

A REPLY TO MR. COXE.

A New York Gentleman Castigates Him Very Thoroughly.

The N. Y. Herald of Sunday, Nov. 19, contained the following from a gentleman named Lawrence: Kindly allow me space enough in your paper, whose columns I have perused since I have been able to read, to answer a gentleman who seems somewhat prejudiced in the matter of which he speaks. In to-day's edition of the Herald we find a letter written by the Bishop of Western New York. The reverend gentleman starts his letter by saying that Mr. Satolli is aggressive and offensive not only to the Protestant convictions of our people, but to the honest citizenship of many who profess the Roman religion. The Protestants have been few and far between who have said that Mr. Satolli was "offensive." It is only recently that three Protestant clergymen in New Jersey sat at a banquet given in his honor and spoke in the most glowing terms of his character, both as statesman and scholar. Then, about those of "the honest citizenship" of our Church who have made known their feelings through the press chiefly, I need only say that they are plainly and simply "malcontents" and should not be noticed by a logical mind, because they are of the minority, representing nobody but themselves.

Thank God! there is no "eminent civilian" thus far who has seen fit to inform Mr. Satolli that he was "not qualified to expound our Constitution to an intelligent people, nor qualified as an alien to lecture us on our duties" but our reverend friend, the Bishop of Western New York.

This, it seems to me, is bigotry, pure and simple—first, since Mr. Satolli never assumed as high a place as to teach this Bishop, but as the representative of the Vicar of Christ, the Bishop of Rome, here in the United States; secondly, no Webster, Clay or Calhoun ever uttered such patriotic sentiments as did Archbishop Satolli at his reception in St. Paul, when he told his hearers if they wanted to be good citizens they must be good Christians. "Go forward with the Book of Truth; the Bible in one hand and the Constitution of the United States in the other." What grander utterance ever came from the mouth of an American than this! This one alone makes Mr. Satolli more American than some of the members of the Bishop's Church who came over from England, and like a certain Episcopalian clergyman of this city, wouldn't become a citizen because of the corruption, so called, of our government.

If Mr. Satolli is left here long enough, that is, if Leo XIII., that grand statesman, doesn't call him to the Eternal City to promote him, you will certainly find Mr. Satolli a citizen of these glorious United States.

Then the Bishop goes on to tell that he is a prominent man because "no inconsiderable number of its (the city of Buffalo) citizens look up to me, their chief pastor. I cannot permit your intrusive teachings to be placed before my people without a courteous but firm rejoinder." Certainly it is anything but courteous to criticize such noble and truly American thoughts as the Delegate has expounded since his arrival in America. You cannot in justice to truth claim to "profess the Catholic religion," because the word "Catholic" implies universality; before the "American Church" ever stood on this land, the holy Mass, at which, many times, your forefathers assisted, was celebrated, priests penetrated the furthestmost extremes of this country; the names they gave to the rivers, lakes, etc., bear testimony to this.

The Nicene Creed never defined what you call "our religion," for the religion of your Church was not in existence then.

Infamous men never wish to be surrounded by champions of truth, justice and freedom when they want to oppress the oppressed, and so one of these men carried lying reports to the Vatican about the most illustrious Order of our Holy Church, the Jesuits. Kingly powers acted as a unit against them, and through fraud the Pope then reigning was influenced to disband them. He did so, but the truth conquered, and his successor declared that decree void.

You make either an ignorant or a prejudiced statement when you say that Jesuits are a "corrupt society," and that "thousands of professed Catholics" are their antagonists, and also that "it is the duty of all free people to limit and control, if not to banish the Jesuits from their coasts."

Just imagine banishing from our shores the sons of Ignatius, whose labors are known wherever the sun shines; who have labored so zealously in the early days of this republic for the salvation of souls, particularly that of the red man.

Let us review a somewhat imperfect history of a few of these great men whose glorious deeds have built them a monument more lasting than brass, and say if it would be charitable, to say the least, "to banish the Jesuits from their coasts."

The first Jesuit who entered the United States was Father Peter Martinez. He was sent to Florida by St. Francis Borgia, and had scarcely reached the scenes of his labors when he was put to death in 1566. After him Father John Rogers, a companion of the above, labored zealously for the Indian children, and established a school. He died in 1581. After the death of these two illustrious Jesuits, Father John Baptist, with ten companions, started a mission on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, accompanied by the converted chief Don Luis. The

Indian chief, however, proved false, and after having travelled very much, the whole party was massacred in 1590.

Now we come to Fathers Marquette, Brebeuf and Jogues, whose missionary works are so well known. Parkman, the best authority on Jesuit missions, calls Brebeuf "the Ajax of the mission," who converted the whole Huron tribe, and at his death they numbered eight thousand souls, having eighteen missionaries.

Now let us review the labors of Father Jogues. After his return from Michigan he was taken captive by a band of roving Mohawks and was carried to New York. With him were captured also forty Christian Hurons. Father Jogues was subjected to all the horrors of Indian cruelty; he was wounded, bruised and burned, his nails were torn out, his hands and feet dislocated and his left thumb cut off, but, as if by miracle, his life was spared. During his long captivity of fifteen months he baptized many, sometimes amid the flames which surrounded them. Alluding to the captivity of Father Jogues, Bancroft says:

"Roaming through the stately forests he wrote the name of Jesus on the bark of the trees, graven the cross and entered into the possession of these countries in the name of God, often lifting up his voice in a solitary chant. Thus did France bring its banners and the faith to the confines of Albany."

To end up it will not be malapropos to say something about Fathers Brebeuf and Lallemant.

The renowned Father Brebeuf and the gentle Lallemant in the spring of 1649 received the crown of martyrdom at the hands of that fierce tribe, the Iroquois. Their sufferings are thus described by a celebrated historian, Shea:

"The hands of Brebeuf were cut off, while Lallemant's flesh quivered with the awls and pointed irons thrust into every part of his body. Amid the din rose the voice of the old Huron missionary consoling his converts until his executioners crushed his mouth with a stone, cut off his nose and lips and thrust a brand into his mouth, so that his throat and tongue, burnt and swollen, refused their office."

"They tore off his scalp, and thrice, in derision of baptism, poured the water over his head amid the shouts of the unbelievers. The eye of the martyr was now dim, and the torturers, unable from first to last to wring from his lips one sigh of pain, were anxious to close the scene. Hacking off his feet, they clove open his chest, took out his noble heart and devoured it."

"Thus, after three hours of frightful torture, expired John de Brebeuf, a man such as the Catholic Church alone could produce."

Gabriel Lallemant had cast himself at the feet of Brebeuf to kiss his glorious wounds, but he had been torn away, and after being wrapped in pieces of bark was left for a time. When his superior had expired they applied fire to this covering. As the flames curled around him Father Lallemant, whose delicate frame, unused to toil, could not resist the pain, raised his hand aloft and invoked the mercy of heaven. Gratified by this expression of pain, his tormentors resolved to prolong his agony, and through the long night added torture to torture to see the writhing frame—the quivering flesh of the young priest. He, too, saw his flesh devoured before his eyes or slashed off in wanton cruelty. Every inch of his body, from head to foot, was charred and burned; his very eyes were put out by hot coals forced into them. At last, when the sun had arisen on March 17, 1649, they closed his martyrdom by tomahawking him, and left his body a charred mass."

These are a few of the many heroic martyrs whose glorious deeds have won for their order universal praise. Any man, whether he be Protestant or Catholic, who does the work of evangelizing the savage by carrying the tidings of great joy to those sitting in the shadows of darkness deserves the praise of all men, no matter what creed they profess. What men have done more work in lifting the red man from the state of brute, showing him that he has a Supreme Being, than the Jesuits? If the readers of the Herald wish to see what has been done in this line let them read "The Jesuit Missions of North America," by Parkman, who is not a member of our Church. Was not this attack on the representative of the Holy Father uncalled for? Was it not also ignorance or prejudice to say in the enlightened age of this glorious nineteenth century that "it is the duty of all free people to limit and control, if not to banish the Jesuits from their coasts?" Was it not bad taste for this reverend gentleman to assert that "thousands of professed Roman Catholics" are antagonistic to that "corrupt society?"

Let him send the Herald for the benefit of the public, the names of one dozen "professed Roman Catholics" who are so disposed to vindicate his position, or remain as one professing belief in the doctrine of Christ, but opposed to "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

In conclusion, Reverend Bishop, was there ever any "corrupt society" that has ever produced a Brebeuf, Lallemant or a Marquette? No; there was not.

You stand in a position that is not creditable to your office—namely, accusing the Catholic Church of harboring a corrupt society, which I think I have proven is physically and metaphysically impossible.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Personality of a Delightful Poet as Viewed Through Non-Catholic Eyes.

Of the many poets who have inscribed in glowing characters their names upon the granite boulder, time, none have excelled in purity of language, simplicity of style, and beauty of sentiment, Adelaide Ann Proctor.

Born the 30th of October, 1824, in an old-fashioned house in Bedford square, the tiny maid began that life which was itself a poem. The pet and plaything of men of culture, whose names were familiar throughout Europe, and possessed of a mind at once retentive and rapacious, she soon exhibited remarkable brightness and quickness in all her intellectual faculties. Reared in such a poetical and literary atmosphere, it is not surprising that the gifted child should have developed into the famous poetess. As an infant upon her father's knee, her baby woes were forgotten in the enjoyment of the quaint half-polished lines he murmured, as all unconscious of her attention, he stroked her golden ringlets while his brain was busy in the wonderland of poetry. Her mother, too, was a woman of rare intellectual endowment, and the free discussion of delightful books was as familiar to the budding mind as the sunshine or the flowers that wafted their sweet perfume upon the parched city air. At length the pent-up music that lay slumbering in her soul burst forth, and poem after poem was filled with rich melody, that forced itself with powerful sweetness upon the hearts and brains of the reading public. But literature was

NOT HER ONLY AIM IN LIFE. It seemed rather the ebullition of a mind filled to repletion with love of fellow man. Hers was one of those rare natures rich in many-sided works. Her graceful form and sympathetic voice brought a gleam of gladness to the heart of many a patient, battling on the ragged edge of life and sin in the city hospital wards, and the children of the garrets, the sick, the puny and the dying, learned to bless the sunny tempered, gentle being, who with rare tact strove to point them to the guiding star above, while she ministered to their earthly needs. But though she penetrated the shadows of poverty stricken London, she was ever a popular guest in the drawing-rooms, where her modest demeanor, ready wit, and lively repartee made her the center of admiring circles, while in her home, she was ever the sunny fairy whose gay laughter, like the magician's wand, chased dull care from every brow.

In her eighteenth year she published some poetical fragments in the "Book of Beauty," which, while perfect gems, attracted but little attention in the literary world; but in 1853 she sent a short poem to *Household Words*, which at the time was edited by CHARLES DICKENS, signing her accompanying note Miss Mary Berwick, which requested that all communications, if any be sent to a certain circulating library in London. As the verses were particularly fine, the editor enclosed her a check with the request that she become a regular contributor, which request she gladly complied with, but in time, as her poems multiplied and her fame grew apace, curiosity among the "scribblers" of *Household Words* with regard to the unknown poetess, whose identity was lost in her name, and in lieu of facts imagination painted her in romantic colors. "We settled to our complete satisfaction," said Dickens, "that she was a governess in a family; that she went to Italy in that capacity and returned, and that she had long been in the same family;" and he adds, "my mother was not a more rare personage to me, than Miss Berwick, the governess, became."

"This state of affairs continued until December, 1854, when the Christmas number, entitled 'The Seven Poor Travellers,' was sent to press, when, happening to be going to dine with an old and dear friend, distinguished in literature as 'Barry Cornwall,' I took with me an early proof of the number, and remarked as I laid it on the drawing-room table, that it contained a very pretty poem written by a certain 'Miss Berwick.' The next post brought me the disclosure that I had so spoken of the poem to the mother of its writer, in its writer's presence; that I had no such correspondent in existence as Miss Berwick, and that the name had been assumed by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor." It appears that the motive that actuated the assumption of a *nom de plume* in her correspondence with her father's valued friend, was that her efforts SHOULD STAND UPON THEIR OWN MERIT, for she said at home: "If I send him in my own name, verses that he does not honestly like, either it will be very painful for him to return them or he will print them for papa's sake and not for their own, so I have made up my mind to take my chances fairly with the unknown volunteers;" and an editor of Dickens's sensibility, could not fail to appreciate the delicacy that prompted the resolution.

With very few exceptions her poetry was first published in *Household Words* or *All the Year Round*, and while the impression prevails that Miss Proctor was of a gloomy turn of mind due doubtless to the sombre pathos that pervades most of her poems, she was in fact one of the brightest and most humorous of women. One of those whole-souled and single-hearted creatures, whose laugh was contagious because it was the expression of unaffected enjoyment. She always carried her religious feelings and convictions into the daily action of life, and

as her brilliant imagination and strong faith inclined her to the "gorgeous and rich in outward form of worship," she became

A DEVOUT ADHERENT OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

There she had passed the second decade of her early pilgrimage, and as years sped on she became more zealous and untiring in her efforts to do good, for she was not of that numerous sisterhood who dream existence away, but was ever up and doing, balancing her favorite pastime by energetic, active, earnest efforts in the real world around her. Under the far-spreading ceaseless work she had mapped out for herself, her constitution never very strong, gradually yielded to the strain, confining her in her thirty-eighth year to a couch of suffering, where she lay for fifteen months, sweetening and brightening the dragging hours for herself and others, by her patience and resignation under the Divine rod. Not an impatient or querulous word ever escaped her. She was no selfish invalid, to cast a shadow upon the hearts of those around her, but a gentle loving woman, whose interest in others never flagged, whose smile made sunshine for those who hovered over her couch, and when the angel of death descended at midnight on the 2nd of February 1864, he found her ready and willing. With her mother's loving arms around her, and with the brightness of heaven reflected on her face, she said, "It has come at last," and with a whispered word of farewell, fled to her Saviour above.—Dandridge Drummond.

Enclosure for Protestant Nuns.

St. Mary's West Malling, Kent, has had a chequered history. Originally a Benedictine nunnery, founded in the reign of William Rufus by Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, it was seized by Elizabeth in the twelfth year of her reign, and granted by her to one Henry Cobham, alias Brook. A year ago it was bought by a Protestant lady, and given to a community of Anglican Sisters, who have adopted the Benedictine rule and dress, modified by private judgment, and an eye to the picturesque, for on high festivals the novitiaries of St. Benedict sport scarlet veils. These good people were founded by the so-called "Father Ignatius," Mr. Lyne of Llanthony Abbey, but they quarreled with him some ten years ago, and were excommunicated by their founder. Mr. Lyne's severe treatment does not appear to have hurt the "excommunicated" ones, for they started off again, merrily adding to their other pretensions the pleasing little fiction that their original foundress was St. Scholastica; and now they congratulate themselves on "the Abbey having been given back to them after four hundred years sequestration." And yet they are not happy. The refectory has been restored, and the chapel is in course of restoration, but they have still one long ungratified. They yearn for enclosure! Alas! and here is the rift within the lute. There is no one to enclose them, no Protestant Bishop sufficiently advanced in his views even to know how to set about it. One person might have had the will, and in his own estimation, the power; but with him, their original founder, they have quarreled. By him they have not been enclosed, but excommunicated.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

Tribute to a Brave Nun.

A valiant nun, known as Sister Saint Pauline, has just died at Oran, in Algeria, and a remarkable tribute has been paid to her memory by a medical man, Dr. Sondros, with whom she had been connected in hospital work for twenty-five years.

He says: "I saw her for the first time in 1867, when the cholera was raging. I noticed her sweetness and calm courage. I saw her tending the victims of the terrible typhus epidemic of 1868, and the feelings of esteem I had previously entertained for her ripened into that of a respectful and life-long friendship. The administration knew her to be strong among the strong and brave among the brave. She passed with a smiling face through the most terrible scenes, and always with words of strength and comfort on her lips for the weak and despairing. No wonder that such a woman received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. This honor was conferred upon her by the Republic in 1885. She had expressed a wish to die like a soldier at her post. This was not to be. She fell a victim to a cruel malady. The hospital doctor under whom she has worked for so many years was with her at the last. 'Courage, Sister,' he said; 'you will get better, and you will live to wear for years to come your Cross of the Legion of Honor.' 'No,' she replied, 'I shall not wear that cross any more. I am going to where I shall have a better and a brighter one. My work on earth is done.'"

Of such stuff are those Sisters who are continually reviled and calumniated by bigots and religious imposters in this country.

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SELDOM SEEN IN PRINT.

Sisters of the Bon Secours True Friends of Humility.

In New York there is a community of Sisters whose name is seldom seen in print, although its individual members are constantly to be seen on the streets going about on errands of mercy. I refer to the Sisters of the Bon Secours, who have their home at the corner of Lexington avenue and Eighty-first street. The object of the institution is the nursing of the sick at their homes.

The Sisters attend upon patients of all kinds without distinction of creed, condition in life or sex, and without regard to whether the disease is contagious or not, or whether it is one affecting the mind or the body or both.

The Community of Notre Dame du Bon Secours, that being its full title, was founded at Troyes, France, in 1840, by the Rev. Abbe Paul Sebastian Millet, canon of that diocese. The Sisters are at first trained at Paris in everything necessary to make them perfect nurses; and then, after serving a time in that city they go to other parts of the world to ply their vocation. There are no better trained nurses to be found. In the year 1882 a branch of the community was established in New York city under the patronage of the late Cardinal McCloskey, which has since been incorporated under the laws of the State. In the summer of 1888 the corner stone of the new edifice on Lexington avenue, was blessed by Archbishop Corrigan, and now the Sisters have a very comfortable home, where they can occasionally get a few hours' respite from their arduous labors. On this building, still in its infancy, there is still remaining a mortgage of \$85,000. During the past summer there has been completed at New Calvary Cemetery a mausoleum for the community, in which three vaults have already been built and have become the resting places of the three Sisters who have died since the organization of the order in this country.

There is still due for the building of this structure a debt of about \$500, which should be paid as soon as possible.

The founder of the order would not allow any fixed charges to be made for the services of the Sisters, but preferred to leave it to the consciences of those who should receive the benefit of them, to pay what they thought they reasonably could. The Sisters never beg, never accept presents and never present a bill for their services; and in ordinary times their income is sufficient for their support. But during such periods of depression as we have had this summer, owing to the inability to pay of some, and perhaps to the thoughtlessness of others who might pay, but neglect to do so, although the work of the Sisters is not lightened at all, the receipts for the maintenance of their home are sure to be materially reduced.

This community is no ordinary body of women. It is composed of ladies of culture and refinement, who are well fitted to be the companions of our wives and daughters. They have devoted their lives to the service of God, manifested by efforts to lessen the sum of human suffering. And while one would suppose that such an occupation as theirs would make them sad and gloomy, yet such is not the case. A more cheerful and even fun loving band of women could hardly be found. Most, if not all of them, speak several languages, and they are all, so far as I have seen, most interesting conversationalists. They are devoted to their order, and are proud of its unspotted reputation.

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