CHAPTER V

ARRIVAL OF MOTHER SETON’S DAUGHTERS IN CINCINNATI, THE QUEEN CITY, IN 1829 — BISHOP FENWICK OPENS HIS SEMINARY, SCHOOLS, AND ORPHANAGE — BISHOP FENWICK’S DEATH — CHOLERA — CHARLES CARROLL’S DEATH

1829-1833

FORGETTING the Cincinnati of the present day, let us retrace our steps through almost three-quarters of the nineteenth century and let us join the little band assembled at the old Broadway Landing to welcome and to witness the reception of Mother Seton’s Daughters, the American Sisters of Charity, or the Black Cap Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, into the Queen City of the West, Cincinnati, the Losantiville of earlier days.

Little more than a country town, the city with its coronet of hills lay on the Northern Bank of the “Beautiful River” — our much reviled, because muddy, Ohio. Who will say that the Indian eye had not a full perception of beauty and the Indian soul, instincts of poetry, when he gave to our lovely meandering stream, with its hill-capped shores, soft as velvet and green as emerald, a name from his own language, Ohio, meaning “Beautiful River.”

1 “The Shawanoese called it Kis-ke-pi-la-sepe, meaning Eagle River, but the Wyandots who were in the country centuries before the Shawanoese called it
We who live today at an elevation of six hundred feet above the water, and at a distance of eight miles from the smoke and noise of machinery and the rushing hum of commercial life, can form some idea of what Cincinnati was to our pioneer Sisters, on the morning of October 27, 1829, as the boat anchored in the bend of the river and they beheld the picturesque city, guarded by forests of towering oak, black walnut, linden, "Buckeye," maple, sycamore, and other majestic trees, arrayed in their incomparable autumnal foliage. The greater part of the valley now occupied by the city, was then a natural park. No words can paint nor fancy conceive the beauty of stream, hill, and forest, bordered, studded, and carpeted with trees, vines, and the most exquisitely colored wild flowers.

Cincinnati is built on three terraces; the first sixty feet above low water; the second one hundred and twelve feet, and the third from three hundred and ninety-six on Mt. Adams, to four hundred and sixty feet on Mt. Harrison, the highest point around Cin-

O, he, zuh; (the z sounded like w.) This is thought to be the primitive name and means 'great, grand and fair to look upon.'" H. B. Teetor, Past and Present of Mill Creek Valley, p. 68, Cincinnati, 1882.

Others trace the name to mean "Bloody Stream." Rev. John Hickwelder (Moravian), who made a study of Indian names, maintained that the Indians called the river "Ohiopeekhanne" meaning verily this is a deep white river, and that the traders in speaking of it took only the first part of the word and passed it on to the settlers. Drake, Tales and Sketches from the Queen City, 1838, Cincinnati, p. 166. In the same book, p. 172, Dr. Drake gives the history of the Buckeye, emblem of Ohio. He states that the tree is of the genus *Aesculus*, belonging to the class Heptandria (seven men), and that there are just seven species of the genus, constituting the Seven Wise Men of the Woods. He says there is not another family on the whole earth possessing these talismanic attributes of wisdom, and further that the Ohio Buckeye though discovered last, is the youngest of the family — the seventh son. Botanists have given it the specific name Ohioensis because it is the only tree of the Ohio forests which will not grow elsewhere. Neither Europe nor Africa has a single native species of *Aesculus*, and Asia has but one.
cincinnati being the front doorstep of Mount St. Vincent Academy, Cedar Grove.¹ “Three terraces” according to the American Encyclopedia, “form one of the most natural amphitheatres of the continent, from whose hilltops may be seen the splendid panorama of the cities and the winding Ohio. No other large city of the United States affords such a variety of position and beauty.” They are described as having been exceedingly attractive in their pristine loveliness. The hills, at that period, formed a border of surpassing beauty around the newly made city and the pioneer residents ever regretted that the requirements of progress took from Cincinnati what could never be restored.²

The Indians delighted in its forests, hills, plains, and river but have left few relics to show the time of their occupancy. Before the Red Man made it his hunting ground, Cincinnati was occupied by a mysterious but intelligent people. There were unmistakable evidences of the work of Mound Builders, of not one class only, but of every leading class of these wonderful artisans.³ When the first white settlers came to the spot opposite the mouth of the Licking River and from this circumstance called their place of abode Losantiville (Le-os-anti-ville),⁴ they found in the lower part of the city a large sacred enclosure with walls of clay extending in various directions, and mounds and pyramids further back toward the hills, all embraced

⁴ So named by Mr. John Filson, afterward changed to Cincinnati by Governor St. Clair—some think at the suggestion of John Cleves Symmes. L for Licking or French article le; os = mouth; anti, Greek for opposite; ville, French = town or city.
within a circular embankment. The plan of this strange city could be traced as late as the year 1815. When the growth of the city required the extension of streets, many interesting discoveries were made, especially in the "Old Mound," from which Mound St. derives its name. Jasper, rock-crystal, granite, porphyry, and other stones cut into odd shapes and well polished evinced the skill of the Mound Builders as lapidaries. There were found articles cut from cannel-coal, clay and bone, sculptured bone, isinglass, lead ore, sheet copper, beads of bone or shell, teeth of carnivorous animals and marine shells: but the most surprising were pieces of brown earthenware and a figure finely wrought in ivory, of a woman holding an infant, and supposed to be a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The "Cincinnati Stone," as it is called, was also exhumed. This is a slab five inches long, three inches broad at the ends, and two and six-tenths in the middle, slightly concave at the sides. It is about half an inch thick and is marked with lines, curves, and scrolls. Near this stone was the skull, as it is supposed, of the chief of the tribe. In other smaller mounds various relics were found.

The only remnant now, of an embankment separating the first and second terrace, is on the northwest corner of Third and Plum Streets, the site occupied by our St. Peter's Academy and Orphan Asylum, called in later years the St. John's Hospital.

1 Colonel Sargent, Secretary of the Northwest Territory, in a letter dated Cincinnati, September 8, 1794, notices this ancient work and gives drawings of relics exhumed from a grave near the mound. Dr. Benjamin C. Barton of Philadelphia made them the subject of an elaborate letter to Rev. Joseph Priestly. The correspondence was published later: Ford, op. cit., p. 16.

2 This stone is preserved at the Art Museum of Cincinnati. An account of the mounds is given in Squier and Davis's Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, p. 61, Washington, D.C. (Smithsonian), 1848.
within the last two months has the site of this historic place been leveled to the ground.¹

Tradition says the Indians had a town on the site of Cincinnati, the garden spot of Ohio, and from history we know that the soldiers of the Revolutionary War built Fort Washington at the junction of Third Street and Broadway. To this delightful valley, formerly sought by Mound Builder, Red Man, and early patriots in turn, through the voice of Rt. Rev. Edward Fenwick, D.D., God called the Sisters from St. Joseph’s Vale, Emmitsburg, Maryland,² towards the close of the third decade of the nineteenth century. Father Fenwick was the first priest to visit Cincinnati, which he did for the first time in 1814, the city then having a population of 4000.³ He had established in 1806 at St. Rose, Kentucky, a house of the Dominican Order and twice a year crossed the river to trace the progress of Catholicity in Ohio. We can readily fancy the zeal which inspired this young missionary as he

¹ The year 1914.
² "MOUNT ST. MARY’S, Dec. 30, 1825.
³ Right Rev & Dear Sir,

As for our Sisters they will always be ready to cooperate with you in any good works which you may undertake; but you must be sensible that before they can be sent to such a distance some permanent funds must be secured to ensure the permanency of such an establishment, and their travelling expenses to and from the place,—it would be imprudent to make them so troublesome & expensive a journey without a pledge that the Establishment would be responsible, nor could we in justice expose our Sisters to the danger of being there unprotected & unprovided for in case the Establishment should fail, or conditions would be required of them in time which would necessitate their recall.—As long as you live, your word & protection would be sufficient—but we are all mortals... J. Dubois.

Right Revd. Bishop Edward Fenwick,

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Original letter in Archives of South Bend University. Transcript at Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio.

came to the Kentucky bank of the river, and while rowing across the stream beheld before him this fair land, overflowing with nature’s gifts, and with his soul’s vision saw the Guardian Angels of the unbaptized little ones beckoning him from the opposite shore.1

Mass was said for the first time in Cincinnati in the house of Mr. Michael Scott, on Walnut St. near Fourth, the site occupied until recently by the American Book Company.2 Cincinnati at that time belonged to the See of Bardstown, Kentucky, under the care of the saintly Bishop Flaget. The first Catholic Church was Christ Church, erected in the year 1818, at the northwest corner of Vine and Liberty Streets. The Church of St. Francis Assisi, under the care of the Franciscan Fathers, now covers the venerated spot.3

1 When Bishop Flaget and Father Badin were on their way to attend a Council in Baltimore, the first Catholic they met in passing through Ohio was William Caswell, an Irish merchant. They baptized his wife and children. The Council was postponed.

2 Catholic Telegraph, Vol. II, p. 303. Obituary. Died of Cholera on Wednesday the 17th inst. Mr. Michael Scott, in the 82d year of his age. This venerable and worthy man had been a resident of Cincinnati for 28 years. On his arrival, he found not the altar at which his fathers were wont to worship, and for many years lived under this bereavement. His faith, like the everlasting hills, was unshaken, he taught his children its inestimable value; and raised their hopes, that the Holy Faith which had visited all nations and peoples would soon dawn upon those among whom he had taken up his residence. He saw it and rejoiced: the pacific victim was, for the first time, in this city, offered upon an altar, made for the occasion, in his own dwelling. The mustard seed in a few years became a stately tree. Amid a thousand appalling difficulties he and a few other Catholics succeeded in erecting a small frame building, without the limits of the corporation, for a church. He lived to make the plan and superintend the erection of a splendid Cathedral, and in addition to his own little family, to see the number of those who professed the same faith, amount to more than 7,000. He has passed away from among us; but his memory and Christian example shall live in the hearts of all who knew him. He was the kindest and best of fathers, a devout and zealous Christian, a sincere and affectionate friend.—May he rest in peace.

Four years later, January 13, 1822, Right Reverend Edward Fenwick, D.D., first Bishop of Cincinnati, was consecrated at St. Rose, Kentucky, by Right Reverend B. J. Flaget, assisted by Reverend Fathers Wilson and Hill, O.P. Bishop David preached the sermon.\(^1\) He was installed in his episcopal See at the close of the following March by Bishop Flaget with “humble ceremony and silent panegyric” in the poor little chapel in the Northern Liberties, two miles outside the city. The name Liberty was given to the street beyond which people might worship God according to their conscience. Within the city limits they could not do so.

Reverend Vincent Badin was the first priest ordained in Ohio, and he was a relative of Reverend Stephen Theodore Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, May 25, 1793. Mother Seton’s Daughters had the privilege of caring for this saintly missionary, during his last illness. His remains rested beneath the altar in the Cincinnati Cathedral until 1904, when they were removed to South Bend University, to the regret of many loyal Cincinnatians.\(^2\)

Bishop Fenwick lived in a two-story brick house on the corner of Ludlow and Lawrence streets. When he came to Cincinnati he found no preparation for him. He wrote to a friend, “I had to rent a house to live in and had to send to market for the first meal,” no provision having been made for the maintenance


\(^{2}\) Archives of Mount St. Joseph, Ohio. Community Records. Three centuries are linked by the facts that the present Bishop of Nashville, Bishop Byrue, when a boy often served the Mass said by Father Badin, at the home of the Bishop’s grandparents in Hamilton, and Sister Cecilia Griffin still at Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio was one of the aged priest’s nurses during his last year of life.
of the Bishop. This house was really only two rooms, one for himself and the other for his two priests, but Holy Mass was said there every day. The Bishop resolved to move the poor little church into the city and secured a lot on Sycamore above Sixth St. The pro-Cathedral was drawn by oxen to its new site amid shouts of derision and hatred. On the following Sunday during the Holy Sacrifice, the building began to sway. Mr. Michael Scott jumped over his pew and ran out followed by another member of the congregation. Mr. Scott crept under the building and supported it until props were placed. So poor were the few Catholics of Cincinnati, that the Bishop found it necessary to go to Europe to ask for assistance. Pope Leo XII gave him money and church vessels, while members of the French Hierarchy extended very substantial aid.

Father Rése, afterwards first Bishop of Detroit, returned with Bishop Fenwick and was of great assistance in this new diocese.

The first Cathedral of Cincinnati was erected in 1825, on Sycamore Street, where the church of St. Francis Xavier, in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, now stands. Like our present Cathedral it was dedicated to St. Peter. The first priests ordained in Cincinnati were Reverend Martin John Henni (afterwards Archbishop of Milwaukee) and Reverend M. Kundig. This ceremony took place February 2, 1829. On May 11 of the same year the Seminary was opened.

2 Consecrated in Cincinnati Cathedral by Bishop Rosati, October 3, 1833. Prominent for promoting the Leopoldinen-Stiftung, Association for aiding Missions.
4 Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette, March 20, 1822; Cincinnati Directory, 1829.
This was adjoining the Cathedral, but in a short time it became too small and the Athenaeum was built. The Athenaeum was destroyed only a few years ago when it was necessary to enlarge St. Xavier College.

After providing for the administration of the Sacraments, by gathering priests about him, and by opening a seminary for those who aspired to the sacred office of the priesthood, the heart of Bishop Fenwick, after the pattern of his Master went out to the helpless ones of his flock for whom he desired to secure religious training and the care of those who would be mothers to them. By the advice of Mr. P. Cassilly, he called on St. Joseph’s, Emmitsburg, for aid.

Mother Seton was dead eight years, and in that time her Community, only twenty years old, had made foundations in all the principal cities, and was carrying out all her wishes respecting the care and education of the young, in this differing essentially from the Daughters of Charity in France, whose rules did not permit them to take charge of male orphans or to teach boys in the schools.

At the Bishop’s request for Sisters, Mother Augustine Decount, the successor of Mother Rose White, and the second successor of Mother Seton, appointed four Sisters, who at once began their journey across the mountains. Our present rapid methods of locomotion, by means of high pressure engines, trolley cars, automobiles, bicycles, and aeroplanes, were then but faint dreams in the minds of the scientists, the lumbering stage coach and the snail-like canal boat being the only means of transportation through the

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greater part of the country. Fancy, then, a journey of several hundred miles and the accompanying inconveniences. What philippics the medical dictators of our own day would utter against ventilation, transmission of germs, and strain upon the nervous system!

The people of those early days in our country realized that to them Providence had committed a great charge. A magnificent Republic was being formed, and the Church of Christ was being built as a bulwark against the forces of Satan. People, then, of heroic mould were needed, who could labor long and patiently, who looked rather to the strength of the foundation than to the rapid fulfillment of cherished plans.

God, in His work of creation, labored slowly and systematically, not because it was necessary to Him, for He holds in the hollow of His hand the Universe with all its latent and active forces, and at His “Fiat” all things would live or cease to be, but to leave to His vice-regents in Church or State, a model. He made the world in six days, not of twenty-four hours each, but of long ages, or, as St. Augustine calls them, “ineffable days.” Anything of importance either in the physical, moral, or intellectual world, is accomplished with a correlative expenditure of time, care, and labor. Nothing great is lightly won. The oak withstands the fury of the elements because it has struck its roots deep, spread them far and wide, and interlaced them with the firm rocks beneath the surface of the soil. Our ancestors in this glorious country worked in the same manner, else, after the lapse of a few decades of years, we would not see the magnificent greatness and strength which astonish the nations of a thousand years.
On the 27th of October, 1829, at eleven o’clock in the morning, Cincinnati beheld for the first time a garb very familiar to it now, the modest costume of the Sisters of Charity. The four pioneers were Sisters Francis Xavier, Victoria, Beatrice, and Albina. Was ever a party of travellers received with greater courtesy and joy!—for, remember, it was saintly missionaries welcoming the Spouses of Christ. Henceforth like the devout women in the time of the Apostles, they were to be Bishop Fenwick’s co-laborers, and thus the History of the Church of Cincinnati and the Annals of the Sisters of Charity are closely allied and run along in parallel lines.

The Sisters’ house, a two-story frame building, belonging to Mr. Cassilly, situated on Sycamore St. near Sixth, was not in readiness on their arrival. Miss Marianne Reilly loved to tell how her family had the coveted pleasure of entertaining the Sisters, and how the whole household was filled with regret when the Sisters departed, November 3, for their own dwelling. These four Sisters were the first religious to offer our City their services for the welfare of humanity, which they gave immediately by taking six little orphans to live with them, and by opening a school adjoining the Cathedral. It was a small beginning but how wonderfully the Lord of the Harvest has blessed and scattered the good seed planted so long ago!  

We have seen that the year the Sisters came to Cincinnati was an important one in the history of the Church in Ohio. During it the Seminary was opened and the first ordinations took place. It was

a year of note, too, in other ways, as several famous travellers visited Cincinnati and wrote things, both true and false, but all agreed in saying that the Queen City was uncommonly beautiful and gave promise of great prosperity. The mother of Anthony Trollope, the author, was so well pleased with the city that she resolved to build a Bazaar for her son, by which no doubt, she hoped to make him independent financially. It was situated on Third Street east of Broadway, and from its style of architecture and the groundless hopes held by its deviser, it must have been for many years an amusing instance of a fond mother’s folly.\(^1\) Here in later years the Orphans’ Fairs were held.

Mrs. Trollope’s *Domestic Manners of the Americans* in which she describes early manners and customs in Cincinnati and elsewhere, is very amusing to us after a lapse of eighty-five years. Speaking of religious factions she says: “The Catholics alone appear exempt from the fury of division and subdivision that has seized every other persuasion. Having the Pope for their common head he regulates, I presume, their movements and prevents the outrageous display of individual whim which every other sect is permitted.”\(^2\)

I had the pleasure of being introduced to the Catholic Bishop of Cincinnati (Bishop Fenwick) and have never known in any country a priest of a character and bearing more truly apostolic. He was an European, but I should never have discovered it from his pronunciation and manner. He received his education partly in England, partly in France. His manners were highly polished; his piety active and sincere and infinitely more mild and tolerant than that

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1. *Cincinnati Directory*, 1829, pp. 175, 176.
of the faction's sectarians who form the great majority of the American priesthood. I believe I am sufficiently tolerant; but this does not prevent my seeing that the object of all religious observances is better obtained when the government of the church is confided to the wisdom and experience of the most venerated among the people, than when it is placed in the hands of every tinker and tailor who chooses to claim a share in it. Spite of the old women and their Dorcas Societies, atheism is awake and thriving.”

The teachings of Dr. Caldwell, the Phrenologist, and Miss Fanny Wright, the Socialist, both lecturers, caused quite a sensation at this time, in Cincinnati. General Jackson visited the city on his way from his home in Tennessee, to be inaugurated as President of the United States. Caleb Atwater, the first historian of Ohio, and one of the early writers on American antiquities, gave a glowing account of Cincinnati, in May, 1829. According to him, the morality of the city was more than ordinarily good. Even Mrs. Trollope, who found so many things to condemn, cheerfully admits this fact and says also that during her two years' stay in Cincinnati, she never met a beggar, nor did she ever meet anyone who felt it unnecessary to add to his possessions.

Education was always a subject of paramount importance to Cincinnatians. Ohio's fame had gone abroad even at this time as is proved by the following extract from Lord Byron's Diary: "Dallas' nephew

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1 Trollope, op. cit., p. 100.
2 The Spurzheim of America, voluminous writer, edited the Portfolio, Philadelphia, 1814.
3 Frances Wright died in Cincinnati, 1853.
5 Trollope, op. cit., p. 54.
— son to the American Attorney General — is arrived in the country and tells Dallas that my rhymes are very popular in the United States. These are the first tidings that have ever sounded like fame to my ears — to be redde on the banks of the Ohio!"  

John Reiley's School at Columbia is mentioned as the "first school-house in Cincinnati and in the North West Territory." This was opened in 1790 and the classical department was presided over by Francis Dunlevy. In 1792 a log school-house was built near Fort Washington, in 1795 another on Fourth Street between Walnut and Main. James White advertised there a day and night school October 21, 1799. So that even when men cultivated their crops in the lots and out-lots with their rifles at their elbows and sentinels stationed on the lookout for savages the schoolmaster was literally and figuratively in their midst and to him the city owes much that is best in her, as the men and women of the time proved in later years.  

When Washington subscribed the grant of

1 December 5, 1813. Venable, Beginning of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley, p. 271, Cincinnati, 1891.  
2 Venable, op. cit., p. 184.  
3 Immediately after the Declaration of Independence Connecticut put forth a claim to the northern part of Ohio above latitude 41° north. This was called New Connecticut. The United States claimed all this territory and wished to use it to liquidate the national debt. Virginia forbade any one to settle in the land until the dispute was settled by Congress, as the land below that line was in the limits of her charter. Congress argued that British territory had passed to the nation as a sovereign. Virginia contended that depriving any state of any portion of its territory was to dissolve. Feeling she had the best of the argument she generously gave away all the lands which lay northwest of the Ohio. One of the last acts of the old Congress was to pass the "Ordinance of '87," July 13, 1787. This famous document was a set of organic laws for the government of the Territory of the United States northwest of the Ohio River, placing freedom, religion, morality, and knowledge as cornerstones of civilization.  
4 Cist, Cincinnati in 1841, p. 256.
SISTERS' RESIDENCE, SIXTH STREET NEAR SYCAMORE, CINCINNATI, 1829
six miles square for educational purposes to the Ohio Territory in 1792, he said, referring to the educational advantages of the early settlers that “no colony ever began under more favorable auspices.” The legislature of Ohio February 18, 1809, enacted that within the Miami Purchase of 1787 by John Cleves Symmes, the Miami University should be established with all rights and literary honors granted to similar institutions and to be open to all citizens within the State. It was located at Oxford in 1803. The Grammar School was established in 1818 and the University in 1824.1

Cincinnati was incorporated as a city in 1819. The Cincinnati College, first called the Lancastrian Academy, was opened in 1815 and chartered January 22, 1819, with full University powers and no sectarian teaching.2 As early as 1824 the private schools of Cincinnati had given it an enviable reputation abroad. A number of male and more particularly female schools had spread the literary fame of the Queen City far and wide. The Ohio Medical College was established in 1824, the Ohio Mechanics Institute, the first technical institute in the country, was founded in 1828, and the Public Schools were opened in 1830 with a splendid corps of teachers and a thorough course of studies.3 The Commonwealth of Ohio had more than two hundred Academies, and at least eight Colleges were established before the State was a third of a century old, and she has always been distinguished for the number of her educational foundations.

Kenyon College was chartered in 1826, also the West-

1 Venable, op. cit., p. 176.
2 Atwater, op. cit., p. 286; Stevens, City of Cincinnati in 1869, pp. 93-99.
3 Flint, 1832, p. 408.
ern Reserve, Granville, now Dennison, in 1832, Oberlin in 1834, Marietta in 1835, The Ohio University, Feb. 18, 1804. The general course of studies in all these Colleges was the same essentially as Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, and Princeton. The College of Teachers was inaugurated in 1831. Woodward High School was chartered in 1839, Lane Seminary 1833, Western Academy of Natural Sciences in 1835 — incorporated in 1838. The publication of books began early; the first book was of law, the second of divinity. A Hebrew Grammar of ninety-six pages was published in Cincinnati in 1824, and the now very rare *Life of Washington, Washingtonii Vita*, in Latin by Francis Glass was presented for inspection in manuscript to the faculty of the Ohio University and that of the Cincinnati College in 1824. In 1839 James Ruggles of Cincinnati published an original work on "Universal Language" — the "Volapük" of the day. The firm of Farnsworth Bros. published in six months in 1836 an astonishing number of school-books. In four months of 1831, 86,000 volumes were published in Cincinnati — 20,300 of them original.

It was a period of unusual intellectual activity and we see the Providence of God in calling the Sisters to Cincinnati at this particular time. In the early part of the following year, February 26, 1830, four Sisters of St. Dominick passed through Cincinnati on their way to open a school near the Church of the

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1 Foote, op. cit., p. 3 et seq.; Flint, Geography, Cincinnati, 1832, pp. 406, 408; Cist, "Cincinnati in 1841", pp. 111-142; Trollope, op. cit., pp. 86, 89; Venable, Footprints, p. 47; Venable, Literary Culture, p. 173 et seq.

The first Academic degree given in Ohio was conferred by the Ohio University at Athens in 1815. Mr. Thomas Ewing was the recipient. Howe, *Historical College*, p. 219.

Holy Trinity at Somerset, Ohio. What joy the two communities must have experienced in seeing the Kingdom of Christ spreading through the land and what earnest and loving words of holy encouragement must have passed between them! We almost envy their simplicity of faith, their strength of purpose, and their heroic lives in every particular.

Bishop England established the order of Our Lady of Mercy in Charleston, S.C., at this time and gave them Archbishop Carroll's modified rules of St. Vincent and the dress of Mother Seton.

Father John B. Purcell had Emmitsburg College incorporated by the Maryland Legislature February 27, 1830. Father Hughes, then in Philadelphia, wrote him a letter a little later, neither one suspecting that each would soon carry the burden of a great diocese.

"REV. AND DEAR PURCELL:

The indulgence with which you have treated so worthless a correspondent as I have proved myself, has convinced me that friendship (yours at least) is like charity; it hopeth and believeth all things. I find with astonishment that already more than two months have fled since the reception of your kind letter of March 30th. It is unnecessary for me to trouble you again with apologies about want of time, but proceed immediately to what may be more interesting. And first the affectionate and friendly manner in which you speak of myself personally, has awakened all the gratitude of my heart. It has also operated

as an encouragement to struggle in the race of usefulness in which your kindness places me foremost. True, 'we were nourished with the same food and refreshed at the same fountain' but mine was the hurried repast. When I look back to the days we have seen together, to the time when we first met, to all that has happened to ourselves and our friends since, I cannot but adore that amiable Providence of our Blessed God which has stooped so low to lift us into so high a sphere of usefulness. Our lots have been differently cast — you with your colleagues called to be the officers who are to lead the army of Jesus Christ; I, to train the simple soldier. Both honorable — both responsible. Yours the privilege of being always in the House of God, mine the more arduous task to mingle among the ranks and invade and enter the camp of the enemy. We have both had good models in our respective predecessors, and both, perhaps, have witnessed the fragments of shipwreck to remind us that there are rocks on the borders of the course. With regard to myself, in addition to higher motives, the advice and approbation of such friends as you and Rev. Mr. Bruté will support me powerfully, for in scenes so distracting the high and original motive is not always present to the mind, or rather, the mind is not always at home to think of it, and poor human nature looks around for encouragement more consoling because more sensible. It was to Emmitsburg I naturally turned my eyes, and, indeed, for the last three years I would have looked elsewhere in vain. It required a protection from God Himself to have preserved me, even so well as I have been preserved for the last three years. And altho' I am not without my apprehensions as to the future good understanding of all parties, still, I trust that in the zeal & learning and piety of Dr. Kenrick I shall have an arm to lean upon. If he will only allow himself not to be imposed upon by appearances until he will have had time to lay the foundation of sound views from actual observation I am satisfied that all will go well. If on the
contrary, he act hastily (I refer to St. Mary's, the only quarter from which he may fear trouble) I fear he will have occasion to repent it. In the conclusion of your letter you said that you would write soon again, but my epistolary delinquency has no doubt hindered you from the fulfillment of your promise. I have much to say which I may not put on paper. I received a letter a few days ago from Mr. McGerry. It was written about the middle of March. He was well—overwhelmed with admiration of all he saw and all he did not attempt to describe. The last page of his letter is altogether about the mountain. He is not as yet settled any way, nor will he do anything until he gets letters from America. He hopes he will be able to return with Bishop Dubois, or else—"

I was of course, rejoiced at the facility with which your charter was obtained in Annapolis. I hope it will be an advantage. Please to congratulate Rev. Mr. Hitzelberger for me, on his promotion to the holy priesthood. I had the Charity sermon on Sunday as mentioned in Mr. Bruté's letter. The morning was damp and the salt and sugar people staid at home; still we did pretty well. The collection was $330.00. I began this letter two days ago, and had to lay it aside no less than six times. Give my love to all. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, dear friend,

Your affectionate Brother,

JOHN HUGHES.

P. S. I paid Carey. The Medical Journal was a mistake. He wrote an explanation together with a receipt. I keep both till I see you."1

Cincinnati, soon to be the home of Dr. Purcell, was increasing in population and importance and during the next year there were four hundred seventy-five buildings erected and the Miami Canal extended. The Athenaeum was completed in 1830 and is mentioned in the directory of 1831 as one of the impor-

1 Archives of Mount St. Joseph, Ohio.
tant public buildings. The Catholic population was steadily growing, and October 22, 1831, saw the first issue of the Catholic Telegraph, which still exists, the oldest Catholic paper in the United States. It was founded by Bishop Fenwick for the purpose of answering attacks on religion. The issue of November 26, 1831, has the following notice: “A Charity sermon for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum of St. Peter’s in this city, will be preached by the Rev. Mr. Mullon, at eleven o’clock, in the Cathedral, Sycamore St.”

The following week, December 3, we find: “After the Charity sermon preached in the Cathedral last Sunday, a collection was taken up, amounting to seventy-five dollars, for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in this city. The weather was very unfavorable and the audience much smaller than usual; notwithstanding, the amount contributed was greater than any before received on such an occasion. The Sisters of Charity who superintend the Asylum, and the orphans placed under their care, return their grateful thanks to their liberal and charitable benefactors.”

When we read the above and contrast the work of the present day with these small beginnings, we realize the Providence of God and His bounty in crowning the work begun on such humble foundations, but with such greatness of love. In those days Catholics were attacked on all sides. This was due to the Catholic Emancipation Act which Daniel O’Connell had just secured from English Parliament. We need but look at the columns of any paper, secular or religious, to


find that controversy was rife and bigotry rampant. These were powerful motives in strengthening the knowledge and practice of Christ's law.

Academies were being opened for the education of young ladies, and as in works of benevolence, so in matters of education, we find the Sisters of Charity, the pioneer Community of the United States. It is true the Ursulines established a convent in New Orleans in 1727 when Louisiana was still a province of France. The Carmelites founded a house in Charles County, Maryland, in 1790, at the invitation of Archbishop Carroll, but they were enclosed and gave themselves to prayer for the good of Bishop Carroll's diocese, of the whole United States.¹

An Academy at Georgetown was opened by the Poor Clares in the latter part of the eighteenth century but they returned to Europe in 1805. Miss Lalor and her companions taught a private Academy; they did not however become Visitation Nuns until 1813. They were approved Jan. 29, 1817.² St. Joseph Academy, Emmitsburg, opened in 1809, was the first established in the United States by Religious.

In the Baltimore Gazette of March, 1832, we find a long article written about the Academy for Young Ladies, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, and situated near the Cathedral. The writer, "C.B," describes his visit to the Asylum, Free School, and Academy, and expresses great admiration of everything he saw, the order of the house, the graceful modesty and intelligence of the young ladies, and the unaffected dignity and talents of the Sisters. He mentions the

fact that the Academy was opened about a year and a half previous to his visit, at the earnest solicitation of parents who wished to have their daughters under the sweet influence of religion, while receiving a polite education. He expatiates on the advantages of the arts and sciences, and hopes that bigotry will not cast its blight on so praiseworthy an undertaking.

February 13, 1830, the Baltimore Infirmary was established by the Sisters. They had also an orphan asylum and a school of 400 pupils in Baltimore. Everywhere the benign influence of the Sisters was felt and foundations more than their membership would allow were offered to them.¹

Father John Hughes writing from Philadelphia to his own sister, Sister Angela, says:

"We shall be obliged soon to ask two more Sisters. Hitherto we have prospered beyond our expectation, whether it will continue so, God only knows; for whilst our prospects are fair, we must not forget that everything of this kind is popular at its commencement.

"We are adding about twenty feet to the other Asylum and this is the only enlargement of the building that is now to be expected from the wisdom of managers. Sister Margaret, I believe, knows its present size. The new establishment is as large as five of it. It is also happily located in the centre of the churches, having St. Mary's but a few rods distant and St. Joseph's and Trinity within a square and a half. Have you heard the extravagant representations that have been made and believed at St. Joseph's about the elegance of our furniture? Turkey carpets! gilt chairs! and all the rest mahogany and brass! — so that it would be impossible for the Sisters to keep their vow of poverty in so splendid a mansion! Have you heard

¹ Archives of Mount St. Joseph, Ohio.
all this? If you have, you have heard nothing but what some gossiping visitors told at St. Joseph's and what the Sisters believed and censured although it is false in the main. Sister Sophia ¹ has been very much annoyed by it. I must tell you in a word the Sisters had nothing to do with it. The people made presents and I saw no reason to reject articles of furniture merely because they were not of white pine, nor carpets just because they were not made of rags. When Father Hickey comes (the Superior) I am sure he will be much disappointed to find that we have none of the extravagant grandeur which they attribute to us. . . . We expect our new Bishop every day. He is a most excellent man and his appointment augurs great good to religion in this long ungoverned and almost ungovernable diocese ² . . . My health is still good but I am weak and debilitated. Give my respects to all friends in Frederick.

"Give my love to Sister Margaret and tell her that I have delayed answering her esteemed letter by Mr. Armour hoping to be able to give a better account about ——, for whom Sister Margaret and Mr. McElroy are so solicitous. Poor ——! I have entreated her to come, appointed the day, extorted a promise; but all in vain. I have done everything except going to the house for her, and even this I mean to try, although there are reasons why a clergyman in Philadelphia should make such visits, even for such motives, few and far between. I am afraid there is something in the way. I wish very much that young ladies who become Catholics at Academies were converts more by principle and conviction and less by feeling and the imitation of that example whose influence is irresistible. After my next essay I will write to Sister Margaret upon it." ³

¹ Sister Sophia Gillmeyer, who remained with Mother Margaret and the others at the time of the affiliation with France.
³ Ibid.
It is very noticeable that the early founders of the Church in the United States never lost sight of one another. As they went forth from the East to the South and Middle West they carried the same zeal for God’s work and the same loving confidence in one another. They never hesitated to ask help and felt sure of a generous response.

A free school was opened in Boston, this year, near the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Hamilton St. by Sisters Ann Alexius, Blandina, and Loyola from Emmitsburg. Did the shades of the witches shrink in awe at the approach of the dark-robed Daughters of Charity? Were not the old Puritanic pavements of the “Hub of the Universe” surprised at the first touches, the light footfall of these Catholic Sisters? Surely “Old Liberty Bell” smiled a welcome and Faneuil Hall, the “Cradle of Liberty” extended its arms to embrace those who, by example and precept, would teach a freedom purer and greater than ever was announced by the mouth of noblest orator in fired elocution from that historic building. The people of Boston saw a garb as decorous, if not so picturesque, as that of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, and soon learned of the simplicity of life and nobility of pur-

1 Archives of Mount Saint Joseph, Ohio; Shea, op. cit., Vol. III, p. 468; Scanlan, Brief History of the Archdiocese of Boston, p. 31, 1908. In the year 1832, the Sisters of Charity from Emmitsburg came to Boston and established a free school for girls on Hamilton St., Fort Hill. These noble women have, since the year of their advent into Boston, extended their sphere of holy usefulness to the care of asylums, orphanages, and hospitals. Words can never tell with any show of adequacy the incalculable good done by these truly noble Sisters for suffering, neglected, and destitute children. In the olden days, at the appearance of these good Sisters upon the streets with their procession of orphans, every Catholic man uncovered his head and prayed God to bless them and their holy cause. No less revered are they today, for theirs is God’s thrice blessed work. These noble women were among the first of the many sisterhoods that have come into this Diocese and have given their invaluable services for the cause of Christian education and the relief of the poor.
pose which urged them to give all for the good of others in obedience to a secret call from God. The Sisters took up the work with more than ordinary zeal; for they were on the very ground where the first blood had been shed in the struggle for independence; they were on the site where had been erected stocks, whipping posts, and other instruments of torture, and with little effort of the imagination could even hear the moans of the witches from Salem. They were to show in their lives and to teach by word of mouth the true liberty Christ purchased for men; they were to point out to all who came within their sphere of instruction the sweetness of the yoke of the Lord, and that the sinner is to be bound by cords of love rather than by instruments of wrath. Everything in old Boston tended to call forth their best efforts, to break down the walls of prejudice and banish the lurking spirit of Manicheism, which would teach that some are predestined for good and glory and other poor wretches for evil and dishonor. Well may we believe that the blood of the Catholic patriots on the plains of Lexington or the heights of Bunker Hill gained this blessing for the city of Boston. The history of the Church has ever proved that the blood of martyrs fructifies the seed of Christianity, and though at times, as we shall see, the powers of darkness rose as in wrath to extinguish the princes of light, yet the light remained quiet and steady, gaining entrance into the hearts and minds of a willing multitude.

The Sisters’ school, in a short time, had attracted the notice, not only of persons ill-disposed, but of many eager to acknowledge the merit of their works. An article “Catholic Celebration of Pentecost Sunday in Boston” follows:
"Sixty female children of the three hundred who are under the presiding care of the Sisters of Charity, moved in procession, at seven o'clock on Sunday morning last, from Boston Catholic Free School in Hamilton St., to the church of the Holy Cross. They were clad in white, emblematic of that spotless purity of soul with which they should go forth to meet their Heavenly Bridegroom. Their whole demeanor indicated a total absence of thought from everything earthly and their souls seemed to be indeed fixed upon that Heaven, the God of which they were about to receive into their tender hearts. It was, indeed, a sight that would have fanned into flame the dying embers of devotion in the heart of the most callous Catholic, and memory must have brought him back again to that day when, young and innocent as those before him, he knelt, prayed and felt as they did. It was a sight that must have disarmed prejudice and calumny of their venom, and even forced from the lips of the haters of Catholicity, a confession, that here was, indeed, unaffected purity. The divine Sacrifice of the Mass commenced immediately after the arrival of the children. Previous to the Holy Communion, an Act of Atonement (composed by Mrs. Seton, the Foundress of the Order of the Sisters of Charity in this country and once an Episcopalian) was read by one of the youngest children, in a manner at once graceful and pathetic. After Communion an appropriate hymn was sung. At the end of the Mass they returned in the same regular and impressive order to the residence of the Sisters. The hour which was devoted to the Sunday School Morning Exercises being passed, all the pupils next formed and moved towards the Cathedral, under the inspection of the Sisters.

The afternoon bells tolled for school, and when the vesper hour was come, the children again moved forward to sing the praises of their Father and their God. The sensation which the previous processions on that day had produced was rapidly communicated through the city, and immense crowds now lined all
the way from Hamilton St. to the doors of the Cathedral. Had the Cathedral been double its present size, it could not have contained all the Catholics and Protestants who sought admittance. The Bishop gave out the Vespers, the Rev. Mr. Tyler preached. The proceedings and services of the day were truly impressive. God grant they may cause much good. Too much credit cannot be given to the Sisters of Charity, who generously devote their lives to the instruction of children and the care of the sick. Many of the ladies and gentlemen of Boston may have already perceived the benefit which these Charitable Sisters have rendered to the cause of the moral and religious improvement of the rising generation.” — Catholic Intelligencer.

The Act of Atonement mentioned above was used by First Communicants under the care of the Sisters of Charity until the Baltimore Council furnished to all Communion bands a regular formula of renewal of baptismal vows. It may prove interesting to our readers to know what Mother Seton’s Act of Atonement was, so we present it in full, as we are happy enough to have the original.

"Hear, O ye Heavens, the things I speak; let the earth give ear to the words of my mouth.

Behold, O Lord, Thy poor ungrateful children, prostrate at the feet of Thy mercy and acknowledging their unworthiness. Thou hast created us after Thine own image and out of nothing. Thou hast redeemed us with the Precious Blood of Thy Son. Thou hast sanctified us with Thy Holy Spirit, and called us to Thy Holy Faith from among so many, who are buried in darkness and infidelity. Thou hast saved our childhood and our youth from many dangers and sins. Thou hast preserved our lives when Thou mightest have struck

us suddenly dead. Thou hast led us about and taught us. Thou hast kept us as the apple of Thine eye, and as the eagle enticing her young to fly, and hovering over them with outspread wings. Thou hast taken and carried us on Thy shoulders; and we, ungrateful children, have sinned against Thee. We knew sin, before we knew Thee, and defiled the garment of innocence, which we had received in our baptism, as soon as we were capable of sinning. Is this the return we make our Lord? Is He not our Father, our Protector, and our Deliverer? Pardon, pardon, dear Lord, Thy repentant children! We return to Thee in the bitterness of our souls! If we dared offer any excuse for the past, we might say that the imprudence and ignorance of our childhood had misled us—that we did not know better. But, we appeal only to Thy mercy, and to the merits of our Blessed Savior.

Receive us then, dear Lord, into the arms of Thy mercy. We here solemnly promise in the presence of the holy angels, and Thy Holy Church, to live henceforth, faithful to the promises of our baptism: those promises which our godfathers and our godmothers made for us when our infant lips could not utter them, but to which we will bind ourselves freely, now that we are sensible of the obligations we are contracting. Pardon, then, O God, Creator! whose gifts we have so often abused and turned against Thee. Pardon, O God, Redeemer! whose sacred blood we have rendered useless, and whom we have crucified again by our sins. Pardon, O God, Sanctifier! whose holy inspirations we have resisted and whom we have so grieved. O pardon us, dear parents and teachers whom we have so often afflicted by our obstinacy and misbehavior. Pardon us, beloved companions and playmates, whom we have so often offended through ill-nature, or scandalized by our bad conduct. From this moment we will endeavor to become sources of edification and comfort to you all. We renounce the devil and all his works, we renounce the world with all its pride, indecency and show. We renounce the flesh and its
wicked inclinations. And we solemnly pledge ourselves to serve God faithfully, to love our neighbor and bear with his defects; to resist our own faults and bad inclinations; in a word not only to profess ourselves as Christians but to live as such. Our blessed Virgin Mother, Mother of God, and you blessed angels, who adore Him, pray for us. Be ye witnesses of our solemn covenant in the accomplishment of which we hope to live and hope to die. . . . Amen.”

The hymn which followed the Holy Communion was, no doubt, “Oh, What Could My Jesus Do More?” composed by Sister Mary Ann Butler, one of the first companions of Mother Seton.

The favorite hymn of Mother Seton was “Jerusalem, My Happy Home,” her own musical composition. On Thursday, May 3, 1838, the Sisters of Charity from the school in Boston paid a visit to the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown. They were received by the Sisters, then by the pupils, who entered the hall two by two, according to rank and attired in Sunday uniform, white dress, pink belt, pink gauze kerchief.

The air “Jerusalem, My Happy Home” was played by two young ladies on the harp and piano. The solos were sung by the young lady who delivered the address ¹ and the chorus by all the pupils, with pleasing effect. All then retired to their respective class rooms and the Sisters visited first the Senior and then the Junior Department. School-work, drawing, needlework, etc., were shown and the Sisters of Charity expressed great appreciation. When they departed at seven o’clock in the evening wishes of success on both sides were the salutation, and prayers that God might speed the good work of both communities.

¹ The address was composed and delivered by Miss Fay, daughter of Judge Fay.
From Boston I shall ask my readers to accompany me to Cincinnati, that we may prove from the records of those times that the Sisters were in many parts of the country, planting and watering the good seed, while the Heavenly Gardener gave it increase. From the Catholic Telegraph of Saturday, July 28, 1832, we copy the following article, headed

"ST PETER'S ORPHAN ASYLUM AND FREE SCHOOL.

Messrs. Editors: I cannot withhold what I deem a just tribute of respect to the above mentioned establishment which is conducted by the Sisters of Charity. My object on this occasion is to express the high gratification I experienced during the annual examination of the pupils in St. Peter's School, which took place on Tuesday, the 17th inst. The scene was entirely free from that ostentatious parade that so frequently accompanies exhibitions of this kind: and one could easily imagine that the retiring and amiable spirit of the Sisters who superintend the school had been transferred into the several interesting individuals who had been placed under their instruction. The neat simplicity of the place was, in itself, an eulogism on the perfect order with which everything was conducted within. The assembly was not very large, for the obvious reason that the school-rooms were unable to contain any more than usually resorted to them for the purpose of study. This deficit of number was, however, more than compensated for, by the respectability and talent of those who honored the occasion with their presence. The examination commenced by the junior classes. Among these were many children, apparently not more than six years of age, who gave ample proof of the unceasing attention which had assisted them through the weary path of elementary study. Some of these little ones read lessons from Parley's Tales, with a correctness that could not escape the notice of any who were interested
in the cause of education. The writing attracted universal notice, as it hung extended along the side of the school-room, seeming to invite examination. The senior classes acquitted themselves in a manner that reflected credit both on the pupils and their teachers. They answered numerous and difficult questions in English Grammar, History, Geography, and Arithmetic, with a precision that under existing circumstances, could scarcely have been expected. All present appeared to be gratified, and many expressed their surprise, that an institution so highly useful to the community, was so partially known. I could not suppress my astonishment to find that the greater number of the pupils were Protestants. A short recitation by one of the children of the Orphan Asylum, apparently about nine years of age, concluded the exercises of the forenoon. Innocence appeared to sparkle in the eyes and play on the countenance of little Rose, for so she was called, as she detailed the plan and daily exercises of the school. The little child had worked very beautifully in rug work, a little rabbit seated in a basket, which was suspended from a branch of a cherry. I mention the circumstance, because it was connected with the concluding lines of the interesting little speaker. They were to the following effect:

'To prove a real industrious habit,
Pray view this pretty little rabbit.
How snug it fills the basket there;
And sits secure 'mid leaves and air.
Now do not blush, if I disclose,
This is the work of little Rose.'

The specimens of bead, rug and fancy needle-work were indeed beautiful. Seldom have I witnessed a more interesting spectacle than on this occasion. I did not fail to attend the distribution of premiums at 3 P.M. according to invitation. As many as could obtain seats in the room were present also at this ceremony. Little Rose was called for, and very grace-
fully concluded the ceremony of the day by another rehearsal of her address and modest exhibition of her pretty rabbit. Excuse me, Gentlemen, if I have dwelt somewhat at length on this subject; but I thought it a duty to notice modest merit, and to pay a just tribute of respect to the Sisters of Charity, who have done so much for the advancement of moral and religious education in our city. D.”

The writer of the annals also begs pardon if she has wearied her readers, but to many the account of schoolwork away back in those early days is exceedingly interesting.

This was indeed an age of work and heroism. The field for labor was extensive, the wants crying, and the time—the present. There was no putting off from day to day. Every hour came freighted with its own demands. The early religious, priests and bishops, were equal to every call, for they were girt with the strength which comes from above. When we read of Bishop Fenwick’s journeys over the whole of Ohio and Michigan to administer confirmation to his flock, we are lost in wonder, for we recall how slow and uncomfortable all modes of travel were eighty-five years ago. The chronicles of that time tell us that the Bishop was not satisfied with administering the sacraments but that he would pay a fatherly visit to all the Catholic families, from whom he received the affectionate regard to which his unselfish life presented irresistible claims. The chronicle said: “May he be long preserved to us to witness wonders in the diffusion of the Catholic faith, still more stupendous than those for which he has hitherto labored so successfully.” The crown of victory was even then poised above

the head of the holy Bishop whose days of sacrifice were numbered and almost run. The summer of 1832 brought to the United States an epidemic of cholera. Priests and Sisters cheerfully gave to the sufferers their time and care, and many fell victims of charity. The Sisters from Emmitsburg were called upon in Philadelphia and Baltimore and performed heroic deeds of mercy, so much so, that the city officials, when the disease abated, felt it a duty to make some public acknowledgment, but the Sisters, through their ecclesiastical Superior, Reverend John Hickey, declined any material compensation. ¹ Cincinnati, too, was visited by the dreadful malady. Many were the sorrows of the Catholics there, but the greatest loss to them and to the Church was the death of their saintly Bishop, who, in September, while attending to the spiritual needs of his flock in Northern Ohio, fell a victim to cholera at Wooster, near Canton, and died a martyr to duty’s call. His death took place on Wednesday, September 26, 1832, at noon. His last words were: “Come, let us go to Calvary.” ² Long had he been accustomed to walk that path of which he spoke so familiarly as life was ebbing from him, and certainly he entered the door opened by the blood shed on the summit of the Holy Mount. Father Henni had been notified of the Bishop’s illness and took the first stage for Wooster, but the Bishop’s spirit had taken its flight. He who administered the last sacraments to so many, had no earthly messenger of peace, but eyes of faith could see heavenly messengers gathering round, awaiting the moment they might bear his soul to the presence

¹ Archives of Mount St. Joseph, Ohio; Catholic Telegraph, Vol. III, p. 255.
of God. He was immediately interred, but a devoted friend, a convert, had his remains removed afterwards to the Cathedral in Cincinnati, where they repose beneath the High Altar.¹

On November 3rd, the Catholic Telegraph, which had suspended business on account of the epidemic, again made its appearance. The priests who edited the paper were so occupied in their ministrations to the sick and dying that they had scarcely time to attend to their spiritual exercises; for, like their Divine Master, they made all laws subservient to Charity. The Sisters, too, were following here and elsewhere this same law of love and knew not rest or leisure. Daily was the Asylum opened to the little ones whom the dread disease had robbed of parental care. From St. Louis came the following letter proving that a Sister of Charity is the same everywhere:

"MY DEAR FATHER IN JESUS CHRIST:

I eagerly catch the first moment I have had, night or day, since the dreadful pestilence commenced its ravages here. On the night of the 23d October, it appeared that Almighty God had commissioned His destroying Angel to snatch suddenly from existence a certain number of victims marked out for the hungry tyrant Death, who is now demanding his millions at a meal. On the morning of the 24th loud cries were heard in every direction of sudden deaths. In some families there lay three corpses, and in others two; many were attacked with they knew not what; soon it was pronounced CHOLEIRA. Early enough they brought us a young Frenchman, perfectly in his senses, though unfortunately he could not be induced to think

¹ A tablet is erected to his memory in the sanctuary of the Cincinnati Cathedral. Just as this book is going to the press we hear that Bishop Fenwick's resting place is changed. Archbishop Moeller had his casket removed to the mausoleum in St. Joseph Cemetery, March 24, 1916.
of anything but his violent cramps; he expired in a few hours. Others were brought, followed by a zealous priest, who placed himself between two sufferers, exhorting first one and then the other, then prudently awaiting the moment when the spasms were not so violent, to give life to their precious souls, which still animated their dying bodies. On the 25th and 26th our city presented nothing but a scene of dismal confusion and horror; people flying from the town, and many leaving their dearest friends to die quite alone, not daring to remain in the same house with them. Others again refusing to receive those who were running from their houses, fearing lest the infection might be in their clothes; so that our two hospitals, viz. the old and new one, were the receptacles of all kinds of persons: and true it is, that some who had not the disease before, took it and died in our house. Never can we forget the 26th of October; it was a communion day for us; our good Bishop said Mass, but we were too much occupied to hear the whole, and could only come after the consecration; we found our holy prelate standing at the altar with uplifted hands, all bathed in tears, interceding, no doubt, with Jesus Christ in behalf of his afflicted people. We approached the holy table, when turning towards us, holding in his hands the well Beloved of our souls he said: ‘Come, dear Sisters, and receive your God, He will be your strength and your courage, He will go with you all the day and count your steps.’ Here his tears prevented him from continuing, and we received the Adorable Body of our Redeemer. Scarcely had we returned to our places when we were called. I went with the Sacred Host yet in my mouth, and was soon followed by my beloved Sisters. From that time until the 30th and the 31st, we heard nothing in both the hospitals but the feeble groans of the dying, and the louder cries of the newly attacked, who were brought to us from the streets, from their houses and from their work-shops. We saw large, strong-bodied men suddenly struck and expire in a few hours; and
before we could remove one corpse, a second, a third and a fourth were ready; this happened to us the two worst days. It was indeed a moving sight to behold those who still lived looking sorrowfully on the dead, as if to say, 'we shall soon follow you.' Our worthy priests all the time busy in hearing the confessions of the Catholics, comforting and instructing as far as they could in such circumstances, baptizing the unbaptized, etc. Only nine Cholera patients to-day, so you see we begin to breathe a little. Our Sisters here are true Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul; they have nursed day and night, never taking the least rest, until exhausted nature forced them to do so. We have no rule but silence and active charity; necessity compelled us to make great exertions; we did what we could do, yet much more might have been done had we been more numerous: Every one who had health ran away from us, the washer-women went off leaving the tubs full of wet clothes, nor could we prevail upon them to wash even the Sisters' clothing in their own houses. The Bishop prevailed on an Irishman to remain with us three days. Only one person stood his ground like a true soldier of the Cross, and that was a brother of the order of St. Vincent; he brought the sick to both hospitals on his back, and remained with us day and night to help in nursing them, and it is he who removes the dead bodies from us; when the corpse is not too heavy he takes it in his arms and carries it out of our way, and when it is too weighty, two or three Sisters assist him in removing it; sometimes I help a little, but am generally dismissed as one not strong enough. Do not be uneasy about us as the cholera is abating. All unite in affectionate remembrance to Mother and all our Sisters of the Valley.  Adieu, my much respected Father.”

Just as the epidemic was abating, the heart of Americans was touched by the news which spread over the whole country — “Charles Carroll is no more.”

1 *The Jesuit*, Boston, February, 1833.  
thoughts sprang into existence! What scenes were again enacted! The great document stood before the minds of the people of the United States, and one name among all the signers stood forth in bold and glorious relief, blessed by God and man, and honored with the Scripture promise,—length of years. To the Sisters of Charity it came as the news of a dear relative’s passing away. How often had they looked upon his venerable form, received of his bounteous hand, and thanked God for his nobility of heart and mind! It recalled the announcement of the death of Archbishop Carroll, their Spiritual Father and Protector, and it seemed to them that dear old Maryland was being robbed of the grandest heirlooms of the early Christian patriotic days, and so, too, the country at large regarded it. Well had Charles Carroll’s life proved the truth of Benjamin Franklin’s exclamation “There goes an honest million to the cause!” when he saw affixed to the great document, “Charles Carroll of Carrollton.” Not only an honest million, but well-nigh a life of ten decades was given to the cause.

The Baltimore Patriot of November 14, 1832, says—

“A great man has fallen in Israel! The last of the signers is no more! The solemn duty devolves upon us to-day, of announcing to the public that the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton departed this life this morning at 4 o’clock at his mansion in this city, and in the 96th year of his age. We have no form of words at our command which would be capable of fully expressing our feelings at this event. Nor could any form of words add solemnity or importance to its simple annunciation. It is a National Event, and as such will carry its touching appeal to every bosom in this wide Union. The revered and venerable form that lingered so long among us as if ripe for the sickle
of Time and for his great reward, yet loath to leave any service here unrendered, the last relic of the Patriotic Age, the last signer of the Declaration of Independence, of that glorious and devoted Band who quailed not in the day of trial, but risked all for their beloved country, has withdrawn and will be seen on earth no more forever. But his example will remain as a rich legacy for the country and the people of his affection.

'Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit, that mellow'd long,
E'en wondered at, because he dropped no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for four score years,
Yet freshly ran he on for fifteen winters more,
Till like a clock worn out by eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.'

We learn that the funeral will take place on Saturday morning when, after service being performed at the Cathedral, his remains will be conveyed to the Manor for interment. The Mayor has called a meeting of the City Council for this afternoon at 3 o'clock for the purpose of adopting measures to pay an appropriate and impressive tribute to his memory. The following couplet gives an epitome of his life:

'Each human virtue triumphed in his soul
And Faith's ennobling signet stamped the whole.'

True patriots were active in doing honor to his memory and Holy Church with her ever tender care, offered prayers for the repose and eternal exaltation of his soul. From every altar throughout the country was offered by episcopal and priestly hands the Spotless Victim, whose Precious Blood has cancelled the great document against the human race. The Solemn Mass of Requiem for the repose of his soul was sung in the

1 Catholic Telegraph, Volume II, p. 31.
Cincinnati Cathedral, on December 12th, at which were present the clergy of the city, the seminarists, the pupils of St. Peter's, and the Orphans attended by the Sisters.\(^1\) What lessons in American History were given to the youths of this country at the consummation of this grand life, and what a striking lesson to the Catholic youths, especially! They saw in Charles Carroll, a man who set at naught all the power of royalty for the sake of his country, who afterwards, in his own loved land, stood a giant in honor, power, and principle, against narrow-minded bigotry which he considered a venomous reptile in this Land of Promise. The world at large knew that he served his country well, nor did he need to regret with Wolsey that he had been unfaithful to his God. Religion was the main-spring of his actions and kept his patriotism pure and unblemished. His life's lesson was not lost on the youths of that time, and they had frequent opportunities of copying it in their own actions. Nothing so whets zeal as opposition while nothing so fires righteous indignation as ignorant scoffing, and both of these were felt and heard in our young republic of those days, forcing the Catholic children to learn well the doctrine which they must defend as well as explain. There is no need to wonder at the spread of Christ's Church throughout America. The storms of persecution in the new country as in the old, did but strengthen her foundations and spread her dogmas, as the hurricane's blast makes firm the roots of trees in the forest and carries to other soil the fructifying pollen. The warnings of Holy Mother Church are never against the open foe, but against the power of evil hidden in high places, against the

\(^1\) Archives of Mount St. Joseph, Ohio.
luxurious demons of the world, the flesh, and the spirit.

New Year, 1833, beheld a picture beautiful to men and angels — the little children of Cincinnati meeting and arranging for a Fair to be held in the middle of the month for the benefit of the orphans of St. Peter's Asylum. Nothing is so contagious as love. The pupils of St. Peter's Academy saw the busy hands of Sisters in their leisure moments, few and far between, making gifts for the little orphans that they, too, might rejoice in Santa Claus' coming on Christmas morning. These pupils then conceived a plan which they entrusted to their parents alone, while their little hearts were well-nigh bursting with the secret which they tried in vain to keep from their teachers; for out of the fullness of its heart will every childish mouth speak.\(^1\) After a lapse of eighty years, let us read the edifying account of the first Fair in Cincinnati from the yellow pages of an old newspaper.

**FAIR**

"Out of the mouths of infants and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise." — *Matt.* xxi, 16. One of the most interesting scenes of the philanthropic heart was witnessed at the Broadway Hotel on Saturday evening. A number of young ladies scarcely in their teens, were induced by that impulse of genuine charity which wears an additional charm in the youthful, to consecrate the little means afforded by parents and friends to a Fair for the benefit of destitute orphans who have been placed under the care of the Sisters of Charity. The writer is well assured that few could have left the scene (and there were many there) without being convinced that the virtue of Charity is transcendently beautiful in itself, that in innocent and

\(^1\) Archives of Mount St. Joseph, Ohio.
youthful hearts it is catching, and that in those young persons particularly, who were not of the Catholic persuasion, it was pure and disinterested. The result of the first effort exceeded one hundred and sixty dollars, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the reward which the God of Charity will bestow upon those who conceived the design and made the exertion will be lasting and abundant. The sincere gratitude of the Sisters of Charity is theirs; and the humble thanksgiving of the poor little orphans will not ascend to Heaven in vain, but will draw down benedictions upon their generous benefactors.

To the Children of the Orphan Asylum:

"Accept the offering that we bring,
Earned by our fancy's mimic power,
For you we've toiled—Oh! bright the wing
That fluttered o'er each active hour.
Our love, indulgent parents claim,
Their tender care each want supplies;
But ye are orphans! sacred name!
'Tis nature's passport from the skies.
Then take the gift. Not ours the praise,
Blest dwellers of a happy home,
We shine but with reflected rays,
On those who mourn a sadder doom.
To us no gratitude express,
Grateful ourselves,—we fain would bless."

Address of the Orphans of St. Peter's Asylum to the Young Ladies who held a Fair for their Benefit:

"Young Ladies, gentle, kind, and fair,
Accept the orphans' fervent prayer
And humble thanks for blessings given,
Not here rewarded, but in Heaven,
Serene and calm may all your years
Flow sweetly by, unmixed with fears,
May Heaven preserve you long to move
Amid parental smiles and love;"
Till life itself shall melt away,  
'Mid glories of an Eternal Day,  
When He who called our parents hence,  
Himself will be your recompense.  
Our daily prayers for this shall be  
Before the Eternal Majesty;  
And written in our hearts we'll bear  
Your memories, Ladies, kind and fair.  
The Orphans.”

On Monday, February 11, 1833, the remains of the lamented Bishop Fenwick were committed to the vault under the Cathedral. The corpse had been brought from Wooster by the untiring exertions and undaunted charity of a respectable convert to our Holy Religion, though the difficulties of distance and bad roads made the project well-nigh disheartening. Previous to the deposition of the body, a solemn requiem was sung, at which the clergy of the Cathedral and students of the seminary assisted. Not the least devoted among the mourners were the little orphans with the Sisters. They well knew that a Father’s heart was lying cold in that casket, the heart which loved them with a tender love.

Father Rese, who had come to America to assist Bishop Fenwick and who was his zealous coöperator in all good works, was appointed Administrator of the diocese. This office he held for a year until at the voice of the Holy See he was consecrated in the Cincinnati Cathedral by Bishop Rosati, first Bishop of Detroit, on October 6, 1833. Bishop Rese was well acquainted with the portion of the Lord’s vineyard

2 Ibid., p. 127.  
3 Archives of Mount St. Joseph, Ohio.  
assigned to him, for he had done missionary work through that region and by the direction of Bishop Fenwick had given help and comfort to the Rev. Gabriel Richard. He visited many tribes of Indians in 1830 and baptized a number of the Menominees instructed by Father Mazzuchelli. The Sacs and Foxes invited him to their villages in Wisconsin. Rev. Ferdinand Baraga was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Upper Michigan in May, 1831, so the country formerly visited by Marquette, Allouez, and other missionaries welcomed again the Black Gown. Bishop Fenwick administered Confirmation there in the Summer just before his death which was preceded only two weeks by that of Rev. Gabriel Richard and from the same cause — cholera. Well might we exclaim "Two more martyrs of the Cross and for the sake of the Red Man!" Rev. Gabriel Richard was a member of Congress from Michigan and a founder of Ann Arbor College.