March 14th 1805. Our dearest Mother [Seton] was received in the Church March 25th 1805 she made her 1st Communion in N[ew] York. Corpus Christi June 16th 1808. 

Mother arrived in Baltimore with her three little daughters Anna, Josephine and Rebecca. Decber 7th 1808 first beginning of the new Institution; I arrived on this day from Philadelphia. Maria Murphy arrived in Holy week 1809 from Philadelph. Susan Clossey came on Wednesday 24th May 1809 from N[ew] York. Mary Ann Butler arrived the 1st June 1809 from Philadelphia April 27th 1809 Jose[phine] made her first Communion in Baltimore. June 22d 1809 dearest Mother, Cecilia Seton, Maria Murphy [Burke] and Madalene [Harriet] Seton set off for Emmitsbourg. 

July 28th 1809 Sr. Rose White and Kitty Mullan were added to our little Community and we all set off from Baltimore in a waggon for the Valley of Emmetsburg. 

Perfection, every heart transported with delight at the little beginning of St. Joseph’s family, the journey was pleasant some relating the different devout passages of St. Theresa’s [of Avila] travels at last we arrived at the old stone house where we met our beloved Mother, Cecilia Seton, Madalene & Maria all with gay and happy hearts and yet more happy to find the beloved Cecilia restored to her health which but 3 weeks before was hurrying her to the grave. She was one of the first who ran down the lane to meet the waggon of travellers.

30th July all met in the old house where two more members were added, Sister Sally Thompson and her younger [sibling] Sr. Ellen [Thompson] we were at this time 9 in number.

A-5.10a ASJPH 1-3-3-4:118,1
August 10th 1809 we began our first retreat under the care of our 1st Superior Revd. Wm. Duburg.

Octobr 20th 1809 Bishop [John] Carroll administered Confirmation in the Valley for the first time.

Decber 23d 1809 Madelane [Harriet] Seton died, she was interred on Christmas eve, most solemn day to all.

Feby 20th 1810. We moved in the new house though not finished. This same day the B[lessed] Sacrament was carried in procession to the new little Altar of St. Joseph’s so poor and humble not even plaistered.

Feby 22d. We first opened [Saint Joseph’s Free] day school

March 19th 1810 the first high mass was celebrated in St. Joseph[‘s House]

April 9th 1811. Mother returned to Baltimore with Cecilia Seton whose health was again very bad & required a change of air, (as was thought)

April 30th. Mother, Anna [Maria Seton] & Sr. Susan [Clossey] returned with the precious corpse which after being exposed to the view of the Community, in the choir was deposited in the sacred little wood near her Sister [Harriet].

May 14th 1810 we receive the first 5 boarders from Frederick [for Saint Joseph’s Academy]

July 29th 1810 Revd Mr [John] David arrived with three new Sisters vis. Fanny Jordan, Angela Brady and Julia [Shirk]. . . . he staid at the Stone house; with him the second retreat was made, which began 8th of October & finished the 15th 1811.

Feby 2d 1812 we made our third Retreat with the Revd J[ohn] Dubois our present Superior.

Octber 7th 1812 Bishop Carroll gave Confirmation in St. Joseph’s house.

October 15th 1812 Sr. Maria [Murphy Burke]died.

July 20th 1815 first election of Mother took place at same time the officers were appointed.

Oh! dear, dear, and ever my dearer child!

What a joy you have infused in my soul by your dear letter! obedience at length has showed itself to you in its proper shape - and with its Salutary rather I say heavenly charms and attractions. O my dear child, you have at length arrived at the door of true happiness. You are coming to the safe harbour of Salvation. oh yes, be an obedient child, a child of obedience, and mock all the hellish powers, for God himself assures you that you will Sing great and many victories . . . for if once you are a child of obedience, if you once offer up to the will of God the Sacrifice of your own will in the hands of your Superiors, of your father and mother in Christ Jesus, then I assure you in the name of him whom I have the honor to represent that you are a true living member of the obedient Jesus, then I assure you, you will share in our over-flowing joys, then yours is the preetious peace promised to men of good will. you may trust to the experience of an old veteran in Jesus’ militia. the more I have had the happiness of sacrificing my own private will, judgment and inclination, to those of my Superiors, the more I have enjoyed that sweet peace and joy which is here below a foretaste of the happiness reserved to us above. the gift the sweet gift of tears in which my Soul is melting from about ten years, has been, I understand, the reward of the most generous Sacrifice I ever made of my own judgment and will to those of my Superiors, as I may tell you in our next conference.

experience has already fully taught you that our peace and happiness ought not to depend on our feelings which are so changeable, so variable, and now let faith teach you and persuade you that there
cannot be any danger, that safety only consists in perfect submission and obedience. Mankind was lost by the disobedience of Adam, and was recovered by the obedience of Jesus Christ, the 2d Adam. by his generous obedience Abraham was justified and deserved to be the father of all the faithful. obedience has been at all times the Shield and Palladium of all the elects of God. let it be your own safety, for I am persuaded that you are one of them. let every step of yours be regulated and sanctified by obedience and every step of yours will be meritorious of eternal life, happiness and glory.

understand that it is the renouncing of our own judgment and of our own will which constitutes that self denial so much commended and enforced by our Divine Master as the essential complement and perfection of Christian virtue and an indispensable requisite for eternal Salvation. understand that such a sacrifice, even when most perfectly made on our part and considered as the highest pitch of perfection which can be attained by human weakness, is but exact justice, and even a very inadequate retribution for what we have received from him who when he owed nothing to us, but anger, wrath and punishment, has deigned to sacrifice himself entirely for us and has made himself obedient unto death and unto the death of the cross. when we take in contemplation the generosity of such a Sacrifice of our Divine Redeemer, when duly weighing who he was and who we were, we consider what he has done for us. oh! dear child can we set bounds to our sacrifices, can we keep anything in reserve which we refuse to give Him, to sacrifice to him? we have only to regret that our poverty, misery and wretchedness leaves us so little to give in return, and that this very little is still so degraded, so corrupted, so unworthy of being offered. then - to make up for such our deficiency we lose ourselves in Jesus who lives in us and he fills up the void and deficiency. we renounce with him and in him worldly goods and property, and the poverty of Jesus our chief dignifier, the poverty of his members with him and in him we renounce every sensual pleasure and gratification of the flesh, and the mortification of Jesus purifies our flesh, and the life of Jesus is made manifest in our body, by the chaste life we live and profess with him and in him—we pledge ourselves never to do our own will, nor what pleases us, but invariably the will of God and what is
most contrary and repugnant to the unruly wishes of our corrupted nature, and then the obedience of Jesus which has freed mankind in general from the disgracing slavery of sin and hell, frees us from the tyranny of Satan, and from the confusion and anarchy of our own passions and raising us to the freedom and liberty of the Children of God, Secures to us an uncontrovertible light to rank among the heirs of his Kingdom and glory, Nay such a renouncing to our own will binds the will of God to our own. oh! if such is the excellence, and merit of obedience, let it be perfect, and constant, without any variation and reserve. let the most sincere obedience to revelation and faith, sanctify our reason and understanding. let the more exact observance of divine commands and of the ordinances of his church, together with unrelenting readiness to obey the inspirations of divine grace, and to submit in every thing to the will of our Superiors whoever they may be, sanctify our Soul with all its faculties.

when we meet again I will enter into a minute detail of your daily occupations, of the order and manner in which you act and do every thing. in the meanwhile the peace of the Lord be with you for ever.

A-6.3a Sister Rose White’s Journal

[Baltimore]

In the beginning of June, 1809, Mrs. Seton’s sisters-in-law, Miss Cecilia and Miss Harriet Seton, arrived in Baltimore accompanied by their brother, Mr. Samuel Seton and Mr. [Guy] Carleton [Bayley], the half-brother of Mother. Miss Cecilia had become a Catholic in New York before Mother Seton left but was prevented from having much intercourse with Mother on account of the great prejudice that existed against the Catholic religion, but the very bad health of Miss Cecilia Seton continued and it was thought she was in confirmed consumption [tuberculosis], and must soon fall victim to its rapid progress. The last and only thing that physicians could offer as a shadow of hope
was a sea voyage. This, it appears, Miss Seton would not consent to
but begged as a last favor that she might be permitted to come by the
way of the packets\(^1\)—as there were then no steamboats—to Balti-
more to see her Sister [Elizabeth] Seton.

They readily agreed, seeing that she had but a short time to
live—one on whom all the affection of her family was bestowed—of
which she was truly worthy as she was a lovely soul. They were so
convinced that they put material for a shroud in her trunk and a few
yards of black silk to make a dress in case she would live. They arrived
safely in Baltimore and the change of air and the great pleasure Miss
Cecilia had in meeting her sister, Mrs. Seton, made her feel much
better, yet she continued to raise blood and was very weak.

After a few weeks stay in Baltimore she determined to remain with
us and Dr. [Pierre] Chatard advised she should leave the city for the
country air. The time was drawing near when the little community as-
sembled in Baltimore would leave for the valley; it was thought best
that Mother should bring Miss Seton up at once. When her friends
who accompanied her saw she was determined to remain, the two gen-
tlemen returned to New York where their business called them, and
Miss Harriet Seton determined on accompanying her sister to the
Mountain. So they left Baltimore on the 22nd [June 1809], Mrs.
Seton, Misses Cecilia and Harriet Seton, Miss Annina Seton and Miss
Maria Murphy, afterwards Sister Maria. They arrived at the Mountain
and were lodged in the small [log] house on the hill which had been
first occupied by Rev. Mr. Dubois, who gave up his room.

Rev. Mr. Dubourg had left Mrs. Rose White in the place of Mrs.
Seton to take charge of the family left in Baltimore who were to fol-
low. The persons left were the two children of Mother Seton, Jose-
phine and Rebecca, Miss Cecilia O’Conway from Philadelphia, Miss
Mary Ann Butler of Philadelphia, Miss Susan Clossey of New York,
two boarders, Miss Isabella O’Conway and Miss Julia La Briton, and
a young woman who attended the duties of the house, named Miss
Ann Nabs. William Seton and Richard were at Mount St. Mary’s Col-
lege.

\(^1\)Packets or packet boats travel a regular route carrying passengers, freight, and mail.
On the 26th of July, a letter from Mr. Dubourg and Mrs. Seton directing us to pack and load the wagon that was sent to Baltimore for us, and come immediately to the Valley. Mother wrote that we would find pebbles for beads, tin cups to drink out of and plates of lesser quality. We began to make our arrangements and by the morning of the 30th [July 1809] we were ready to start at half past two o’clock. We drove through [Saint Mary’s] College yard and Madame Fournier, Rev. Dubourg’s sister, opening the casement of her window, waved her hand to bid us adieu. We were so closely packed in the wagon that it seemed we would be unable to proceed when the wagooner cried out: “When we have gone a few miles the baggage will settle down and you will be more at your ease.” (He was a young man of the neighborhood by the name of [William] Harris who married shortly after, and we now have one of his children in the Community by name Sister Joachim).

We were willing to believe what he said, and remained silent each one occupied with her thoughts, which I hope referred all to God. We went on all day, without stopping to take dinner, made use of the provisions we had in the wagon. At night we stopped at a tavern where we had but poor accommodations. We asked for supper, but told them as it was Friday, not to prepare any meat. When we went to supper, there was plenty chicken on the table. Sister Kitty [Mullen] remarked we had told them not to prepare any meat. “Oh,” said the woman who waited on the table, “chicken is not meat.” We smiled and made our supper on bread and butter, tea and eggs. William and Richard Seton were with us, slept in the wagon with Mr. Harris to take care of our baggage. We rose early and were soon seated in our wagon for another day’s journey. We had not proceeded far when Sister Susan [Clossy] was taken very sick and remained so until we arrived at a

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2 Although indistinct, the sentence appears to read: “tin cups to drink out of and plates of lesser quality.”

3 Sister Joachim Harris (1812-1873) joined the Sisters of Charity December 25, 1832, to serve in the Philadelphia almshouse during the cholera epidemic.

4 At this time William Seton was thirteen, and Richard was eleven.
place where we made our meal which answered for dinner and breakfast, got some remedies for Sister Susan, met at the place where we stopped and received much kindness from him.

[Emmitsburg]

Again seated in our wagon we proceeded on and arrived at about four o'clock at the Farm House [the Stone House] of St. Joseph's where we were met by our dear Mother and her three children, Anna, Josephine and Rebecca. (I ought to have mentioned that two weeks after Mother went to the Mountain Josephine and Rebecca went up in a private carriage.) Sister Cecilia Seton, whose health was wonderfully improved, Miss Harriet Seton, Sister Maria Murphy and Sister Sally Thompson. They had reserved a part of their dinner for us which we sat down to eat. Sister Susan so sick that the doctor had to be sent for. The news of our arrival soon reached the Mountain and Revs. Dubois and Dubourg paid us a visit and welcomed us to our new home, truly a blessed one.

Rev. Mr. [William] Dubourg and Rev. Mr. [John] Dubois then went to the village, purchased a few cups and saucers, pewter spoons, knives and forks, etc., half a dozen of chairs. We brought our mattresses with us and laid them on the floor as there were no cots or bedsteads. Next morning was Sunday; we had to rise early and go to Emmitsburg to early Mass. All went to confession before Mass, and Communion at Mass, came home much fatigued. All returned to High Mass except two Sisters and Mother.

Mr. Dubourg was starting for Baltimore and wanted to have a memorandum of what was wanting as we had no means to purchase. Our wants were few. All was strange around us, the new house under cover, the carpenters yet at work, and we not knowing exactly what we were to do. However, it was necessary to make some little arrangement of Rules and begin the order of the day...

Sister Kitty Mullan was appointed housekeeper; Sister Rose [White], Mother's Assistant; Sister Cecilia [O'Conway], Secretary

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5St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Emmitsburg dates to 1793 when the first church was built.
and School Sister; Sister Sally [Thompson], Procuratrix, washer and baker. The Sisters in turn to cook, all lending a hand at ironing; and our washing place was at the creek, [Tom’s Creek], ⁶ where we took the clothes early in the morning and remained the day; not a plank to stand on or a covering but the tree under which we would place our tubs, and if the rain came on, we would have to bring up our clothes all wet and heavy—no accommodations, no water to wash with at the house.

We continued the winter in this way. We were fifteen in the family.

We went every morning to Emmitsburg to [Saint Joseph’s Catholic] Church, there being but one priest stationed here, that was Reverend Dubois. Rev. Mr. Dubourg after a few days returned to the Valley for the purpose of giving us a Retreat, had an altar made in a very small room, said the first Mass, and began our first Retreat; gave all the meditations as well as the instructions. At the end of the Retreat he requested that each one should make her resolutions, writing them and bringing them to him; that we must not speak to each other nor make known in any way our thoughts on the resolutions we were to take. As the most of us had not made a Retreat of this kind, nor written resolutions, it was well seen that a good priest had here a fine opportunity to discover not only how far we had profited by the Retreat, but also a specimen of our writing and spelling and thus he could judge at once of our knowledge.

He remained some days with us, encouraging us by his heavenly conversation to look forward with the hope of seeing much done for religion; to keep our selves humble, and confide all to our sweet Savior whom we had assembled to honor in the way which would be pointed out to us hereafter. He presented us with a copy of *Christian Perfection*⁷ which we had never seen before; also gave a bell to regulate our exercises. His last words were to cultivate plenty of carrots, in order to make use of for coffee, which we used—that and rye were our morning and evening beverage for breakfast and supper. Sister Sally

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⁶Tom’s Creek appears as early as 1742 in a survey of the area. It was not far from the farmhouse where Elizabeth and her community spent their first months in St. Joseph’s Valley.

⁷Rev. Alphonsus Rodriguez, S.J., (1538-1616) wrote *The Practice of Perfection and of Christian Virtues* which was first published in Seville in 1609 and later translated into twenty-three languages. The work, a revision of sermons he had given to novices, is known for its practical spiritual doctrine and clarity of presentation based on scripture and the Fathers of the Church.
[Thompson] was our Procuratrix and our main help, as she was the only one acquainted with the neighborhood. She made all purchases and directed us in our domestic concerns, and was the first at all that was laborious, having excellent health, and of a most happy disposition to oblige; always cheerful.

In the month of September, her sister, Miss Ellen Thompson, joined the Community; she was of very delicate health. Our good Father Dubois gave us Mass in our little Chapel nearly every morning, and on Sundays also, as he said two Masses, would come to us in all weather. Miss Harriet Seton was engaged to be married to Mother Seton's half-brother, young [Guy] Carleton [Bayley], before Harriet left New York. She wore his miniature round her neck and would often say, "Were it not for this engagement I would remain with you." When she spoke of becoming a Catholic Mother spoke to her of the difficulties she would have to encounter in her husband's family, and perhaps she would not have resolution enough to resist them, and how unhappy it would be for her, if after embracing the Catholic faith were she to fall off, begging Harriet to reflect well, and so she did, for she persisted in becoming a member of the Church, and instructed herself fully. Her amiable and affectionate conduct endeared her to us all. She partook of our homely fare and bad lodgings as cheerfully as any of the Sisters, and would often express her happiness and regret that she would have to leave us. At length the happy day arrived; the 24th of September [1809] she made her First Communion, and a few weeks after, the Most Rev. Archbishop [John] Carroll arrived from Baltimore and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in our little chapel, and Harriet [Seton] took the name of Madeleine.

Soon after this, William Seton came from the mountain to see his mother and was taken very ill so that he could not return; remained very low for several weeks with nervous fever and received all the Last Sacraments. Sister Rose and his Aunt Madeleine [Harriet Seton] made his shroud and prepared everything to lay him out, as it appeared he had but a few moments to live. However, it pleased Our Lord that he should recover. At this time Sister Cecilia Seton was taken ill with

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Harriet had, in fact, been engaged to marry Andrew Barclay Bayley.
a return of spitting blood, and gave us many fears as to her recovery. Madeleine [Harriet Seton] renewed her attentions with all the devotedness of a true sister in which we all united to do our utmost by every care to preserve the life of one so valuable.

I regret not to have mentioned, though it may be brought in its place, that after our retreat given by Mr. Dubourg, he invited us to walk over the farm and select a place for a burial ground. Cecilia [Seton] and Madeleine [Harriet Seton] were of the number. After a survey had been taken of all the grounds, we selected our present spot, and each one made a choice of a spot under some of the beautiful trees that thickly covered the grounds. Madeleine Seton selected hers under the largest oak tree. As we were then near the farm house, we returned home after looking through the new building, [originally called the “house in the fields”], at which the carpenters were then at work. All appeared happy and most grateful to our kind benefactor, Mr. Samuel Cooper, who had so liberally bestowed on us such a home, and to our good friend and superior, Rev. Mr. Dubourg, who had been the happy instrument to begin the good.

Sister Cecilia Seton continued sick. In December, Madeleine [Harriet Seton] was taken sick so as to be unable to sit up and was put to bed. Her bed and that of Cecilia [Seton] were in the room next to the chapel. In the same room Mother slept on the floor with Rebecca and Josephine. When Mass would be said, the door of the chapel would be left open so that the two dear sisters could hear Mass, and often partake of Holy Communion. The people of Emmitsburg would attend early Mass on Sundays, and often Rev. Mr. Cooper, who was then a seminarian, would come to serve Mass. It was a sight for angels to see — the sick and the well, the young and the old, externs all crowded round the little altar and the sick beds.

On one occasion Madeleine [Harriet Seton] expected to receive Communion, though we knew she was not as she had been burning up with fever during the night and broken her fast. The fever had affected her head while her heart was alive to all that was heavenly. She eagerly watched the priest as he gave Communion to each one, expecting he should come to her, but finding him turn to the tabernacle and place the ciborium in it and close the door, she began to speak in the
most plaintive sweet voice to our Jesus of her disappointment, so as to cause us all to shed tears. We were unconscious how near was her dissolution. That night, I think, she grew worse. In the morning when Rev. Superior came to say Mass, found her very ill, and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; she had lost her speech. This was on the 21st of December [1809]. On the 22nd in the morning, she gave up her beautiful soul to God. (I forgot to mention that she received the scapular when she made her First Communion.)\(^9\) The morning of her death, her sister Cecilia, who was lying in the next bed, begged to be raised and leaned over and kissed her, thanking Our Lord that He had taken her to Himself. The weather was intensely cold. We laid her out, and put on her the shroud that she had helped to make for William [Seton], who was then well. On the 23rd which was Sunday, she was placed in our little spot in the wood which we had selected and in the place she had chosen for herself. She was the first who died with us, one of the most healthy, and one of the loveliest of her sex both in body and mind. Thus ended the life of the most beautiful Harriet Seton, who accompanied her dying sister from New York only a few months before; when she was taken and Cecilia left.

Our beloved Cecilia continued confined to bed and suffering much. Our dear Sister Ellen Thompson was taken very ill, and it was thought she must die. The Doctor had several blisters applied, ordered her head to be shaved, and a blister. He ordered her a bath. We had no tub large enough and had recourse to an ash barrel, but found it leaked, so Sister Sally [Thompson] took it to the creek and placed it in the water to tighten. In the meantime Rev. Superior [Dubois] offered us a large tub that had just come home for a meat tub. It was sent for and when it came it was too large, the stair case was too small to admit it upstairs. We then sent for the barrel at the creek, which we placed in a small tub filling the barrel. We found it leaked and thought the tub would be sufficient to keep the floor from being wet while we placed our dear Sister Ellen in the barrel of warm water, when behold the barrel gave way so that the tub overflowed, and we had to open the seam

\(^9\)The scapular Harriet received was probably related to enrollment in a Confraternity or Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A characteristic of the Society of St. Sulpice is to promote Marian devotion.
of the floor and sweep the water out of the room, and placed the dear sufferer on the bed, who was exhausted by the exertion and a body covered with blisters; yet she was smiling at the drollery of the scene.

Sister [Cecilia Seton] continued very ill and received the last Sacraments and we prepared ourselves to give her up as we thought she could not live. But our dear Lord was pleased in His mercy to let her remain with us for some time longer. She was a model of piety.

After her recovery Sister Sally [Thompson] was taken sick with chills and fever, and before she got well she had to give up her cot for Sister Susan [Clossy] who was sick. We had but two cots for the sick Sisters; all the rest laid on the floor. Sisters became sick several at a time. The good Archbishop Carroll paid us a visit and appeared to be much afraid that we could not keep on with our work. Yet our Lord was pleased to support and enable us to keep up.

We walked every Sunday to the Mountain at this time. There was no bridge nor road to the mountain; we had to go over one by one on horseback when the water was high, and when low, we would walk over the creek on stones, climb the fences, and often lose our way through the thick woods. We would carry our dinner in a sack and often fry our meat at the mountain and take it from the frying pan and place it on a piece of bread without knife or fork, eat standing, and take a good drink of water, and go up to church and wait for Vespers. Often we would be caught in the rain coming home, at this time we never wore a shawl, much less an umbrella.

When we came to the creek, we would meet a horse which Father Dubois would send from the mountain to take us across, and the oldest Sister would remain standing in the rain by the old oak tree, until all had passed over; then in her turn, she would be taken and sometimes continue her ride to the farmhouse door of our home. Our shoes would be heavy with mud, and our clothes so wet that we would have to change them. We continued this Sunday going to Church for many years, both winter and summer.

We received two candidates at the farmhouse from New York; Miss Martina Quinn and Miss Jane Corbet. We became so crowded that it was thought necessary that some of us should come up to the new house [the White House], to sleep. Accordingly, Sister Sally
[Thompson], Sister Kitty [Mullen] and Sister Rose [White] were named and for several weeks we slept in one of the unfurnished rooms, and would rise often at two, three and four o’clock and go down to the farm [to the Stone House] thinking it was time for morning prayers, and the ground was rough plowed and often very muddy. Sometimes we would be forced to stay all day at the new house, the rain would be so heavy; one [sister] would go down and bring up something to eat. We had spinning wheels and would keep ourselves employed. While sleeping at the stone house, the snow would drift in; one morning Sister Sally [Thompson] and Sister Rose [White] shoveled out nearly two cart loads of snow in the garret where two of the Sisters were sleeping, and did not discover that their beds were partly covered also with snow until day began to dawn through the cracks of the boards, which were the only fastening for the windows, but happily the Sisters took no cold.

Our good Rev. Superior would come to give us Mass on mornings when it would be so cold that his beard would be stiff with the frost, and his hair also, and he would be so cold and so stiff that he could hardly hold the reins of his horse. On Tuesdays he would remain all day as it was the day on which he heard confessions. On the 20th of February [1810], we moved from the farmhouse to the new house [the White House], the Blessed Sacrament brought in procession, Sister Veronica [Cecilia O’Conway] walking before with the bell and the cross, the Rev. Mr. Dubois carrying the Blessed Sacrament next, the Mother and Sisters following. Sister Sally [Thompson] had in her arms Sister Cecilia [Seton] wrapped in a blanket, as she was yet very sick. The present choir was not made until the little chapel was finished, which was complete before March; on the 19th of March [1810] we had high Mass for the first time in the Valley.

Sister Cecilia [Seton] continued ill, yet the good Archbishop [John Carroll] thought, and Doctor [Pierre] Chatard also, that if she was brought to Baltimore there might be some remedy resorted to that could not be had here, and she accordingly went down on the 9th of April [1810]. Mother [Seton], Sister Susan [Clossy] and Annina [Seton] accompanied her. They stayed at Mr. [George] Weise’s near the Seminary of St. Mary’s.
We took occasion of their absence to clean the yard round the house which was covered with the shavings and chips from the building, and the only steps to the entrance of the front and back doors was on piles of these shavings which were filled with fleas as the hogs rested on them and surrounded the house. What with the shavings and the hair which was prepared for the plasterers, and which was put for safe keeping in the garret, we were literally eaten with fleas. So, we determined to try and get rid of them, if we could, and set to work with pick axes, spades, wheelbarrows, and a cart, and in a few days we had the greatest part of the rubbish removed, and rolled some large blocks to the front and back door for steps, though we had to bear with the plastering nuisance in the garret, and the men were about to commence plastering, the carpenters being very nearly finished.

Holy Week began, and on Wednesday the Rev. Superior [David] said Mass for us, consumed all the Sacred Hosts in the ciborium, and told us we would have to come to the Mountain for Mass and Communion, so we set out fasting on Holy Thursday, and went to Holy Communion.¹⁰ (As the Sisters formed the choir, we had all the singing to do.) In the evening we returned, and went next morning—Good Friday—fasting, returned in the evening, and returned next morning—Holy Saturday—to Communion at High Mass and the same Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. Received news that Sister Cecilia was no more; she died on the 28th. On the 29th after High Mass had been celebrated—the corpse present—it was placed in the carriage and Mother and Susan [Clossy] accompanied the body to the Valley. Rev. Mr. Clorivièrë¹¹ attended on horseback and arrived at the Valley about an hour before the carriage. We assembled and went out to meet them as they approached the house. The coffin was brought in the hall, and the body exposed, was taken in the choir, and the same evening placed in the little woods, next to her beloved sister, Madeleine [Harriet] Seton. They were the two first interred in our burial ground, in the places they had selected but a few months before, when in perfect health, at least Madeleine [Harriet] was. Our good Mother

¹⁰Probably Sister Rose is referring to the first Holy Week the community spent at St. Joseph’s in 1810.
¹¹Joseph Picot de Clorivièrë (d. 1813)
felt much, yet was greatly consoled at the angelic life and happy and so edifying death of Cecilia [Seton].

February 22, 1810—received three new scholars. 12


Men began to plaster the first story; we moved from one room to another, and at one time lived in the hall. Our school increased in number, both boarders and day scholars. We had great difficulty in accommodating the boarders. Sisters all slept in the garret on the floor, in the same place as the hair was for the plastering, and often we pass[ed] the night carrying our mattresses from one place to another to find rest; we were so bit with fleas that our skin were purple in appearance. We began to take in sewing from the Mountain to pay the debt we owed. We made mattresses, quilted quilts, and made all the boys’ clothes and mended them; also corporals, surplices, vestments and albs for the Mountain; (did all our own washing, yet, at the creek, never hired a woman to wash until the year 1816. Our Sisters began to fail and the necessity was plainly seen that aid was wanting.) In July, Sister Rose [White] went to Baltimore on business as guardian for her son, Charles, and returned the first of August in company with our Reverend Superior who was then Mr. [John Baptist] David; Sister Fanny [Jordan], Sister Angela [Brady], Sister Julia [Shirk] and Charles White, who was seven years old, came up to be placed at the Mountain.

Mrs. Margaret George, [a widow,] came on a visit and returned again to Baltimore. Father David had intended to give us a retreat, but finding so much confusion in the house with carpenters and plasterers that it was impossible. He had been named Superior by the Archbishop in place of Rev. Mr. Dubourg who was called to Martinique. 13

The carpenters and plasterers finished before winter set in and we began to build a small log kitchen which was under cover before winter set in — the old shed nearly blown to pieces; the last dinner cooked

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12Entrance of these students marked the beginning of free Catholic education in the United States which gave rise to the parochial school system.

13Martinique is one of the Windward Islands in the West Indies that was under the French crown but had been subject to British occupation 1794-1802 and again 1809-1814.
in it was by Sister Rose [White], when a violent rain and wind blew down the chimney and put out the fire, so that she had to bring the pot in the work room to finish boiling the dinner.

Rev. Mr. Dubourg left Martinique the fifth of June, 1811 for Baltimore, brought with him three candidates for St. Joseph's, and arrived in Baltimore June 30th. The candidates were Miss Louise Roger[s], now Sister Louise; Miss Adele Salva, the well, active, zealous, pious and faithful observer of rules, Sister Adele, who took her leave of us a few months since for her true home, Heaven; Madame [Madeleine] Guerin, the sister of Sister Adele; her only son accompanied her and was placed at the Mountain.

On the 23rd of July [1811], Rev. Mr. Dubourg arrived at St. Joseph's in company with the above named persons. After an interview with the superiors, Misses Roger and Salva were admitted as candidates; Madame Guerin as a boarder. This last had made a vow at sea that if she arrived safe to her journey's end, St. Joseph's, that she would wear a brown dress and cap for three months in honor of the Blessed Virgin. She had provided herself with materials in Baltimore, and made her dress and cap with us and put it on. She was employed in the school as a French teacher. Her humility and piety and amiability soon won the hearts of all, and before the three months expired she petitioned for admission as a candidate, was received, and continued to wear her brown dress during her candidateship and novitiate. Her son was placed at the Mountain and provided for.

This good novice finished her novitiate, made her vows, and took the name of Magdalen. As she had been one who had indulged in the goods of the world, she was remarkable for her spirit of mortification; she delighted in the most menial offices. Her hands being very soft and beautiful, she delighted in the dirtiest work, and had charge of the chamber buckets and night vessels which were made of tin. These she would scrub and clean, that I have often seen her hands so rough and bleeding from work and exposure, that they would be purple. Her countenance was always smiling; she was full of kindness and preventing care.

Once when she was descending the staircase with a night bucket, she met the Rev. Superior ascending with the Blessed Sacrament to a
Sister who was very ill in the infirmary. She was greatly distressed, for fear that there was the appearance of disrespect, and she was not sensible of the Blessed Sacrament coming up, and as soon as an opportunity offered, she threw herself at the Superior's feet to ask pardon. His reply was: "What, my child is there to offend? The God of all charity met a Sister of Charity performing an act of charity, how could He be displeased?" She continued her daily round of duty, giving edification to all until the twentieth of December, 1816. She expired in the greatest sentiments of piety, resignation and love of God. In 1812, Rev. Mr. Dubourg was appointed to go to New Orleans. He petitioned for Sisters to be sent to assist in the duties that he would assign them according to their rules.

Rev. Mr. Dubois was appointed Superior of the Community in place of Rev. Mr. David who had promised to share the labors of Rev. Mr. [Benedict] Flaget whom it was thought would be made Bishop of the West — Rev. Mr. Flaget had gone to France. February 1, 1812, Mrs. [Bridget] Farrell and her daughter Mrs. [Margaret] George, and Miss Teresa Conroy arrived at St. Joseph's. Mrs. George and Miss Teresa [Conroy] as candidates; Mrs. Farrell as a boarder. Mrs. George took the name of Sister Margaret and Miss Conroy kept her name and was called Sister Teresa.

Rev. Mr. Flaget returned from France and brought us the rules, constitutions and conferences of the Sisters of Charity founded by St. Vincent de Paul. Rev. Mr. Flaget received the promise of Sisters to accompany him to America, and the money was provided to pay their passage, and it was thus he received for us the rules, constitutions and etc., but the government under Bonaparte interfered and the Sisters were not at liberty to leave France. The constitutions and rules were submitted to the Archbishop [John Carroll] and the Rev. Mr. [John] Tessier of St. Sulpice [in Baltimore]. They were modified to suit this country and translated into English by our Rev. Superior, Mr. Dubois, then read to the Sisters assembled before they were signed by the Archbishop and Rev. Mr. Tessier to know from us if they were approved of by the Archbishop and Rev. Mr. Tessier who had directed

14Rev. William Dubourg, S.S., was appointed bishop of Louisiana in 1812 and served until 1826.
them to be translated and made to suit this country.\textsuperscript{15} We were all at liberty to adopt these rules or not, free to retire, if we wished to from the Community. All were invited to stay notwithstanding bad health and other infirmities. Each was invited to raise her hand, if she were willing to adopt the rules. All were united but one voice. The good Superior left us for Baltimore, returned in a few days, the Constitutions signed, Rules approved of by the Archbishop Carroll and Rev. Mr. Tessier.\textsuperscript{16} We proceeded to an election of officers and began our novitiate according to the rules of the Sisters of Charity, and made our vows at the end of one year. Candidates and boarders increased. The beloved Archbishop paid us several visits, much pleased at the prospect of the work going on.

Our beloved Sister Ellen [Brady], of whom we spoke, continued to suffer more or less until the 28th of November, 1813. She died perfectly conscious; her death was that of an angel. Our Superior baptized her and had been her confessor and gave testimony that he thought she had not lost her baptismal innocence. He administered the last sacraments; she died a few moments after she had received Holy Viaticum.

The eldest daughter of our Mother, Miss Annina Seton, whose conduct was an example of every virtue, and before she applied to become a Sister she practiced the rules she saw observed by the Sisters, and her early rising at four o’clock never failed both winter and summer, though we then had no fire to say our prayers or meditation, and the weather was intense cold. We had never had a shawl or cloak, even when we went to the mountain during the most severe weather of winter. This amiable child was taken sick, and her malady baffled all skill. A rapid consumption soon hurried her to the grave. She suffered much from a violent cough, chills and high fevers, large gathering under her arm and heavy night sweats. She was reduced to a mere skeleton — the skin off her bones. In all these sufferings she was patient as an angel and edified everyone around her by her pious conversation.

\textsuperscript{15}One significant modification made education of female children a primary thrust of the mission of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s.

\textsuperscript{16}January 17, 1812, marks the official confirmation of the Rules and Constitutions of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s.
She would assemble the young ladies of the school around her bed and speak to them of the vanity of this world and remind them how shortly since they had seen her amongst them in school, as likely to live a long life in perfect health as they were, and now so soon to be consigned to the grave; that they well knew her affection for her mother, but of what avail was all attachment to the things of this earth since none could save her from death.

This, my dear girls, shows the necessity of placing all our hopes in God and clinging to Him alone. They would be sobbing in tears around her. They loved her as one who had been a bright example of every virtue to them while in school. She made her vows on her deathbed and expired like an angel in the arms of one of the Sisters who was supporting her. Her last movement was to raise her eyes to Heaven and clasp her hands, which remained clasped, that we may say she died in prayer. Our dear Mother who was kneeling by the bed made her offering to God and retired before the Blessed Sacrament giving directions that her hands should not be unclasped, which was attended to, so that we cut open the seams of her night dress and cut those of her shroud so that we laid her out with her hands in the position she had placed them before her death. This dear child was the third of the name of Seton who were first laid in the graveyard and at the spot selected by themselves. She died on the 12th of March, 1812.

[Philadelphia]

Philadelphia application having been made by the trustees of the Orphan Asylum of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia for Sisters to take charge of the Asylum, allowing $600 a year for the support of Sisters and orphans, the traveling expenses to be paid of the Sisters by the trustees. The call had been submitted to the Archbishop [in Baltimore], who desired much that the Sisters should be sent, though it was at the time of the embargo, and the sum offered for the support was small as provisions were high. Yet, there was an opening and it was thought we ought not to refuse on account of difficulties, so it was agreed to accept the proposal and send on three Sisters, as three only had been asked for. As it was not safe to go by the packets, as the
English were still in the Bay, a private carriage was hired, and Sisters sent by way of Little York and Lancaster [in Pennsylvania] with directions to beg hospitality on the way so as to lessen the expense. It was then that a small half flannel shawl was given us to wear, the first worn by the Sisters. One trunk contained all our baggage. We set out September 29, 1814. The good Superior accompanied us as far as [the next town in Maryland], Taneytown, giving us lessons of economy all the way.

At Taneytown we parted, he continued his journey to Baltimore and we to Philadelphia. We begged hospitality as far as Lancaster, as we stopped at Catholic families who received us kindly, and would have done the same at Lancaster, but arrived late and felt a delicacy in disturbing a family to whom we were directed, and whom we would have had to find out the best we could as we were all strangers to the place. We stopped at a hotel and had only to complain of the fine accommodations. Next morning very early we set off for Philadelphia and arrived there in the evening; had to inquire our way as we moved through the streets as we knew not even in what street we were. Frequently the driver, who was a friend of our neighbor Mr. Livers, would give us the reins to hold and would get down from his seat and ask at several houses if they could tell us where St. Joseph’s Asylum was. No one seemed to understand him. He became a little tired and one of the Sisters asking him if he had any information to guide him, “O, no,” said he, “you might as well ask a pig about a holy day as to ask those people where St. Joseph’s Asylum is.”

We drove on without knowing where we were going, but our good angel was with us, for wearied with going up one street and down another when the driver stopped and thought he would ask again, when behold! we were before the door of Trinity Church which was next to the Asylum. The carriage being closed, the housekeeper of the priest,

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17The English were still in the Chesapeake Bay as a result of the War of 1812, and continuing skirmishes or attacks made sea travel perilous.

18This was probably John Livers whose family was very supportive of the community and owned property near the Sisters of Charity. The families of Arnold Livers and William Elder, Sr., related by marriage, were charter members of the Catholic community in the Catoctin Valley that founded the original mission on the mountain where Rev. John Dubois, S.S., began his ministry in the Emmitsburg area.
a good French woman named Justine, approached the carriage thinking it was a corpse brought to be buried, when she lifted the curtain as if by inspiration, she said:

"Are you not from St. Joseph's?"
"Yes, who are you?"
"Rev. Mr. [Michael] Hurley's housekeeper."
"Will you tell us where the Asylum is?"
"Yes, you are at its door. Will you get out of the carriage?"
"Yes, if you will tell us where the Rev. Mr. Hurley lives; we have a letter for him."
"O, you are at a very great distance, but give me the letter; I will take it to him."

So, off she went with the letter and we entered the Church. With gratitude and love we made our acts of adoration and remained an hour. By this time, Rev. Mr. Hurley arrived, took us to the asylum where the good old matron was making every preparation to leave the house, and we could not enter before she left — the furniture being hers, we had to wait until things were provided. The children looked poor and miserable; were going to a free school and running the streets like so many little ragged beggars.

We took possession of the Asylum on the sixth of October [1814] and our kind benefactress, Mrs. [Rachel] Montgomery, who was the President of the Lady Managers, and the true Mother of Charity towards the orphans and Sisters. The Asylum was in debt $5,000. The subscriptions for its support were few; the embargo made goods double price, and it was often told us to reflect that the sum allowed for support was only $600 a year. They had no occasion to remind us, for our fears were so great that we would not be able to make out that for three months we never ate bread for dinner, but used potatoes; no sugar in our coffee which was made of corn and the poor children had not been accustomed to get any sugar in their morning beverage; breakfast was weak coffee and dry bread, sugar being very high. However, Rev. Mr. Hurley hearing of our not using sugar commanded us to use it, and some was sent. We found the children lying three and four in a bed.

Notwithstanding the embargo which caused such hard times, God in His mercy sent means, and we made out to get separate beds for the
children. A mixture of boys and girls which we regretted much, but it was told us that it was so because no means offered for separation, and it was with much difficulty it was effected to keep them as they were, but should means offer, the intention was to form separate establish­ments. The truly good lady who may be styled the Orphans’ Mother, Mrs. Montgomery, did all in her power and was always employed, whether in her chamber or her parlor sewing and knitting stockings for the orphans. She presented us the first winter with twenty seven pairs of her own work; the most of our children were small, and the boys’ stockings were short ones. The children had scarcely a second change [of clothing]. The Ladies Society had just been formed to assist the Managers and it was they who paid the traveling expenses of the Sisters to Philadelphia, and paid the salary of each Sister — $36 a year, and found them shoes.

We were going on with many fears that the sum allowed would not suffice and then both Sisters and children had barely necessaries. When we would go to market, much time was spent in trying to procure the cheapest articles. It appeared that a merchant on the same street of the market who had been watching us, wrote us a letter begging us not to be so sparing in our purchases; that if at the end of the year we found the sum allowed by the trustees would not meet our expenses we might call on him for any reasonable sum which he would cheerfully give, and begged us to go on with our arduous task. He had not signed his letter but told us by applying to Miss Cauffman, one of our lady managers, would tell us who to apply to. We found out afterwards the name of this good gentleman was [a] Mr. Springer who at the end of the year paid a grocery bill of $48, though we had not expended the $600.

Sometimes we would return from early Mass during the week, we would find barrels of flour at our kitchen door; sometimes the kitchen table strewn with the produce of the market. Some of our kind friends would leave us to guess which of them it was. Mr. Ashley was one of the most liberal. When we first arrived in the city, finding us clothed in heavy, thick flannel, very different from what we now wear, he went to
Miss Cauffman and put five gold pieces in her hand and begged her to go and purchase bombazette\(^{19}\) and have it made up for us, that it would never do for us to wear such clothing. Happily before Miss Cauffman purchased the stuff, she spoke to us. We told her it would never be accepted by us and begged she would not put Mr. Ashley to so useless an expense. Finding they could not prevail, they begged Mr. [Samuel] Cooper who was in the city, to write to our Superiors to insist on our wearing bombazette. Our Mother answered the letter thanking them, yet assuring them that our dress could not be altered so they said no more. During this first year we were afraid to call on the Managers and continued to beg alms for the orphans, knowing the house to be in debt. We lived mostly on potatoes, and our fires were mostly of tar from the tar yard. One morning we had but twelve and a half cents in the house. We sent one of the orphans to market to buy a shin of beef, if she could get one; it was washing day and we could not go ourselves. In about two or three hours, little Maurice returned with a large piece of beef, her twelve and a half cents, and a half dollar besides, telling us that a little old woman who kept a butcher's stall asked her if she was not one of the orphans from near Trinity Church. On her answering yes, she gave her the above, and told her whenever we were in want to send to her. We made good use of her kind offer and received large pieces of good meat for the Asylum.

One day, in the octave of Corpus Christi, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, one of the Sisters was making her fervent supplications for help, as we were told it was likely the sheriff would come and sell the house over our heads. When we returned from church we found our kind little benefactress, who gave us the meat, seated in the parlor. It was the first time she had visited us, renewed her friendly offer, and gave us ten dollars. This was a great help. Soon after this the embargo was raised, the city illuminated and the public rejoicing was followed by an overflow of business, and the market glutted. The time to give in our account came, and to our great joy we found we had called for but $400. The $200 remaining we claimed as our due, in case the next year we could not make out with the $600 allowed. The Managers

\(^{19}\text{A thin plain or twill woven worsted cloth with smooth finish used for dresses and coats}\)
much pleased; the money remained in their hands. What with our cash donations, charity box donations and eatables, we had made out with the above sum.

Our orphans increased in number. Donations and small legacies, so that the next year we called for less from the Managers, and the third year still less, so that they gave us carte blanche. What with donations, charity sermons and legacies, the debt was paid; a fund formed and the Asylum went on increasing from year to year until in its present beautiful location in Spruce Street. Thus our Lord blessed the beginning of our first Asylum and fifteen to twenty orphans, if not more, much poverty, the house under debt five thousand dollars, it is now a splendid asylum — one hundred orphans and no debt, I think, and the boys removed to one of their own.

[New York]

In August, 1817 the Sisters were called to New York. Three were sent to begin an asylum — the house purchased by the Managers who formed a society for the relief of orphans was an old frame house on Prince Street, the front door was two steps below the street. The beginning very poor, yet the people very kind. We began with one orphan and had many difficulties to meet with; the greatest was that we were obliged to admit boys and girls, the same poverty existing, and the same promises made by the Asylum Managers that as soon as means could be secured there should be a separation. This, we regret, is not yet effected, though they have a splendid Asylum accommodating two hundred orphans.

**A-6.4a Provisional Regulations for the St. Joseph Sisters**

I. They will rise at five—give their first moments to God by reciting fervently on their knees, each by herself as soon as they are

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_A-6.4a ASJPH 1-3-3-5,14_

^1This document is in the handwriting of Sister Cecilia O’Conway. It was used by the sisters until their rule was approved by Archbishop John Carroll in 1812._
dressed, one Our Father and Hail Mary - then put up their beds, wash, etc.

II. At 5:30 vocal prayer (out of the pious guide) and a meditation till 6:15, the subject of which every one will read for herself, laying down and using her book when she pleases.

III. Then they will walk two and two to church saying one-third of the Rosary in going and another in returning—one of the Sisters by turns shall keep the house, whilst the others go to church—and employ herself in sweeping and fixing everything for Breakfast.

IV. On their return home they will breakfast—after which they will be in recreation or permitted to talk for half an hour—during which they will employ themselves to the different arrangements in the House. (At 9 o’clock they will kneel down for two or three minutes to adore the Sacred Heart of Jesus.)

V. Manual labor till 11:45—in silence—during which one of the Sisters will read to the others the life of the saint for the day or some other, as the Mother may direct. They may also interrupt their silence by singing together at intervals under the direction of the Mother or the presiding Sister such spiritual songs as they may know by heart—

VI. At 11:45 reading of twenty-five verses of the New Testament on their knees and examination of Conscience, terminated by the Angelus and act of adoration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus -

VII. At 12 dinner during which two of the Sisters in succession will read to the others. The first Will read twenty-five verses of the Old Testament, chiefly of the books of Solomon (except his song), Esther, Judith, Tobias, and the Psalms, then some religious history. The second will continue the history and when the Mother gives the signal, two numbers of the Following of Christ.

VIII. After dinner, Recreation till two o’clock. Two will be appointed by turns to removing the things from the table—washing the dishes, sweeping the hall, etc.—and the rest of the time they will spend it together in friendly conversation, avoiding, however, anything that might degenerate into excessive familiarity—When the

2The first four regulations are bracketed. Written in the left margin outside the bracket is the following stipulation: “Silence is to be kept during all this time. It shall be interrupted only in case of some personal necessity but for as short a time as possible and in a low voice.”
weather permits, it would be proper to take the recreation out of the house in the grove or wherever the Mother may find it most agreeable—

IX. At 2, the reading of one chapter of [Thomas] a Kempis, either in the fields or at home as the Mother think proper, after which manual labor as in the morning, interrupted at 4 by an act of adoration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus—and accompanied at intervals by pious reading of singing -

X. At 5 o’clock recreation for half an hour during which everyone will be at liberty to do what she may be inclined to - At 5:30 they will go to church to adore the Blessed Sacrament, saying the third part of the Rosary. Such as may be prevented from going will spend half an hour at home in this pious exercise. Those who go to church will only remain half an hour in it and go out together when the Mother or presiding Sister gives the signal - They may talk familiarly on their return -

XI. If on their arrival at home they do not find everything ready for tea, they will wait in silence. During tea, one will read out of The Spiritual Combat.

XII. After tea, recreation as after Dinner till 8:30, during which they shall fix the beds, etc.

XIII. At 8:30 Evening Prayers—and reading of the subject of meditation for the next morning—after which the Sisters will ask the blessing of the Mother, and retire to bed in profound silence—

Sister Rose [White] is appointed, till further orders, assistant to the Mother, and shall act in her place whenever she is directed by her to do so—She is particularly appointed to superintend the needle work. Sister Sally [Thompson] is appointed also, till further orders, Steward and will be assisted by Sister Cecilia [O’Conway] in keeping a daily account of the expenditures. Yet Sister Rose, Sally and the other Sisters, according to their respective strength and ability, shall take by turns under the direction of the Mother, the different employments of the house, such as cooking, washing, ironing, etc. with this proviso, however, that the one appointed to prepare the Dinner will have nothing to do with the Breakfast and supper.
Sister Cecilia will attend the children in reading, spelling, and writing etc. one hour and a half in the morning and as much in the evening—in time of manual labor - the rest of the time she and the children will join the community and employ themselves in sewing or other works.—

The days appointed for Communion will be Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, unless there occur some particular feasts in the week which may determine to alter them or to grant an extraordinary Communion - none shall be allowed to receive oftener—the Director is to judge to whom he may grant the favour of so frequent an access to the sacred table and will every now and then deprive of it even the best disposed for a week together, both to excite in them a more vivid hunger for that adorable food, and to prevent any one from being exposed to observation when she would be deprived for other reasons.—*The Sisters shall pay no Visits* - They will hold no correspondence without the Mother’s permission - and will give her their letters open—either those which they receive of those which they may write—

A-6.49 Elizabeth Seton’s Transcription of Anna Maria Seton’s Letter to a Friend

19th July 1810

How often at the foot of that altar dedicated to the Queen of Purity I have prostrated myself to implore her for purity of soul—to make me virtuous—to reform my heart of stone - to kindle in it the fire of divine love—to teach it to praise its all bountiful and merciful Lord—

Life is frail, and of very short duration, but let us fix our hope in heaven—these souls which were united here *will part no more*, there we will be purified—there we will behold the Lord we love, forever.

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3 At the top of the last page, otherwise blank, appears the notation in a different hand: “gave Sally 2 dollars”

A-6.49 ASJPH 1-3-3-26A, 11

1 At the top of the transcription, Elizabeth wrote: “words of Anina in a letter to a friend.”
He is as a fire in the very center of our Souls ever burning—yet are we cold? because we do not stay by it—O our Jesus When?

**A-6.66a Elizabeth Seton’s Transcription of Anna Maria Seton’s Letter to Theresa Carrare**¹

[December 1810]

JMJ

Dr Theresa

I only write to you to put you in mind of the great action you are going about, and do my dear love try to prepare your heart to receive our Blessed Lord. I think Theresa how good he is to you in granting you such a favour spend every day till Christmass a quarter of an hour in the Chapel to offer your dear heart to our Blessed Lord, and beg him my dear love to prepare your heart, you know you cannot do it yourself after yourself to the blessed Virgin beg her to make you her Child—Beg our dear Lord to be born in your heart as he was in the Manger for our Salvation - Oh! Theresa remember you can make your first Communion but once, try to make it well then—in the course of the day while you are at your lessons sometimes think Oh how happy am I, Jesus my dear Jesus is coming to me - Oh dearest Lord prepare me for yourself try to serve him and make resolutions to - do your best - if you are impatient now and then - try when you think any thing will make you angry to think, is this preparing to receive my Lord -

When you are at your prayers keep your head down and your hands joined, and dont look about the Chapel, because you need not think our Lord will listen to your prayers when you dont even think of what you are saying to him, and after your first Communion try then, try to keep your Blessed Lord in your heart, keep those precious graces he

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¹At the top of the transcription Elizabeth wrote: “a letter written by dearest Annina to a Child preparing to make her first Communion (Theresa)”
will bestow on you if you receive him as you ought - often say during the day *Come my dear Jesus my soul longs to be with you* - and particularly when you are to go to Communion do not look about at all but try to keep your heart with your dear Lord. Ah! My Love if you knew what I feel for you, and the dear girls who are to make their first Communions, all I ask of you is to beg him, and him alone to prepare your heart, and to give you a true sense of what you are going about - I know I need say nothing if our Lord pleases to make you His - all I wish is to put you in mind because I would be so happy to think you would be forever *his*.

Pray for me dear Love, beg our Lord to make *me his* and teach me how to love him -

Annina +

Whatever is given you at the table say nothing but take it silently and if you do not like it say dear Lord I offer it to you - *Jesus, Mary, Joseph* +

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**A-6.77 Elizabeth Seton’s Transcriptions of Anna Maria Seton’s Letters to Henrietta Smith¹**

**July 3rd 1811**

My dear Henrietta

I am very sorry my love to have gone so far as to make you cry about our old Hermitage which exists only in fancy—never mind I have some hopes yet that after you have seen a little of the world and experienced its nothingness you will come and end your days with Sister Anina of St. Josephs I hope you wont be negligent about your prayers—you know Death soon takes us, and often unawares, from the greatest pleasures this world can bestow remember you will have a

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¹Henrietta Nelson (Smith) who was associated with Carrol Manor
great deal to answer for if you are not a good girl because our Lord has
given you so many opportunities to be good—don't forget to say the
prayers we joined in for a happy death you know we ought to take a lit-
tle trouble to prepare for that which should be the concern of our
whole life.

I had the happiness of receiving our

——
to H. S. 1811

you wish to be resigned to live in this wicked world as you call
it—Ah! Henrietta you have many opportunities of serving and pleas­
ing our dear Lord in it make use of them it is for them you will be called
to account—here is the first day of advent and we are chiefly to keep in
mind the judgment day—never cease praying my sweet friend that we
may meet one another joyfully in that day of terrors—when we think
of the Eternity which follows we may well tremble—I return you a
monthly patron—I hope you have had the happiness of receiving our
dearest Lord and that you did not forget your poor friend

—love and pray for and with y[ou]r Anina
meet me at the foot of the cross next Saturday at 8 oclock

——

[n.d.]

—our dearest Lord will protect you—may he reunite us all if it is
his holy will in this world, and if not here, in heaven—Ah then all our
endeavours should be to gain that happy abode—the road though is
strewed with thorns—with parting tears and many sorrows—we can
hardly perceive them fully till youth is past but we will pray for one
another and walk on resolutely loving one another and serving our
blessed Lord together that we may love him together for Eternity!—

dearest Mother is pretty well and desires her dearest love to you
all—beg Aunt G to pray for me tell her she shall be paid with mine if I
may hope they are acceptable—don't forget to say your short beads,
think how much those poor souls want them pray for and love your
ever affect[io]n[ate] friend in our Blessed Lord—
ah do pray for me dear girl say at least a hail Mary for me once a week it is not much for a friend - dont forget to draw a saint for me, I send you yours

[n.d.]

Blessed Lord yesterday, the Visitation, never do I enjoy that happiness but you are all in my heart = ah if my prayers could do you good what good girls you would be—S, is gone home B, is going and as for me I am going home too, that is when Mr. Death comes and asks me to go with him—wont you be sorry to part with me?

Mother sends you a great deal of love - pray for your Anina

This time last year we were all together—for my part I remember it only as a dream, = perhaps it is the will of God to separate us in this world that we may take more pains to meet in the next—O my dear ones when we consider how soon Death will cut us off we ought to forget everything, to gain the one only thing necessary. =

I have no news but the old news how very much I love you—when you are tired of the world I have some hopes you will come and join your Old Nun tho I am so unworthy of the name.

X

[n.d.]

I hope you continue to be as good as formerly or rather that you are better—you must not neglect meditation particularly meditate on the miseries of this life, that you may not be too much taken up with its pleasures meditate much on death also that you may not be attached to this life, and on the shortness of time that it may prepare you for Eternity an endless eternity—where we may feel the most bitter regrets for the loss of that time we now trifle with.—how good a use we should make of the few moments which God gives us here—if we neglect them we lose an Eternity = sometimes I fear your dear heart thinks too much of this world of which you have not yet tasted the numerous miseries.—O be not careless - you know dear love we cannot tell at what moment we may both meet before the awful tribunal and then
perhaps you will thank me for reminding you tho’ I think so little myself - pray for y[ou]r A

A-6.83a Archbishop John Carroll to Elizabeth Seton

September 11th, 1811

Hon[ore]d and dear Madam

Shall I confess that I am deeply humbled at being called on to give a final sanction to a rule of conduct and plan of religious government, by which it is intended to promote and preserve amongst many beloved spouses of Jesus Christ, a spirit of solid and sublime religious perfection? When I remember how many prayers, fastings, watchings etc. were employed by the holy founders of religious institutions to obtain light and assistance from the Holy Ghost to render their constitutions and rules adapted to the objects of their pious zeal, I am so sensible of my unworthiness, that I would certainly decline from the task, if I did not entertain a confidence that it may please God to bestow a blessing on the ministerial acts of the ministers of religion, whom he has constituted, to which blessing they are not entitled, if only their private worth were considered. Under this misapprehension therefore, I shall and do now give my approbation to the constitution, exhibited to me by Mr. [John] Dubois after they shall have received the alterations suggested by him. You will know from him what these are; and it affords me great pleasure to learn that all the material points on which a difference of opinion was thought to exist have been given up by Messrs de Sulpice in their last deliberations. If they had not, I do not think that I should have approved the Constitutions, as modified in the copy thereof which has been before me. Mr. Dubois has not exhibited the rules of detail and particular duties of the Sisters, but they being matters of which yourselves and your Rev. Superior will be the best judges, I commit you and them with the utmost confidence to the guidance of the Divine Spirit. I am exceedingly anxious that every
allowance shall be made not only to the sisters generally, but to each
one in particular, which can serve to give quiet to their conscience,
provided that this be done without endangering the harmony of the
Community and therefore it must become a matter of regulation. I am
rejoiced likewise to know that the idea of any other connexion than
that of charity, is abandoned between the daughters of St. Joseph’s
and the society of St. Sulpice; I mean that their interests, administra­
tion and government are not to be the same, or at least under the same
control. This removes many inconveniences for you and for Messrs.
of St. Sulpice. No one of that body but your immediate Superior resid­
ing near you will have any share in the government or concerns of the
Sisters, except (on very rare and uncommon occasions) the Superior
of the Seminary of Balt[imor]e, but not his society. This however is to
be understood so as not to exclude the essential superintendancy and
control of Archb[isho]p over every Community in his Diocese. Your
own particular situation required special consideration on account of
your dear children. It seemed to me that only general principles for
you and your family’s case should be now established, grounded on
justice and gratitude and that any special considerations should be de­
ferred to the period when the circumstances may require them. At
present too many persons would be consulted and amongst them some
who are incompetent to judge; and even they who are most competent
might find their most equitable provisions rendered useless by the
changes produced in a few years. Mr. Dubois has been very explicit in
communicating. I believe, whatever it was proper for me to know; on
my side it has been my endeavor when I read the constitution to con­
sult in the first place the individual happiness of your dear Sisters and
consequently your own; 2ndly. to render their plan of life useful to re­
ligion and the public; 3dly. to confine the administration of your own
affairs and the internal and domestic government as much as possible
to your own institutions once adopted and within your own walls.
Your Superior or Confessor need be informed or consulted in matters
where the Mother and her Council need his advice. I shall congratu­
late you and your beloved Sisters, when the Constitution is adopted. It
will be like freeing you from a state in which it was difficult to walk
straight, as you had no certain way in which to proceed. In the mean
time assure yourself and them of my utmost solicitude for your advancement in the service and favor of God, of my reliance on your prayers; of your prosperity in the important duty of education which will and must long be your principal, and will always be your partial employment. A century at least will pass before the exigencies and habits of this Country will require and hardly admit of the charitable exercises toward the sick, sufficient to employ any number of the sisters out of our largest cities; and therefore they must consider the business of education as a laborious, charitable and permanent object of their religious duty. Mention me in terms of singular affection to your dear, sons and daughters. I will not make annina vain by repeating all I hear of her merit. The dear Baltimore girls in your school form a special object of my affection, though I cannot name half of them. Your account of Miss Wiseman has added much to my high estimation of her. Julianna and Maria White, Mary Anne Jenkins, Ann Cox and Ann Nelson occur this moment to my memory, yet I omit some equally dear to me. Mr. Harper thinks of sending up his daughter. I have not seen her since her return home. Adieu. Mr. J[ames] Barry still in Wash[ington] as is our ever honored friend. I am with esteem and respect Honor[e]d and d[ea]r Madam

Y[ou]r se[r]v[an]t in Xt.[Christ]
J. Abp. of Balt[imore]

A-6.99a Elizabeth Seton’s Journal of Annina’s Last Illness and Death

[January-March, 1812]

Annina¹

When we first found her complaint obstinate, speaking of her danger, she said: “I can never believe that after all our dear Lord has

¹This document is not in Elizabeth’s writing with the exception of the first word “Annina” written at the top. It may be the copy of Elizabeth’s journal made by Ellen Wiseman. (See document 6.217.)
done for me in this house, and attaching so much to it, that he would ever let me leave it. He knows I always will be his and his alone."

Well, but, my Anna, if poor mother should die, or be no longer mother, if strangers should fill her place, could you have courage to stay? Why, dearest Mother, if another was in your place, they would not hinder me from serving our Lord when they saw I did my best, but if our dearest will take me I am sure I am very willing but Oh how I have abused his graces.

If only I had made use of the opportunities he has given me here, if the girls did but know how sorry I am for ev’ry vexation I have given the sisters and ev’ry fault I have committed against the rule of silence at table, and every other bad example. Oh if I get better, I will be different in every respect—

The Seton\(^2\) in the side being proposed “yes my mother I agree to it, tho’ I do not believe it will do my body any good, but let me pay my penance for so often drawing in my waist to look small and imitate the looks of my companions, let the ribs now draw with pain, for having drawn with Vanity. When the operation was put off, Oh no she said today is Friday let it be done today it is the best day: my dear Lord, through all the painful dressing the wound and drawing the cord ev’ry day no other expression, but lifted streaming eyes and O my dear Lord! sometimes she w[oul]d say when taking her powders, “My Mother, why w[oul]d you keep me, if my life is prolonged a little, while it must be done at last.” She wrote her former companions, I am suffering now in earnest, not as we used to do on our knees, when meditating the passion of our dearest Lord we used to wish to suffer with him, but when called to prove the wish, how different is the reality from the imagination, let my weakness be a lesson to you half reproaching her for the little care of her health, rising at the first bell, and being on the watch to ring it the moment the clock struck—washing at the pump in the severest weather, othen eating what sickened her stomach, “Ah, dear Mother,” she replied, colouring deeply as if

\(^2\)A Seton was a medical cord inserted in an open wound to keep the passage from festering. It was dressed and pulled daily.
she was wounding humility. "If our Lord called me up to meditate was I wrong to go, If I washed at the pump did not others more delicate do it. If I ate what I did not like, was it not proper since it is but a common Christian act to controul my taste, besides what would my example have been to my decury if I had done otherwise in either of these cases,—indeed, I have given too much bad example without that—dearest Lord pardon me—January 1812

“Poor lump of clay lie down, I see myself dead upon that bed, and you all looking at me, poor mother crying: but how short will be our separation, how soon you will follow me, my Mother!”

Sr. Cecilia [O’Conway] pitying her burning fever she said “In the woods I shall be cold enough, wait till the flowers spring up”—creeping slowly to the window, looking down. "hard old earth my body must be laid in you," then raising her eyes, “Oh beautiful heavens how high you are when will my soul reach you—Hasten, Hasten happy hour—He comes, he comes—The festival of the adored Name unusually depressed and dejected she said, “when I think how soon I shall go, I cannot excite myself to that interior joy—my sins—my sins! but resigned and willing that his will shall be done.” Confide in him my dear Lord,” ev’ry cough thro’ the night and day mixed always with that expression “Oh my dear Lord” —

Friday St. Peter Nolasco (31 Jan).

Our departing <Angels> darlings consecration she said “dear Mother, I not but be amused to hear Mr. [John] Dubois say so much about consecration, having been accustomed long before my illness to perform this act and since continually repeating it, but now it is to be done that I may become a Sister, and be numbered among the children of the blessed St. Vincent.” What a communion for the child and the mother O qui il est bon—qu’il est bon bon bon

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3A band of girls whom she watched
4The Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus was celebrated on the first Sunday of the Octave of Christmas, or if no Sunday occurred during this time, January 2.
how deeply affected by the admonition of the dear sufferer “be good, be good, be good, Oh when you come to your death bed as I am how you will wish you had been good, that you had never offended our dear Lord, Oh if I had never offended him

Purification [February 2]—At the feet of our sweet happy Mother Mary listening to dear old Simeon doating on the darling babe—offering the precious sufferer in my arms when he entered our chamber, and oh to hold them both up to the Eternal Father—the child offering the mother—the mother, the child—the sweet half hour of love and peace with Jesus between us, as she sits on her bed of pain, and I kneel beside her, cov’ring her when she laid down and giving her the usual cross on the forehead, she said with the most endearing smile. “Yet a little while you see me, again a little while you shall not see me, because I go to my father,” then as if she feared it was too much to use such sacred words added, “so says my dear Lord.” In her sleep she cried out Oh Eternity, Eternity—seeing some writing of Rev. M. B[abad]e’s in my hand she said, “Oh Eternity which seems connected with the thought of him——laying on her bed with her crucifix in her hand talking to him of his dear head resting on thorns, the thousand <s>souls who would not come to him——”Dearest Lord I did not come when you called me, and you came and brought me, Oh how I wished I was good enough to help them, but poor little strayed sheep here I am at the foot of your cross—Death will command I will hold so fast to the cross and to your dear feet, you shall go with me wherever I go——poor souls, see how they fall into Eternity how I wish I could help them——

Suddenly from her sleep she cried out Amen, Amen! I asked her, do you say Amen to the Alleluias in heaven darling! Yes my Mother, but just then I was saying Amen to the pains in my breast, sides and back—she added all my cough and distress in continual spitting I

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Saturday——Poor William


John 16:16
seem to suffer for you, and the pains of my side and breast and the poor Seton for my brothers dear William and Richard how much I think of their souls; finding her in a position almost impossible to lift her out of because of the festered hip and excessive pain in the side. I said how my darling must suffer “dearest Mother,” she said, “my greatest pain is my impatience don’t you see how my tears run and I can hardly help groaning.” But my darling in your heart you are not impatient with your pains. “No, no, my Mother I always wish they were more to pay my sins and penance here——Oh my dear Lord! enquiring of her where was her worst pain, she said “I have so little to suffer that this morning when you dressed my Seton, I thought Dearest Lord, I have nothing to offer you but the sufferings of my mother”—Well but darling the Seton looks so sore and the flesh is drawn inward with the string so as to make a hole. “Oh to be sure Mother it smarts and cuts, but that is nothing”——Pulling up her sleeve to show her bony arm to one of the boarders she said gaily——“Ah when you see that in the resurrection” to the little ones when they came to see her she said, “You come to look at what the worms will soon devour and see how soon you may die, remember how short a time ago I was playing with you all—Love Our Lord”——

Friday Afternoon 17th——our dearest passion Obliged to remain with my darling who seemed to be entering hers, what anguish, unremitting pains—O my Jesus”! was all she could say with her eyes continually on the large crucifix at the foot of her bed—poor mother what a meditation.——

Saturday morning all suffering all patience—offered to take out the Seton which smarted unusually, “No,” she said, “let me keep it <?> they put it there, let them have the suffering, our dearest Lord the glory, if he did not hold me how could I bear so many pains”——18th Saturday afternoon——The back, breast and side in such misery the nerves drawing from her feet to her head could not fix her eyes and said, “Well my dear beloved crucifix I cannot look at you, now, but I
am with my Jesus in his agony. I drink the cup with him,\textsuperscript{7} yes dear adored your will not mine forever,\textsuperscript{8} yet I will, I will indeed what you please, when and as you please, between ev'ry word her frame jerked and the sweat pouring off—Our Jesus what a smile was on her face all that long hard trial, in the night some ease, told her Mr. [Simon] Bruté was much pleased she was now a Sister of Charity.\textsuperscript{9} “Yes,” she said, “I have some how had to check a rising wish to live ever since that day” why darling, \textsuperscript{sd} said I, it w[oul]d seem you would rather have reason to fear (if you should live) the danger of not keeping to your engagement—“Oh to be sure Mother if it depended on me, but Our Lord is so good, and has so long kept that thought in my mind, that suppose I lived the longest life, it would be but one moment to Eternity and short enough to serve him, and I do not believe there can be a better way in this world to serve him than as a Sister of Charity—this has long been my thought _ Oh our Jesus how boundless, boundless, is your goodness—\textsuperscript{20th Sunday}—After I had read the meditation to the Sisters she begged me to leave her no more, her pains so excessive so many little prayers and reading \textit{must} be done ev’ry day. Afternoon more ease, read too many of her favorite hymns, she reminding me of the tunes—At eight o’clock making an effort to get out of bed a strangling seized her, she fell back bursting into a heavy sweat, the muscles of the throat working excessively she said _ “O my Mother what does this mean” _ I told her my darling be ready—“Oh my Jesus” she cried “is this my agony you are too good, it is too easy. Now Jesus Mary Joseph receive again my heart my spirit and my life. Jesus Mary Joseph assist me in my agony. Jesus Mary Joseph may my soul depart peacefully in your holy company—Oh my mother it is too easy—She saw some tears—“Oh, my Mother it is not for me you shed tears, No Kitty, No Rebecca, rejoice for me—Oh my Jesus, looking on her crucifix and kissing the dear feet, you know my only hope is in you, never, never shall I be confounded my Jesus”—

\textsuperscript{7}Cf. Matt. 20:22. 
\textsuperscript{8}Cf. Matt. 26:39. 
\textsuperscript{9}Annina was permitted to profess vows as a Sister of Charity before she died.
Then such acts of faith, love, and desire, with looks of joyful anticipation and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin at refuge of sinners she showed great emotion and said as the Litany ended—"Oh refuge of sinners pity me I am a sinner, a miserable one__ What all my idle words, silly thoughts and careless actions to be accounted for this night _" I presented the feet of the crucifix again to her lips, "Yes," she added with great affection. "my sweet Lord your sacred wounds <is> are my hope. Jesus, my Jesus _ Oh, my mother Oh my Sisters call to our Jesus for me, say Jesus all around my bed, say Jesus ev'ry where”—We said the Litany of Jesus while she pronounced his name with us, in a manner not to be described, and coming to Jesus, Infinite Goodness her transport <is not to be described> glowed on her countenance and it seemed as if her soul must go with the heavings of her poor little breast, and the drawing of her eyes was so constant we ev'ry moment thought the string w[oul]d break. Now her desire for the holy oil seemed almost to disturb her, but our dearest was so good as to hasten our wish—The Rev[eren]d Sup[erio]r [JohnDubois] arrived—what a moment for her—he must wait for a book, and she kept her eyes on a crucifix when the pouring sweat and agony of pain would permit, when it came she presented her hands the moment they were wanted with such a look of joy!! O happy—happy Mother in that hour and moment __ but now the trial was to come, after Extreme Unction the alarming symptoms subsided she must wait still with delight tho’ to receive our adored in the morning, what dear contentment, what peace when he came to her, and poor Mother too received him kneeling by her an hour of happiness worth what they alone can know who understand, if the pains of a thousand lives were counted they would be but a moment compared with it, and what else could have preserved thro’ the following week, every minute night and day looking for the summons, but our Jesus said No, and who could count the acts of Faith, Love, Submission, desire, confidence and Abandonment expressed by this dear soul in so hard a trial, pains and sweat of cough and restriction unceasing, deadly, perpetual choaking and heaving of the chest, every hour suffering more apparently than the many dear ones I have seen in their departing agony, never a word but Jesus, sweet Jesus, amiable Saviour! to which she seemed to attach
some special meaning as she always said it with a smile, if the distress was ever so great, tears for me my Mother! No, no, no, you see I am obliged to be willing to part even with you, with you my Mother, I must be good, Yes my dearest Lord your will forever, not mine. But what a soul in her look when she added, yet my Mother but for a little while! we will be united! What a thought to part with you no more! to live and love in our Jesus for Eternity!

_St. John of God_ (19th March)

How admirable <is our> has been our dearest in his Annina, at break of day she told me she could not, dare not go to communion, her anguish was so great she was sure she would groan aloud the whole night she had not slept one hour, or been able to stay five minutes in one posture, from the continual choaking and pain of the three wounds where the bones had pushed thru the skin. Mother told her her groans were excellent prayers to the physician of the sick, but the confessor should decide, he brought her the adored physician before mass, and from the moment she received him, she was as still as an infant with its mother, she slept a little while after, but when I brought him to her bedside again at communion how many things she said to him, after breakfast going to dress <to dress> her arm, we found her poor little breast was purple and black in the center and near her heart “My mother, what does this mean?” It means dearest darling that you have received him, and he is now going to receive you, but oh! the ascensions from the heart, the looks to her crucifix, the accents of joy: after again and again enquiring can it be so, she told some Sisters around her, the most animating things and observed if I shall go soon, I have yet an offering for his glory, will you let me say something to all the dear girls this morning my mother, let my last breath be for him, first she called for her community which consisted of the first class, who had among themselves certain regulations and times and practices of piety, secondly for her decury children and finally all came in companies, but what a sight for Angels! with looks of the sweetest affection (and to a mother more than human liveliness) smiling on all with that peaceful expression which comes from within, she spoke to each band, short but the most moving words of LOVE to Jesus, peace in
Jesus, and reminding the community girls how short a time ago she had been even more healthy than many of them, and their united resolution to prepare daily for death, she was hushed by sobs and sighs they were unable to control, showing her poor little breast, nothing but a skeleton and so discolored, "see how vain and foolish is all that is not Jesus, how it presses, but in the resurrection!!! lifting her eyes fixed on heaven in silence, they departed and her little decury children came forward, "Oh yes" she said, "come my little ones, how often I have told you to be good and love our Jesus, now look at me what would I be without him, you see dear Mother, he knows how I love her, but what is mother now to me, what can she do for me but strengthen me in the love of our Jesus in whom we hope to be united forever; but now I must quit her, every body, every thing, all alone with Jesus, be good, love him, love him" said much to a little favourite whom she told to kneel by her side, while she admonished her to be faithful to her first communion and represented the scruples and examinations made our communion when on the bed of death, to the strangers who came since her sickness she said with great simplicity and modesty "I do not know you, but I love you in my Jesus, be good, love our Jesus, when the sisters came she first addressed dear Mme. [Sister Madeleine] G[uerin] Je vais but could say no more, looking on them with inexpressible tenderness and pronouncing My Sisters, burst into tears, after a while she told Sister K[itty Mullen] she had been a cause of much trouble to her she feared, but begged her again to pardon, and asked the general pardon of all the dear Sisters for all the scandal she had given, entreating their prayers, when all were gone "alone with my Jesus and my Mother" and went to sleep in the evening the Community and decury children sent to beg their little mother for a last penance, to the first she sent the prayer of union with the hour of death of our Jesus on the cross, to say when the clock strikes; to the little ones, Remember, O most pious Virgin Mary, which she herself said always in the middle of her painful nights, with an expression of confidence love for her, which none of us could resist, the Sisters many of them asked for a penance; she said very gaily to be sure for his glory, whenever you enter the Mountain church; thank our Virgin Mother for all the favours she obtained there for me, I never can tell
half of them, all I am persuaded by her intercession, and ask pardon for my abuse of them, when we were alone again now my Mother she added; your penance is every day you live to remind our Sisters to pray for me; you know the judgements of my God, my Mother—remember, she sat up erect in her bed and sang Vespers with the choir, the Magnificat (which she always said with the miserere to counter-balance) seemed to lift her soul with Mary herself in the night finding no effort of ours, no change of position, could obtain the least relief from the incredible pain of her bleeding bones of the back, she looked firmly at the crucifix, “O now, my Jesus,” she said, “I will bear it as you did with your grace, without a change of posture but I must talk to you, O my God, my All, my Jesus you know how I fear to displease you, you know how I dread my enemy, hide me, my Jesus hide me in your open side again and again, you know how I have done it daily, trying to purify this poor heart from every earthly affection, that it may be yours alone and pleasing in your sight. Oh! now have mercy, save me from my enemy, will you leave me when I have no other help but you, I deserve a thousand hells if I looked only to your justice. I know I am lost, but your mercy, your dear mercy is all my confidence, you will save me from my enemy, you will not reject so poor a soul! my cruel enemy, but I renounce him my Jesus, I renounce a thousand times whatever he may say to me, I renounce him,” she had spoken so long a while with so much agony I did my best to stop her but she could not till quite exhausted saying things of that kind, which I can ever remember with her expressions and a countenance supernatural. . . some hours after I asked her; why dearest did you say so often I renounce him “because Mother he tried even then to make me think of something else but what I was doing, and because I know even in my last hour I may be lost,” this she repeated the last night also when she was dying, “my mother remember the enemy in my last hour let all pray for me, yet I do not fear hell, our Jesus too good, so good, infinite goodness say for me the prayer to the Blessed Sacrament, say soul of Jesus sanctify me10 and this with the prayer to Jesus dying and Jesus Mary and Joseph I give you my heart spirit and life”—She repeated

10The Anima Christi of St. Ignatius Loyola
every few minutes in the intervals echoing the name of Jesus from the
lips of our dear Rose [White] until Mr. Brute came, her desire to re-
ceive our Lord she expressed in every way and had begged for prepa-
ration prayer, in the joining all the litanies and evening prayer of
Sisters and children in succession he told her he would say Mass for
her suggested many things for the moment to which she replied with
all her soul, tho' a little before he came she had appeared to wander a
little, speaking of [unclear] and laughing foolishly—when Mr.
Brute left her for the altar she called after him, earnestly repeated she
prays for all, all her dear Sisters, Seminary, and all as he had sug-
gested, her efforts were so great I tried to compose her, telling her
while mounted kneeling before her on the bed and holding the crucifix
high before her, unite yourself to your suffering Jesus in the divine
sacrifice. now stay, poor mother he called you at that moment himself
to stand with Mary and receive even the sword—no more Alleluias
nor glorias—Mother and child both lost their senses——

But after Mass how many, many most fervent acts and aspirations
toward Jesus what cheerfulness of her dying countenance; how lovely
she applied her now speechless mouth to the crucifix, what a cry of joy
of all around her __ amidst so many precious signs, I remember this
act of gratitude and thanks to Jesus, the arms stretched to heaven with
inexpressible energy, and look as piercing even to him on high and
also an effort of the breast to cry and express—O Mother Mother, Al-
leluia, Gloria thousand, thousand thanks all your life, every day of this
life till meet with her.—

A-6.134a First Vow Formula¹

I, the undersigned, in the presence of God and all the company of
Heaven, renew the promises of my Baptism and make my Vows of


A-6.134a ASJPH 1-3-3-1

¹The wording of the vow formula is almost identical to that used by St. Louise de Marillac and the
French Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.
POVERTY, CHASTITY, and OBEDIENCE to God and our Rev. Superior General until the 25th of March next, and engage myself to the corporal and spiritual service of the poor sick, our true Masters, the instruction of those committed to our charge, and to all the duties pointed out by our Rule in the Society of the Sisters of Charity in the United States of America, which I beg to fulfill through the merits of our crucified Saviour and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Amen.

A-7.73a Act of Incorporation of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's in the State of Maryland; By-Laws of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's; Initial Minutes of the Corporation

The concluding section of the Act of Incorporation reads:

"Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that the said Elizabeth A. Seton, Elizabeth Boyle, Cecilia O’Conway, Jane Smith, Rosetta White, Margaret George, Bridget Farrell, Mary Ann Butler, Frances Jourdan [Jordan], Susanna Closey, Teresa Conway [Conroy], Jane Francis Gartland, Eleanor Angela Brady, Ann Gruber, Adela Salva, Elizabeth Magdalene Guerin, Sara Thompson, Camilla Corish, Margaret Felicity Brady, Scholastica Bearns [Bean], Julia Shirk, Louisa Roger, and their successors hereafter to become Sisters of Charity of Saint Joseph’s, according to the rules and regulations of their association for the time being, shall be and hereby are constituted a body corporate, by the name and style of ‘The Sisters of Charity of Saint Joseph’s’ with perpetual succession, and power to sue and be sued, and to have and use a common seal, and to take and hold in fee simple, or otherwise, the farm in Frederick County in this state, on which they now dwell, and any other lands and real estate, and any personal or mixed estate, to sell, lease, dispose of and convey, in as full and ample manner as any person or body corporate holding any lands of property, real, person or mixed, may sell, lease, dispose of and convey the same; and to collect and receive rents, profits, pro-
ceeds and emoluments of all property by them so held or possessed, and apply the same to the uses of their said association, according to the rules and regulations established from time to time from the government thereof. Provided always that they shall not at any time hold, use, possess and enjoy, either by legal seizure or trust for their benefit, more than eight hundred acres of land, nor shall their personal estate at any time exceed in value the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

The By-Laws of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph’s

1st. The officers of this corporation shall be five: the Mother Superior (or President of the Board), the Assistant, a Treasurer, a Procuratrix, and a Secretary to be elected every three years, unless a majority of the members of the Board present at a meeting should deem it expedient to make exceptions to this law.

2nd. The affairs of this Society are entrusted to the officers of the Board, who shall advise with the Rev. Director, and act in accordance with the requirements of circumstances.

3rd. It shall be the duty of the Mother Superior to call meetings and preside at them, and to have a general superintendence over the affairs of the society. Mother’s Assistant shall represent her and act in her name during absence or sickness and, in case of Mother’s death, shall take her place until another Mother is elected. The Treasurer shall receive all monies, make purchases, pay bills, give receipts, etc. and shall give a correct statement of receipts and expenditures whenever required to so do by the Board or by the Mother Superior. The Procuratrix shall see to the daily wants of the Sisters in concert with the Treasurer. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep records of the meetings and other acts of the Board.

4th. When any vacancy occurs by death, resignation, removal, or otherwise, such vacancy may be filled at the following meeting of the Board.

5th. Whereas the members of this Board are and shall at all times be Sisters of Charity and therefore subject to be missioned to distant places, which must make it too inconvenient and expensive for all the members to assemble, even for holding elections of officers, it is
therefore established that all elections shall be legal and valid, pro-
vided that the officers of the Board and the Rev. Director pro tem shall
be present at the meeting holding such elections, and provided further
that the acts of such elections be recorded and signed by the officer
presiding at such meetings and by the Secretary, and witnessed by the
Rev. Director.
6th. Whereas no person is admitted in the Society of the Sisters of
Charity of St. Joseph's unless the applicant agrees to give her services
gratitously for charitable, pious, and useful objects in connection with
the said society, such person or persons shall have no claim whatever
on this corporation or on account of this corporation should they at
any time cease to be regular members of the said society of the Sisters
of Charity of St. Joseph's.
7th. The signature of the Mother Superior shall be sufficient for the
validity of the acts of the Board involving sales, transfer, or lease of
property, but all acts referring to elections of officers must be signed
by the Mother Superior or (in case of her death) by the Sister Assistant
and by the Secretary and witnessed by the Rev. Director.
8th. In as much as this Society of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's
is modeled after the Society of the Sisters of Charity instituted in
France by St. Vincent de Paul, this Board adopts the Rules and Consti-
tutions of that same society except such of them as may be incompati-
ble with the laws of these United States, of this State of Maryland, or
of the above named Act of Incorporation of our Society.

Corporation Book, July 23, 1817 Minutes

After the adoption of the above Bylaws, it was moved to proceed to
the election of the Mother Superior. Sister Elizabeth Seton was by ac-
clamation elected as Mother Superior of the Society. It was publicly
acknowledged that her experience, prudence, and kindness with
which she had governed the Sisters of Charity from the commence-
ment of the Society, that is from the 31st day of July 1809, fully enti-
tled her to the confidence and respect of all the Sisterhood.
Then the meeting by a majority of votes elected Sister Elizabeth Boyle Assistant, Sister Margaret George Treasurer, Sister Johanna Smith Procuratrix, and Sister Angela Brady Secretary of the Board.

There being no further business to transact, the meeting adjourned.—

Witnessed by (signed) MEA Seton  
(signed) J. Dubois, Sup. (signed) Sister Angela Brady, Secretary.

A-7.179 To William Seton

8th Sept., 1818

My Soul’s William,

—After waiting so long and sending so often in vain for your dear August letter, here it is on the doating heart of your own mother, and by the uncertainty you were in what time you might sail I hasten this, thinking our good angel will not let it be lost. Oh, my William, now indeed is my true courage called for to see things as they are. Three years, three years—yet I protest to you that I could give you up to duty with a free heart, if the way was but clear for our dear futurity; but oh, who but our God can know my anguish at the thought of resigning you there also, and the thousand, thousand fears that we meet no more, because you well know that our meeting again has decided conditions which, in your situation, it is next to impossible to fulfill. We are ready enough to be led away when there is every help and support to keep us right, but when tyranny of custom, example, and every outward circumstance helps our own passions within, what becomes of the beloved soul? I have now, fixed at the foot of my bed, the crucifix which used to be at the Mountain—the one you said you would willingly carry to me even from that distance, if only I might see it. You
understand well the thousand thoughts it brings. My soul’s William! How strange to be a man, and God but a secondary consideration, or no thought at all; to be a few years beating through this world after shadows, then enter an eternity of existence quite unprepared, though to prepare for it is the only end of our being here below. You know, beloved, I seldom say much of these things; but it would be concealing the sharp arrow in your own mother’s soul from yours, into which I would wish to pour every thought of my heart. Long letters from Richard—all very cheerful. Kit is the very picture of health and cheerfulness. Do not be uneasy for her, my dear one. Mrs. [Julia] Scott’s affectionate letters to her would be a comfort to you in your anxiety about the poor darling . . . . At the end of the letter my heart would break out again; but it must not, will not give one pain to yours it can ever avoid. I know I should strengthen yours; but, my beloved, how little you can know what it cost me to part with you. Every thing else in this world has its place in my affections in measure, but my love for you has no bound or measure, and can never be satisfied but in our eternity. Oh! hear, then, the cry of a mother’s soul, my beloved, and take care of what is dearer to her a thousand, thousand times than herself.

A-7.222 To William Seton

29th September, 1819

My own William,

—I have written you every way I could devise,—New York, Baltimore, Boston, etc. The most welcome of all letters from Valparaiso we received in the middle of July, and we hardly dare hope for another yet. The one for Richard was forwarded immediately. Our last from him, in June, said much of you, his longing to hear from you, etc. Your own Kitty is quite well—returned from her summer excursion at the [Carrollton] manor. How we think of you, delight to speak of you,
listen to every wind as if it might reach you; our thousand fears and hopes, all so inexpressible, and counting the days and weeks as they pass in view of that dearest one which will bring you again to us. Oh, my dearest William, will it can it be that once more you will come to your little valley? Every time the clock strikes, I so earnestly bless and call down blessings on you. This is but one work to go to the good, kind William Hickey, in Washington, to tell you we are well. He also wrote you the welcome word, and sent you papers, which, I trust, reached you. Oh, my love, dear love, love me,—you know how and by what proof. When you are passing Cape Horn again you may be sure my poor, wild mother’s heart is always around, to shelter and cover with a mother’s prayers—my only, only comfort, night and day, beloved. What could ever force me to live separated from you, but the One Adorable Will? I would go the world over in any disguise,—hidden even from yourself,—to be only in the same vessel and share the same dangers with my William. Oh, my soul’s dearest, deny me not the only meeting where we will never part. You know, well, it depends on yourself. The agony of my heart, as I carry your beloved name before the Tabernacle, and repeat it in torrents of tears, which our God alone understands, is not for our present separation; it is our long eternal years which press on it beyond all expression. To lose you here a few years of so embittered a life, is but the common lot; but to love as I love you, and lose you forever—oh, unutterable anguish. A whole eternity miserable, a whole eternity the enemy of God—and such a God as He is to us.

A-7.239 To William Seton

20th March, 1820

My own loved William,

—It can not be, I trust, that so many letters as your poor, faithful mother has written you should all be lost. Just now we have your dear one of January, which says you have not had a line from home since

A-7.239 Robert Seton Memoirs II: 285-86
you left us, and that you had no prospects of return until next January. The two words, so painful, stupefied me, for my hopes had been different. Life is death, indeed, in this hard separation. What they call fortitude. I think I know something of in every case; but this one shakes my very soul; and you well know why, my beloved: not for our momentary separation, hard as it is, but—. How I hold you wrapt in my inmost heart it is impossible to describe, or give you the least idea of. Every sound of spring was a delight to me until your last letter; but as it will not bring you, all seasons are alike, and winter, if you come, will be the welcome one. You say "Tell all that's going;" but from one month to the other, I can say we deviate scarcely half a degree in any thing.

A-7.268 Account by Rev. Simon Bruté, S.S., of Elizabeth Seton's Last Days

2d January 1821

Mother at St. Joseph

1st Jany. Evening after blessing—extremely low—I offered the holy absolution—she desired it—I spoke the words of love—thanks to him - peace—"my peace I leave to you" all meeting in her looking to heaven & bowing is assent

2d. Jany. After mass—at which I had recommended to pray for the Mother of the Visitation of Georgetn. whose happy rest in our Lord. I heard yesterday—I was called to Mother "like dying"—I went and she looked almost so—

I will repeat some acts to you said I kneeling by her, you need but say yes—I thus suggested love—thanksgiving—mercy—acceptation of His will, all his adorable and amiable will in every order of life and death—I added an act of petition to grant her heaven to love him and praise him for ever—she agreed with the yes or motions of the head

A-7.268 ASJPH 1-3-3-12:3 and ASJPH 1-3-3-12:4
and lips—I repeated the holy absolution—then offered the last indulgence which she was willing to have.

I went to dress and many Sisters came in—she joined to her best during I read the indulgence for which I made her repeat the holy names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

I offered yet to read the prayers of agony and together we read the litany and the first prayer “depart”—she uniting—but at the end she seemed fatigued and to spare her I ceased—asking her to pray for all and bless all to which she answered “be sure”—I retired

Acts to be suggested to Mother.

Tell Mother remember in her pain
“the sorrowful soul of our Jesus.”—
“receiving the chalice for us in Gethsemani—”
“his blessed bloody sweat of most loving salvation”—
“the nails & spear piercing his divine heart opened to us, our whole rest in it”—
“I thirst - O Jesus! we know and thirst also for thee!”—
“behold, thy Mother—yes, Mary now, at this hour our mother”
“in thy hands 0 father I commend my spirit!” (This last the main word.)
The acts by little quickening questions to which the heart answers easily.
“don’t you love him with your whole heart?”
“don’t you thank him for all, - accept all?”
“don’t you suffer willingly with our Saviour?”
“don’t you desire heaven, see and love God?”
“don’t you resent every sin and fault of this life, in your Jesus?”
“don’t you wish his glory and pray for all you love and all souls?”
“Don’t you renew your blessed vows to him”
some verses of litanies—holy water [this line written in French]

When she had received her last Sacraments in September Mr. Dubois asked her to bless her whole community there present and also her daughter and with her the boys which she did her hand lifted over all and praying for it.
Yesterday asking Sister Anastasia [Nabbs] who most always watch her by night if they prayed together—often she told An[astasia Nabbs] which prayer liked she best—some of the litanies to which she unites more easily—some times of Jesus, sometimes of Mary, sometimes of the infant Jesus—part of them if all would fatigue her—she prays so very often said the Sister, which gave me much consolation—but the greatest is her unabating desire of the holy communion, missing none - since September but one that I can remember because I came too late and then she had it the morning after as she had not joined that day with the community—so this morning I remember I said leaving her think not of yourself, think but of your Jesus whom you have tried to love and received so often in communion, to which she gave her usual expressive assent of the yes lifted up which I wish ever to remember

I was struck with the main thought of petition after I had left her and I spoke to a great number of the community, who were in the work-room after breakfast—"Ask, and you shall receive"—it is your Jesus, your Lord of Truth and Love who has promised it—Then, ask heaven for Mother through great many aspirations during your work—

Thus, O my Lord, do I note some lines after the former ones three months ago when we thought she was dying—but now it is in earnest. That long time has been marked by a few better days—but generally by an increasing turn of decay and probably the formation of interior abscesses in the breast - Sometimes the anxiety of pain was great and a degree of unwilling uneasiness took place of which after she immediately reproached herself the least marks offered to her good attendance, sometimes calling for me to confess and purify the fault of it.

Mr. Dubois came at one o’clock—as she had got so much better after the spell in September as to restore hope of recovery he has thought that Extreme Unction could be repeated—

—I had announced it to her at 12 and her answer “very thankful” though she had recovered at that hour a tolerable degree of ease so much so as to say “I feel a little better whether for life or for death” and even to Josephine “M. Bruté thinks then I am so very low”—indeed
again the last indulgence applied! It is true I had given it also a first
time and so strange are our sensations that may be she feels not herself
more low than at that time

Mr. Dubois having called all the sisters first addressed
them—“mother being too weak, gives me charge to recommend you
at this sacred moment in her place - first to be united together as true
sisters of charity—secondly to stand most faithfully by your
rules—thirdly she requests that I ask you pardon for all the scandals
she may have given you”— I obey her desire You know she gave none
by the indulgences she means particularly in what she had to eat or
other allowances for her situation in which she did but follow my ex­
press prescriptions and of the physician

Mr. Dubois then beginning the prayers she lifted up her faint voice
to say “I am thankful Sisters for your kindness to be present at this
trial—be children of the church—be children of the church she re­
peated with a heaving breast as if under a great sense of the consola­
tion and grace of the blessed sacrament which she was
receiving—and the word “O thankful” with eyes and expression that
however faint seem to me to absolutely speak that sense and feeling of
faith and consolation—the Sisters trying as it were to hear I thought I
must repeat as much as I could the very words and said: “Sisters,
Mother says so and so—[”]

Mr. Dubois then went on, Mother uniting visibly with great interior
application, the countenance the breathing and half sighs expressed
it—affectingly by and though Mr. Dubois had requested me to read
some verses from the penitential psalms to her during the long Latin
prayers—I read an few thinking she had her attention enough engaged
by the prayers and administration, besides she formerly knew a little
Latin, the use of a great many words of these prayers is so familiar to
her that I thought she could catch much in them whilst in the begin­
nning Mr. Dubois spoke them more aloud—less to­wards the end—
Then I read some few verses more, selecting those of penance humil­
ity and petition and finishing in the fourth by the “An humble and con­
trite heart thou shalt not despise—and —Open my lips O Lord and my
mouth shall speak thy praise”—O Lord in heaven that I praise thee—
I then left the room with Mr. Dubois and came home alone—Mr. Dubois was at 6 having left nearly in the same situation when we left after the extreme unction she still said to her Sisters “Pity me, - pray for me”

3d [January] I have seen Mother a moment the morning, in the same situation and quiet disposition

The afternoon as I went to begin the retreat of the children for their First Communion I entered her room to request her to bless them and pray for them—saying, May be our Lord would spare her to have one communion more with them on the day of Epiphany— I told her I was beginning with them by the joy the angels declared to the shepherds—and that which the good Magi felt seeing the star— I gave her the verse that says, God does for us “more than we can think or ask” and at last the “ask, and you shall receive” which I believe I had said also the morning—“ask heaven mother, the truth and love of our Jesus are pledged having said ‘ask and you shall receive,’ ask ‘heaven’”

January 4, 1821 “ask heaven to praise and love him” my last words to Mother - at four o’clock afternoon were my last indeed and of any priest on Earth to her for to-day at 2 after midnight she has removed to her eternal house

They had called Sister Mary Xavier [Clark] the assistant some time before, as she seemed dying, herself wholly present but so often deceived for death seemed not to believe it was yet the time— However after she had welcome in an obliging manner Sister Mary Xavier, “it is you Xavier” she united with their prayers which they repeated by intervals and being manifest she was dying her poor daughter Josephine began to cry aloud in a distressing manner and could not check herself but rather had such convulsions as made the sisters affraid she would die before her mother, so they sent for me, as much for her as for mother whom they considered so long and fully prepared -

The dying mother must have well noticed that exceeding grief of her daughter but happily showed not to be disturbed at it being we hope long tried and strengthened that side she soon could not breathe and cease to live.

I arrived 1/4 of an hour after she had expired—towards midnight tells me one of the nurses offering her a drink she refused a moment in
hope she said that on the morning she might be granted one com­munion more (like her Annina)—the night of sunday last after the Viaticum of saturday being extremely thirsty towards midnight the same nurse (Sister Susan [Clossey]) urged her to drink—O no she said, Eternity; let us mind that and she kept on for one communion more—last night amidst the various prayers said for her, she began the prayer of Pius VII may the most high and a [the most amiable will of God be accomplished forever] and seeing her intention

When Sister Xavier came in at eleven. “is it you dear Xavier” she said with a smile —then “all you can do is to praise him”—they repeated the prayer after communion “Anima Christi” Sr X[avier] and when saying “blood of Jesus wash me” she repeated herself “blood of Jesus wash me”—then also the little “Jesus Mary and Joseph assist me in my last agony” and as said above “May the most high will etc” which she used much to say, these last days—.

She had about one hour a hard agony then ending sweetly, when sister Xavier saying our lord calls you she said “Who”—as not actu­ally sensible of that call then she lowered her breathing and died very gently “as to sleep.” says Sister Anastasia [Nabbs] and not a struggle and gasping afterwards

Burial of Mother Seton

The 5th of January - Eve of the Epiphany to which she had great devotion—she died the 4th of January 1821 at two o’clock in the morning - she was brought to the choir and all watched by turns and the children too the whole day - then the Superior gave orders - a plain coffin - the grave in the right of her daughter Rebecca - high mass at ten with the Seminarians—

We said the first mass. The 5th at the usual hour 6 3/4—after com­munion of the sick—Josephine the poor daugher there by her mother - absorbed in her grief, yet happily, quiet

all went to communion alas! but, Mother herself - during the thanksgiving I step a moment in the choir as occasionly I do to unite with them in their communions as their spiritual Father,and in hope that it does not disturb them I told them:

“My Sisters I do not disturb you but my Jesus in my heart and in your hearts, I unite with you a moment - Mother is according to her
humble ways and request the Superior will not speak in her public burying at 10
—I only have in her presence remind you of her two last words
—Since she cannot, I, a voice for her repeat to you 1st be united as true daughters of charity should be - 2ndly keep your rule like to cement the house God granted her to begin with you for ages - be united and keep your rules—and I also for your consolation repeat to you what has been some of her last prayers “Soul of Jesus sanctify me - blood of Jesus wash me”

oh do repeat, let us, our Jesus present in our hearts, repeat with him soul of my Jesus Sanctify me - blood of Jesus wash me - and also my dear Sisters this excellent prayer of our common Father oh all our prayer not “May the most high, most holy, most amiable will of God be done, be exalted in all for ever—

Be it so I have not distrubed your Sisters, nor said a word of you Mother - I have only repeated what should now remain so sacred to you “to be united to keep the rule—and the will only will in all—
—copied from Father Brûte’s writing for Sr. Ann Frances

St. Joseph’s Aug. 24th 1834

A-7.269 Last Will and Testament of Elizabeth Seton

In the name of God. Amen. I Elizabeth Ann Seton being in a weak state of health but of a sound & disposing mind, do make, & ordain this last will and testament in the manner and form following.

Whereas of my three surviving children, two of them Viz William and Richard can with the assistance of God provided by their prudence and exertions for their future support I consider it my duty to provide as far as is in my powers for my beloved Daughter Catherine Josephine Seton, whose situation claims all my attention _ accordingly after granting to my beloved boys William and Richard all the blessings which a most affectionate Mother can bestow and knowing that their brotherly hearts will perfectly coincide with me in the
distinction I make, I leave and bequeath unto my beloved Daughter Catherine Josephine all the real & personal property, either in my possession, or bequeathed or to be left to me, at the time of my decease, to her heirs and assigns for ever, appointing her Sole Executrix of this my last will and testament, annulling & revoking any other will or wills heretofore by me made - in confirmation whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 14th day of November eighteen hundred and twenty

EA Seton Seal

Signed, Sealed, and acknowledged by the above named testatrix, to be her last will and testament in presence of us the under written witnesses who in presence of her & in presence of Each other, have subscribed our names

Thomas Radford
Robert Moore

7.332 To Emily¹

Letters of first Communion

The Intention

my dear Emily

my heart was struck at the reception of your letter and the request to pray for your first communion of next Christmass²—I was much pleased however with the few forcible expressions it contained of your deep sense of the heavenly action in which you engage dear child while yet so young—they rejoiced my heart before God, yet a second thought was suddenly felt “does my Emily see well enough O my divine Lord what it is to prepare for a first communion . . . that thought

7.332 ASJPH 1-3-3-20C, 35-39
¹This and the next four letters are addressed to a young woman preparing to receive her First Communion. Copied by Elizabeth, they appear to have been written originally by the recipient’s father or by a priest.
²It was the custom for St. Joseph’s students to make their First Communion on Christmas day.
my child checks the joy of your Father, yet I know the spirit of the church respecting the proper time and trust entirely to the good friends who have now the charge of your precious soul . . . I only remind you that the main point on which all depends is that you should well discern (as says the holy apostle) who you are to receive in this divine communion 3 — my child my dear child think well of it, and assume well your intentions and preparations at this moment. that one thought my Emily I am preparing to receive really and actually the Saviour of my soul, my Jesus my God—So soon I will receive his Sacred Body and blood, and Soul and divinity—oh what indeed will be your preparation under such a thought and continual remembrance these few days before Xmas . . . Imagine only that we were in the time when our Lord was visible upon earth, and that he called you to him among the children he blessed and caressed, 4 — O my Lord will my Emily come so near to you—receive you wholly offered and given for her in the Divine Sacrament of your Body and blood now to be made her own—think of this my dearest child, for I am sure your heart would have been quite moved at the approach & caresses of your dear Lord—and how much is mine at the thought that it will take place exactly so now, and though you will see him only by Faith it is the same divine Saviour your Jesus who calls for you now you are on the eve of your happiness - the incomprehensible happiness of your dear first communion . . . how does my heart bless you with the most tender solicitude that all may be well with you on that day—how earnestly will I offer you to him my dear and intreat him for your full grace now, so that you may one day enjoy him without veils in the Eternal brightness of <prais> his glory above 5 in that praise & joy which will be ever everlasting - God bless you my child pray for your Father.

3Cf. 1 Cor. 11:29.
5Cf. 2 Cor. 3:18; Rev. 22: 4-5.
Again I write you my child on the subject of your last letter, the thought of your first communion is so present to me with such heart felt solicitude. - my own is now represented by memory in the most lively manner, may our dear Lord remember it the sweet mercies he then showed to my Soul—Emily my dear child be also happy and be more faithful than I have been—you ask my pardon and shall I not also tell my child to forget the many moments of ill temper she may have seen in me I who should have been to her a living image of her Jesus her meek and humble Jesus—I your Father, your young Soul entrusted to me by your heavenly Father and Saviour—fervently indeed do I wish to lead you to our Jesus—the thought goes with me every where these precious days—I see you in mind at your private devotions as well as before that altar where such wonderful things await my dear child - may our God bless abundantly your pure desires of love and praise and your earnest wish to be truly his own above all things mind I intreat you what I at first so much insisted on to think with the most lively Faith on what you are about—called actually now to your Jesus as if at the moment of Death, the moment you are to enter heaven—called indeed as at that moment to a Judgment for which you must so sacredly prove yourself before you dare approach—yet my good child all is mercy now if on your side you are only sincere and earnest—Your Jesus is all love on his part, for what does he offer you, but his own sacred Body crucified for you his blood shed for you, his soul which loved you even with ardent desires of passion & Death for your sake—words fail my child no words can express enough what that moment so fast approaching will be to you, but I trust you fervently and humbly sue for a true sense of it, for a real sorrow for your past offences, offering your whole life hence forward to your dear Saviour, his coming so near, the good tidings indeed of great joy'—be my dear child blessed again and again by her devoted Father

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My whole heart is so fairly engaged my dear child in this great moment of your life that I find it my greatest consolation to write to you, so sweetly I can offer all the cares and solicitudes of a Father’s heart on the subject though I know my Lord will ask me what I did for your Soul the price of his blood and his Eternal love, pledged in our hands, and entrusted to me to be made his heavenly praise with all his Saints & Angels—I do earnestly desire dearest child to discharge my trust and will you not yourself do all in your power especially in this most Sacred time of your best security for your precious Soul—best security of the wonderful love of our great God for us—oh unutterable love indeed shown to us through mysteries so far beyond whatever we could comprehend or hope for¹ but it must rejoice your young mind to hear your divine Saviour himself giving thanks to his Father that he has revealed his mysteries not to the wise and learned but to his little ones² who receive his word with Humility & Gratitude—you will do so my child and see yourself as his own child his own image is spirit, his truth and love and immortality breathing in you, yes my child you are his image your immortal soul can never die—

What amazement for your whole life & mine that we are the image of our infinite God, the children of his Kingdom and his very Eternity—think much of this I intreat you, and do not accustom yourself to recite carelessly your blessed creed which from the very first word is so full of heavenly meaning and to the very last excites our delighted admiration and boundless hopes . . . say it in these days of your fervent preparation with redoubled attention from the first word “I believe in God,” to the last “and life everlasting”

May its heavenly light fall upon your soul and your heart be all love for your Saviour whom you will find in the sad experience of life is so little loved, who came as said the beloved disciple to his own, and they received him not, to the world and it know him not³—but you will be

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7.334 ASJPH 1-3-3-20C, 44-48

¹ Cf. Eph. 3: 8-21.
² Cf. Matt. 11:25.
³ Cf. John 1:10-11.
in your true joy and happiness receiving him humbly & lovingly, only be earnest for your Grace that that life may be strengthened in you which your Jesus bought for you with his blood, that life he now brings you again in our blessed first communion, oh receive & secure it forever

7.335 To Emily

—Love believes all things¹—I intreated you in my last dearest child to think well of the infinite love of your divine Saviour in his holy sacrament of his mercies in your creation and redemption of the glorious Eternity now waiting for you if you are faithful through your trial upon earth—Well may we be lost in gratitude while we say "He loved me and gave himself for me"²—my child beg him to print these blessed words with the fire of his love on your heart, often repeat to yourself for me he came, for me he died and now to me he gives himself only let my love answer the love of my compassionate Saviour—and thank him my happy child for the Faith he has given you so many there are who measure his love by their own, not seeing that their compassionate Lord who stopped not at a manger or a cross, will stop neither at the poverty of our Altars or our heart—it is they who stop and remain far from his Mercies because they are blind to his love believing he once endured the most cruel outrages for them blasphemies stripes & crucifixion yet they will not believe the last excess of his love and his communications to the souls who eagerly & faithfully receive him—but you my child stand by the side of St. Peter & uniting with his Faith say "to whom indeed my Lord should I go, thou hast the words of Eternal life"³

Strange that the glorious mysteries of the Trinity should be so easily believed, a God distinct in three person, the one incarnated in our flesh; the origin of Sin the terrible Hell which is to punish it, all this

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1 Cf. 1 Cor. 13:7.
2 Gal. 2:20
3 John 6:68
believed so fairly *ready at every hour of life*, in the hour you know not I will come at any moment the call may be given to any one of us come to the nuptials come enter the joy of the Lord, *come* blessed of my Fa-
ther or *go* ye cursed.⁴—fix this in your mind my child lay it on your heart so forcibly that every day every hour you may be forced watch-
ing, and in habitual preparation for that Eternal Communion our last blissful end . . . hear the voice of our benign & compassionate Jesus saying to you continually with tender solicitude watch “*I say to all watch*"⁵ do this my child & you will be then prepared and ready not only for the communion of this earth, but also your Communion of Eternity.

And in this one watch of love how can we help grieving for the deadly insensibility and ingratitude of this world, so indifferent to the love in his incarnation among us, & his blood shed for us his love in the delight he takes to be at all times among us, & communicate him-
self to us in every mystery of that love we lost *our Eden* and he offered us *his calvary & his tabernacles* not his presence of the *ark* and the *cherubim*,⁶ but the presence of his own glorious flesh thinly veiled un-
der the feeble appearances of his Sacrament - “What is this” said the Israelites when they saw the Manna of the desert fall from heaven,⁷ but it is we who should cry out with admiration seeing with grateful wonder our true manna our Jesus daily coming to us from heaven with a miraculous goodness infinitely greater than can be conceived or ex-
pressed . . .

I have told you of the prophecy of Malachi⁸ as so many ages before the coming of our Lord who had seen all our altars over the whole earth as it were, the pure victim offered in every place every distant mountain as it were a calvary, and the divine sacrifice there offered near the heavens—and this is indeed the case my beloved child, all round this our little ball the divine sacrifice and our delightful commun-
ions are continually going on . . .

---

⁶ Cf. Num. 7:89.
⁸ Cf. Mal. 1:11.
You know how the first Christians so well “discerning” our God in his divine Sacrament, yet received him every day as the holy Church would wish all the faithful to do inviting them daily to receive with the priest at the altar... Oh then my child I repeat to you what is it too much for Souls to be in constant preparation for communion, & every hour of life ready for their Eternity... do do be ready, and beg the same for me, for what is our communion on earth but the very same as our communion above - - and must therefore be a “Judgment” a “discerning” but oh never never a “condemnation”—forbid it sweet Lord, never let it be a condemnation to my child.

7.336 To Emily

Immediate preparation.

My child

I might be affraid to tire your patience did I not remember with pleasure the sweet eagerness for assistance and more and more preparation which the heart experiences all alive to grace in the happy days you now enjoy. When every word of a friend seems to bring its decisive impression... how much more endearing then above all and full of comfort will be the least suggestion from the anxious heart of your tender Father. Oh that I could indeed be a true Father to you in these blessed days and and bring my child to her God an angel of piety and holy desires... helping her effectually for the divine communion here below, and the glorious communion above—Faith now alarmed at the near approach of so great a grace our Jesus himself coming personally to be received calls earnestly for an immediate and close application of the whole soul to the earnest duty of preparation—let us prove ourselves cries the Soul with tender anxiety! lo! Our Jesus himself is coming

--- 777 ---

7.336 ASJPH 1-3-3-20C, 55-64

--- 777 ---

7.336 ASJPH 1-3-3-20C, 55-64
Blessed Saints help me, you who were ready to go to him in his bright heavens even from your recreations here below because you were *innocent* and always in the preparation I now make—Oh that I too may be innocent even in my recreations and ready through out my whole life, refreshing it continually with real or spiritual communions—my Soul always on the wing to answer the heavenly call "I come quickly"—and now my *Sense of Faith* awakened and brightening in us through all our preparation—have we been most diligent in cleansing away every sin and fault for this awful coming so pleasing yet so fearful—my soul hasten - purify all most diligently & zealously—

My Jesus what care is enough to prepare for meeting thee what may allay the dread of coming to thee in Sin what diligence suffice to make my good confession sincere and humble—what *contrition* be equal to the love I owe so tender a Saviour, or satisfaction for my Sins proportioned to their offence—but thy mercies at last are all my dependence my compassionate Lord—I will hope and will not be confounded forever had Cain himself not fled from thee, had even Judas who so cruelly betrayed thee returned for pardon & mercy they would have speedily and readily found thee—I cry to thee in my misery, and will never cease to hope, speak but the word and my Soul shall be healed.³

Visit the garden & calvary⁴ my child, see the precious blood which there flowed for you - it was shed for sin even for your own & mine, we the offenders, while our Jesus expiates for us in agonies and Death—

He delivered himself to them for you my child after giving his di-

---

¹Cf. Ps. 40:7.
²Cf. Gen. 4:8 and Matt. 27:3-5.
vine sacrament—my Body for you my blood for you he said⁵—and what can

We render to him, the most feeling gratitude, tenderness of love, desires of fidelity with every full exertion of service through life, must yet fall so short—Oh divine Lord pity our weakness, I can return nothing indeed of my own, but will come to receive thee our whole Salvation & treasure, thy Body, blood, Soul, Divinity all will be mine, and offered to thee with the most lively ardour of union and praise—

What else indeed can I return⁶ all else would be too little, the soul itself so dearly redeemed in thy own blood would be nothing to give if not united with thyself—who hast loved us to the end with the last excess of love accept and receive then blessed Lord thy own child of Love, and seal her thy own forever

What ardour should it give to our preparations to think of our final happiness in the accomplishment of the purest love of our Jesus—

—We go now to receive his first tears at the manger to be followed so soon by the shedding of his blood, by his agonies and Death, his last powerful cry to his Father on the cross. Then his coming on our altars, descending in our own bosom—remaining with in our tabernacles till our going to Eternity—let us enjoy, and only unite to these blessed intentions of our Jesus, himself the life and love of our poor Soul—

A last word my child - you will receive your holy absolution⁷ this day—go then alone with our Saviour to detest your sins which brought him to crucifixion & Death—look on him you also pierced⁸ your Saviour in his blood, mocked, scourged, crowned and nailed lifted up bleeding and dying for you—dwell on each Sin, each commandment dear child, spare not the full acknowledgment—prostrate

⁶Cf. Ps. 116:12.
⁷She was to receive the sacrament of Penance and make her First Communion.
and supplicating remember a day also of agony & Death awaits you—prepare for that day by your sorrow now for sins which cost your Saviour the last drop of his blood, prepare peace and security for that hour by judging yourself for it, you have a great work to mind, spare no care or pains - cry to him for a true absolution who washes us in his blood, who gives us a new robe of innocence to sit down with him at his banquet who himself is the lamb and the victim the heavenly manna of every delightful taste—call most earnestly for true mercies true forgiveness, restored innocence—

Mary Mother of love and mercy bless my child, obtain for her a part in your unmovable perseverance, in your eternal praise & joy O Joseph bless thy family, guardian angels watch & bless holy patrons bless obtain forgiveness—

A-7.337 Register of Women Who Entered the Sisters of Charity During Elizabeth Seton’s Lifetime (1809-1820)¹

Admissions in Order of Entrance  
December 1808 - December 1820

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Admission</th>
<th>Withdrawal</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth</th>
<th>Death</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td></td>
<td>Seton, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Ann Bayley Mother Seton Foundress and the first Mother (1809-1821)</td>
<td>1774 New York</td>
<td>1821 Emmitsburg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1808</td>
<td>1823</td>
<td>O’Conway, Miss Cecilia Sister Cecilia (a.k.a. Sister Veronica)</td>
<td>1788 Pittsburgh, PA</td>
<td>1865 Montreal, Quebec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td></td>
<td>Seton, Miss Cecilia² Sister Cecilia</td>
<td>1791 Hanover Square, NY</td>
<td>1810 Baltimore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1809</td>
<td></td>
<td>Murphy Burke, Miss Anna Maria Sister Maria</td>
<td>n.d</td>
<td>1812 Emmitsburg</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


A-7.337 Register of Women Who Entered the Sisters of Charity during Elizabeth Seton’s Lifetime (1809-1820)¹

¹ASJPH Rare Book #69, Sister Margaret George, Treasurer’s Notebook. Entrance records of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Joseph’s (1808-1843) (Emmitsburg, 1839). Edited and enhanced based on information in the Council Minutes and community records.

²Sister-in-law of Elizabeth Seton
1809  Butler, Miss Mary Ann 3  
Baltimore  
Sister Mary Ann  
1784  Ireland  
1821  Emmitsburg  

1809  Clossey, Miss Susan  
Baltimore  
Sister Susan  
1785  Ireland  
1823  Emmitsburg  

1809  White, Mrs. Rosetta Landry  
Baltimore  
Sister Rose Mary (a.k.a. Sister Rose, (Mother, 1821-1827; 1833-1839)  
1784  Baltimore  
1841  Frederick, MD  

1809  Mullan, Miss Catharine 4  
Baltimore  
Sister Kitty  
1783  Baltimore  
1815  Emmitsburg  

1809  Thompson, Miss Sarah (Sally) 5  
Baltimore  
Sister Sally  
1778  Emmitsburg  
1850  Emmitsburg  

1809  Thompson, Miss Eleanor (Ellen)  
Baltimore  
Sister Ellen  
1783  Emmitsburg  
1813  Emmitsburg  

1809  Quinn, Miss Mary  
Baltimore  
Sister Martina  
c.1794  New York  
1816  Emmitsburg  

1809  Corbet, Miss Jane 6  
Baltimore  
Sister Jane  
n.d.  Ireland  
1825  Emmitsburg  

1810  Brady, Miss Ellen 7  
Baltimore  
Sister Angela  
1793  Ireland  
1867  Emmitsburg  

1810  Jordan, Miss Frances Ann (Fanny)  
Baltimore  
Sister Fanny  
1790  Santa Cruz, Antilles  
1848  New Orleans  

1809  Shirk, Miss Julia  
Baltimore  
Sister Julia  
1793  Baltimore  
1840  Pittsburgh  

1810  Gruber, Miss Ann  
Baltimore  
Sister Ann  
1799  Switzerland  
1861  New York  

1810  Boyle, Miss Elizabeth 8  
Baltimore  
Sister Elizabeth (Betsy)  
1788  Baltimore  
1839  Emmitsburg  

1810  Duffy, Miss Catharine  
Baltimore  
Sister Agnes  
1792  Frederick CY, MD  
1847  Emmitsburg  

1811  Stinson, Miss Margaret  
Baltimore  
Sister Clare  
1784  

1811  Salva, Miss Adele 9  
Baltimore  
Sister Adele  
c.1785  Martinique, West Indies  
1847  Emmitsburg  

1811  Rogers, Miss Louise 10  
Baltimore  
Sister Louise  
c.1771  Martinique, West Indies  
1847  Emmitsburg  

---

3Sister of Rev. Thomas Butler
6Sister of Rev. Mr. Mullan
5The first to enter in Emmitsburg, she was the sister of Eleanor Thompson.
7Niece to John Mullanphy, Esq., of Saint Louis, a future benefactor of the Sisters of Charity
8Elected the founding mother of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul of New York (1846)
9A sister to Sister Madeleine Guérin
10Had been Madeleine Guérin’s seamstress in Martinique
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Year</th>
<th>Death Year</th>
<th>Mission Location</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>Guérin, Madame Madeleine</td>
<td>1784</td>
<td>1816</td>
<td>Martinique, West Indies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>Seton, Miss Anna Maria</td>
<td>1795</td>
<td>1812</td>
<td>New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>George, Mrs. Margaret Cecilia Farrall</td>
<td>1787</td>
<td>1868</td>
<td>Co. Sligo, Cincinnati</td>
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<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>Conroy, Miss Teresa</td>
<td>1780</td>
<td>1823</td>
<td>Ireland</td>
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<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>Garland, Miss Mary</td>
<td>1792</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>Ireland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>Corish, Cecilia</td>
<td>1798</td>
<td>1814</td>
<td>Ireland</td>
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<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>Farrell, Mrs. Bridget</td>
<td>1765</td>
<td>1847</td>
<td>Ireland</td>
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<tr>
<td>1812</td>
<td>Smith, Miss Jane</td>
<td>1768</td>
<td>1841</td>
<td>Frederick CY, MD</td>
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<td>1813</td>
<td>Corish, Miss Jane</td>
<td>1794</td>
<td>1819</td>
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<tr>
<td>1813</td>
<td>Nabbs, Miss Ann (Nancy) Nabbs</td>
<td>1788</td>
<td>1823</td>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
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<tr>
<td>1813</td>
<td>Daddisman, Miss Louisa Mary</td>
<td>1795</td>
<td>1889</td>
<td>Frederick CY, Maryland</td>
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<tr>
<td>1813</td>
<td>Roach, Miss Catherine</td>
<td>c.1797</td>
<td></td>
<td>Fells Point, Baltimore</td>
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<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>Brady, Miss Jane</td>
<td>c.1795</td>
<td>1821</td>
<td>Ireland</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

11 A sister to Sister Adele Salva
12 Oldest daughter of Elizabeth Seton
13 Elected the founding mother of the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati (1852). Daughter of Sister Bridget Farrall
14 The first novice, after the establishment of the novitiate and the first sister to make her vows as a novice; a sister to Rev. Francis Garland
15 Sister to Sister Camilla Corish
16 Mother of Sister Margaret Cecilia Farrell George
17 Niece of Sister Regina Smith who was the second visitatrix of the United States Province of the Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul (1855-1859)
18 Sister to Sister Veronica (Mary Antonia) Corish
19 Formerly the housekeeper for Elizabeth Seton at Paca Street in Baltimore. She was the first sister to die on mission away from Emmitsburg.
20 The last surviving companion of Elizabeth Seton. She was among the group of sisters in Emmitsburg when Archbishop James Gibbons of Baltimore suggested the possibility of initiating the Seton Cause for canonization in 1882.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year1</th>
<th>Year2</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Grade</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1814</td>
<td>Handlen, Mary Margaret</td>
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<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1816</td>
<td>Mulherrin, Miss Margaret</td>
<td></td>
<td>c.1793 Philadelphia</td>
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<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1846</td>
<td>Brady, Miss Margaret</td>
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<td>1794 Ireland</td>
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<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td>1814</td>
<td>Murray, Julia</td>
<td></td>
<td>1786 Baltimore</td>
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<tr>
<td>1814</td>
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<td>Llewellyn, Mrs.</td>
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<td>1786 Emmitsburg</td>
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<tr>
<td>1814</td>
<td></td>
<td>Bean, Elizabeth</td>
<td></td>
<td>c.1791 St. Mary’s CY, MD</td>
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<tr>
<td>1815</td>
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<td>Connolly, Bridget</td>
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<td>c.1795</td>
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<td>Liddle, Mrs.</td>
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<tr>
<td>1815</td>
<td>1815</td>
<td>Reilly, Ann</td>
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<td>Hartwell, Martha</td>
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<tr>
<td>1816</td>
<td>1816</td>
<td>Corcoran, Mary A.</td>
<td></td>
<td>c.1800</td>
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<td>1816</td>
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<td>O’Connor, Mary Margaret</td>
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<td>1799 Annapolis</td>
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<td>1818</td>
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<td>Steigers, Elizabeth</td>
<td></td>
<td>1794 Conewago</td>
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<td>1817</td>
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<td>Brady, M. Ellen</td>
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<td>1817</td>
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<td>Le Breton, Julia</td>
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<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td></td>
<td>Egan, Mary</td>
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<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td></td>
<td>Marlow, Miss Belinda</td>
<td></td>
<td>n.d. Southern Maryland</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

21 Sister to the second Sister Ellen Brady (1796–1818)
22 One of the four Trappist nuns from a failed establishment recommended to the Sisters of Charity by Rev. John Moravvillie of Baltimore. All were accepted by the Council in Emmitsburg except Bridget Connolly whose health was an obstacle to admission; however, she remained a while with the community in Saint Joseph’s Valley before her departure.
23 One of the four Trappist nuns from a failed establishment recommended to the Sisters of Charity
24 Sister to Sister Felicitas Brady
25 One of Elizabeth Seton’s first boarders at the Paca Street school in Baltimore
26 A sister to Rev. Michael Dubourgo, future president of Mount St. Mary’s. Their uncle was Michael Eagan, O.F.M., (1767-1814), first bishop of Philadelphia.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Status</th>
<th>Location</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td>1846</td>
<td>Shirley, Ann&lt;sup&gt;27&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
<td>Sister Magdalen</td>
<td>c.1801 New York</td>
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<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td></td>
<td>Shirley, Nancy&lt;sup&gt;28&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
<td>Sister Clare</td>
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<td>1817</td>
<td>1817</td>
<td>Cann, Miss Margaret Mary</td>
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<td>1817</td>
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<td>n.d. Southern Maryland</td>
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<td>1815</td>
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<td>1797 St Mary’s CY, Maryland</td>
<td>1876 Emmitsburg</td>
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<td>1792 of Philadelphia</td>
<td>1858 Emmitsburg</td>
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<tr>
<td>1817</td>
<td></td>
<td>Decount, Mary&lt;sup&gt;29&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
<td>Sister Mary Augustine (Mother, 1827-1833)</td>
<td>1786 Philadelphia 1870 Emmitsburg</td>
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<tr>
<td>1817</td>
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<td>Butcher, Eliza&lt;sup&gt;30&lt;/sup&gt;</td>
<td>Sister Martina</td>
<td>1800 of Philadelphia 1849 Mobile, Alabama</td>
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<td>Sister Mary Paul</td>
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<td>1818</td>
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<td>Sister Mary Frances</td>
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<td>1818</td>
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<td>Clark, Mrs. M. Eugenia Mestezzer</td>
<td>Sister Mary Xavier (Mother, 1839-1845)</td>
<td>1796 Santo Domingo 1855 Emmitsburg</td>
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<td>Jordan, Bridget (Biddey)</td>
<td>Sister Appollonia</td>
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<td>Mills, Teresa</td>
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<td>of Baltimore</td>
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<td>McGinnis, Mary</td>
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<td>1818</td>
<td>1820</td>
<td>Ford, Sarah (Sally)</td>
<td>Sister Aloysia</td>
<td>of Washington, DC 1821 Washington, DC</td>
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<tr>
<td>1820</td>
<td>1821</td>
<td>Doyle, Eliza</td>
<td>Sister Mary Benedicta</td>
<td>1792 of Georgetown</td>
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</table>

<sup>27</sup>Sister to Sister Claire Shirley. Became a New York Sister of Charity
<sup>28</sup>Sister to Sister Magdalen Shirley
<sup>29</sup>Aunt of Sister Martina Butcher
<sup>30</sup>Niece of Sister Mary Augustine Decount
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year 1</th>
<th>Year 2</th>
<th>First Name</th>
<th>Other Names</th>
<th>Year of Entry</th>
<th>Year of Departure</th>
<th>Location</th>
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<td>Ironside, Mary</td>
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<td>Langley, Eliza</td>
<td>Sister Mary Vincent</td>
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<td>n.d.</td>
<td>Saint Mary’s CY, MD</td>
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<td>Doyle, Nancy</td>
<td>Sister Mary Ignatius</td>
<td>1788</td>
<td>1821</td>
<td>Georgetown, Emmitsburg</td>
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<td>Dello[n], Catherine</td>
<td>Sister Mary Felicitas</td>
<td>1799</td>
<td>1854</td>
<td>Paradise Township, PA, Detroit</td>
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<td>1819</td>
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<td>Zwyer, Catherine</td>
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<td>1833</td>
<td>from Reading, PA, Emmitsburg</td>
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<td>Stanard, Mrs.</td>
<td></td>
<td>1791</td>
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<td>1820</td>
<td>Steigers, Mary Ann</td>
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<td>Hardy, Emily</td>
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<td>Gibbons, Catharine</td>
<td>Sister Camilla</td>
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<td>Kennedy, Mary</td>
<td>Sister Mary</td>
<td>1800</td>
<td>1825</td>
<td>Ireland, Emmitsburg</td>
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<td>Boyle, Jane</td>
<td>Sister Bernardina (a.k.a. Sister Bernard)</td>
<td>1804</td>
<td>1879</td>
<td>Alexandria, VA, Emmitsburg</td>
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<td>1822</td>
<td>Kreitz, Eve</td>
<td>Sister Elizabeth</td>
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<td>Tyler, Rosetta[31]</td>
<td>Sister Genevieve</td>
<td>1792</td>
<td>1839</td>
<td>Claremont, NH, Frederick, MD</td>
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<td>Love, Mary Ann</td>
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<td>1780</td>
<td>1852</td>
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<td>Sister Victoria</td>
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<td>Ford, Sophia</td>
<td>Sister Paulina</td>
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</table>

[31]Three siblings also entered the Sisters of Charity in Emmitsburg in 1827: Sister Mary James (1800-1830), Sister De Sales (1804-1899), and Sister Mary Beatrice (a.k.a. Victoria, 1809-1858) who withdrew in 1837 and became a Visitation nun in Saint Louis.