PART VII

Letters, 1816-1820

1816

7.1 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

+[January 1816]

You would never believe dear G the good Your return\(^1\) does to this soul of your little Mother - to see you again tearing yourself from all that is dearest—giving up again the full liberty you lawfully and justly possessed—exchanging for a truly heavy chain, and the endless labyrinth of discussions and wearisome details to give the softest expressions—in proportion as my PRIDE in you increases my own littleness and empty Sacrifice to our beloved is more evident, and I am ambitious (indeed G often with many tears) to get up with you a little by a generous will, and more faithful service in the little I can do—and really take it as my most serious affair to pray well for you, and get prayers from All

Jos said to day “Mother if I had no other reason to be good but just to get to heaven and be always with the Brother I would try with all my might”—“truly blessed Brother” said Sus[an Clossy]—“how I do love him” said Bec and I cried (really with ready tears) “then pray much for him to our God—pray much that he may do well this hard work before him”—

7.1 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:69

\(^1\)Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., returned from Europe in November 1815 and began to serve as president of St. Mary’s College in Baltimore, a post he held until 1818.
—Yes our dear President, you will you shall have prayers plenty of these most innocent hearts, and I say so often I have a Jesus to offer—and look up confidently—he will not leave you who have left all for him, nor leave you in weakness while loading yourself for his Sake no no no G—he will not—so we press the Crucifix close on the heart, and trust All

—I will tell you in what I know American parents to be most difficult - in hearing the faults of their children—in twenty instances where you see the faults are not to be immediately corrected by the parents, but rather by good advices and education, it is best not to speak of them to Papa and Mamma who feel as if you reflected on their very self and while to you it will be “Yes Sir, I know, I perceive,” in the heart they think it is not so much, and they will soften and excuse to the child what they condemn to us, and our efforts afterwards avail very little—so that a big point.

7.2 To Catherine Dupleix

[January 1816]

My own dear friend

Some one going direct to New York give[s] me just time to say we are all well—Your sweet Rebecca excepted whose tumour is inflamed, very sore, and I believe near breaking—poor darling - her fast rolling tears at times without any other sign is the whole expression of her pain—blessed child she would hide them if she could to keep me from suffering—Our God loves us that is our comfort—we have every true consolation and must leave all to him. S[ister] Susan [Clossey] again her mammy is an unspeakable delight to her, and eases me of half the care—pray for us Dué dear, and we for you


7.2 ASJPH 1-3-3-7:66
Our letters from William1 are a delight [it] is useless to attempt to describe them, every thing my fondest heart could wish for his earthly prospects in the tender care and kindness he recieves and [Antonio and Filippo] Filicchis wish to advance him and Richard. Richard is all health and life pushing on with his good and happy heart to gain as completely as he can the qualifications William points out to him, as necessary—Yet such a lingering heart about home—never mind all will go right since we look to God alone—

—if that good Mr. McCarty2 would but send you word he so often knows of opportunities and we could hear from you—Not a word from any one in New York since he left his daughter here except once a letter from Sister [Mary Bayley] P[ost] by Mr. [Simon] Brûé who however told me all his kind heart could say about you and dear Eliza S[adler] and Ellen who made an impression on him I believe he will never forget—we often hear from him poor friend, but he suffers under his President duties3—how much he said of your Georges4 kindness to him—do write me a word about him, and if you have heard from your dear family5—

7.3 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

Sam1

Now we'll catch Monsieur le President
1st we will fill his head with plans of reformation—every Succes-

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1William was in Leghorn (Livorno), Italy, working with the Filicchis.
2Mr. McCarty had a daughter who was a student at St. Joseph's Academy.
3Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., was now president of St. Mary's College, Baltimore.
4Captain George Dupleix, husband of Catherine Dupleix
5The last page of this document contains two notes to Catherine Dupleix from the Seton girls Rebecca and Catherine.

7.3 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:51

1In this letter Elizabeth imagines the devil, whom she called Sam, and a good angel presenting opposite scenarios about Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., in his role as president of St. Mary's College, Baltimore.
sor improves on his predecessor—to be sure - of course with the Succession comes multiplied distractions of thought, complaisances, etc that alone a fine trap if there was no other but (O joy to the grinner) we will watch him too by endless conversations and opinions (to be sure a president must be full of opinions) this Seraphim's wings shall be clipt and the modest, retiring, devout spirit shall swell, and fill, and push, [we] insist ... 

(O be joyful what a change we will see) and this Simple heart, loving now to serve but his God in and the Salvation of Souls, shall be plunged in the labyrinths of science and grow fat as a doctor ... (oh we will have fun this next year 1816) short thanksgivings, quick preparations, forced offerings ... this Jesuifed ... yet with a full confidence the grace and the trial will be proportioned—but whether the grace will be ... silence to them if—to our God I trust all

2nd good Angel

well at least he will have abundant Sacrifice of dearest, choicest consolations—he will act in full opposition to his own choice—his daily bread will be dry and hard—he will be a bond of union and peace to his Confreres a spirit of purest, ardent piety to worldings—and an example of cheerful and tender forbearance to his pupils—poor dear G. after a little while of subjection and patience to his wild heart it shall be set free from the yoke, improved and experienced, to return with new ardour to its more Simple and heavenly delights.

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2 Bruté had recently succeeded Rev. J. B. Pacquiet, a secular priest, as president of St. Mary's College. The spelling of Pacquiet sometimes appears as Paquiet and is often confused with that of Reverend William Pasquet (or Pasquit), a Jesuit missionary of Maryland.

3 A pejorative reference to rich and powerful clerics in the Catholic church. Written at the left side: “Is thy Servant a dog!!!”

4 Elizabeth was speaking in her own voice in this paragraph.


6 Cf. Eph. 4:3.

7 Bruté's fellow Sulpicians living at St. Mary's in Baltimore.
7.4 To William Seton

+[January 1816]

My own William

it hurts me almost to tears when I think of your having received so few of my many letters but I will still write on in better hopes—Your letters by Capt[ain] Joy, Eldridge, Graham, Stocket\(^1\) are received with overflowing joy and delight to the heart of your little poor Mother, a nice long one too in the care of Mr. Stuart franked\(^2\) Baltimore, and now one of December 29th in which you say you will send me accounts of your expenses—Beloved William! most happy indeed am I that you yourself as you say arrived safe, it never entered my head to think of accounts, though Mr. Bruté as was very natural to a delicate mind, wearied me and himself too to show me what was done with the money taken for your Voyage, and as I told you returned nearly 200\$ which I gave Mr. [John] Dubois with a view to keep down Richards expenses, as I do all I receive from Mrs. [Julia] Scott which, however, has been but half this year as the expenses of Rebeccas journey and Physicians\(^3\) she took on herself—soon I hope we will stop the whole of the generous Messers Filicchis’ stip[ends]\(^4\) this side of the water [and] your attention and exertions the other side will work out yours—Oh that it may do more at last a[nd] show at least your will to lessen the past debt—

You would be delighted to see how Kit clears her way - she has many music scholars and improves them with so much fidelity that she earns her full 200\$ a year for the sweet independence of a heart that wishes not through pride, but principle, to do its part, for we are obliged to have many things for Rebecca and a Sisters continual

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7.4 AMSV 110:10,8

\(^1\)Captains of ships who had transmitted William’s letters from Italy to Elizabeth

\(^2\)This letter was postmarked from Baltimore.

\(^3\)Rebecca had traveled to Philadelphia for medical care by Dr. Philip Syng Physick, a specialist in treating hipjoint diseases. He had been a private pupil of Dr. John Hunter in London.

\(^4\)Antonio and Filippo Filicchi of Leghorn (Livorno), Italy, had been a source of regular financial support.
care—You see your word about accounts brought me to tell you how it all stands and I must say that my heart delights in the recollection that we have never been in any way a burden to friends, but those of Leghorn, who never felt it, because they acted from superior motives.

—Your account of Mr. [Filippo] Filicchi’s health is very distressing but if he is called to his reward I rejoice that you have known him, and had the opportunity of seeing a true gentleman in a true Christian, and wealth sanctified by Religion.

Dick sends two letters to inclose, so I will beg they may go by different Vessels—one thing would delight you as it does me in Richard, he is so affectionate to the girls making himself like a child to please Rebecca who is excessively attached to him poor darling—I repeat to you I take every care of her for your sake more than any other reason for she is like a little angel and would be so safe if taken now—you know by care I mean that we procure her the most nourishing things etc Not quite in your poor Mothers line you know. Is it possible the Mrs. Felicchis speak affectionately of me as you say how little I deserve it, do be as attentive to them as you would to me. Write me if you ever see the old captain at the Lazaretto who was so kind to us - a Philippo there, and our old loving hearted Loué must be dead—is Nicola Barazatzzi [Baragazzi] alive, Brother of Mrs. Amabilia - never can I forget him and a gentleman who lodged in the same house with us at Pisa and carried your dearest Father [in his arms from] the carriage to the chair - and then to his bed offering to assist at any [time in the] language and manner you so seldom meet in the World I forget his name but often [pray for] him - he was much known for his benevolence—Remember me affectionately to the Hall family - they were very kind to me and dearest Nina—

Sister Sus [Clossy], Margaret [George], Martina [Quinn], everybody indeed, (particularly our old Sister Betsey [Boyle] who eases all my cares and takes as much care of me as if I was made of glass) speak

5Amabilia, wife of Antonio, and Mary, wife of Filippo Filicchi
6Elizabeth and her husband, William Magee Seton, were quarantined for approximately one month in the Lazaretto along with their oldest child, Anna Maria, then eight years old, in November and December 1803. William Magee Seton died at Pisa December 27, 1803.
7Rev. Thomas Hall was the British chaplain in Leghorn (Livorno) who buried William Magee Seton. Elizabeth’s son wrote that he had met the Halls and had had tea with them.
of you and enjoy every little word I read them of your letters as if you was their own brother—do send each a little cross, little picture, little something which would hardly cost a penny there and is valued here at hundreds, and from you - a ten fold value—be blessed My dearest One

Your own Mother EASETOn

7.5 To William Seton

4th February 1816

My own William

Your Bec looks so pale and tired that I must finish—she is the dearest sweetest creature, and my greatest uneasiness in seeing her so weak and suffering is least you should not see her again before she goes to heaven—poor darling - her love for you and desire of meeting you again is a passion of her mind and seems to be the only wish or care she has—What a World of Separations—but it must not be thought of - we must follow the line—if only to meet at last there the point—I cannot tell you that I am not uneasy at Richards absence but you know a Mother finds a hundred excuses, and is ready to fear something has happened than to suppose he is in fault. What a feast your letters will be to him when he returns, he has not seen one of them - how I would delight to know if you go on well with our friends, I hope everything. I write to them to thank them for their elegant present to our American church—it was one weeks conversation to hear every different remark about them, but all united in Admiration and delight that they came so safe, even the frames as if they were but just taken down from that dear hall of Pisa—Oh my William if I passed

7.5 AMSJ A 111 008
1The first part of this letter, written by Rebecca Seton, is not included.
2Richard was in Charles County, Maryland, where he reported that he “enjoyed a great deal of pleasure.”
3The Filicchis often sent religious art pieces.
one hour with you there - but silence to that pray for your own dear Mother, and love her if possible as she does you—my health is better, many a little care I give to it for your sake and our beautiful Kates who is every day more lovely and amiable—little lame lamb I believe will never want me and my Giant⁴ is taking care of himself—seven months almost - think - bless bless you, Mind my precious Soul dearer than a thousand worlds to your own Mother.

7.6 To Julia Scott

+ 16th February 1816

My Julia dear

—a thought struck me and I tell it to you—my darling Rebec has a particular delight in dolls and I am extremely fond of them myself and as you have so long treated us all as pets, I do imagine it will be a particular pleasure for you to send us one, and you can also disembarrass yourself from some little useless articles of dress which will delight us so much—do you think I would ask you so expensive a thing without a reason—the fact is Rebeccas tumor is much enlarged, inflamed and painful and her general health much weakened - she has a sad prospect before her and her efforts to be lively and courageous sometimes fail - I sing her our old songs of 30 years ago, tell her stories, and use all my inventions to pass over her weary hours as she scarcely cares for any of her former companions since she is in her present state of debility and suffering—Mother and a doll seems to be her only pleasure in life—our kind Mrs. Marie Françoise Chatard sent a large beautiful thing from Baltimore because she knew Rebec’s fancy but alas it being of wax was quite broken up before it reached us—

⁴Rebecca walked with a crutch because of a tumor resulting from a hip injury. “My Giant” is Richard.

7.6 ASJPH 1-3-3-6:110
dearest Julia are you well—no more colds, no more falls, is the most painful effect of your first interviews with your poor Son in law over—I have no letter from my good Rose [White] since yours, so that I have heard only of your sufferings, not of your recovery—O my, what a life of separations,—the pen stops short at that word - I have most affectionate comforting letters from William—the greatest pain I will have in losing Rebecca is his not seeing her again, he has this most doating affection for her—he speaks of his Visit to his dear Fathers grave, and his feelings in being where he is every way reminded of him (for my Seton was once exactly in the same situation, same counting house and duties, William is now in) this he speaks of in a manner the most endearing and of us as if he only lives to be again reunited—Ah me, my Julia dear

—Our God is God—all as he pleases—I am the happiest creature in the thought that not the least thing can happen but by his will or permission, and all for the best—Our God! echo it back dearest one, Our God and love your poor bad Betsey Seton.

7.7 To William Seton

Saturday night 23rd February 1816

My Son most dear

We hear that the last letters we sent to the care of good Mr. [Luke] Tiernan went direct to you, so hearing of an opportunity to send him another Bec is holding the candle with a most loving heart and countenance while we sit by our little stove and write to Willy . . . I begin by kissing the little mole on her neck which she calls Yours, but we are all yours, and would be apt to eat you almost if we could get hold of

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1Peter Pederson was Julia’s widowed son-in-law.
2Elizabeth’s husband, William Magee Seton, was buried from the Anglican Church in the English burial ground in Leghorn (Livorno), Italy. He had spent time as an apprentice in the Filicchi firm at Leghorn (Livorno) sometime between 1788-1790.

7.7 ASJPH 1-3-3-19:29
you—we have not received a letter from since December the date of
the last is October 23rd—

So I had written my Willy and took a little turn of sickness, yet
since that time we have all again sent a good package to Mr. Tiernan or
Mr. [Robert] Barry I believe who both are all kindness to us. one I
know went by one of our American frigates the Java I believe Com-

mander Perry—

not a word of news can we write you, what a shame - but as I know
Mr. [Simon] Bruté who would delight to gratify you reads the Ga-
zettes in the evening as an english lesson I will request him to send you
a good budget—You know he was forced to take Mr. [William] Dubourgs place in Baltimore—

Richard is at last home again - a giant indeed a foot higher I sup-
pose at least and proportionally broad - strong health, and high spirits
- if you could but see him—yet glad he declares to be in the regular
train again, and our good friend Mr. Bertrand who has an uncommon
affection for him is helping him on in french and mathematics with his
whole heart while Mr. Bruté is trying every way to get him a good situ-
ation in Baltimore—New York I do not wish if we could help it.

Rebecca - is not so strong as when you left her—I really do try all I
can to preserve her more for your sake than my own for she is such an
Angel of sweetness and patience in her painful days and nights that I
look rather to her happiness in our better life, yet would almost wish to
delay her that she may meet her Willy again—the affection of her very
Soul for you is inexpressible, I am sure it is the strongest tie she has to
life.

Kit is pushing on as gay as a lark so desirous to improve herself and
learn all she can that she scarcely allows herself the least recreation
but her piano, and every thing she learns it is Oh if William could hear
that - oh if he could but see that not an hour passes I think but we find
something to recall you to us—

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1William’s friend and tutor, Felix Bertrand, was enrolled at Mount St. Mary’s from 1814 to 1819. He was now tutoring Richard who had returned to Mount St. Mary’s.

2Mary Bayley Post, Elizabeth’s sister, had suggested that William come to New York and work in Abraham Ogden’s counting house. Members of the Ogden family had strongly opposed Elizabeth’s conversion to Catholicism.

3The next two pages are letters from Richard, Rebecca, and Catherine to William.
Mr. [John] Dubois delighted with your few little lines he is so interested for you both—I read the Aneed in your letter to Richard, to General Winders Brother who was so much pleased at the good shot—and our good Captain McMeal who enquires much about you—every blessing of a Mothers Soul be with you and around you my dear one - I pray for you the first and last and all day and in the night—this letter goes by New York—

7.8 To William Seton

18th March 1816

My own William

the pen must now drive as a gentleman this moment arrives who tells me he will forward letters to you—I have intreated him to tell Richard as he is going to the Mountain and hope you will have a full one from him as he did not write when we did twice lately addressing to Mr. [Robert] Barry and [Luke] Tieman on different occasions to forward them. I have now just the same old course to take for Richard I once had for you my darling son, letters after letters to move these Baltimore hearts to recieve your Brother—I feel the whole of my position as a poor Nobody in the world, but trust in his case as I did in yours that our Lord will make it all right at last—Mr. Tieman gives no hope, so now I attach poor Mr. Barrys continued kindness who really may be tired of me, but I hope you dear one of my heart will repay to all, well as you can, when your turn will come to stretch a helping hand or exert an act of friendship—Richard like all young people drags his

4Captain McMeal was probably the father of Anna Marie and Margaret McMeal, students at St. Joseph’s Academy 1811-1814. He may have been from the Catholic family by the same name who lived in the Emmitsburg area and were friends of the Sisters of Charity.

5Elizabeth added the post script: “Bec has set her heart on a little box of anchovies.”

7.8 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:14

1Elizabeth was trying to secure a position for Richard with either Luke Tiernan or Robert Barry in Baltimore.
chain - he wants to be busy and getting on, but alas what can I do 'till our God opens the way—

—I have written our generous Leghorn friends again, but not on that subject, they surely have done All, and more than our most sanguine hope could have expected—Say every thing to me for them—my last last push would be to send Richard to New York, but it is likely I would find as much difficulty to place him there as in Baltimore—Edward Post is Dead - the family in deepest distress—Our God—a parents hope how soon lost—you must be sensible now my son that Richard could not preserve his religion in New York, and I hope you are more and more convinced it must never be sacrificed, for what is man without a Soul, and what is a Soul without Faith.

Mr. Bertrand sends me a letter for you - you will answer it kindly in however few words as his sole and only object is to give you an opportunity to count on his friendship whenever he may be useful to you, and you will seldom meet a character to exceed him in piety and integrity, besides being a compleat gentleman—

Rebec and Josephine are in the midst of their retreat for St. Josephs day [March 19] with our first COMMUNIONS, about nineteen in number—think of all the love they send you—Rebeccas tumor broke - she now suffers less, and is an angel of Patience and cheerfulness at all times, doating on the very thought of you—if ever a little soul prepared to die well she does, but I try to keep her to meet you again yet resign All to our God, and mind and save your own dear Soul.

Mr. [John] Dubois will write you - soon as present pressing duties are over - he was as much pleased with your few little words as if you had written a volume for he thought he saw your heart truly in them—he says Dick will not be likely to write you the news of the neighbourhood since he has been so long out of it, and he will do it himself.

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2Antonio and Filippo Filicchi
3Elizabeth’s nephew Edward Post (1791-1816), son of Dr. Wright and Mary Bayley Post, became a physician and a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, a lecturer in anatomy at the University of New York, and a fellow of the Physico-Medical Society of New York.
Our truly kind friend Mr. William Raborg is dead very suddenly, just as he was for opening our correspondence with you—his nephew William Raborg Junior probably will—

ADIEU a dieu—You know you live in the heart of your own Mother—even waking in the night there you are—poor little dear Bec—would send you her heart if she could - here a tiny picture of her poor little weak fingers - but how you will kiss it - Mothers kiss on it

Bless bless you Mr. Raborg [has] come—

Your own own Mother

7.9 To Julia Scott

23rd March 1816

My dear and Loved Madame Julia

I think indeed in your advanced days you grow very wicked yet indeed and indeed you told only the simple fact, for that was my true offering the world saw not, what it has seen was like most objects it observes, looked at in a false light, but the sorrow of having no more pets\(^1\) was quite a trial to me, so much so that I assure you if I was not in the sacred position in which the order of Providence has placed me with my dear girls as well as my good Sisters, I would seek the place of nurse in some honest family with more eagerness than ever I sought any pleasure in my whole life—that is poz. I would not come to your lovely Mrs. Markoe\(^2\) for fear you would discover me, and I should doat too much on her children as Rebecca describes them all that the liveliest fancy can paint most lovely and sweet, particularly Maria [Markow] whom she often speaks of, and who must be a darling pet of yours—so much for loving little babes - pray love and thank Mrs. M[arkoe] for me for her kind remembrance of Bec, when your box

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\(^1\)Small children

\(^2\)Mehitabel "Hitty" Cox, a daughter of Mehitabel Sitgreaves and James S. Cox, and a niece to Julia Scott, was married to John Markow.
comes we will have our own fun, for to the last what delights them will
delight me - You cannot wonder at my folly when you remember how
we have always kept together through rough and smooth—I beg you
will consider all these things Mrs. Julianna before you laugh at us for
goosecaps—and think if the case was your own how it would be—

Rebec is much easier since the tumour broke - sleeps better, and as
since the first explosion which was almost incredible it has been con­
stantly drying, it may perhaps disappear entirely - she is the darling
plaything of my life you may be sure, and Kits constant amusement,
for even her very pains she turns to laugh—So things are shared in this
life dear friend—

the hand that allots always proportions, that we well know—the
dear Legislator\(^3\) must be the Spring of your heart, how glad I am he is
to be so soon with you, Bec told me much of his kindness to her but she
is so giddy and so used to being carressed that she probably never
thanked him, she has told me of so many thoughtless things she did,
and even to yourself whom she has been taught all her life to respect
and love, that it gives me pain to think of it, and when I say so she an­
swers plainly it does not hurt you Mother more than me I am ashamed
to think of it. I believe that foolish manner which certainly does not
come from the heart is a family complaint for I remember traits of it in
myself which brings tears in a moment—

Your fear that I should have any additional charge is groundless I
have none—Rose\(^4\) has been so long away she does not know home as
it is, but I assure you 6 years experience of our daily duties and way of
life has made many of our good Sisters as much old women as I am,
Tho' only two of them are as old in years, and they would not let me eat
for myself if they could take the trouble for me, their care and attention
to save me every trouble would appear even rediculous to others who
not living with us, do not know the tie of affection which is formed by
living in Community. perhaps you have no idea of the order and quiet
which takes place in a regular way of life - every thing meets its place
and time in such a manner that a thing once done, is understood by the

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\(^3\)John Scott was a member of the Pennsylvania state legislature.

\(^4\)Sister Rose White had been on mission at St. Joseph’s Asylum, Philadelphia, since she left St. Joseph’s Valley September 29, 1814.
simplest person as well as by the most intelligent... for my part you
know better than any one what a fine intelligence I ever had for any
thing but taking care of No. 1—

Your letter containing 50 dollars is received my Julia, I little ex­
pected it after all the expence you have borne for Rebecca - but it was
your pleasure to send it, and it was very welcome for Richards set out,
which I wish to take place as soon as possible, as he is bent on a count­
ing house in order to meet his Brothers plans, and I have written Mr.
[Robert] Barry to try and procure him a place - he is an enormous
young man, very well disposed, but like his brother before he left us
shows no remarkable talents, though William has, by his excellent
conduct in every situation he has been, shown a truly solid mind.

if you prefer scrawls to notes dearest friend, at least here is one -
peace to your dear heart do take care of yourself—if you had I think
you would not have been so often sick—be good Lady Glorianna

Your letter mentioning the pangs of [Maria’s death] came on the
very day I was under the full rememberance of mine 12th March -
deariest ones, they probably little expected to leave us to lament
them—but GOD is all—all the rest dearest loved and cherished must
pass, pass pass—

Yours EAS.

7.10 To Rev. Simon Gabriel Bruté, S.S.

+recreation—[n.d.]

Rebecca says “how can any one think what our Lord has done for
them and not love him, that is such a mystery to me why every body
dont love him—sometimes I have such feelings almost like dispair
because I cannot keep my good resolutions but when I have these

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5Julia’s daughter, Maria Scott Pederson, died in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1814.
6Anna Maria, Elizabeth’s eldest daughter, had died March 12, 1812.
7.10 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:52
sorrowful thoughts and I can only look at a crucifix I think directly be sure he will forgive after he has done all that for me” [page torn]

G—night once more - a day more gone - Tomorrow G at the altar—on the mountain!—our God—thought presses—his infinite goodness—come in G—Silence and the sanctuary—Cecilia¹ Where—how earnest her pure [page torn] to deepest ever [page torn]

7.11 To William Seton

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3rd April 1816

My dearest Souls dearest William

I would hardly keep back a deluge of tears reading your dear letter 26th January by the Gendorph in which you mention recieving so few letters from us - while from you we recieve so often the dearest most delightful expressions of your tender affection—Yet this very month of March I have already sent four packages to Baltimore, two I think in February and every month before always two or three and Mr. [Robert] Barry and [Luke] Tiernan have even been so kind as to write me of their having forwarded them, but names of vessels they do not tell me, and as yours come either by post or strangers I could not tell you unless when you mention yourself my dearest one by what vessels they come as they are only marked “ship”—now good William Raborg in terests himself to forward also I hope your dear heart will no more be disappointed in the poor little, very little expression we can give of ours—

My William My William how little indeed of mine which clings to you now with the added doubled tenderness of esteem and confiding

¹Cecilia Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law, had died April 17, 1810.

7.11 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:15
friendship, independent of the first doating love of a Mother to her
darling first born son, and such a son as you have ever been to me - but
now from all I can hear of you, and conclude also from your letters,
your conduct has been uniformly every thing that could flatter and de­
light my fondest desire, which you well know has ever been chiefly
centered in the one point of seeing you go straight in the path of Virtue
and integrity—So far I am the happiest of mothers and can go in peace
to the grave since I always am under the conviction that you my own
William will be the leading hand to your brother and for the girls they
are more promising than ever -

a little ago kneeling by darling Bec saying her last little prayers for
her at 8 1/2 just after the angelus, (while you my beloved are in your
good sleep we hope and morning dreams of us perhaps) - she bid me
kiss her billys mole on the side of her neck—I kiss as you would your­
self while she like an angel composes herself always hands clasped,
Ninas crucifix in her arms, her forehead and breast crossed with holy
water, she always goes to sleep with our little prayer, Jesus Mary Jo­
seph I give you my heart my spirit and life . . . assist me in my last ag­
ony—dear darling, and Kit kneels under her picture of the blessed
Virgin making her last prayers so fervent, eyes up you know and such
pure and pious looks that they are both most lovely pictures to me far
surpassing all human art - but how they both love you, it is like a ro­
mance of imagination to hear their plans and hopes and expectations
about Willy, sometimes to plague them I say ah wait till Willy has his
som[e]body to love - “Well they say he will never never forget us” - no
that he will not—

Richard is going this time I believe though I cannot but be sorry if
he really goes to Mr. [Basil] Elders¹ who is a grocer (whole sale
though) but Mr [John] Dubois says he has [page torn] in his store and it
is a [unclear] for waggonners [unclear]—I know too it will vex you,
but he pushes so hard to go and really I see no prospect for him unless

¹The Elders were a prominent Catholic family in Maryland. The Basil Elder family from
Baltimore knew Elizabeth when she was in Baltimore. Their daughter Elenor later entered the
community and became Sister Helena.
in New York in case Mr. Ogden would take him, but if you knew what I do of the peculiarities of that family you would never wish him to be there, and from the manner they have behaved to me I doubt much their receiving a child of mine - you know it was they who wrote the threatening letter that the house would be burnt over my head, calling me Siren etc etc - dearest William have patience all will turn for the best I am sure. he shall not go to Mr. Elders if I can help it, but you know when a young man as he is, is in college and his mind turned another way how many difficulties there are—you experienced it enough yourself

tell my ever dear Mr. Antonio [Filicchi] not to be a moment uneasy about answering my poor letters I know his heart well—and tell Mrs. Amabilia [Filicchi] to give you sometimes one look for your Mother who will love and pray for her now with redoubled affection since you say she is as a Mother to you—my heart and soul rejoices that Mr. F[ilippo Filicchi] is recovering - such men as he we would wish to live a century

3rd April 1816

beg Seignorina Marias [Filicchi] permission to kiss her hand for me I would shed tears of gratitude on it—Be blessed my own dear son oh do persevere in every industry and attention in the dear family of F[ilicchi] - to do what I cannot, think how earnestly we 3 are praying that you may make a good Easter communion.

Your own devoted Mother

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2Abraham Ogden, a family friend and business associate of the Setons. Charlotte Seton, Elizabeth’s sister-in-law, married Abraham’s brother, Gouverneur Ogden. They were bitterly opposed to Cecilia Seton’s conversion to Catholicism and blamed Elizabeth for this turn of events.
My own Will

—I find this little word on the table and will take it to enclose Richard’s last letters - they have so much amusement this morning with their magical pocket book that I cannot deny the pleasure of us all in sending it to you trifling as it is - it was a little gift to the girls—Dick and Rebec are just now playing ball over the head of my bed “crack” say Dick “catch” it on your chin sayd Bec—Sister Sus[an Clossy] is sewing his ball and Miss Kitten at the piano—Mothers poor heart you see where—My own own William—but I must look forward forward—this morning I found myself praying for your confessor, that will make you laugh . . . so anxious that he should lead you well - I beg so hard you may be an “honest man” as you say at Easter² for you know an honest man gives to God his due as well as to man - is it not so—Kit has written you a list of your letters, and Mr. Gottsburger writes me from New York that he had forwarded my letters to you by the Ontario-Gibraltar—Good Mr. Quin will take these to Mr. [Robert] Barry as Mr. Owings took a packet to Mr. [Luke] Tiernan last week, and the week before two packs to Mr. Raborg - if only you may get the word of love thats all. Peace and love and every blessing to you - I continually repeat to you some word of grateful remembrance to the two dear families you are with and our pleasure to hear of Mr. Ph[ilip] F[ilicchi’s] recovery—

Bless bless you from the full heart of your own Mother

== Your friend Vespers³ writes he knows not if he will remain where you left him there is every prospect of new COMMOTIONS—how you will be shocked to see Mr. [Thomas] Jefferson turned to a Joh[n] Gilpin in the papers - you must allow there is

7.12 ASIPH Copies Box 1, Souvay 23 (typescript) No original exists.
1The first page was written by Rebecca Seton.
2Elizabeth hoped that William would be faithful to his obligation of receiving the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion at Easter.
3Rev. Francis Vespré
something revolting to see a chief Magistrate treated so—I do not understand politics or characters but have a horror to find our Government can countenance such a press freedom—the children read it to me for fun in our recreation, but my Bayley blood mounted—

Do my Son reflect, and be moderate in these case[s] - always take the side of Order, it is Gods first law say our true poet⁴—God bless you

EAS

7.13 To Rebecca Seton

+[1816]

Well my darling again we are disappointed but I hope at least to see you Easter Sunday [April 14] - I hope - kiss my own Richard for his and your Mother -

Kit and I took our one hour in the garden with the girls and Sisters who sat up from 9 to 10—how often my eyes turned from my corner to Mr. [Charles] Duhamels¹ with a little prayer on my dear one—and how many on our beloved giant—this anniversary of our separation from Willy—so goes this world - I say your little indulgences faithfully for you with the full blessing of poor Mothers heart—the girls enjoyed the station pictures and the ecce hommo² Sister Cicilia O’Conway] fixed on a little altar in the choir for them . . . they were so good and your little Harp³ like an angel—be good too my darling, kind to all who are so kind to you - love Sister Sus[an Clossy] for me and be attentive to all -

⁴“Order is Heaven’s first law” appears in Alexander Pope’s Epistle 4, line 49 of Essay on Man. The poem was published in 1735.

7.13 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:47a

¹Rebecca was at Rev. Charles Duhamel’s at the Mountain. Richard was also at Mount St. Mary’s. William left for New York March 27, 1815; thus March 27 or the date they received word of his departure would be the first anniversary of his departure for Italy.

²Station pictures may refer to the Stations of the Cross which may be the Meerschaum stations now in the chapel of the White House at Emmitsburg. The Latin “Ecce Homo” means “Behold the man.” It is a depiction of Jesus during his passion. Cf. John 19:5.

³One of the Harper girls who was a student at St. Joseph’s Academy
—pray for our Brother and be very friendly to our gentle friend—I watched you—saw you with dearest Richard and Sister Susan on the hill—never mind how glad am I it is no worse—

Your own Mother love love to all

7.14 To Rebecca Seton

+[n.d.]

Sunday Morning so bright the birdes wild in their concerts and I enjoying so much my old office book of B[lessed] Sacrament—how happy you are to have Benediction but I have himself 9 Ocloc—now little Bid at your desk writing to you (I love so to show her any attention) and Maria and Jane at Sister Margarets— they love you so much how I love them—lent little Praddelers two of your capes this morning to go to the Mount they so delighted—so all my pleasure in this world in loving you and those you love—

7.15 To William Seton

April 8, 1816

Mother’s to her own William

7.14 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:47e
1One of the younger pupils who was fond of Rebecca.
2Maria Gillespie and Jane Falls, both pupils at the Academy, were also writing at the desk used by Sister Margaret George.
7.15 ASJPH 1-3-3-18:27
1This is a note included in a letter from Richard, Catherine, and Rebecca.
My William

I would be too jealous that you should open a letter and not read one line from me now I have dried up my tears a little, for you may depend they fell in plenty over your letter of this morning—I cannot help it—absence, separation, all that must be endured, but to think the one we love most in the world neglects US—oh that is hard—yet you know me so well my son your heart did Justice to its mother even when she pained you most—We send 4 letters different directions¹ [each] time—

our Sisters in Philadelphia² beg so much to be remembered to you, Sister Fanny [Jordan] says she makes her little ones (they have 22) say their beads for you, and poor Rose [White] thinks of you so much in her communions—there is a great deal of talk about Captain White having been 11 or 12 years a prisoner in Algiers and on his way home. Charles is wild with joy at the thought³—

poor dearest Richard is again disappointed of his hope of going to Baltimore—he bears it well but feels much—soon I hope we will write you something more promising you know Mr. [John] Dubois with his best intentions is very drole in his plans - now he has persuaded poor Dick back to latin again only to keep him busy, and you know how he relishes that—I will do my best to clear his way—here drops my little wax candle—Kit says ah Mother dont take it off send our kiss from all on it so—Kiss Kiss Kiss—ah my Willy - hush heart-patience - only take care of that Soul I love so—Your own Mother

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7.16 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:16

¹Different addresses
²The Sisters of Charity had been staffing St. Joseph Asylum in Philadelphia since 1814.
³This story aroused false hope in both mother and son and may have been the result of mistaken identity. Prior to joining the Sisters of Charity, Rose Landry had wed Captain Joseph White on Valentine’s Day in 1799 when she was only fourteen. Captain White was lost at sea after just a few years of marriage. When Rose joined Elizabeth at Paca Street in Baltimore, she was mourning the deaths of both her husband and her infant daughter. Her son Charles was then only six years old but enrolled the next year at Mount St. Mary’s.
I would repeat a hundred times every kindest rememberance [to]
the dear families of F______ [ilicchi]

It strikes me just now perhaps Mrs. [Amabilia] Filicchi may think I
have not written them, but I have repeatedly—not to plague them in
hurry of business to answer me - that I could not think of but only to
speak my heart to such friends—tell me is any of my letters of the last
year reached them—my own own William love

your EAS

7.17 Copy to William Seton¹

April 9 [1816]

our dear crazy Dick will write his own way, but do not mind he is
not such a Jape² as he appears— I have proofs enough of his good
sense—this letter will go by Baltimore, and one by New York by
Monday Post—All well my dearest William and loving you inex-
pressibly—only promise me whatever is the fate of the dozen dozen
letters we write that you will never think you are one moment forgot-
ten as less beloved by your own poor doating little Mother—Our God
bless you

[your own EAS]

7.17 AMSV Seton-Jevons #290-293 (photocopy) No original exists.
¹This is a three-page letter from Richard Seton to his brother, but Elizabeth added a note on the
address page. Although it is dated 1818, it was written in 1816 since William was in Boston, not
Leghorn (Livorno), in 1818.
²Clown
My William most dear

we have sent letters in all directions for you hard indeed it will be if they do not reach you—but I trust indeed they will—Good Friday the anniversary of your departure - how well remembered - and we 3 have been preparing and making thanksgiving for your Easter communion with one heart—Bec at her Mountain with the beloved Giant the happiest darling in this World I believe, and much strengthened and better for her visit, determined to live to enjoy again the sight of our Willy as she says—for me often I fear my incessant tears at the least thought of you will at last blind me, and then I shall not see you again, so, I often stop them with this thought, and you may say to me with Dick “Why do you say so”—but it is stronger then I am, and springs chiefly from the fear of the long and final separation since you are so much exposed in the World. —think how your letters delight me when they speak of even Parental affection from the Filicchis and your full sense of your corresponding duties to them—I have told you what security it gives my heart for the future consequence to the girls and Richard . . . he is the most endearing kind soul to us you can imagine, and seems even to try to fill your part [as] well as his own, but crazy to the main point of getting off, and being busy - dear fellow - we must be patient—

all goes just so with us - I have written you every thing - over - and over in our last letters sent by Messers [Robert] Barry, [Luke] Tiernan, and Philad[elphi]a and New York, where I shall inclose to good Mr. Gottesberger this very one, and send Richards and Mr. Filicchi’s by Mr. Bertrand to Baltimore on the 26th when he leaves us—the girls are sitting at the same table by me both quite lost in their book—Kit reads History very eagerly now, and Bec has all the books

7.18 AMSV Seton-Jevons #171-172 (photocopy) No original exists

1Good Friday this year was April 12. William’s anniversary of departure from Baltimore was March 27 and from New York, April 6.
2George Gottesberger was a New York merchant with whom the community had business dealings.
we can find to amuse her—she attends her classes again, and I do believe her one chief motive is to improve herself to please you, she turns every thing she does to some thought of you—Kit is really an elegant soul and has so much propriety, Modesty and grace in all her actions and way of thinking that I am obliged to be proud of her as I am of my Willy—but you would laugh at good old lady Browners and the country peoples remarks about you, they think you are—[paper cut away]—they must have it you sent the pictures and every box or [message?] Mr. Seton over seas sends it to be sure—love your own little Mother, days of separation will wear away when I look at the little while ago since I was where you now are—so much happens in so short a space—my own own William God bless you—a thousand loves from all, the girls have written you twice or three times within a month—and Richard oftener. say every thing for us to our friends—My heart and eyes would go with these poor words to you—

Your own own own EAS

7.19 To Antonio Filicchi

22nd April 1816

+  

Dearest Antonio

I am grieved and ashamed at the little word I often meet in Williams letters that I must excuse your not writing—excuse indeed, I that jump with joy (in my old age) that you will even remember me, and could pour out my soul at your feet for your goodness to my poor boy—never give a second thought to your bad little sisters pride and pleasure in recieving your letters, for great as it is I know it would be

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3Mrs. Brawner, a woman of the area, was from a family which was linked with the Sisters of Charity. Joseph Brawner was overseer of the farm in 1836. Sister Samuel Anna (Martha) Brawner became a Sister of Charity in 1828 but after being professed for eight years, she withdrew to enter the Visitation convent at Kaskaskia, Illinois; Sister Hilary (Clotilda) Brawner joined the community in April 1831 and died in 1871.

4Rebecca added a note after her mother’s letter.

7.19 AMSJ A 111 061
too unreasonable to look for it - but you must remember her in your prayers, that cannot be relinquished—to tell you that you are always in mine with all that you love is I hope unnecessary, you know what my poor heart has always been to you, but when William speaks of your “parental Kindness” and your dearest Amabilia “care of a Mother” for him our God only can measure my joy and gratitude.—The first words you ever told me was to trust in God who took care of the young ravens and made the lilies grow\(^1\)—I could show you the spot at your Philippo’s where you told me that, and then declared the one way to get to his kingdom—

good Angel of your poor little bad sister - protector of soul and body, you now guard what is dearer than myself a thousand times—if you knew the good and dutiful child William has ever been to me you would not scold me for saying so, and since I find your Brother and yourself become his protectors and he seems so sensible of the blessing of being under your wing, I can go like a poor worn out soldier in peace to the side of Anina, quite secure that the 3 others will be protected and supported in their religion, all I care for, for them or me.

I forgot to tell your Philippo [Filicchi] that we made a general Communion for him the first day of May—All our Sisters, and the Superior Rev. Mr. [John] Dubois says mass for him here and Mr. [Simon] Brute in Baltimore—your commemoration 13th June, since I have it in my mind St Anton of Padua\(^2\) is your patron - and in your poor sisters heart everyday, and every Communion—every year they grant me a Communion that day for you.

I dont know if ever my letters reached you wherein I told you all my little affairs—I hear from no one now except my good little Sister [Mary] Post who is in great affliction if it would but turn her heart the one way\(^3\)—I do not think that she is of the generous opinion so prevalent with my good friends there that you have bought me, a reproach which can only make you smile at their thinking you so zealous as to take so much trouble and expence for your religion, though I do not

\(^1\)Cf. Luke 12:22-34.
\(^2\)St. Anthony of Padua (1195-1231) was an early member of the Franciscan order. The feast of St. Philip, Filippo’s patron, was May 1 at this time.
\(^3\)Elizabeth hoped her sister would convert to Catholicism.
doubt dear Antonio but you would willingly have paid your dime to Almighty God for so many souls as have walked in your suit on the steps of your bad little Sister if money could have bought them.

I rejoice to draw no more from Messrs. Murrey, more on that account than for your disbursement - yet perhaps my bill at the Seminary may compel me to draw 200$ yet this year for Richard but not if Mr. Dubois will wait till Mrs. [Julia] Scott (who has ever remained the same) makes next year payment of 200$—this year it went to compleat the discharge of Williams expences and Rebeccas journey to Philadelphia to the Physicians which however has given her no relief of her lameness, but they insisted so much on her going that I was obliged before God to consent—Josephine (little Kit) now earns <her> own living here by teaching—so you see how faithful our God is to those you give up to him—the respect and grateful love of my heart to your Amabilia [Felicchi] I can never express, love her for me, and beg her to remember before God one who never forgets her and her sweet family—your own friend forever EASeton

Rev. Mr. [Nicholas] Zocchi is so anxious about some things to be forwarded to him from you I believe—he often writes and enquires if I have letters.

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7.20 To William Seton

St. Mark 25 April 1816

just from Communion—*you well in it indeed*

+

I dont know my own love what Richard has written you, but here is a sudden opportunity and I send without inclosing. You may be sure we have sent dozens of letters in all directions to you within these two

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4John Murray and Sons of New York handled the Felicchi accounts in the United States. Antonio Felicchi had directed the firm to disburse funds to Elizabeth at her request.

7.20 ASCSE Seton-Jevons #57-58
months after hearing of your disappointments - also have written Messers. Phil[ippo] F[ilicchi] and Anto[nio Filicchi] this month—we have your last letter by the brig Upton with comforting dancing news for my heart that you have our November and December letters—at least you know that sleeping or waking your heart is in mine continually—dear dear dearer for a thousand thousand times than my own life—Yes, our God knows that—Bec is just waked from her dreams of you at Breakfast bell bright and sweet and lovely, much stronger than she was in the fall, going again through all the classes she can to please Willy and improve herself for him. was ever a Brother or Son doated on as you are, Dick is all alive he says to prove to you he can do something

I have now finding charity and friendship so cold this side of the water offered Mr. [Luke] Tiernan (who is doing a great deal of business) to try and meet whatever terms he may propose knowing the blessed friends of Leghorn¹ would not withdraw at such a moment if we are obliged again to draw, but Mr. [John] Dubois says St. Josephs house shall come forward if necessary, if only with one dollar of the thousands I have drawn to them. —the day will soon come I trust when all be turned back to its source—my own own William—Your Brothers conduct this hard push has filled my very soul with comfort, as yours did when in the same pain—never let my proud heart in you two be brought down, for indeed then I would begin to know real Sor­row—

love my dear Mrs. Amabilia [F[cilicchi]] for me, Bec sends you a pensée² for your darling little ones amusement on your knees with the magical pocket book in a letter of mine—all - well - doating on you -

forever yours EAS

¹The Filicchis
²Rebecca had written something to amuse the younger Filicchi children.
Our Sea of sorrow a little past—poor Bec with blessed Sister Sally [Thompson] holding her can contain her misery a moment and be quiet after a conflict of 5 days and nights in groans and tears and agonies out of my power to give any least thought—could not be believed if I had not seen—the inflammation now brought down by a large blister on the seat tumors again running - little pityful sack of bones, always saying “my dear Lord, my Mother,” with incessant big rolling tears unable to sit or lie but on a rack tho’ 3 and sometimes 4 of us at a time night and day too standing, soothing, holding—when she at last could remain a few moments in bed and the excessive agony was suspended I said well Beck not a single little prayer these 3 nights and days!! “Indeed but dearest Mother for my part every moment of the time I was praying”—poor darling once when writhing herself out of our hands till her poor lame knee to the floor sweating and panting half screaming she stared her big eyes and said to us as if in consultation “I am almost tempted to beg our Lord to ease me do you think it will displease him”—and with such faith when permitted she begged him let her have only a moment to get in a posture and actually was eased enough to get in bed - almost gone though—we have all sobbed round her like babies at that silence which succeeded
— 394 —

7.22 To Richard Seton

[May 1816]

You see my dear Son

I am a little stiff with the good old gentleman, but it is best to go quietly and not press too much—

Our God will do all for You, but you must and shall be good - and your little Mother will fight all your battles ‘till you are able to fight ours dear Goliath of my heart—if this iron does not take we will try another, but I will not rest till I get you busy some where—

<—You laugh at my saying “another year at the Mountain,” but I have my meaning in it, and he will understand> it though it is so far far from your thoughts may [God] bless you forever
dearest love I changed that this morning as it did not seem a sufficient or true reason—my letter goes now immediately by post - but write me if you were satisfied with it. Mrs. Jenkins will be here immediately her father is dead—

Bec well - all well—dear Wednesday close at hand—

Your own Mother

7.23 To Marie Françoise Chatard

[May 1816]

My own dear friend

your poor little Bec’s tumour stopped running - inflammation took place and went so far that we thought all concluded—but a large

7.22 AMSJ A 111 014
1 Possibly arthritis
2 Cf. 1 Kings 17.
3 Elizabeth was trying to secure a position for her son.
4 The day Richard would come from the Mountain to visit his mother in St. Joseph’s Valley

7.23 ASJPH 1-3-3-4:91
blister etc has eased, the discharge is restored and if she survives the extreme weakness of so many days and nights of inconcievable ago­
nies it will be but to prolong suffering.

You know my mind on all that—all is well with us—and think of the mountain off my heart Mr. [Luke] Tiernan recieves Richard next week¹—our God is too too good praise and love from me as I do and have so long done for you—Your EAS.

Mrs. T² will tell of your dear dear ones—will you give this little cross to our blessed friend the president—and the little word to Pere.³

7.24 To Eliza Wyse¹

18th May 1816

+ 

My ever ever dear Eliza

I am delighted to acknowledge your affectionate little letter, though I was sure from what we know of your disposition that you had not forgotten St. Josephs yet it is sweet to hear from yourself that old friends are remembered and loved—

little Bec is suffering much just now do not forget her in your prayers. Josephine is as good as ever, I have just now witnessed her joy and fun on seeing a dear little stranger from New York, whom she says is the image of Betsey Wyse as we used in love to call you—dearest Betsey Wyse be good, Comfort your dear Mother and return her a few of the thousand cares and attentions she has paid to you

So many of our St. Josephs girls are coming to make their retreat

¹Richard went to Baltimore May 14 to live in the Tiernan household and to begin work in Luke Tieman’s business.
²Mrs. Luke Tiernan, mother of Ann Elizabeth and Sally who attended St. Joseph’s Academy in 1813
7.24 ASJPH 1-3-3-3:48b,c
¹A former pupil at St. Joseph’s Academy
with us\textsuperscript{2} - will you ever be permitted - how happy and delighted we would be to see you, you should go to the stationary to Sister Margaret [George] as often as you pleased—I know you laugh at that—you do not tell me a word whether you go often to Confession to COMMUNICATION - and nothing about my favourite William whom I never forget.

Rev. Mr. [John] Dubois said he would fulfill all your brothers directions respecting yours and Williams things left at the Mount and at the same time send all yours So I hope indeed they are safe with you long ago as we sent them to town as soon as you left us
give my love to our dear girls if you should see any of them and tell your dear Mama it was quite a disappointment to me that you left St. Josephs before she made the visit she promised you—MAY GOD BLESS YOU dear child a thousand thousand times prays your ever affectionate friend \textit{EASeton}

Mother\textsuperscript{3} begs our Lord to bless her dear Eliza that she may be an ever blooming Rose in his Paradise—

come under the Shawl this morn[in]g and love and bless our Jesus

+Your poor affectionate Mother \textit{EAS}

\textbf{7.25 Copy to William Seton\textsuperscript{1}}

18th May 1816

My own Will,

the old lady has indeed not left me [much] room, but I just sent yesterday a letter for you by Mr. McCarty to New York from whence I have had Abundance of letters [speaking of you] with the most pleasing remembrances—you left so [unclear] and favourable an impression there on the minds and [hearts] of our friends that I am quite

\textsuperscript{2}It was a practice that former students at the Academy were welcome to return for retreat.

\textsuperscript{3}This last section was on a separate piece of paper enclosed with the longer letter.

\textsuperscript{1}The first page \#173, is from Rebecca, and the second page, \#174, dated May 16, is from Catherine. Elizabeth Seton's letter is \#175-176.
proud of it. Your Aunt [Mary Bayley] P[ost] writes that Leo² is now in partnership with a Mr. Rogers—I long to hear from our Richard how he comes on, I will write you all I hear, though I know how quick he is himself to write you [unclear] for another letter from [unclear] Kit is learning to draw of a Mr. Mullen a Natura[unclear] at the seminary, where also they have the acquisition [of a] Mr. Bauvais a most accomplished gentleman teaching Italian Spanish etc etc etc - who has lived with your Aunt Charlott Ogdens (Gouverneur Ogden) family on the black river and has much to say of them—Mr. Gov he says would have allowed his children to learn the Catholic catechism, but Aunt C thought not.

Bless bless you a thousand thousand times—and a thousand loves to all who love you—

Your own EAS.

7.26 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

May 20th 1816 +Rogation Monday¹

Poor Darling²—telling her of our beautiful meditation on the love of God she told me as I knelt by her “ah dearest Mother I now hardly dare tell God I love him, I prove it so badly—sometimes not even that I desire to love him for you know well that what I desire very much I can soon enough show it, and it seems like a bold falsehood to say, and not do any thing to prove it—indeed I think our Lord sent me this sickness for my neglect of my little practices of piety since the retreat—for when I have been out among the girls taking a little pleasure, it did go so hard with me to leave them and go to the chapel, yet when I am there I seem never to have time to say enough—Yet you know too how negligent I have been these two weeks still it is certain I prayed

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²Lionel (Leo) Post, Elizabeth’s nephew

7.26 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:54

¹The days set aside to pray for God’s blessing on the spring planting and a good harvest.

²Rebecca
night and day in continual aspiration since I have been so for no one can help me but him”—

dear simple heart these her exact words with such pure looks of Sincere meaning—Oh my God how piercing to my cold dead heart so truly without proof or effect—dear dear Rebecca, every day dearer and more and more resigned, I think most gratefully for I must hope she will be safe—Rebecca at least saved

7.27 To William Seton

+20th May 1816

My dear love

this is the 3rd time I write you this week, but here is Mr. [Robert Goodloe] Harper who will give Mr. Oliver charge of your Seal¹ and one sent to Rebec by Louisa Caton going to England for her health and for fashion of the world to travel - the Motto “change only in Death” may do for a laurel leaf but Bec says Death shall not change her to her Billy, Kit and herself are covering the little Seal with kisses before it goes to you put mine on the back of it too happy if it was handsomely set, but you know how far off—and another reason too. - you will have them done well my Souls dear one.

if you could see your angel Bec sealing them up, and Sister Celia’s [O’Conway] care to make [a] little box for them with Bec on the top, her crown in hand as the dear one says “Mary [Diana] Harper is going to France to finish her education - I to a more distant country to accomplish mine”—but she is as lively and playful as a kitten with us all—everyones delight is to amuse her—

Bless bless bless you my dearest one say everything affection and gratitude can express to the two dear families.

7.27 ASCSE Seton-Jevons #59-60

¹It was customary for individuals to have a personal seal, used for documents and letters.
Kit and Rebec both have written by this same opportunity, and I have written our Richard to be sure not to miss it. Your own Mother—all in haste but ever yours EAS.

Over and over I have written Messers Ph[ilippo] and A[ntonio Filicchi], but not to plague them <but> only to comfort my own heart. MM

7.28 To Rebecca Seton

[May, 1816]

My Souls darling

at her Mothers little table making Aves and Paters¹ singing Glorias and “in thee have I trusted” —Oh the joy to that Mothers soul - the love of her Mother in heaven - the delight of her good angel presenting every moment of the suffering darling to her crucified Saviour who counts her pains with his—

My Souls darling—in her cradle and bandage—sitting on this swift rolling Earth - moments and hours passing so swiftly to our glorious happy Eternity

trust all indeed to him my dear one - put all in his hands - and we will see by and by when we get home in our Jerusalem how good and tender he has been in giving you the thorny crown—My souls darling be blest with all the blessing of a Mothers Soul,—

your EAS²

7.28 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:47b

¹The Hail Mary and the Our Father
²Cf. Ps. 31:14.
³Written on the outside of this letter: “Rebec most dear dear at her Mother little table in the box.”
My ever dear friend

—I know not what to write Mrs. Duncan about the sweet child as our Superior [John Dubois] has not said one word on the subject to me—Cecilia O'Conway drest her in white put a little paper in her hand with the words “suffer little children to come” etc—but he has been silent and I feared to anticipate Providence by speaking—yet will you tell the poor lady who cried so much about her if she calls to enquire, that it is as lively and engaging as possible, all our difficulty is to keep it from being ruined by the carresses and indulgence of Sisters and children—

Our Rev. Superior directed me to tell you as he seems really to consider us part of your family that he wished extremely you would recommend our invaluable Sister Betsey [Boyle] to Dr. [Pierre] Chatard and beg him to enquire in her constant pain in the breast and almost constant pain in the side—She hurt her breast she thinks lifting our good trapist Sister before she died as she felt something snap in it — but as nature has never been interrupted I hope it will pass, yet her loss to the House of St. Joseph would be indeed incalculable—Our Lords will in all—

how many little adventures our darling Emily [Chatard] must have told you, Sister Margaret [George] made me a little uneasy telling me she fell out of bed, but she says so wrapt in the bed clothes she could not have hurt herself. blessed child may she live to be all she promises to be to you, her advices and care over the little Mary was admirable

7.29 ASJPH 1-3-3-4:90

1Luke 18:16

2Sister Mary Joseph Llewellyn (d.1816) was a member of a Trappistine monastery which failed. Sponsored by Rev. John Moranvillé, she was admitted to the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity November 27, 1814. She died at St. Joseph’s May 25, 1816, at about the age of thirty. Rev. John Dubois, S.S., called her death one of ecstasy. She is buried in the original community cemetery at Emmitsburg.
and tenderness to shelter Rebecca's leg from its motions—she said to Rebecca once "come go with us," and Rebecca's answering "I cannot," with the pale suffering look, moved Emily's heart in a moment—do embrace her tenderly for us both—and all your dear ones, what a truly happy meeting it must be—

Our dearest Lord bless them all forever—your EASeton.

Sunday morning

Thursday our retreat begins—your full share in mine—

7.30 To Jerome Bonaparte

[June 1816]

Dear Jerome

It is a great pleasure to me to send you the Agnus Dei— I wish I had one handsomely covered - but you will mind only the Virtue of the prayers our holy Father has said over it—I earnestly beg our Lord to preserve in you the graces he has so tenderly bestowed on you—take care yourself not to lose them pray for me and I will for you

your true friend EAS

7.31 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

[June, 1816]

+6 oclock after morning meditation

in this little life of your Mother not a moment since I saw you to write a word but the meditation, or a Volume would have not been

7.30 ASJPH 1-3-3-4:100

1Jerome Bonaparte, son of Elizabeth Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte and a nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, was a student at Mount St. Mary's and looked to Elizabeth for guidance and encouragement.

2Agnus Dei literally means "Lamb of God." Its usage here refers to a small piece of pure wax, bearing the impress of a lamb supporting the standard of the cross, which was worn devoutly about the neck or suspended in a glass frame from the wall.

7.31 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:50
enough to say half the heart that fastens to yours more and more if possible—but with such freedom of the local circumstances or position of the moment, that I shall see you go again to fulfil your big Presidentship (O bad omen G I did not know that tear was there)—well, I will see you go to do his will of the present moment with no other sighs or desires but for its most full and compleat accomplishment

Your little silly woman in the fields (most happy name and place for her my G) Your little woman, silly of our dear sillyness of prayers and tears, will now hold closer and closer to him who will do all in you, as he does in my poor little daily part, and try always to bring you the (start there again my candle is so dim I cannot see) - try always every moment to bring to you the support [of] Mothers prayers, her cry to him for your full fidelity, as for our poor Williams “deliverance from Evil”¹ You know G.

—but for the advices which would assist I am truly silly, going as you know to meet every body in the grace of the moment, which we never can know till we find the humour and temper of the one we are to meet with—the many mistakes all swallowed and comforted by intention intention intention

—

Our true peace and Security with our beloved as you so often delighted to tell me—Rebec calls - Jos sick too—very well—You are coming our beloved waits!

7.32 To William Seton

10th June 1816

My Souls William

the good Mr. McCarty of New York just writes me by post that a vessel is to sail from that port for Leghorn, I wrote you yesterday in


7.32 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:17
full and gave my letter to Mr. Mitchell who promised to forward it immediately—Yet I must not, cannot let Mr. McCartys offer pass without saying your Bec is better, gone out in the school room for her little recreation for the first time . . . as sweet and good as a little angel and doating on her Billy as she calls you. Jos Kit is just now eating strawberrys and says she would send you her whole heart with love in this poor letter—Mother bites her under lip and tears gush at the thought of how little she can speak her love—Richard who I told you all about yesterday will do as well as your heart and mine could wish at Mr. [Luke] Tiernans if only his inexperience is controuled—Mrs. [Marie Françoise] Chatard writes that they are much pleased with him and I had a sweet letter from him to day promising every attention to advice etc.—

My William how delightful to me that your prospect is so much more substantial; and that you really love those whom you live with from every motive of esteem and gratitude—My own son be blessed with the full blessing of a Mothers heart, think how it doats on you and how I have held you in it all these heavenly feasts. could you not invent any way of showing some mark of kind remembrance to Mr. [Simon] Bruté, but indeed I know not what unless it was a few lines repeating your recollection of his good care and kindness, which he extends to Richard now in every way he can, also our so kind friends the Chatards. present me most affectionately to all your side of the water - I long to hear of Mr. Philippos [Filicchi] health—

Your own EASeton

7.33 To Julia Scott

+15th June 1816.

My Julia dear

it just strikes me that it must be a long time since I have written you since I have not yet told you that my pet darling [Rebecca] has had a
severe attack of inflammation in her poor leg, which almost finished her and me both, for her agonies were so great that I could not leave her a moment while they lasted - a large blister on her seat relieved her and you may suppose the excess of her distress but the lively playful heart kept her up and still supports her—after sitting up the night in her chair she is as cheerful next morning as if she had rested—but it must eventually finish, and my dear little bird fly away—then I may truly say I will be good and try hard to get to heaven after her—

did I tell you yet that Richard has a good very good place in Baltimore in the counting house of Mr. [Luke] Tieman who has a most amiable family with whom the dear boy lives intirely and he is as well there as he can be, until he joins William who is very desirous that he should become acquainted with American commerce for their mutual advantage

my bed is now heaped with your dimity petticoats preparing for poor Kit to go a little Visit to Baltimore to this very family of Tiernans, whose two daughters having been years past with us have a great affection for her, and their excellent mother promises me she shall take every day her music and drawing lessons with them as they have a private teacher, they are such girls as for reserve and gentility of manners you would choose for her companions, but what I feel at her going is too painful—so pure so innocent a creature—but she must go some day . . . so let it be, I would perhaps regret I did not consent while she is herself willing poor darling, attracted by the idea though of music and drawing more than any other thought as she has a passion for both and has made in both good progress by her own industry - a few weeks will be more to her with her diligence than many months to another—

Bec speaks of you continually, and is still on the look out for her box, we know all your goodness in sending, but can not understand why it stopt by the way, no doubt it will come at last and at any time be a great delight to her, especially in her present situation of weariness and suffering.

—oh do speak my heart to Mrs. [Mehitabel] Markoe for her kindness in it

My beloved Julia! - I can repeat that twenty times looking on the bright clouds with a hundred affections and desires to our God for you,
but never can tell you my heart looking over with Rebecca your letters of years so long past as well as those of later times I say can there be so true, so tender a friend as you have ever been to the poorest most unworthy creature—our God and he alone will ballance—

Answer me now 3 words where is your J[ohn] Scott, how is he, and where are you and what is your summer plan, and is your health better—dearest friend I wish you had someone you love very much always with you for the thousand little nursings and cares you must want—if I could be that one as 20 years ago, but now if I was even near you I am like an old worn out thing whose first quality and strength could scarcely be believed—Bec wears me away with herself for we are such fools that if 20 persons are present none can supply, she is even worse than Anna was in that point of weakness—will you let me hear from you once before you begin your summer round—your EAS. forever—

how is Brother S[am], and Mrs [Charlotte]Cox?—

7.34 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

28th June 1816
St. Peter and St. Paul

Simon and Peter\(^1\) are the same—Oh for the Spirit of the Apostles.

my Penance in St. Francis\(^2\) said “L’humilité qui ne produit la générosités est indubitablement fausse - car après qu’elle a dit je ne puis rien, je ne suis rien qu’un pur néant elle doit aussi-tot faire plaisir a la générosité que dit. Il n’y a rien, il n’y peut avoir rien que je ne puisse d’autant que mets toute mon espérance an Dieu qui peut tout, et dessus cette confiance elle entreprend courageusement etc etc”\(^3\)

7.34 ASJPH 1-3-12:62
\(^1\)Elizabeth was noting the feast day of Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.
\(^2\)Probably St. Francis de Sales
\(^3\)Translation: “The humility that does not produce generosity is undoubtedly false - for after saying I can do nothing, I am nothing but sheer nothingness, it must immediately please generosity which says, There is nothing, there can be nothing that I can do as much as to place all my hope in God who can do everything, and with this confidence it undertakes courageously etc.”
—I beg much this good courage for you to day in the word so dear
Thou are the Christ⁴

Sister Betsy [Boyle], Margaret [George], Sus[an Clossy] etc
laughing at poor ghostly Bec who says so gaily after sitting most of the
night in her chair “Oh this a beautiful day I must go to the piano I must
practice to day” Sus says Why you have been practising all night
“Yes” Bec answers “but that is another kind of practising”

—poor beloved - we examine much together if she is in the good
disposition of the will - she is so sure only she says “perhaps I indulge
my feelings too much not stay[ing] in bed at night, but I do suffer so in
it” . . . strange indulgence—yet do pray for the poor lamb it has so
many little old and even fancy ways of pride pretentions (Seton ma-
ladies) etc.

7.35 To Ellen Wiseman

+  

[July 1816]

My precious Ellen

—be not uneasy at my not writing—I am obliged now to be Bec’s
nurse, but be assured you are more than ever beloved by your poor
friend—I cannot resign the hope of seeing you since your dearest
mamma is in Baltimore - at least try your best come see your Bec once
more - but I know much is in the way and leave all to our God - yet you
must love your poor Mother absent or not - it is all but a moment and
then our Eternity—mind it my own dear child and keep it well in
sight—

ever your EAS.

⁴Cf. Matt. 16:16.
7.35 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:B3
It is useless dearest friend to attempt telling you what I felt reading your letter today by Mr. Fox. I had so much hope that you would have have taken the opportunity, and we should have seen you indeed once more, not thinking your dear [George] Duplex was still with you—it would have been indeed a true delight - but there is a better will than ours—Rebecca would have been too happy for indeed we can hardly hope after this summer you will see her unless a particular change should take place in her for when you see her in the morning after sitting most of the night (last night not one hour in bed) you would think she could live but a few days—she rests her head all night on my bolster or on Susans [Clossy] shoulder or mine, often cramp in the stomach and breast when not in her leg besides the pain of the hip and bones she sits on—darling child, and as lively and playful next day if her ghostly worn out countenance and body did not show it we would think she scarcely suffered more than when you saw her—my time is chiefly passed in amusing or supporting her, she has no pleasure in any thing like Mothers love you may suppose what a pet she is with us all.

I forget if you noticed Miss [Ann Elizabeth] Tieman when you was with us, Kits darling friend, her whole family most amiable - the repeated invitations Kit received to go there could never prevail with us to part 'till this friend being ill and begging on that plea to see Kit, the parents sent their carriage with earnest intreaty for the little woman and Bec happening to be better at that time and Richards supplications added (it is with Mr. Tiernan he lives) Kit went the very day she was

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7.36 ASJPH 1-3-3-7:67

1The address on the outside of this letter is Mrs. G. A. Duplex, 34 Hudson New York.

2Robert Fox was a prominent New York Catholic who sent his daughters to St. Joseph’s Academy. He was involved in the foundation of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum and promoted the Sisters of Charity coming to New York. He became a friend of Elizabeth and she was especially fond of his wife, Elizabeth.
16 [June 28]—Oh my heart that day—yet glad she should leave the painful scene of poor Bec - she will soon return though poor darling, and pursue here awhile her passion for music and painting, she has a great talent for the latter, and we are so fortunate as to have a teacher, and also a French lady\(^3\) to teach music who has two orphan children and for their sake gives us an advantage very precious to our house which could not have commanded a woman of her talents in any other way—Kit expects to depart like all the rest at an early age, but her only pleasure in life is improving herself and she says “I must be busy Mother die or not” - she is the picture of health and lovely indeed to a Mothers eye—so would she be also to yours my dear Due—

We took notice wherever William went the perpetual word in the hundred letters we recieved about him was always his honesty, now all the accounts of Richard is his Innocence. Mr. [Luke] Tiernan writes me he is always ready to do every thing required most obedient and affectionate and adds he is as innocent as a child—I believe I wrote you William went to mass every day as regularly as to the counting house and Mr. Fenwick\(^4\) in Baltimore writes Richard is the first at the parish church every morning—So dearest friend I tell you my sweet comforts, and be assured I hold all the desires of your heart in mine knowing well its affection and anxiety, do not fear we will forget its greatest desire in [our] prayers. We were reading over some of your [dear] Georges [Dupleix] letters the other day, an own Brother can not have been more to me than he was in your absence, and the children all remember him with delight.

—Sister Susan [Clossey] just says “it is well Mrs. Duplex did not come this week as we are all going in retreat”—Bec answers “the very reason I would wish she had come then I would have had her all to myself and she would have staid with me all the time.” dearest Due when indeed shall we see you—How I thank you for the little news about my Sisters, never can I hear of any little particulars so pleasing to

\(^3\) Probably Mrs. Séguin who had twelve music pupils at $12.00 per year. In exchange for room and board at St. Joseph’s, Mrs. Séguin taught three additional students gratis, Sisters of Charity or Elizabeth’s own daughters. She was expected to pay tuition for her daughter Emma at St. Joseph’s and her son at Mount St. Mary’s.

\(^4\) Perhaps Rev. Enoch Fenwick, secretary to the archbishop and rector of the Cathedral
know. Dearest Ellen, ever dear Mary, and my Eliza S[adler] how glad I am to hear of all and my poor Richards Catherine, I did not know her darling was gone what would I not give to comfort her—Your dear self - you say little of but always suffering I know—[George] Duplex will be gone before this reaches you I suppose - if not say every thing grateful for me ever your EASeton

Richard is at Mr. Luke Tiernans merchant, Sharp Street, Baltimore

If you should see any of my Sisters family will you let her know I wrote her fully last week by way of Baltimore.

7.37 To William Seton

2nd July 1816

My own William

I hasten to acknowledge your letter of March by your friend Blanchard and the later date of 27th and 29th April to Richard, the girls and your little Mother—have just finished a letter to Mr. Abraham Ogden inclosing the one you received from the frenchman, and requested the receipt to be sent you, or to me, that I may forward it - I prefered writing Mr. Ogden myself as Leo [Post] might not have been careful in the business (being no longer at Mr. Ogdens but in partnership with young Roger as I understand) and besides Mr. O[gd]en will himself be more likely to find the person whom it is for, if indeed he cannot claim it—another reason (do laugh at all my reasons) I found by some old letters we were reading that in times of your dear Fathers

5Richard Bayley, Elizabeth’s deceased half-brother. His wife, Catherine White, apparently lost a child in infancy.

6Mary Bayley Post. The letter to which Elizabeth referred is not extant.

7.37 AMPH Seton-Jevons #74-77

1This letter has two beginnings, the first below the date reads: “My own William I hasten to inform you”
greatest trial and distress when Maitland failed etc. this Mr. Ogden was the kindest tenderest friend to him, giving him all his time early and late, so I was glad to show him this little attention and assure him I remembered him with gratitude. So you see a woman may have reasons some times.

Your own Kit left our Wooden Ark, and my poor Arms the very day she was 16, eve of Sts. Peter and Paul.—Mr. [Luke] Tiernan sent his carriage altho' his Boys were already gone begging for her in the kindest manner for the tenth time I believe to meet her friend Ann [Tiernan] and her Mother at Mrs. Tomasvilles 20 miles from Baltimore - many a tear of separation you may be sure but much comforted at the thoughts of Richards delight to see her—Mr. Tiernan has written me a most comforting letter about Richard. I make you an extract in his own words.

“Richards absence from my house (you know I wrote you that Julian[a] White told me he had slept at her Fathers) was owing to his anxiety to send you some articles, and the shortness of our evenings, he did not remember the hour, I have had several conversations with him about my duty to him considering myself as his guardian and accountable to you though I shall always give him every necessary indulgence. he is a very Amiable disposition as far as I can discover, as innocent as a child, obedient and willing to do every thing required of him”—

Richard writes continually <one day> last week we had six letters in one day and 4 in another, all as wild as his dear heart, before we open them Bec and I say lets see how the Thermometer stands this time - as to your letters my Son if we had your right ear we would pick (Bec says kiss) it well (and indeed I would my Willy) for saying so little of yourself—Oh if I did not think you happy I would be miserable indeed - but so much you have always said of every ones kindness to you, I hope the greatest pain of my William is his separation from his own 4, and never can you guess how truly we share that—

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2William Magee Seton inherited management of the mercantile firm Seton, Maitland and Company of 61 Stone Street in New York in 1798. A Mr. Maitland was the London partner in the firm. Mr. Ogden refers to Abraham Ogden.

3St. Joseph's House
Bec sits opposite me painting a little picture and laughing till she cried at the flies plauging me - her spirits keep her up, she says she will live to see her Billy again, but her sufferings I can never describe—She sits up the greatest part of the night with her head leaning on my bolster—often we say what is Willy doing now—and my poor heart tries hard to hide—but my dear one we must take all in this world as it passes if only you will cultivate the true spirit of a man and give your Noble Soul its rights, and our God his rights so immense and endearing—this Corpus Christi feast how often I thought . . . My God if my William could enjoy our Faith as I do—My very Soul wraps itself round yours is all I can say.4

7.38 Copy to Richard Seton

July 2nd 1816

Dearest R[ichard]

I ask my little lady [Rebecca] why she says you would not be interested about St. Josephs news and she answers it was about Sisters, Music Mistress, etc. but why my Kit is to become wild? she says because of the people of Baltimore are wild, I give you an explanation for fear you should think her cloudy—Darling child how she has suffered since Kit left us—it surely cannot last long so—I took a long sheet of paper to write Kit one half and you the other but Justine took us by surprize so now my own R I salute you this blessed beautiful feast of the Visitation1 and ask you if you are a faithful guardian and protector to my little Dove,2 mind you treat it well and do not let its beautiful little burnished wings be sullied by and blued by your city dust and d[i]rt, for dirty and muddy enough it proves to be best though you hardly know what I mean by abusing a place you all love so

4The second sheet contains a short letter from Rebecca to William.

7.38 AUND MSVY, M41 (typescript) No original exists.


2Catherine and Richard were both in Baltimore.
well—tell Jos not to mind playing her best for you but to practice well her *roundelay* and *Poco Presto* which she may call Bec’s delight for she truly delights in it—

love love love to all especially my dearest [Ellen] Wiseman since there are now two—

have been writing a long letter to William and one to New York so am *tired*.

bless bless you both a 1000000 times Your EAS

—mind not to neglect Mr. White that are true and solid friends—so love the *whole* family—and tell Kit Elenor Clancy has written Bec a kind letter with a handsome little present of pineapples etc. which delights Bec, so Miss Jos will please to bestow her gracious smiles when she sees her—She mu[st] excuse me to all the girls for not writing, most of my nights are in comforting Bec, and the days tired out—so goes this world—

7.39 To Catherine Seton

+[July 1816]

Dearest Jos

I have so many letters to write that Bec offers to write you for me—My precious child what would I give to bless you and put a Mothers kiss upon your forhead—but Patience—I would not cheat you with this little word but have an opportunity to write William by way of New York—you know what a letter is to him—love my Dick for me—I cannot think of you these two days without starting tears knowing how you must feel for Rebecca and your Mother—but do not take the example of my weakness—Keep your dear heart quiet and trust all to our Lord.

Bless you my dearest one again and again—mind your good promises to me about dress etc. all will go well if you keep them—

7.39 AMSV 110:10,14
everything I hear of you from our blessed Brother delights me. love of
gratitude to all who are so kind to you from your own own MEAS.
I open Bec’s letter to see what she she says, and find she says all—you would suppose the darling saw what she describes, but as yet she can get no further than the window.—

7.40 To Catherine Seton

[July, 1816]

- Thursday -

My Souls darling

—the Mr. Wharton¹ who wrote such drole letters and offers about
books has cheated me of all the time I had expected to have for you -
but never mind not an atom of the heart can be taken from you - it is
full enough this blessed day Your angel Eliza next me at my bench,
we both at Communion—they all pray so much for you, and long so
for your return—

My beloved every noise I expect is Ducass² coming for the let-
ters—bless bless you a thousand times with kindest love to all dear
lotty, amy, all Your Mother

Elizas little Rose Kissed by both.³

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7.40 AMSJ A 111 007

¹Mr. C. H. W. Wharton of Rockville, Maryland, was a correspondent of Elizabeth.
²Dominica Ducass was a student of St. Joseph’s Academy.
³The address is “Miss Seton Baltimore.” Catherine was in Baltimore from her birthday, June 28, 1816, until perhaps early August.
My Kit most dear

- it is night and we just hear from Sister Rose¹ she is in Baltimore so the Sisters will go in the Evening tomorrow or Monday morning if I get any sleep to night I must go to the Mountain tomorrow and of course will have but a moment to write my darling, tho’ I gave Richard his turn last by our good Julian[a White]—one little letter I have from you but by Sister Betseys [Boyle] and Julias [Shirk] return I hope we will have a good package from you with all your little histories and varieties as well as my dear Daddys [Richard] I have past most of the morning with Bec in the hall at the piano trying to amuse her, Your heart would ach for her unable to sit, lie or stand without pain—poor Darling—write her much as you can it will delight her so—

Sister Rose writes me Aunt [Julia] Scott has sent you a present that delights me for I know it will please you so and Richard too—

the Brother writes with so much pleasure of his first little visit to you at Mr. [Luke] Tiernans he had seen but the once—say every thing to my Tene, dear Ann E, K, J, N, and M Sally;² all all . . . all Bec is waiting for me to say prayers for her. We have just said Remember³ for you, William and Richard—

Sunday—do my beloved try all you can to see Sister Betsey [Boyle] in the few hours she will be in Baltimore—

we go in Retreat Thursday Evening you shall have your full share in all I gain in it, come sometimes in your Mothers heart to be quiet a little—here some little Jesamins we have had on our little table these two days I gathered them, if they could but reach you fresh—but—

¹Sister Rose White had family and property in Baltimore and periodically went there on business.
²Probably former academy students from Baltimore, including Ann Elizabeth and Sally Tiernan
³The prayer the Memorare
—bless you my beloved one - try and remember all my little precautions - do not forget Mrs. [Mary Ann] Barry - and above all remember him who never forgets you\(^\text{1}\) one moment.

### 7.42 To Robert Fox

July 20, 1816

Dear Sir,

Although your dear Jane [Fox] wrote you last week, I know it will be a particular satisfaction to you to hear that they are not only reconciled to their situation, but are everything we could wish for their amiable conduct. I can never express to you how much I am, and indeed we all are interested for your children. Their dispositions indeed would recommend them, besides the gratitude your confidence in us inspires.

We wish much for next week’s post, to know if you reached home safe and well. The girls looked after the wagon you were in to the last moment, and conquered their feelings much better than I expected. Be assured every wish you expressed with regard to them shall be carefully attended to.

With every sentiment of respect to yourself and Mrs. [Elizaberh] Fox, I am, dear Sir, your Grateful, humble servant E. A. Seton

Margaret and Miss Ducass\(^1\) have both written by this week’s post to their mothers.

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\(^{1}\)Cf. Isa. 50:15.

7.42 AMSV 110:10,9

Dominica Ducass and Margaret Heyden were pupils at St. Joseph’s Academy.
My own William

Although I have written you continually by way of Baltimore and New York and find you so seldom receive our letters still every least opportunity shall be improved in the hope that at last some may reach your dear hand—these few lines I enclose to a young merchant in New York who is very zealous to oblige us—I take half a sheet as it [unclear] hurts him if I pay the postage—Mr. [Robert] Barry has forwarded letters to Mr. [Luke] Tiernan Mr. McCarty Capt. Hamilton, and Richard I believe within bounds 50 letters since Dec. Mr. [Robert] Harper Mr. Olinski too—so dearest beloved William I must give it up to our good God and trust he will comfort you and make me stronger in this bitter separation which I feel so much the more as you may sometimes be even tempted to think we neglect the only comfort we can give you in it—but my poor doating overflowing heart you ought not, cannot doubt my son—nor will you doubt it more than I you[rs]

Mr. [Simon] Bruté is here a little visit to us of a day or two - he speaks of you and y[our] dear docile amiable conduct to him as if it was yesterday only you [were with] him—tell me if you hear of Captain P[ar]angue any more—or ever so kind M[adame] St. Clare [de St. Cesaire] and Mr. Preudhomme—I would wish so much you [page torn] if occasion offers express both for you and me our respect and gratitu[de]

I write our Messers. Filicchis continually, but trust all to the good angel - if only they could know my grateful heart it w[oul]d be no matter for the rest1—

Dearest William Mr. Bruté would put his little word and I had but to add my earnest desire that you would keep your heart well resigned about Rebecca—he says that there are instances of recovery in her

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7.43 ASCH Seton-Jevons #65-66

1Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., inserted a note here in the text.
situation but she is extremely weak and suffering—I wrote you that your great package is gone to Mr. Ogden—
bless you a thousand thousand times—Kit is still in Baltimore with Richard they both write you I hope—Oh my son keep your heart high with mine our God will turn all right for us, if only you will be faithful to him every kind remembrance to our friends—

Your own devoted Mother EA Seton

7.44 To Elizabeth Fox¹

[July, 1816]

—the cold word respect my dear Mrs. Fox so different from my heart to you must not go without the love so truly united with it—we were very uneasy at your being so much exposed yesterday—if prayers would keep you warm you had enough indeed to keep all colds and pains from you—Eliza [Fox] can never look at me without the tears starting, but she stops it as quick—a little kiss, and a look up is all I can give in place of her dearest Mother, but soon you will have her always, and I will see no more the one I love next to my own.—so goes this world dear friend - while I am in it I am sure I shall always be affectionately yours in our Lord

EASeton

7.44 AMSV 110:10,16
¹This note was added to Jane Fox’s letter to her mother.
7.45 To Catherine Seton

—My own Jos.

I send you Bec’s own little words to you she wrote the first day she could hold her pen—you will see by it I could take no other retreat but by her side—most of her time is passed in my arms or on my knees—we wet each other pretty often with tears—I write you that you may not be too much alarmed by reports, since the inflammation has subsided and the darling better again for this time—

here a letter from Willy—ours has no news he says he is preparing for his Easter which he longs to enjoy again with us—wonderful he does not get our letters—Our God bless you and my Richard—heart felt love to my Tene and All so good and kind to you my dear one—beg our Brother and Pere to pray for us—Say everything affectionate to dear Madame [Marie-Françoise] Chatard and Mr. [Luke] Tiernan for me—

God bless you again—Bec is supporting herself while I write You know she cannot lie down - bless bless you with my whole soul Your Mother

presently Benediction—you are always in my heart—

7.46 To William Seton

+Assumption [August 15]

My Souls William

as Kit says Mother writes you in every direction, but alas how many of our letters must be lost—I hardly know how to tell you your sweet Bec suffers more - and more—look up to our God—She is in
my arms almost night and day—can never get in bed—she is the most lovely example of Patience and Piety—this must console you—you know how I doat on her yet seeing as we do heaven open before her, and her sufferings here so uncommon how can we wish to keep her—

Our love for you is the point of greatest Pain, she speaks of your precious soul and her hopes of our eternal reunion with delight and tenderness quite inexpressible—and on that we must rest my Souls beloved.

—What would I give for a late letter from you - our last was 30th May by the Fanny—Scarcely would I wish you to be with us now, it would be much more pain than comfort to your dear heart—in this world my William we must resign, in the next we will enjoy our tender and I believe unexampled love—Our God bless you a thousand thousand times - with ever affectionate remembrance to the Filicchis

Your own Mother¹

7.47  To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

+Sunday the Leper¹ [September 2]

dearest COMMUNION—at 2 o'clock your most blessed Hanover² letter brought - read twice to Rebecca and Cecil[ia O'Conway] before 3 o'clock adoration where we meet all so well of militant suffering and glorious³—Our delight inexpressible to read your soul for the poor de­parting darling [Rebecca]—who after sung Vespers with me and read wi[th] full joy the chapter in temporal and Eternal on the agility here­after to be given to her little poor body now almost fastened to the seat on the bed—laughed gladly at the thought that like some Ignatius [Loyola] or Antony of Padua you make your walking journeys with an

¹Rebecca added a note on the address side of this letter.
²Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., wrote this letter from Hanover, Maryland.
³Part of the community prayers included an act of adoration to Jesus crucified in which those in purgatory and in heaven were remembered.
anticipated agility to be perfected in the high Eternal regions—at least may the love which burned in their breast be in yours—even now.—St. Lazar

COMMUNION—directed those of the Sisters to thanks for the blessed Missioners sent to enlighten our savage land, and try to turn my own for good dying Mr. Jordan and Mr. [Charles] Duhamels sorrows and cares about the election feast in his little Emitsburg—but the heart will keep to its glories through the rounds of the day—

—Rebecca asks very calmly “Mother do I grow stronger or weaker” “Why my love weaker since your pain in side, sore breast and cough”—“Well then” said she turning to her side pillow “I go to the land of the living sometimes how I long for it then again I lose sight of it and feel so heavy... —

could not but hint it to the Superior John Dubois] to ask could one of her age have truly such heavenly folly, he answered “all I can tell you is I hope she will go to heaven as pure as from her Baptism”—it makes me happy so I tell you as God sees

—PEACE—OUR GOD never my Soul in the quiet as now - long as he pleases to look down on his poor one poor and in misery -

—OUR GOD - OUR GOD two hours could say only that

—Bec insists to send for you if she is dying—she says “he would not deny me that.”

+Night—

just read your first travelling meditation for the 9 days of our Mary and her little hidden ONE unite well with us G in this sweet travelling next week ... if you should make them practical, and travel back

—420—

4St. Lazarus was the patron of lepers. St. Lazare was the seventeenth century headquarters of the Congregation of the Mission.

5Members of the Congregation of the Mission were just arriving in the United States at the invitation of Rev. William Dubourg, S.S., bishop of Louisiana (1815-1826). Among the first band of Vincentian missionaries were Rev. Felix de Andreis, C.M., (1778-1820) and Reverend Joseph Rosati, C.M., (1789-1843) first bishop of St. Louis, Missouri (1827-1843).

6Probably Dominic K. Jordan, Esq., of Baltimore, father of Sisters Ann Frances and Apollonia Jordan. His widow, Mrs. Mary Jordan, spent the remainder of her days at St. Joseph’s after her husband’s death.

7Cf. Ps. 27:13.

8The next seven lines have been crossed out and are completely illegible.

9A novena in honor of Mary, the Mother of Jesus
leaving the Presidents chair and suit(e) of Appartments\textsuperscript{10} behind it
would be most beautiful . . . that childish—

You did not leave All the whole delight of your France and family
but to do his only Will . . . “Lo I Come”\textsuperscript{11} Oh the grace of that word to
my Soul this week of grace—Oh the thirst to do that will . . . and the
greater thirst that he may do it to its full Consummation who came so
far to meet it . . . whose responsibilities are of an Eternal Conse-
quenence—My Son—be most careful to find the will, not by the dear
coaxing your Mother charged you with, but by a Prayer of full con-
dience such as Your Silly Sinner dares to use, to compel him to do only
his will in this moment of Suspension . . . from the last look out of the
gate I hastened to the dear bench in the choir (where the clay of the so
“beautiful feet”\textsuperscript{12} yet remained and left their full blessing of Peace) to
begin this FULL PRAYER . . . to take him by storm G—I will be faith-
ful to it, you know how many times a day and the nights so near him\textsuperscript{13}
until we know the FINAL word.

do you read well your Mothers whole heart in this Resigna-
tion—dare not to doubt the least cambrick thread of it, each one draws
to its so dear reunion with you and delight in your so dear presence . . .
but you know the only Security and heavenly Peace in that point so
dear rests all on this essential abandon - so at least you taught me . . .
so . . . understand and honor his grace in your little woman of the
fields\textsuperscript{14}—but you do fully—

—if you do not return SOON I will write under your Brothers
direction\textsuperscript{15}—keeping the right distance from the President in the exte-
rior . . . but the heart my Lord that is quite another thing—

—and NOW . . . May he Support and Comfort, and carry you well
through the dirty hard road in both ways—

“Act Manfully” says our Psalmist -

\textsuperscript{10}Bruté was president of St. Mary’s College, Baltimore.
\textsuperscript{11}Cf. Ps. 40:8-9.
\textsuperscript{12}Is. 52:7
\textsuperscript{13}Elizabeth slept in the room by the chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved.
\textsuperscript{14}During its construction St. Joseph’s House (now the White House) was referred to as the house
in the fields to differentiate it from the farm house (now called the Stone House).
\textsuperscript{15}Rev. John Dubois, S.S.
— 422 —

—you may be a little mortified at the perpetual interlinings16 in your bible... till all was read, I was not struck that you might not like it, but you know how to excuse—I wish I had offered you mine ex-

actly the same

7.48 To William Seton

+4th September 1816

My Souls William

I have written you so often in all directions that as you often say to me I am at a loss what to say unless I should dare indulge the painful side of the heart with respect [words crossed out] but that we must not - there are moments of life when resignation and courage are scarcely to be thought an exertion, and this is one with us, with you even my William so far from the daily scene of the heavenly Virtues she con-
tinually displays, and which promise so certainly the blessed conse-
quence of her early call from this world of uncertainty1— for if she remained with us my love, thro’ the [succession] of pains and trials which she must have passed in a longer life [we] should be quite inse-
cure for her eternity, but now we see her as it were exhaling to heaven in all the purity of her innocence—be not selfish my beloved, let her go—Yet while there is life there is hope though we do not calculate from present appearance that she can live, yet our God can do all—
little beloved! how she doats upon you—your absence she says is nothing if only she may meet you here after, but that thought of Eter-

nal Separation from you puts her in agony the least thought of it, for us is common enough, you being the absent one my son all our affection seems to center in you, besides the real and just claims you have to the greatest share of it through your dutiful and tender love love to us.—

16Elizabeth used two Bibles and habitually wrote marginal notes or marked passages by underlining them. For examples of “the perpetual interlinings,” see Ellin M. Kelly, Elizabeth Seton’s Two Bibles: Her Notes and Markings, Huntington, IN 1977.
7.48 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:19
1Rebecca was nearing death.
We have had no letter of yours later than 30th May - alas! but I must be very thankful to have even that since you have so few from us. I have written many letters to both Mr. [Filippo and Antonio] Filicchi[s] in the course of the past year, perhaps they have not received one—you will always repeat to them and their families our devoted affection and gratitude to them. Richard is still with Mr. [Luke] Tiernan but longing to be with you, I have often written you how much Mr. Tiernan is satisfied and pleased with him, but it seems he is to give up business—I know not how it will go—our God is all—our sweet Kit is home again, she wrote you last week or the one before

—Oh my Souls dear one could you see my heart to you - my William - bless bless you with a Mothers fondest tenderest blessing—Your Bec kisses with many tears in mine on this place - 0 - and Kit and Mother—Becs kiss the last that you might have it all—

Your EAS

7.49 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.¹

+[September 1816]

one only heart - clear for my thoughts as the stream of your Grotto²—Your letter to Sister [Mary Bayley Post] admirable, if first the big stone of darkest ignorance and indifference was removed on the point of FIRST NECESSITY, that there is any true Church or false church right FAITH or wrong Faith—but blessed Soul you nor any one who has not been in that ignorance and indifference can imagine the size and depth of it—and putting myself again a moment in the place of my sister (even with my great advantage of having been passionately attached to religion when a Protestant, which she is not) I

7.49 ASIPH 1-3-3-12:80

¹Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S. wrote a note at the top of this letter: “a letter to try to convert Mrs. Post her sister to the Catholic faith—how useless she thought it—most curious.” His letter to Mary Bayley Post was dated Baltimore, August 6, 1816.

²The Grotto at Mount St. Mary’s was a natural setting which Bruté adorned with an old cross. It became a place of reflection and prayer, especially as a Marian shrine.
imagine I read your letter and looking up with vacant surprise would say "what does the Man mean would he say that all who believe in our Lord are not safe, or if even a poor Turk or savage does not believe is he to be blamed for it . . . they make God a merciful being indeed if he would condemn souls of his own creation for their Parents bringing them in the world on one side of it <the world> or the other."

My Brother [Wright] Post once asked me so simply, "Sister Seton they say you go to the Catholic church what is the difference" . . . "it is the first church my brother the old church the Apostles begun," answered the poor trembling Betsy Seton dreading always to be pushed on a subject she could only feel, but never express to these cool reasoners—"Church of the Apostles," said my Brother "why is not every church from the apostles"—Sister Post interrupted, "well apostles or no apostles let me be any thing in the world but a Roman Catholic, a Methodist, Quaker, any thing - a Quaker indeed I should like extremely, they are so nice and orderly and their dress so becoming . . . but Catholics dirty filthy red faced . . . the church a horrid place of spits and pushing ragged etc etc"—(alas - I found it all that indeed if that had been a part of the religion) and she said to me, whispering in mystery, "they say my Sister, there is a great picture of our Saviour all naked"3 . . . dearest G it is a fact that a most pious, better informed woman than my sister or poor Betsy Seton found me kneeling before my crucifixion, and shrunk back with horror seeing a naked picture—that very lady Mrs. Livingston4 (of the Nobility of America) quitted the Protestant church for Methodist meeting and I said to those who laughed at her, "why not if she likes the Methodists" for ever accustomed to look only to little exterior attractions as the dress and quiet of the Quakers, a sweet enthusiastic preaching among the Methodists, a soft melting music of low voices among Anabaptists, or any other such nonsense, the thought of a right Faith or wrong Faith, true church or false one never enters the mind of one among a hundred.

3The painting of the crucifixion to which she refers is by the Mexican artist José María Vallejo which hung above the altar of St. Peter's Catholic Church in New York. Elizabeth had been moved by this painting. See illustration in Vol. I facing page 379.

4Probably Mrs. John Livingston
— Oh MY GOD—my heart trembles and faints before him here in his little Sacristy close to his tabernacle while I ask How am I here? I taken, they left —

I tell you a secret hidden almost from my own Soul it is so delicate that my hatred of opposition, troublesome enquiries etc brought me in the church more than Conviction—how often I argued to my fearful uncertain heart at all events Catholics must be as safe as any other religion, they say none are safe but themselves - perhaps it is true, if not, at all events I shall be safe with them as any other—it is the Way of Suffering and the Cross for me that is another point of Security—I shall be rid too of all the endless salutations of Trinity Church⁶ and the dissipated dress and—among strangers unknown, and if indeed (as I have most reason to believe) the blessed Sacrament is my Jesus, the daily Sacrifice, the opening, the pained and suffering heart to a guide and friend—My God pity me—I was in the church many times before I dared look at the Sacred Host at the elevation, so daunted by their cry of idolatry⁷—there dearest G—you read what I would have carried to the grave only I wish you to know well far as I can tell you the impossibility for a poor Protestant to see our Meaning without being led step by step and the Veil lifted little by little—I am cold to my bones, and hand and heart trembling while I think how I have passed through the thousand mazes—and My thousand ifs to our God, yet appealing to him the if was only fear to displease him . . . but I was ALONE WITH HIM.

⁶Elizabeth attended Trinity Episcopal Church on Broadway in lower Manhattan before her conversion to Catholicism.
⁷Many Protestants rejected the Catholic belief in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist.
My dear Sir

it would be impossible for me to say of your dear children as much as they deserve both as to their excellent natural dispositions, as well as the blessed application of the good instructions and education they must have received to make them what they are—may they long be preserved to their dear parents and for the blessing of religion and Virtue.

Eliza’s affectionate heart has shown itself just now by abundant tears on the reception of her letters from home, Jane like a Mother reasoning with her, and sweet little Mary repeating “Why Eliza they are all well,” was the most beautiful sight that could be.

they continue Very attentive to their improvement in every thing proposed to them and enjoy excellent health and spirits, I hope their dear Mama will be convinced they are with the tenderest friends

—I am obliged to you for your care of the letter to Mr. [Abraham] Ogden—the young ladies you left with your Daughters are very well and indeed are so remarkable for their Amiable conduct that I am too proud of my New York Girls.

With every wish for your happiness and grateful respect to yourself and Mrs. Fox I remain Your servant and friend EASETEN.

—do not make the least Apology for not answering any letter of mine, but I must beg that your sweet girls may hear often from home as I am sure it is most necessary to their Peace and contentment with us.—

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1 Three Fox girls, Eliza, Jane and Mary, were pupils at St. Joseph’s Academy.
7.51 To Rev. Pierre Babade, S.S.

[September 1816]

My dearest Pere

I catch the moment of Mrs. [Luke] Tiernan to tell you our little darling [Rebecca] is alive but so exhausted with the day and night agonies of a week past that the event must be very uncertain tho' the inflamation in her poor limb has subsided—at this very moment she is saying to Sister Sus[an Clossy] who is assisting her “our Lord is making me pay up for past misdeameanors”—if she was dying I believe the cheerful spirit would remain to the last—in her extreme agonies when 3 of us could not hold her from the darting and quivering of her nerves and flesh and she was shrieking with the tearing pains she would say at intervals “I do do indeed Mother I do unite it with our Lord, I do recieve it from Him my Mother, My Lord, my poor Soul”

7.52 To Rev. Pierre Babade, S.S.

[October 1816]

My dearest Pere

- Rebecca is going on Very well, begs you to remember her very particularly Rosary Sunday as she will go to communon.
- I said nothing in answer to your word about Justine as all those points are for our Reverend Superior [John Dubois] who I suppose had answered you—
- tell my poor [George] Wiese I share all his pains from my heart—All we can do worth doing for our friends in this world is to pray—I wish I was good that my prayers might be good—do pray for
me more than ever—never so much necessity as now. Bless us our Fa-
ther

your EAS
L.J.C.

7.53 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

[October 1816]

Rebecca says opening her eyes with weary smiles at Mother “I must die that is clear how will you live without me Mother”—
—Mother will soon wear away and follow darling ... we ex-
change so many rapturous looks of hope it must amuse the an-
gels—when she sleeps a morning nap through the time of Mass here
she goes “to the Brothers’ Mass” later—but like myself in stupid slumber after the first earnest Union
—now she gets your picture—I would put it with our aunts’ ornaments but “no no” she cried “no where but opposite my eyes at the foot of my bed”—

7.54 To William Seton

+October 14th 1816

My own beloved William

I often send a few lines to you by way of New York through the hands of a most respectable young Dutch man a Mr. J. Gottsberger
with whom our house has rece[p]ts and expands—and more though I

7.53 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:59
1Rev. John Dubois, S.S.
2Possibly a reference to the children’s Aunt Mary Bayley Post or Julia Scott whom the children considered as dear as an aunt
7.54 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:20
believe the last two I sent there are still waiting the vessel so long ago advertised I add still a word to our letters of last week and week before last which we sent Richard for Mr. Pervianus ship which was then on the start—in the mean while our good and ever kindest friend Mr. [Simon] Bruté brought us Doctor [Pierre] Chatard to visit our Angel Rebecca and gave us really with tears of joy in his eyes your fine package of 26th and 29th July—such a delight to us—good hearted Henry Jamison¹ had just enclosed me his, when the young Italian who brought the last news arrived at 10 in the morning in Baltimore as Dr. [Pierre] Chatard and Mr. Bruté was to leave it at 12 to visit us—Richard visits with delight your young Italian—to see one who had so lately seen you and [to] say so much of you what a pleasure indeed!

but Doctor Chatard says sweet Bec must go, and very shortly perhaps as you could even wish if you saw her heavenly disposition and [extreme] sufferings—and your Mother never laying down night or day these many weeks past—for her one only comfort is to have my arms round her—I wrote you she cannot lay down herself a moment. She talks of you night and day with her expressions of darling affection said so drolely in the middle of last night “Sweet fellow what is he doing what oclock is it now in Italy Mother—how he used to have his little Jaws tied up for the tooth ach when he was a little fellow—now a tall giant I suppose—if my Willy will but be good and save his dear dear Soul we will yet meet!”—there is the point my beloved dear dear William—but I look UP in full hope and Confidence—you know my heart about it.

Kit² is as I have often told you the picture of health very lovely and the same sweet innocent creature you left her and obtains so much love and admiration from all who know her that it is really a pride and pleasure to own her—Richard shows you by all his letters I suppose how his heart is set on being with you—

Bec calls to me from her bed where she sits so patient “tell my Willy I would write if I could but my hand trembles so—and tell him (I

¹Henry Jamison of Frederick, Maryland, was a student at Mount St. Mary's from 1809 to 1817.
²Catherine had returned from Baltimore because of Rebecca’s illness.
copy word for word) all my hope and desire is to meet him in heaven for I cannot think it will be again in this world”—She wishes to send you for one of the sweet children of our [Antonio and Amabilia] Filicchis the 3 volumes called Parents Assistant you remember the beautiful stories so instructive—her Aunt [Julia] Scott just sent her a new set—shall I send them to you?

dear dearest William I can never tell you half how you are loved by US, how esteemed and thought of by all on this side. bless bless you Say every thing for me to our friends— forever yours ESA
ton

last week I enclosed to Mr. [Robert] Barry in Baltimore thinking a letter round might reach you sooner than the usual way—

7.55 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

+[late October 1816]

the poor little heart beating so violently with continual violent pain in it she could not keep quiet and was earnest for extreme unction—the Superior [John Dubois] deferred till tomorrow but heard her confession—every possible question about her most trifling faults before she suffered me to call him in—afterwards with her usual throw of her arms round my neck she said with overflowing heart “come oh my Mother dearest I have received ABSOLUTION - Absolution!” she repeated . . . Sweet but awful moment adding “oh I am so comforted”—“Yes” I said “Rebecca now you know the blessing of our true church, the Church of God”—“true dearest Mother once I thought in my trouble about going to Confession that the Protestants were happy in having no such Mortification but now oh my Saviour dearest Lord I see the true blessing and grace of what I then thought hard”—

3Edgeworth, Maria, The Parent's Assistant, or, Stories for Children. 3 vols. Boston: W. Wells, 1800. Subsequent editions were published.
7.55 ASJPH 1-3-3:12:65

1Rebecca was dying and passed away November 3, 1816. Extreme Uction is a Catholic sacrament now called the Anointing of the Sick.
remaining silent behind her pillow she looked over it with her little endearing way and said "tell me now you are happy—rejoice that our Lord gives me such an opportunity to prepare to die—tomorrow extreme Unction a great Sacrament my Mother" and then she gave the most lively expression of the helps she expected from it—"and Communion on next day my Mother if I live—Communion - our Jesus our All do not be sorrowful a moment my Mother I shall not go so far from you . . . I am sure our Lord will let me come and comfort you” -
Josephines tears hurt her "I do not look" said she "to being left in the grave and you all turning away without me—I look high high up"

7.56 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

 well present Ever memorable day
—Rebecca laid so low beside Anina¹ almost touching her coffin which could plainly be seen—poor Jos—and her earnest prayer while the rattling earth fell on the little darling . . . prayer to be laid quickly beside her rather than live to offend . . . Mother could think of nothing but Te Deum in the bitterest anguish of the loud Sobs around . . . heart high above—hymn to the holy Spirit, returning [page torn] for the New Life—

7.57 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

 All Saints Eve of the Octave [November 7]

—So pure the sky over the dear graves—Rebeccas already well covered with greenest moss and even a little Violet in full bloom on

7.56 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:58a
¹Rebecca died November 3, 1816.
7.57 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:58b
it—Jos, Cicil[jia O’Conway], and Mother a long silence there—but COMMUNION tomorrow again and next day, and next day

7.58 Journal of Rebecca’s Illness, 1816¹

St. Michael 8th May 1816—

“Nature and grace” said our Bec in her bitter pain “has a hard conflict”—it has lasted these 5 days and nights in groans and tears, not to be believed but by those who have witnessed—little pitiful sack of bones she is always saying “my dear Lord - my Mother” with big rolling tears unable to sit or lie but as on a rack, 3 and sometimes 4 of us at a time night and day standing, soothing, holding - when to day she began to lie a few moments in bed, I said well Bec not a single prayer or litany these 3 nights and days—but indeed said she “my Mother I for my part was praying every moment of my misery” - poor darling once when writhing herself out of our hands till her poor lame knee touched the floor, sweating , panting and half screaming, she stared her big eyes, and said to us as if in consultation “I am almost tempted to beg our Lord to ease me, do you think it will displease him?” and with such faith when permitted, she begged him for only a moment to get in a good posture, and actually was eased enough to get in bed, but almost gone though the silence of death around her -

// blessed Bec, after passing a night of continued pain almost sleepless, one side worn out, and the tumour quite black with the pressure against the other leg—she is half in tears because she cannot feel joyful—I tell her, but can you say with a true heart thy will not mine² as he

⁷This 73-page manuscript was written by Elizabeth Seton and Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., but included some of Rebecca’s own writings. Only the portion written by Elizabeth Seton is included here. Bruté added this note on page 4: “Jesus! Eternity! + Rebecca Seton died at St. Joseph’s on the 3rd November 1816. —pray for her and for her mother who died the 4th Jan of 1821” “Being then in Baltimore, Mother Seton sent me these notes and some of the little papers of that blessed child others I got since.” On page 8 a Bruté sketch shows a “resurrected” Rebecca saying “Look here Mother am I not your Bec.”

did himself? "Oh that I can," she answers brightening with joy—that is enough then dearest darling—

// telling her of our beautiful meditation on the love of God, she told me as I knelt by her, "Ah dearest Mother I now hardly dare tell God I love him I prove it so badly—sometimes I can scarcely say I desire to love him, for you know my Mother when I desire any thing I soon enough show it and it seems a bold falsehood to say it, and not do any thing to prove it - I think our Lord sent these sufferings for neglecting my little practices of piety since the retreat, for when I could get out among the girls and take a little pleasure it did go so hard with me to leave them and go to the chapel, yet when I am there I seem never to have time to say enough—and you know how negligent I have been these two weeks of my sickness, still it is certain I have prayed night and day in continual aspirations—no one can help me but him” - dear simple heart - these her very words with such pure looks of sincere meaning—

St. Pascal [May 17] - Midnight

—poor Bec quiet, after two hard hours, not indeed covered with sweat and tears as the week past, but unable to sit, stand or lie down—

"O Mother if all my pains should come back!" . . . my darling I only intreat you say thy will be done “I do I do my Mother oh yes I wish it to be done, now sign me all over” she loves to be signed³ eyes, ears, mouth all with holy water—poor darling then she clasps the poor little hands and bows the head on them in the gentlest manner, hiding the death pale face so often wet with tears—

—Our God - how dear to see his love in my little beloved,—she often repeats “not one moment would he let me suffer but for my good—our compassionate Saviour”—She sleeps after our litany of Jesus, and little prayers—I will too

// Bec traced a Mothers heart upon the countenance to day—“Why Sad my Mother she says why sorrowful - if our dear Lord sends you pains he will send you comforts too I know - I will beg him so my dar­ling Mother to let me be so often near you till we meet again with him,” her little simple heart rests so much on the thought that she is to

³A blessing with the sign of the cross
go to heaven that often she questions me if it is right—yet repeats as in a pause about it, “covered with his own blood and our blessed Mothers intercession I must hope.”

Whitsunday 1816

Rebecca up most of the night after her most simple but earnest devout preparation for Communion with your ecce homo, at which she would still look in silence when I would have wished her rather to turn to rest.—“how many a good thought it gives me” said she after drenching in her night sweat and restless pain—and then so recollected and peaceable she received HIM (even in white cap and cape) at the door of the choir—poor darling you could hardly see a simple, self-possessed little heart, running her finger under the words of the prayers she delights in - the only sigh I heard with a full rest of the finger was at the words of one little prayer “Cross of Jesus support me” 148 Ps. 102 "how beautiful dear Mother, but 102 the favorite.”

// at sunset supporting her on her pillow her little Soul melted in mind at the thought if after all he has done to save we should lose him—but she calls over so many motives of hope and confidence—determined that I too shall go to heaven too as well as herself—“but oh Mother dear” she adds “You can have no idea of my trial” still always so sensible of the sweets with it and the comforts that surround her, and the kind love of our Sisters, telling with lively memory the contrasts she saw in the poor house and hospital in Philadelphia, 6 remembering all that the poor people said to her—then clings so thankful on my heart.

a new excessive pain—at 3 Oclock she looked long at the crucifix—“it seemed this morning” said she “I could not bear it, but one look at our Saviour changed it all What the dislocations of his bones dearest Mother how can I mind mine”—

// no change of position now from continual sitting but to kneel a little on one knee - obliged to give up her bed intirely we tried to day,

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4 This line appears in the prayer Anima Christi composed by St. Ignatius Loyola. It was a favorite of Elizabeth.

5 The meaning of “148” in the text is unclear. Ps. 102 is Ps. 103 in contemporary Catholic Bibles.

6 Rebecca had been in Philadelphia for treatment at which time she visited the poor house and hospital.
"I know" said she "I cannot but we must take it quietly dearest Mother and offer up the pain trying to get in and out, let it take its way"—finding it impossible "I must lay down no more until . . . but never mind my Mother come sit by Me"—

Softly she sings the little words after resting on one knee awhile for our evening prayer -

"now another day is gone— "so much pain and sorrow over— "so much nearer our dear home— "then we'll praise him, then we'll bless him ever ever more—"

then leans so peaceably her darling head on my lap, and offers up as she says "the poor mass of pain and corruption covered with the blood of our JESUS," adding with a little look to the Crucifix "as says our blessed Brother"

Reading in a little book on Suffering these words "the little bark draws near to land do not desire again to try the boisterous Ocean"—She reading my look ____ and said "dearest Mother do not think I am unwilling to die, —I am willing - all I fear is my sins—O my Saviour pity and pardon me”—then after a long silence on my breast our tears so well mixed together "Yet I cannot think" said she, "that our Lord would send me so much suffering if he did not mean it for my penance and to save me , - and I have indeed that comfort to remember I always prepared for confession carefully and was very earnest to obtain the grace of good absolutions”—

in her peaceable evening moment she said - "Not only my Mother I am reconciled and willing, but my heart jumps for joy when I think of my crown - yet a look the other side and I fear—but indeed I do try to be very sorry for all my sins," then long long looks at the crucifix

// the little beloved sits up in a chair now night and day leaning on my arm, the bones so rubbed she cannot rest on the knee as before says so cheerful “our Lord makes me pay up for past misdemeanors”

- Eve of St. Teresa [October 14]

hard to familiarize the darling with hastening Death—we sit in tears together—hers she says so inexplicable for she knows how good it is to go—all day alluding so many times to the terrors approaching -
tears rolling, arms clasped round my neck, yet looking on the crucifix with frequent little smiles and expressions of hope and confidence repeating many times “my dear dearest Lord” through every pushing of the bones and tearing of her cough. //

- St. Teresa - [October 15]

What a morning passed with our poor little one - per perspectives - the clear big eye straining forward with rolling rapid tears, she said putting her arms round me as I was covering her feet “Mother the worst is I will have to give account of all the Masses I have heard so badly—of my carelessness” - and tears redoubled—“and my first Communion! Yet surely I tried not to make it badly—and if dearest Mother I should have the blessing of the last Sacraments”—she looked earnestly at the crucifix and wiped her eyes, then talked of her recieving extreme unction - but after all the comfort, burst again in agony of tears—“yet the last struggles Mother—there is something in Death I cannot tell”—just now “how lazy I am” she says “and how sweet and bright Ninas carpet is (the grass over her grave) how I will beg our Lord to let me come by you when you will be here so lonely, You know I could never enjoy the least little pleasure in this world unless you shared it, or I told you of it, how I will beg him to let me come and comfort you, you know too I could guess your pains even when you did not speak”—but the thousand little endearments of her manner while saying such words so dear to a Mother.

- every waking through the night she would be speaking of what was doing in heaven, her little poor leg burst, and pain in side excessive - but the little cheerful laugh and pain go together, “how good how good it is” she says “since it shows our Lord will not let it last long as it is”—

all her little papers brought out, “Some very foolish and simple dear Mother but written in good moments—these and these burn (not that I would hide them from you, but they are my confessions and advices I received in them - this one” - (a long paper) oh! and she burst into tears saying “I recieved absolution when I wrote this”—a long Silence then with a look up at the blue spot over our window, she said “that absolution was written in heaven I hope my Mother and masses
will be said for me - even now the brother and Pere and Superior\textsuperscript{7} remember me, how much more when I am gone” -

// She will bear no more little amusing things now - “one only object my Mother all the rest nothing”

Friday

—bowels and breast and side all tearing together,—looking to her Sunday Communion “may I not often go now my Mother till my blessed Saviour takes me intirely—My dear Lord pity me—Mother Pray for my Faith I may yet have so much to go through” —the agony of the bones and muscles of the legs with stinging pains now and more increasing—

“Death, Death,—O my Mother it seems so strange - I shall be no more here You will come back dearest Mother (drawing me to her) you will come back alone—alone, no poor little Bec behind the curtain—but that is only one side when I look the other I forget all that—you will be comforted, and you hope my Salvation is sure, dont you” —

// “if Dr. [Pierre] Chatar[d] could say Rebecca you will get well I would not wish it—Oh no my dear Saviour I am convinced of the happiness of an early Death, and to sin no more, - there is the point my Mother” wrapping her dear arms round me “I shall sin no more” —

// “Last night” said she “in the midst of my misery I seemed somewhere gone from my body, and summoning all the Saints and angels to pray for me, but the B[lessed] Virgin, St. Joseph, my own angel, St. Augustin[e] and St. Xavier whom I love so , (St Augustins burning heart for our Lord you know Mother) these I seemed to claim and insist on their defending me in judgment.—Oh my Mother that Judgment” - then again with eyes fixed on the crucifix she would remain silent as long as pain would permit—“Oh Mother how I suffer every bone, every joint all over do pray for my Faith, you see dearest Mother every day something is added of new warning how soon I am to go—yet I do not remember more than once or twice to have thought my sufferings too hard since I was hurt, so our dear Lord pity me and

\textsuperscript{7}The Sulpician priests, Revs. Simon Bruté, Pierre Babade, and John Dubois
give me a short Purgatory⁸ - yet his will in that too, at least there I shall be safe, and sin no more!!”

+ 

always wishing to be employed—she cut leaves and sewed very earnestly a little garment for a poor child, with trembling fainting hands two days before her agony⁹

// All Saints eve [October 31]¹⁰ She felt a rev[o]lution within and intreated for the last Sacraments—in the afternoon without foreseeing the change, through the happiest grace we had been saying and reading on the very point of holy Viaticum¹¹ and Extreme Unction so that all preparation was made, and the force of Faith was pictured on every feature and action, every motion and cough seemed her last, and after receiving all, when the Superior was gone she sat in an attitude of waiting the awful moment eyes only to the crucifix or Mother seeming to ask “is he coming”—hard sweat breaking out—“is this the sweat of Death” she asked “do say this little prayer, that little prayer”—feeling her pulse so often, and so passed the night

—in the morning Rev. Mr. [John] Hickey came to give the last indulgence—her reluctance to see a stranger always so great, but not so now, She received him with the most pure look at God, thanked him and begged his prayers in her broken choking voice—“certainly it is all one” said she with a look of surprise at those who thought she would be disappointed the Superior (to whom she was accustomed) did not come - (oh the true true Spirit!) from hour to hour she waited thro this long day, and the multiplied pious thoughts of her little heart beating so short and quick her eyes mostly fixed on her first Communion candle burning under the crucifix before her—so many Aspirations about her first Communion, and thanks for the graces now heaped on her—expressing the disappointment of a child when the candle dropt in the socket and she yet remained yet with the strongest

⁸Purgatory is a Catholic doctrine which holds that there may be a final purification of the elect after death in order to achieve the holiness necessary to enter heaven.

⁹Written below: “Who can help tears of joy at all these thoughts”

¹⁰The version in RSM II: 237-40 differs slightly in expression but not in content.

¹¹The last reception of the Eucharist by a dying person
and tenderest submission—his will with whom she kept so close united, and Union especially with his agony in the Garden, uttered in the broken words her cough and continual choking would permit—

night came and with it rising fears of temptations and dread that her patience might fail,—the Superior coming and seeing the pitiful situation of the poor darling, kindly offered to stay and her gratitude was inexpressible the presence of a priest seemed to arm her against every power of the enemy—she even begged him to say his office near her and reminded me softly with little smiles how our blessed brother called our little corner behind the curtain the tabernacle of the just, and expressed by signs and looks at the crucifix her Peace and content—

Superior told her about midnight that as she had not slept or ate these 24 hours she might take a little paragoric—"well Sir" said she very gaily (in an interval of relief by spitting) "if I go to sleep I shall not come back so good by to you, do give my love to every body, good bye Sister Susy [Closy], good bye dear Kit, kissing her most tenderly, and you sweetest Mother good bye," but here her little heart failed and she hid on my heart—trying to compose herself she said "I will give your love to all I meet by the way"—but not sleep or rest yet for her, feeling her own pulse and looking at the crucifix, . . . continual turns of coughing and choking to the very point of going, and always brought back by some small spit forced out by her struggles.

—All Souls day [November 2]

... come her hopes were redoubled, but it passed like the night had done, only she became weaker and the pain in side, heart, and stinging ulcers of the legs increased—our God - our God to wait one hour for an object - every moment expected how tedious, but poor Beck's hours and agonies known to you alone - her meek submissive look, artless appeals of sorrow and unutterable distress—the hundred little acts of piety that All Souls day so sad and sorrowful - the fears of poor Mothers bleeding heart for perseverance and patience in so weak a child—the Silence, and our looks at each other - fears of interfering in any way with the designs of infinite love—oh that day and night again

\[13\text{The Divine Office}\]
and following day!—the Superior having told her he would not wish her sufferings shortened she quietly gave up, felt her pulse no more, inquired no more about going, or what hour it was but with her heart of sorrow pictured on her countenance would look at the crucifix or her Mother and seemed to mind nothing else—once she said “my love is so weak, so imperfect, O my Mother I have been so unfaithful and I have proved so little that love”—and her poor little heart seemed sinking—then strong silent looks at the crucifix - often she said “Kiss that blessed side for me” the little crucifix round her neck so often tenderly fastened on the dying cold lips and heart “hails my helpless Soul on thee” she would say and again the cheerful union with the hymn “Come let us lift our joyful eyes” or “Thou wilt show me the path of life in thy presence is fulness of joy”14—Smiling at times as if coming from some where she would tell the most simple innocent fancies of her heart15—so looking at me with delight she said “I have been just handing my Lord my little cup16 for he will come for me—it is just full and my little bag quite full, only one apple with a little black spot - I forbid Dick to put in because nothing defiled can enter heaven”17—these little doting dreams
—night again
—now so often she bowed her little agonizing head (in which all her pains seemed centered) to the holy water the Superior signed her with—“What a restless creature I am” she would say smiling “I cannot keep this poor head still”—the dragging of the throat and filling of the chest now 48 hours we said little prayers, she repeated her “in the hour of death defend - call me to come to thee - recieve me” and18 at last near 10 in the morning she said “let me sit once more on the bed, it will be the last struggle”—Cecil[jia O’Conway] beside her

14Ps. 16:11
15The last part of page 36 is cut away, but on page 38 Bruté, who was present at Rebecca’s death, wrote in French: “J’ai coupé et envoyé cette fin à Josephine il y avait au recto,” which translates to read: “I cut out and sent the end of this letter, what was on the back, to Josephine.” Bruté also completed the missing part of page 36.
17Cf. Rev. 21:27.
18Bruté copied the missing part from page 37.
Mother’s arms lifting her—she sank between US - the darling head fell on the well known heart it loved so well—

7.59 Journal of Rebecca’s Illness

(July) 20th (her birthday)

Dear beloved bec.—

She says “I will try again to go to bed dear Mother (I know I cannot stay) but must take it quietly—we will offer up the pain of getting in and out, and let it take its way”—obliged to give up her bed entirely, no change of position from continual sitting but to kneel a little on one knee—

softly she sings the little words—

“Now another day is gone—
“So much pain & sorrow over—
“So much nearer our dear home—
then we’ll praise him, then we’ll bless him
ever ever ever more—”

leans so peaceably her darling head on mothers lap, and offers up she says “the poor mass of pain and corruption covered with the blood of our Jesus.”

adding with the look at the crucifix “as says our blessed Mother”—in a peaceable Evening moment she said . . . “not only reconciled and willing but my heart jumps for joy when I think of my crown, yet also I look the other side and I fear . . . but indeed I do try to be very sorry for all my Sins”

// to day again we talk it all over the darling beloved is determined to hope all at sun set her little heart melting into mine she drew the picture of our love and her happiness in her own Mother . . . and told with
liveliest memory the sufferings she had seen in poor house & Hospital
in Philadelphia remembering all the poor people said to her . . . her
delight in carrying them snuff and little articles from her pocket [unclear] . . . then made her comparison of the love of all around her . . .
and her many comforts—

bec told so drole a story while my head was wild with fever like her
own both on the same pillow "what state do you live in my son[,] said
A count[ry] school master to his little scholar . . . In a state of sin and
misery answered the boy" . . . and we two laughed like fools at the
state we were in . . . looking beyond at the Eternal peace and Serenity
to come so soon too for me she says

. . . I tell her can you say with a true heart thy will be done Oh that I
can she answers brightening with Joy "if that is enough" dear dear
darling how she is wrapt in the very nerves of my Soul—

// again up night after night . . . and now the most simple but ear-
nest preparation for communion with long silent looks at the ecce
homo opposite her and tho’ drenched in her night sweats & restless
pain yet received at the choir door with white cap and cape . . . such a
dear simple recollected heart running her little fingers under words in
the prayers she delights in . . . full rest of the finger and long sigh on
the words in our litany cross of Jesus support me . . . Then said with
her whole Soul her favorite 102 Ps.—

reading in a little book on sufferings these words "the little bark
draws near to land do not regret that it will so soon be safe or desire
again to try the boisterous ocean"—she read my look and answered
"dearest Mother you think I am not willing to die—but I am, indeed I
am all I fear is my Sins—Oh my Saviour pity and pardon me". . . then
again after long silence on my breast, one tears so well mixed together
"yet I cannot think said she our Lord would send me so much suffering
if he did not mean it for my penance and to save me—and I have in-
deed that comfort to remember I always prepared for confession care-
fully and was very earnest to obtain the grace of good absolutions—"

“Death Death——Oh Mother it seems so strange I shall be no
more here . . . you will come back my dearest Mother (drawing her
cheek to mine) you will come back alone—how lonesome you will be
no poor little bec . . . but that is only one side—when I look the other I forget all that for you hope my salvation is sure dont you?”

Eve of St. Teresa (14th October)

So many times alluding to the terrors of Death—tears rolling arms clasped round my neck yet looking on the crucifix with the frequent little smile and expression of hope and confidence—repeating my dear dearest Lord through every aching of the bones and tearing of her cough. a new excessive pain—in her shoulder——a little quieted at 3 o'clock she looking steadily at the crucifix said, it seemed this morning I could not bear it . . . But one look at our Saviour changed it all, what must have been the dislocations of his shoulders dearest Mother look at that arm?, how can I mind mine . . .

St. Teresa’s day

—what a morning passed with the darling . . . her perspectives . . . the clear big eye raised up, and often streaming with tears while she would wrap her arms round me so tenderly in silence . . . but while I was covering her feet she said “Mother the worst is I will have to give account of all the Masses I have heard so badly, oh my carelessness! and her tears redoubled—and my first communion . . . yet surely I tried to make it well . . . and at last dearest Mother if I have so great a blessing as the last Sacraments . . . she looked earnestly at the crucifix and dried her tears one drop of that blood would have done enough and yet he gave all, to cover us with his merits . . . she then spoke of recieving extreme unction . . . her last struggles . . . there is something dreadful in death my mother . . . and she turned again a strong look at the crucifix . . . after a while she added “how I will beg our Lord to let me come and comfort you . . . and be near my W[illia]m” . . . but the thousand thous[an]d endearments of her manner while saying these things can never be expressed . . . waking through the night she would be speaking of what was doing in heaven where there was no dark night, no racking pains . . . her little dear leg burst, pain in the side excessive but the cheerful heart and little laugh still went on, she would say when in its excess, how good is our Lord, he shows it will not last long
in the morn[in]g she asked for all her little papers some she would say are foolish and simple indeed but were written in good moments . . . these burn . . . and these because they relate to my confessions . . . looking on one side she burst into tears Oh I recived absolution said she the day I wrote this and with a long look to the sky opposite our window added “that absolution was written in heaven I trust my mother . . . and I shall have all the last Sacraments . . . and be remem­bered so often at the altar when I am gone . . . and may I not now often go to communion my Mother while I stay I may have so much yet to go through” . . . all resigned and cheerful she told me

“now if Dr. Chatard was to say Rebecca you will get well, I would not wish it—oh no no my dear Saviour I know now the happiness of an early death and to sin no more my Mother there is the point” (wrapping her dear arm round me) . . . adding yet nature and grace has had a hard conflict”—

“last night I seemed in the midst of my misery to be quite gone from my body and I was somewhere summoning all Saints and angels to pray for me, but for the Blessed Virgin St. Joseph my own Angel St. Augustin and St. Xavier whom you know I love so (St. Augustins burning heart for our Lord you know mother) these I seemed to claim and insist on their defending me in Judgment—Oh my Mother that Judgment! Then again with eyes fixed on the crucifix she would re­main silent long as pain would permit.

“oh Mother Mother how I suffer every bone every joint all over do pray for my Faith so much I may have yet to go through dearest Mother you see every day something is added of new warning how soon I am to go—dear dearest Mother yet I do not remember more than once or twice to have thought my sufferings too hard or to have felt any bad impatience, so our Lord will pity me and give me a short purgatory I hope, But his will in that too at least I will be safe there and sin no more”—

She will here no more little amusing readings nor play our little plays . . . “one only object my Mother one alone now all the rest is nothing” . . . yet she is the liveliest little soul in her worst pains—in full play of her heart she says “I consent dear Lord to live till you are born” meaning until Christmas.
poor little Darling she clasps her dear hands and bows the head over them in the gentlest manner hiding the Death pale face so often wet with tears... often saying “I do wish so his will should be done my Mother”... our God! how dear to see his love in my little beloved so above human nature while she says looking at her crucifix “not one moment would he let me suffer but for my good... our compassionate Saviour” —

“out of my prison I will soon be... probably tomorrow my hearing, my sight, every thing is hurt I shall soon go” and the precious beloved gives me the little kiss at every sentence—

Rich[ar]d come - she looks at the crucifix and says I am so thankful since our God permits it... if my William... but I must resign and fixing her eyes on the crucifix yet said she tell how I loved and blessed him to the last... oh his precious Soul!

Oh Mother she says with her endearing look “why so sad and sorrowful if our dear Lord sends pains he sends us comforts too—her dear simple heart rests with such confidence in God I am covered with his own blood she says I must hope she sits up night and day in her chair now leaning sometimes on my arm... yet laughs at being sleepy and says “I am so lazy, and look how bright Ninas carpet is... my dear dear home” (meaning the sky)

7.60 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

+[after November 3, 1816]

my blessed Brother

—you so often said you had no sufferings—now I find your secret you go so high you do not feel them—so your poor Mother this blessed week past—so must it be—Filocchi gone— you will not forget him—if you know how much I had counted on his life how you would laugh at me—but God alone—I am too happy to be forced to have no other refuge.

7.60 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:81

Filippo Filicchi had died at Pisa August 22, 1816. At the time of his death William Seton wrote: “The hundreds of poor fed at his hands, the orphans depending on his support, the prisoners relieved by his charity will mourn a benefactor. (ASJPH 1-3-3-13)
these little papers\(^2\) to Rev. P[ierre] B[abade] you will read before giving—and not give if you think there is any imprudence in saying the Superior [John Dubois] staid the two nights—the rest seems simple enough under the eye of God as I wrote them—yet if you see any thing imprudent do keep them. will you send back the one I sent you by Dick—I set out a new career Peace and Silence and submission the whole aim—if you knew but half the storms past you would see it was a strong grace to take courage to begin again—but now I look for strong graces as you may, since Rebecca was to answer all your letters and kindness from heaven by begging and sending whatever you wanted most—her looks at the crucifix making such promises, of hope in him alone for her getting there!—she promised me to get used to the sounds which come through our board petition Friday and Saturday—“I do not understand you now sweetest Mother” said she smiling “but then I will I suppose”—

New rules, new duties\(^3\)—pray oh do pray much for her who prays for your grace so faithfully—the same fidelity in all the rest and I would be as you bid me a SAINT

7.61 To William Seton

St. Martin’s November 11th 1816

+ My Souls William

What would I give to be with you at the moment you hear the last sad anticipated news for which all my many late letters have been preparing you\(^1\)—there are occasions my Son where gratitude to God must overrule even the tenderest and deepest feelings of Nature, and

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\(^2\) The "little papers" were probably the journal of Rebecca’s last illness.

\(^3\) "New rules, new duties" probably refers to the legal requirements outlined in the by-laws resulting from the Sisters of Charity Council’s petition to the Maryland State Legislature for the incorporation of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s.

7.61 ASJPH 1-3-3-9:21

\(^1\) The news of Rebecca’s death November 3
this is one my beloved for scarcely could you be more sure if you had
your Rebecca ascend in the form of an angel to heaven that she was ac­

tually there, then you may be through Faith, after the death we have
witnessed—it would be too too selfish in us to have wished her inexpressible sufferings prolonged, and her secure bliss deferred for our
longer possession of the dear creature, though in her I have lost the lit­
tle friend of my heart who read every pain or joy of it, and soothed by
the most doating affection every daily care, the darling of my Soul
through her so uninterrupted sufferings and patience—yet my Wil­
liam I look up with joy and feel only for you so far away—she said of­
ten, if it was possible to show herself to you she would, but one thing
she was sure Our Lord would not refuse to let her see you and from the
heavenly Graces he favoured her with in this world we may well think
he would deny her nothing—it is not possible to give you a true idea of
the Virtues of Rebecca, her beauty of Soul and body increased daily
even to the arms of Death—

Your last letter arrived the day before she died while she was even
in her long Agony, I told her your tender love and she raised her eyes
to the crucifix blessing you with love in every feature yet the expres­
sion of distress which she always felt only for you—she said ever expres­sed for this world—“tell him only to meet me” she would
say, and never could bare us to speak of you but for a moment—in the
arms and on the doating heart of her Mother she gave the last sigh—

9 weeks nights and day I had her in my arms—even eating my meal
with one hand often behind her pillow while she rested on my
knees—her pains could find no relief or solace but in her own poor
Mother so happy to bear them with her that truly it has in no way hurt
me—

Josephine the gentlest, sweetest, amiable being you can imagine
now clings to me almost as Rebecca did—She is now the picture of
health, and you may be sure it is well watched over—as truly was
Rebeccas, for our friends sent even Luxuries—Mr. [Robert] Barry the
best of port wine, even the country people all round every little nicety
that could please her—
— Now my beloved your letter of our true and dear benefactors
dearth — long I dreaded it - but our God alone in every thing - What an
example has he left you of the true Christian and true gentleman — how I pity Mr. Antonio — and Signorina Marie will be desolate
indeed — do all you can my son [paper torn] I know and am sure you
will — and do do remember how narrow is the way 3 that leads where
they are gone so dear to us —

— this moment from Communion — what does not my heart say for
you continually I have been every day since Bec is gone ten days - now
go to the Mountain once more, Madame [Marie Françoise] Chatard 4 is
there for a moment who loves you as her son - not as I do though, our
God alone knows that love above all loves

— Say every thing for me to our dear friends we have prayers and
Masses continually for Mr. [Filippo] F[ilicchi] Bec wished you to
have her Parents Assistant and Moral Tales for the dear girls 5 with
you — the first Vessel they shall go — your own own Mother — 6

7.62 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

Well at least my blessed Father you are acquitted, and all that the
kindest best invention of this most compassionate heart could do has
been done by you to carry me thro’ this hard moment which is past and
gone as easily as if our high comforter had spread his soft wings over
every fiber —

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2Filippo Filicchi
3Cf. Matt. 7:14.
4Dr. and Mrs. Pierre Chatair of Baltimore had three sons enrolled at Mount St. Mary’s, Ferdinand
(1812-1818), Henry (1812-1818), and Frederick (1814-1819).
5The Filicchi girls were Maria and Julia.
6Note written under the address: “ — My own William this letter was returned after it had been sent
some time, but I send again hoping better success. your EAS”
7.62 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:32
I have not done as much community work of hearing seeing and speaking, in the last month as this day with a heart as “still as a calm at sea”—L.J.C.

—Now sleep with him from whom I think I have not parted a minute since I saw you, and then wake to receive him with you - L.J.C. the bell for prayers - Peace—

7.63 To Julia Scott

November 14th 1816

My own dear friend

I know very well how you are pitying me, but if you had seen my little beloveds Sufferings as I did you would have been glad to see so good and innocent a little Soul set free - no one could guess what Rebecca was who did not see her in her excessive sufferings—

Well that is done—I shall be quite free by and by and able to go in my turn without one string to pull back—

How is your beloved J[ohn] he will soon be making little strings to fasten you more to the Earth but Julia dear it is really time for you to be ready—I pray heart and soul for you it is all I can do—

Kit keeps so close to me it would really amuse you, she is as it were jealous of my very writing or any thing that takes my mind from her—how I regret you did not see our dear little room the few moments you were her[e] though they were washing it accidentally (you know I dislike it as much as my dear Father did) and that put it out of my mind to show you our snug little nest with a window looking direct on the little woods where my darlings sleep - it keeps up my heart to look over twenty times a day first thing in the morning and last at

7.63 ASJPH 1-3-3-6:113

1 John Scott had become engaged to Mary Emlen (1795-1881) of Germantown, Pennsylvania.
2 The original community cemetery where Elizabeth had buried her beloved daughters, sisters-in-law, and first Sisters of Charity
night, and think no more pain now—and up up up the beautiful joyous Souls—

Wild Betty to the last breath I must be about all that - You think us fools miss but if you knew how good it is to have the Supreme Lord for a Master instead of your tyrant World—

Bless you Julia dear—Bec would wear your little wrapper to the last and used to say so drole “Sit me down Aunt Scotts little way” by which I understood very gently and carefully not to shake her poor bones all pushing out—

You know she was but a well looking child, but the last month of her life she grew so lovely Soul and Body it would have delighted you to see her even in Death—but Death Death Death my Julia what is Death—and that long long Eternity—

Remember me to those I so truly love and you—and always love

your poor EASeton

7.64 To Robert Fox

+November 18, 1816

Our kind friend

—By accident I have torn this letter of your Amiable little Mary [Fox], but could not resolve to take her from her play to write it over in time for the post—it is delightful to assure so tender a parent with full and earnest sincerity, that his children acquit themselves of every duty with that diligence and piety which must bring a blessing on every thing they do and the esteem and even partial affection of their teachers and companions.

Jane and Eliza [Fox] wrote by last weeks mail, I hope you have received their letters—they enjoy uninterrupted health, and are happy I am sure, except the longing to see their dear Parents and family.
You will be pleased to know my darling Rebecca is released from her excessive sufferings by a truly happy Death as we may hope from her singular innocence and piety—what a happiness for a Parent - yet how hard the separation—

with every respectful and affectionate remembrance to Mrs. [Elizabeth] Fox, and gratitude for the trust committed to us I am your friend and Servant

EASeton

7.65 To Catherine Dupleix

+[December 7 or 8]

My ever dear dear Dué

- I hope the blessed Bishop Cheverus¹ will take this letter to you himself as there seems a spell on all I write you by post—I wrote Sister [Mary Bayley] Post that our little beloved [Rebecca Seton] was gone—but you can understand, and you only, her delight and triumph[ths] in the last Sacramants and dearest hopes through the divine Sacrifice of the Altar even after Death—I could give you no possible idea of the peace, sweetness, fortitude and piety of that beautiful Soul which shone so well and so purely on her face that from being only a good looking child as when you last saw her, she became a real beauty even in Death—She used to watch every bark of the dog or sound of a carriage—“perhaps it is Dearest Dué, maybe Aunt Duplex is coming,” but I knew well it was impossible—high high up your heart dearest friend, no sad and unavailing regrets—See her now where she is, and that will silence all—

Your Kit now is all my company, and you may suppose her love and devoted attention—she is the picture of health and gentle cheerfulness, but I do not count on her looks—You know how well all

7.65 ASJPH 1-3-3-7:68  
¹Bishop John Cheverus of Boston had visited Emmitsburg December 7 or 8 and presided over Confirmation at St. Joseph’s Sunday, December 8, 1816.
the dear ones gone looked at her age—I look up steadfastly after them my Dué, what else can I do—Rebecca was so well convinced of the happiness of an early death as an escape from the thousand temptations, as well as the Sorrows of life, so grateful to die surrounded by every help for her Soul, and in the arms of her doating Mother that I can scarcely wish sweet Kit a better lot if the fondest desires of my heart could be granted—as to loneliness it is nothing, for every moment I may say of life some one is looking to me to say or do something—60 and more children boarders besides the country children and treble the Sisters we had when you were here,² better health, and lighter heart, you must give me up as I do myself into his hands who has done so much for us both—

Dearest Dué if you ever see the family I so much love named Grim,³ do tell them my joy to hear they are once more near the Sanctuary, Charles [Grim] is well, and doing very well I understand—having been but once to the Mountain in 8 or 10 months it is all I can say of him

—think dearest friend the water was shaking in my feet from sitting night and day with my sweet one, and yet I have not felt the least bad effect from it—You can think of nothing so pitiful as to see her incapable of moving, laying down, or getting any kind of rest but on my breast or knees—beloved Angel—when they were lowering her beside Anina whose coffin we could see (so close they lie) Kit was pressing my hand in the most ardent prayer that she might immediately follow rather than live to offend and sweet Bec used to tell her “You may depend Kit I will pray you up”—Sister Susy [Closy] said “You think yourself a great favourite Miss Bec to be heard so easily.” “no I dont,” she answered solemnly, “but with all the Sacraments, and covered by them with the blood of my Saviour I do hope every thing”—

—will you not write me dear friend, if your health had been worse I relied on our ever dear Eliza S[adler] to have told me—

²Catherine Dupleix visited Emmitsburg in the fall of 1813.

³Eliza Grim, a widow and convert from New York, expressed an interest in coming to Emmitsburg before her son, Charles, enrolled in Mount St. Mary's (1811-1818). Mrs. Grim may have boarded at St. Joseph’s, but she did not become a Sister of Charity.
I have a beautiful letter from Amelia Kirk - how it delighted me - and to hear her good old grandma is well—I was just writing to William that he hears more of New York than I do—he writes me little things which I otherways would not know—

have you any news from your dear family—Ah my Dué I know how you must suffer by the long separation—but your sufferings like mine will at last be changed—for true joys—we must wait patiently - not a long while now dear friend for either—Your George [Dupleix] is now with you I suppose as you calculated on November. every kind remembrance to him, and all you know I love so well—I long to hear if Helen [Bayley Craig] is safe, and how my Brother [Wright] Post is and if my ever dear William C[raig] is perfectly recovered—Peace peace peace to your dear heart—Richard is very well and doing well—

your EASeton

7.66 To Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S.

+brain and heart burning

[26th December 1816]

(this day of St. Stephen who saw heaven open) with our poor Miss Marcelles questions on Faith I pour out the Soul to God in answer hoping he will put the right words in my mouth—but how dangerous for me should I only darken by the heterogenous mixture of words and feelings you so well know in your poor Mother, though the Superior [John Dubois] will not allow it because he does not know—alas—you would say more to her in two hours than I in years—poor girl she was to combat the horrid impression of the deriders and mockers of religion as well as the rest of her opposition—yet such good dispositions esteeming herself in this house as a wretch as I did myself in Leghorn—Superior gives her his Count de Valmont to instruct her, but that goes but little way—do do do pray for her—


7.66 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:68


2Elizabeth was in Leghorn (Livorno) from November 1803 to April 1804. During this time she first began to consider conversion to Catholicism.
she says she believes our Redeemer *came* - but *why original sin*—then why a *God* did so much to repair it etc etc—*tut,* my vacant brains were never busy enough about that to mind even what I have read of it, except to *Adore* and skip up to the scene where all will be revealed—she stared when I told her gravely they were *mysteries of love,* as much as when I assured her I was only an *Adorer* too, of the Mystery of the *Church* the only Ark in the *world,* and all the heathens, savages, sects etc were only in my heart for prayer, but never in my brain for what became of them, or to trouble my Faith in his wisdom and mercy, the Father most tender Father of all my immense God, *I his alone.*

I would give millions to hear you converse with her if they could be given for my pleasure, and rapture of triumph *in Faith.*

Sunday in Octave Christmas [December 31, 1816]

Mr. Kenney gone they say—I knew not of it - so—but no matter as Superior says of Maddelene 3 gone that the main object for prayer—
what happy Sundays these *alone* since his will is so—not long to be enjoyed the old sinew stretches and will probably soon be well—
—*Peace peace peace.* such kind letters from New York, but alas nothing for the main point
—tomorrow 1817—Very well—Eternity hastens—heart dances while it tries to be serious on that point of points
—happy Eternity to You blessed President of St. Mary’s May she take good care of you this 1817 coming—

7.67 To William Seton

[December 30 or 31, 1816]

My own dear one

looking over many papers to day I find this writing of Mr. [Simon] Bruté to you whether a copy or original I know not, it goes haphazard

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3Sister Madeleine Guérin died December 20, 1816.

7.67 ASCSH Seton-Jevons #425-427
with the constant repetition of your own Mothers love after multiplied letters to you since our little Angels departure.—We long so much for your next letters—more since the one of the departure of our Mr. Filippo¹—to day post day my heart beat hard when the house letters were handed, but Kit and I had to sigh in silence—I look up - my only remedy, and delight in the certainty that your love is the same, letters or no—here is Xtmass [Christmas] just past, you have truly lived in my thoughts night and day—have prayed for you continually with All a Mothers Soul.

—all our affairs just so—You know the daily regularity - just now Cornelius Sebring one of the youngsters who boarded with us in Stuvysant Street in New York² came from some considerable distance to see me and really with ready tears for old acquaintance sake, and by him I will send this to Leo Post as a better chance from New York than Baltimore—and do pray in return tell us some particulars about yourself and M[essers] F[ilicchi]s and the dear family all all.

Kit is as lively as a bird through all our Separations, but her exertions are only to cheer and enliven me—you cannot imagine a more Amiable being, and so lovely, but remember make your act of daily Resignation on that point so dear to your heart yet without uneasiness for she is the picture of health, uses a great deal of exercise, and has many companions she is delighted with—

We have no news from our Richard very lately but he is happy as can be in his situation it appears while it lasts but that is very uncertain I believe—and how it is to end we cannot guess for Mr. [Luke] Tiernan is never communicative about his plans, in that too I can only look up—a few years more will tell us all a great deal—and perhaps—but not one thought more to my beloved so far away but bright hope and love—here 1817 tomorrow or next day - and our dear long endless life where there are no Separations may also come with it, do do do my Son most dear Resolve to meet there at least, the Souls that doat on you.

Your EAS forever

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¹Filippo Filicchi had died the previous August.
²After her return from Italy, Elizabeth boarded students as a means of income.