

of portraying the marvelous growth of Catholicity in the Empire City, of judging its mechanism, and of accounting for its extraordinary productivity.

Two hundred and fifty summers have passed away since Manhattan Island, with just two Catholics among its population, saw for the first time, a priest of the Holy Roman Church, the venerable martyr-Jesuit, Father Jogues. During the subsequent thirty years very little Catholic progress manifested itself in the growing town. The period between 1674 and 1688 was, however, more auspicious in that respect, but the Protestant revolution which then broke out, practically destroyed the infant mission. In 1696 there were only nine Catholics in New York, and, for many years following that date, their augmentation in numbers was held in check by repeated outbursts of anti-"Romish" prejudice. One hundred and twenty years ago, no Catholic priest could be met with where now stands the great busy Metropolis of the Western World. The few Catholics then found on Manhattan, were obliged to travel hundreds of miles in order to receive the sacred consolations of their holy faith. Referring to that period, a certain Mr. Watson, evidently a bigot, says sneeringly in his "Annals": "John Leary goes once a year to Philadelphia to get absolution." He refers to a faithful Irish Catholic then resident in New York. The strong anti-Catholic feeling continued unabated until the outbreak of the American Revolution, which brought a speedy termination to such insane absurdities. The year 1786 saw the corner stone of St. Peter's Church, Barclay St., placed in position, and twelve months later

the Catholic population of New York was about one hundred, of which forty approached the sacraments. The Irish Rebellion of 1798; with its dire outcome, however disastrous it may have been for the Green Isle, proved a real benediction to the growing Church in the picturesque Manhattan town. Thousands of Erin's exiles, banished from their own fair homes by the pestiferous breath of tyranny, came for protection to the young Republic. New York, being the chief seaport, of course received and housed the greater number of these faith-bearing refugees. They had groaned as victims of a Neronian persecution in their own country, and consequently, tried and true, they were just the material wanted to build up the sacred edifice of Catholicity on the pine-clad shores of Long Island Sound. No wonder, then, that in 1807, we see the remarkable figures of 14,000 representing the Catholic population of New York. From that date, Catholicity in the Empire City advanced rapidly towards its present unique magnificence.

The faithful and generous See over which the Most Reverend Michael A. Corrigan is now so auspiciously ruling, was erected on the eighth of April, ninety years ago. The Right Reverend Luke Concanen, O.P., then in Rome, was named its first Bishop, but a premature death called this worthy prelate to his reward before he had the chance of meeting the distant flock over which he had been appointed to preside. Another son of St. Dominic, Right Reverend John Connolly, a native of Drogheda, County Louth, Ireland, holds the honor of being the first prelate resident in New York. When, after an Atlantic voyage of sixty-seven