filicchi’s long-standing financial support of the Seton family. In exchange for the Filicchi’s assistance, Elizabeth assured him of her continued prayers.

6.215 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:13

1 A heart is drawn beside the cross.

2 Mr. Francis Vespře was a priest in Baltimore.
the mail stage over set and she alone in it only with a gentleman very young, and so devoted to some beloved and could not mind her, so she said I pitched myself out of the window in the arms of a dear little fat gentleman who had care of me and when I was safe the young one cried "wheres the little girl" and in the steam boat someone says to me "who are you I think I see Mary Bayley" "she is my aunt Sir, and did you know William Seton of New York he is my Father Sir, and Doctor Bayley - My Grand Father Sir" — another says "where are you going Miss, to the convent (for mischief) to the convent at Emmitsburg - to be a nun I suppose Miss." "I know not Sir indeed I have not chosen my Vocation" — She is the crazyest darling and does not mind suffering and pains a moment —

well we three settled close over the fire in our little Sacristy hearing one anothers accounts since we parted (ah my souls darling when will we hear yours!) in comes two letters from Willy - Rebecca in such transports even of tears and laughing together - One for her! and mine so sweet sweet very sweet and so enjoyed for when I have a letter from you every one, Sisters and children must know what is in it, and Mr. [John] Dubois, Mr. [John] Hickey to tell the boys it [is] a perfect treat and I talk enough that day to tell such sweet news —

[Thomas] Radford is going with a horse for Dick who does not guess Rebecca is come - but that day of us 4 will bring many a sigh and wring of Mothers heart though I try always to hide all I can and am very well and very cheerful be assured trusting you fully to our God so good and kind to us in every way — I have not the letters you mention of Mr. [Antonio] Filicchi’s - I hope you will get mine in which I have told you how most kindly and handsomely Mr. Philip [Filicchi] spoke of you - from Antonio I have none —

My William do write Mr. Prendehomme — O do my darling - and our so kind attached Mr. Bruté - do show every one a grateful heart - did ever a dear child recieve such kindness from strangers as you have done — My own William be blessed from the very soul of Your Mother

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3Mary Bayley, Elizabeth’s older sister, William Magee Seton, Elizabeth’s deceased husband, and Dr. Richard Bayley, Elizabeth’s father

4At Marseilles Mr. Preudhomme de Borre facilitated William’s journey to Leghorn (Livorno).
Kit just says O the day we will see him again - we will almost kill him—say always something of my love and respect to Mrs. Amabilia [Filicchi] and Marie [Mary Cowper Filicchi] dearest love be very very attentive to them. O do write us some PARTICULARS

6.216 To Rev. Pierre Babade, S.S.

27th November 1815

—My dearest Pere—

I earnestly trust to you to ask the last blessing of our blessed Archbishop¹ for us all—oh could I be by his bedside to get it before he goes—goes, indeed to recieve his great reward may we not fully hope my Father. the hand of God is all I can see in an event so severe both privately and publickly—

A letter from Mr. [Simon] Bruté dated St. Elizabeth² Sandy hook³ makes me hope he will arrive in time to see the Archbishop - but I know even Sandy hook is still a dangerous part of his way, so perhaps he has not yet reached the port — Mrs. Renaudet after two Visits here thinks she has still letters for me in her trunk, so perhaps she has one from our Madame [Marie Françoise] Chatard, be assured my Father it was a Strange Accident my addressing the letter to her, for you, as unaccountable to myself as it must have seemed to you, however since I have known that dear friend I have scarcely had one thought concealed from her, and I am sure she has all your confidence — Jose­phine is so hurt at my saying she seemed to have forgotten you - then write our Father my dear one —

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¹This letter also included a note from Rebecca.
²Archbishop John Carroll's health was declining and his death was considered imminent.
³St. Elizabeth of Hungary (1207-1231), widow, became a Franciscan tertiary and devoted herself to caring for the sick, the aged, and the poor, at a hospice. Her feast was November 17.
⁴Sandy Hook is a peninsula which encloses the Sandy Hook Bay, an inlet of Raritan Bay, near the tip of Manhattan. It was a navigational landmark for boats using the harbor.
is our poor friend [George] Wise still in Baltimore I have never heard from him since he came to visit us, Never can I forget their kindness to us—Many many letters to write so only this word now my Father—Our favourite St. Andrew⁴ on Thursday—and the dear Advent⁵ so near—a long sigh to the long looked for advent, but I am far from being ready⁶

6.217 To Ellen Wiseman

+[November 27, 1815]

My darling Ellen

I wrote you very particularly about Rebecca but suppose like many of our letters it has been left some where to be sent—Now my eyes are blind with writing and tears—our blessed Archbishops’¹ situation tho! we must give and resign him presses hard on me as well as on thousands—harder on me than you would imagine. Rebecca is very weak Jalap 3 times a week a sore penance - but she bears it as you know, and I look far beyond it all my Ellen—Oh if indeed you could pass this advent with us, but a more secure will than ours must be done my dear one - and do try much to take all its grace—it is so sweet a season for comforting the poor and in every one our coming Lord.

—Ellen dear try to send me a copy of what you copied here of Aninas last days—I wish so much for one the one we had I lent without reflection²—

I hope you at least received my little hasty earnest letter not to hesitate a moment dropping the particular acquaintance of ___ if you

⁴The feast of St. Andrew the Apostle was celebrated November 30.
⁵Advent, a four-week liturgical season in preparation for Christmastide, is the beginning of the liturgical year.
⁶Catherine’s letter to Rev. Pierre Babade, S.S., follows her mother’s.

6.217 ASIPH 1-3-3-12:86

¹Archbishop John Carroll died December 3, 1815.
²Elizabeth kept a journal of the last illness of her eldest daughter, Anna Maria. She loaned it to someone, but it was never returned. Document A-6.99a may be a copy which Ellen Wiseman made of Elizabeth’s account of Anna Maria’s last illness.
cannot avoid the being associated with her associates—dear dearest Ellen how little I intended that—how I wish I had something acceptable to send you for the sweet Maria - I feel always an uncommon tenderness for her—love her for me—

My love to All when you write to Philadelphia - one heart for Joseph [Wiseman] - letters again from William most Consoling—

Your Mother EAS

6.218 To Julia Scott

[on the outside, December 24, 1815]

My Julia dear—

I must give you my Venerable blessing this last post of the year 1815, and repeat to you that all my sad inconsistencies, neglects, ingratitude, etc have nothing to do with the poor heart that loves and ever will love you most tenderly—You must be convinced of it since I would indeed be a monster if it was otherways—

Rebecca is just so, wild and lively and suffering making me laugh continually about her Philadelphia jaunt, especially her little conversations and the pleasure she had with you—she seemed very sad at first about her giddiness in taking leave of you, but as she insists it was occasioned by her eagerness to get out of the way of so many lookers on I have persuaded her that you have fully excused it—She cannot say enough of your goodness to her, or of the beauty and uncommon sweetness of Mrs. Marcoos' babies—these are her unfailing themes.

- I see by a piece of paper I picked up your Mr. Pederson must be with you - my Julia - how many thoughts - but after the first few days his society will I hope amuse you, and console you in many

6.218 ASJPH 1-3-3-6:109

1Mehitabel Cox Marcos, Julia's niece
2Julia's son-in-law, Peter Pederson
ways—also for the absence of your young Assemblyman\(^3\)—Sister Rose [White] has sent me so many bills you have paid (amounting to at least 60 dollars)—how happy you are to be able to do so truly charitable an action, and how happy we are that it is from you we recieve it—it is all counted Julia where good interest is given, and where the Fatherless are such good ADVOCATES.

Will you my Julia dear love your poor bad Betsey\(^4\)—you will, you must—William is so well pleased with his position at Filicchi’s - they are so kind to him - so far so good

   did you escape the Philadelphia Influenza—we had our Visit, but it is all over my sweet Kit had a hard shake. Say bless you friend this 1816.

    Your EAS.

\(^3\)John Morin Scott, Julia’s son, had recently become a member of the state legislature in Pennsylvania.

\(^4\)Elizabeth herself
Mount St. Mary's Seminary, 1822 sketch by Bruté, showing the Mountain church and below it Dubois' log cabin. Elizabeth and her companions lived here briefly when they first came to Emmitsburg. (Courtesy, Mount St. Mary’s Archives)

Mrs. Rosetta Landry White (Mother Rose)  
(Courtesy, St. Joseph's Provincial House Archives)

Bishop John Baptist David, S.S.  
(Courtesy, St. Joseph’s Provincial House Archives)
Original altar in chapel of restored White House (St. Joseph’s House)

Stone House and White House, 1810

White House and brick schoolhouse for day pupils, c. 1821

Paintings by Edward A. Seton (Courtesy, Archives of St. Joseph’s Provincial House, Emmitsburg)