

ANNALS
OF THE
PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.
COMPILED FOR
THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.



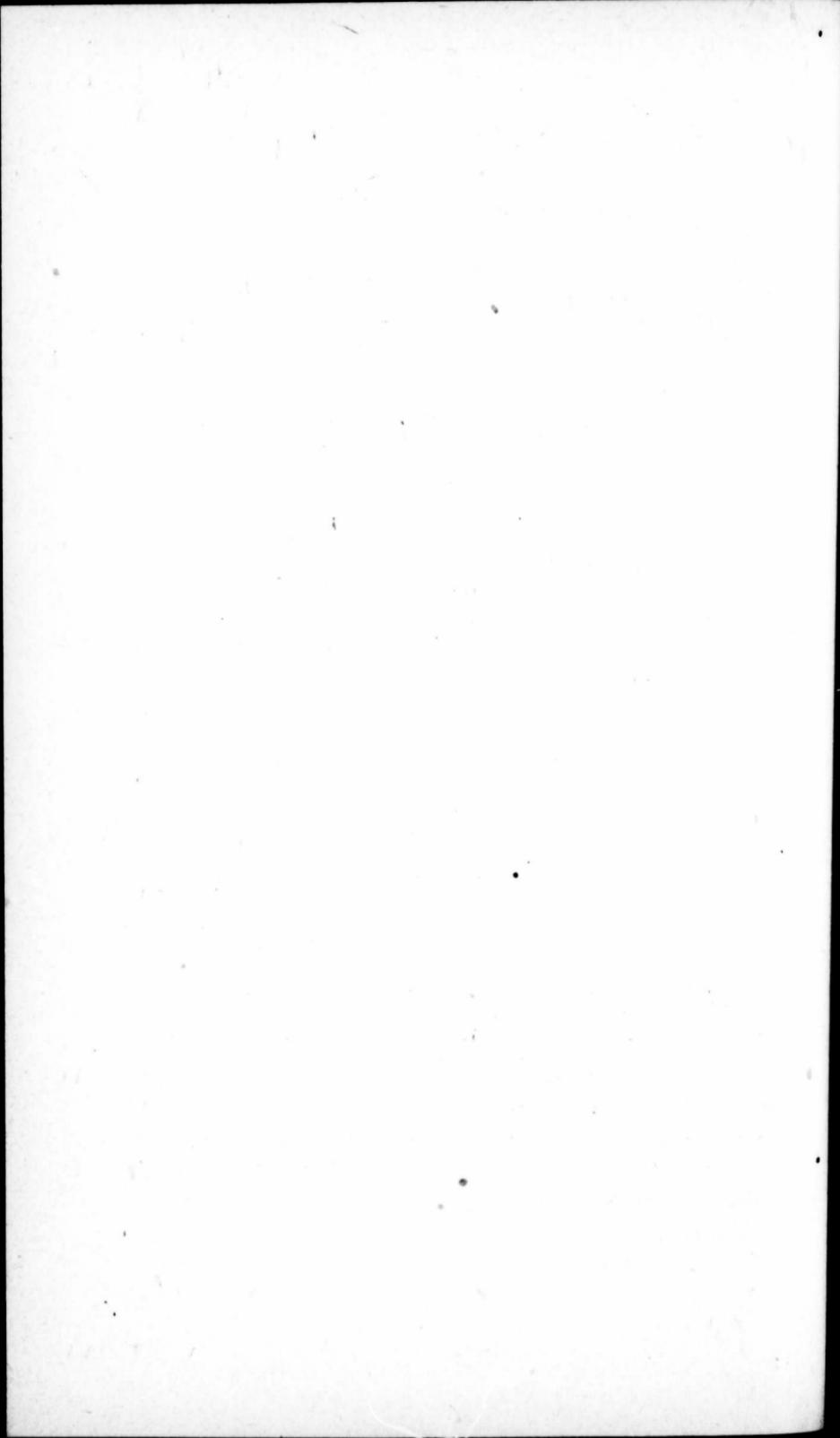
Vol. 1.—No. 8.

OCTOBER, 1880.

THREE-RIVERS.

PUBLISHED FOR THE INSTITUTION.

Journal des Trois-Rivières Printing Office.



THE FATE OF GLENVEIH.

Ireland's martyrs going abroad to testify her faith.—“ Going they went and wept, casting their seeds. But coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves. (Psalm 125.)

(From « *New Ireland*, » by Mr. A. M. Sullivan.)

In the remote and wild northwest of Ireland, lashed by billows that roll from the frozen ocean, stands ancient Tyrconnell, better known to modern ears as the Donegal Highlands. There is probably no part of the island of equal expanse more self-contained, or separate, as it were, from the outer world. Nowhere else have the native population more largely preserved their peculiar features of life and character, custom and tradition, amidst the changes of the last two hundred years.

The eastern portion of Donegal abounds in rich and fertile valleys, and is peopled by a different race. Two hundred and fifty years ago all of the soil that was fair to see, that seemed worth possessing was handed over to « planters, » or « undertakers. » The native Celts were driven to the boggy wastes and trackless hills that were too poor or too remote for settlers to accept. Here, shut out from the busy world, their lowly lot shielding them from many a danger, the descendants of the faithful clansmen of « Dauntless Red Hugh » lived on. Their life was toilsome, but they murmured not. Along the western shore, pierced by many a deep bay, or belted by wastes of sand, their little sheelings nestled alongside some friendly crag, while close at hand « the deep-voiced neighboring ocean » boomed eternally in sullen roar.

The scenery, from Slieveleague to Malin Head, is wildly romantic, and in some places surpassingly beautiful. There are wide stretches of bleak and utter desolation, but ever and anon the eye is arrested and the fancy charmed by views which Alpine regions rarely excel. Lough Swilly—« the Lake of Shadows »—is one of the most picturesque ocean inlets on our coasts. It steals southward past Bunrana and historic Rathmullen, till it reaches Letterkenny on the one side, and lovely Fauhn on the other ; as if the sea had burst into a series of Tyrolean valleys. But there is not a scene among them all to match the weird beauty and savage grandeur of lone Glenveih !

The western, or Atlantic, shore of Donegal is indented by a narrow estuary, which penetrates some five or six miles in a northeasterly direction, until, at a place called Doochery, it meets the Gweebarra River. The gorge through which estuary and river flow is but the southwestern section of a singular chain of valleys, which reach in a direct line from Gweebarra Bay to Glen Lough, a distance of more than twenty miles. The middle section is Glenveih, so called ; or, as it ought to be, Glenbah,—the Glen of Silver Birches. It is truly a most romantic spot. The mountains rise boldly to a height of over a thousand feet on either side, and are clothed in great part with indigenous forest ; while sleeping calmly in the vale below, following its gentle windings, broadening and narrowing as the hills give room, is the lake,—Lough Veih.

The mountain district around is of the wildest character. Thirty years ago it was inhabited by a people such as one might meet amidst the crags of the Interthal or Passeyr,—sometimes passionate, always hospitable ; frugal, hardy, inured to toil. They eked out a poor

existence less by their little farm-plots than by rearing on the mountains young stock, which at the suitable seasons they sold to the comfortable and prosperous Presbyterian plantation-men of Raphœne and Lifford districts.

Little more than twenty years ago there chanced to pass through Derryveih, as the immediate district is called, on sporting purposes bent, Mr. John George Adair, of Bellgrove, in Queen's County. He was so struck, he says, with the charms of the scenery, that he determined to become proprietor of the place. Between August, 1857, and May, 1858, he succeeded in purchasing a great part in fee-simple, and a fee-farm interest in a further portion. It was an evil day for the mountaineers when Mr. Adair first set eye on their home. Notwithstanding the storm of terrible accusations which that gentleman soon after poured upon them, and the disturbance, conflict, and crime which attended upon or arose out of his proprietorial proceedings, the fact is significant that at the period of his purchase, and even subsequently, the Glenveih peasantry were on the best and kindest relations with their landlords, and that the surrounding gentry, and the clergy of all religious denominations, to the very last spoke and speak of them in terms of warmest sympathy and compassion. No sooner, however, does Mr. Adair enter on the scene than a sad and startling change appears. The picture drawn by the previous and surrounding landlords, of a simple, kindly, and peaceable peasantry, gives way to one sketched by Mr. Adair of a lawless, violent, thieving, murderous gang, whose extirpation is a mission which has devolved on him in the interests of "society." The first act of the new landlord was ominous of what was to follow. The purchases were completed by the 30th

of April, when what was called the Gartan estates passed to him from Mr. Cornwall. In May he began operations by the erection of a police-barrack, and close to it, under the cover of its guns, a « pound, »—or prison for seized cattle. I know a little of Mr Adair. He had been if not a member of the Tenant League, a Tenant-Right candidate for Parliament in 1852. In these proceedings of his I have never regarded him as a man who coldly planned barbarity, or designed injustice, when he entered upon the career of landlord in Donegal. Nay, I incline to believe he meant to use kindly, according to his own ideas, the despotic power which he claimed. But a thwarted despot soon forgets benevolent intentions, and thinks only of asserting his power and of crushing without mercy those who war against it. The police-barrack and the pound were the first indications of the spirit of Mr. Adair's rule. I am not aware that the old landlord had need of these institutions. The people at all events looked askance at them ; and on the threshold of his proceedings Mr. Adair was prejudiced in their eyes. The 21st of August found that gentleman on the hills, gun in hand, shooting over the lands upon which Mr. Johnson, the late landlord, was alone understood to possess the right of sporting. The tenants, headed by one James Corrin, either by express order from Mr. Johnson or under some idea of duty toward him, resisted Mr. Adair's attempt to shoot over the lands, and a rather angry conflict or scuffle ensued. Mr. Adair indicted Corrin and the other tenants, for this « assault ; » but the real nature of the affray is sufficiently attested by the fact that on the 23d of October the grand jury threw out the bills, and next Michaelmas term Corrin—significantly enough, through the attorney of his landlord, Mr. Johnson—filed an action for assault and bat-

tery and malicious prosecution against Mr. Adair. On the 16th and 17th of February next year, 1859, the action came to trial before the Lord Chief Baron in Dublin. It resulted in a verdict that Mr. Adair had committed an assault, but that it had been in exercise of a lawful right of sporting. Next ensuing term Corrin served notice for a new trial in the superior courts, and so the litigation went on.

Out of this dispute, this paltry quarrel of Mr. Adair with poor mountaineers defending, as they believed, the rights of an old landlord—sprang events that will never be forgotten in Donegal.

From Easter to midsummer it was open war between the great man and the poor peasants,—the latter, however, being warmly befriended by the neighboring magistrates and landlords, Colonel Humfrey especially. On the 2d of July Mr. Adair had several of the tenants arrested and brought before him at Glenveih, the wretched people being marched sixty miles to and from prisons; yet five days afterward they were discharged by two resident and two local magistrates at Church Hill petty sessions. At length he determined to put himself, at any cost, in a position which would give him absolute dominion over these audacious peasants. In October, 1859, he bought up the fee-farm interest of the remainder of Derryveih, eleven thousand nine hundred and fifty-six acres, through Mr. T. C. Trench, at a rent above the total payable by the tenants. By this time—between the purchase, on the 22d of August, 1857, from Mr. Pitt Skipton, the 29th of April, 1858, from Colonel Humfrey and Mr. Johnson, the 30th of April, the Gartan estate from Mr. Cornwall, and the 10th of October, 1859, from Mr. Johnson—he had become absolute monarch of nearly ninety square miles of country. This eager anxiety

to buy more and more as time went on was assuredly inconsistent with the idea subsequently put forward by Mr. Adair, that it was an affliction to him to be the landlord of such a people.

Just about the time this gentleman appeared in those parts, Western Donegal was going through hard times and bitter conflict over « Scotch sheep. » Some two or three of the proprietors had conceived the idea—or, more probably, had been weakly persuaded by Scotch farm stewards—that fortunes might be made out of those wild mountains, now used solely by the cottiers for grazing a few goats, heifers, and sheep. By taking up the mountains wholly or in part from the people, and extensively stocking them with imported black-faced sheep, these landlords were led to believe that thousands a year might be cleared in profit. The attempt to deprive the people of the mountains led to deplorable conflict, suffering, and loss. The benevolent pretext of « squaring the farms »—sometimes, no doubt, genuine and well-meant motive, but occasionally an excuse for dexterously cheating the people—did not avail. While the cottiers and the landlords were fighting over the question, lo ! the Scotch shepherds announced that the black-faced sheep were disappearing from the hills,—stolen by the hostile inhabitants, it was of course assumed. Search of the tenants' houses failed to verify this conclusion. Some few traces of such thefts were found here and there, but not in any extent to account for the disappearance of so many hundred sheep. Soon what had happened became more clear. The dead bodies of the sheep were found in scores all over the hills,—killed by the lawless natives, it was now concluded. Presentments for the value of the sheep thus assumed to have been « maliciously destroyed » were levied on

the districts. Still the destruction, or rather the mysterious disappearance, of the sheep went on. The more it did, the more heavy the penalty was made ; and the more sweeping the presentments, the more extensive grew the destruction !

At last it occurred to one of the Crown officials that there was something suspicious in all this. He noted that whereas the sheep imported from Scotland cost from seven shillings and sixpence to ten shillings a head, on the mountain they were presented for at seventeen and sixpence to twenty-five shillings. It occurred to him that while this went on, sheeplosing would flourish. Suspicion once aroused, strange facts came to light. The houses of the shepherds themselves were searched, and mutton in rather too generous abundance was found. Then serious investigation was prosecuted, when it was incontestably established that the sheep had perished in large numbers from stress of weather, still more extensively from falling over crags and precipices, and to some comparatively small extent by the surreptitious supply of the shepherds' tables. Shortly came the remarkable fact of the going judges of assize indignantly refusing to fiat these monstrous claims, and denouncing the whole proceedings. *Mirabile dictu*, when the presentments were stopped, the black-faced sheep importation fell through !

But in the interval what suffering had been visited on the wretched people ! The « levies » had reduced them, poor as they were at best, to a plight which might have excited the compassion of a Kurd marauder. I traveled all the way from Dublin to investigate the facts for myself in the spring of 1858. I was much excited by all that I saw and heard, and I took an active, perhaps an angry, part in the public agitation which ensued. No

Bulgarian hut after a raid of Bashibazouks, or Armenian hovel after a Cossack foray, could present a more wretched spectacle of desolation than did those Donegal sheelings after the levies had swept the district. Yet what the poor people seemed to feel as acutely as the seizure and carting off of their little stock—their heifers and goats, and pigs and poultry, nay, their bedsteads and pots and pans—was that they were held up to the world as thieves and sheep-stealers. I dare say some sheep had been stolen, but certainly not in any sense by a general system or with popular sympathy. It seemed to me that some one or two undoubted instances of theft or destruction at the first suggested the evil system, which soon was adopted, of attributing all the loss to the criminal conduct of the population.

Mr. Adair, too, went in for black-faced sheep ; and of all the landlords who entered upon that sort of speculation he was the angriest at the lawless savagery (as he conceived) of the natives in this « malicious destruction. » In January, 1860, he had given « notice to quit » to his tenantry, but only, he told them, for the purpose of « squaring the farms. » The loss of the sheep, following so closely on other causes of quarrel, brought things to an unhappy pass between him and the people. How the truth lay in the sheep question may be inferred from the following official resolution of the assembled magistrates at Church Hill sessions :

“ The bench are unanimously of opinion that no sheep of Mr. Adair's were maliciously injured or made away with ; and we find that through the constabulary sixty-six sheep have been found dead from the inclemency of the weather, as there was no mark of injury on them. ”

But soon, unfortunately, he was to have still weightier cause for resentment, a more terrible impulsion to

anger and passion. On the morning of the 13th of November, his manager, James Murray, left Glenveih Cottage. He was never seen alive afterward. On the 15th his body was found on the mountains, with marks of violence, which the coroner's jury declared to have been given by a murderer's hand. The only witness examined (besides a surgeon) was a Scotch assistant shepherd, Dugald Rankin; and his bias against the Glenveih people was supposed to be strong. Mr. Adair, as he gazed on the corpse of his servant,—murdered, as he verily believed, for stern discharge of his duties,—revolved in his mind a terrible determination. He grouped together a catalogue of, as it seemed to him, persistent and widespread crimes. Two of his dogs had been poisoned, though the presentment sessions refused to admit the act was malicious. An outhouse at Gartan Glebe was found to be on fire while he was a guest with the Rev. Mr. Maturin. Two hundred of his sheep had been killed on the mountains, though the magistrates would insist it was by accident or tempest. And now his manager had been foully slain. He would show these people that he could conquer. He would make them feel how terrible his vengeance could be.

The resolution formed by Mr. Adair was to sweep away the whole population of Derryveih, chiefly concentrated, I believe, in a little hamlet on the Lough Gartan side of the hill. He applied for and received a special force of police to protect his herd and himself, in view of the desperate undertaking upon which he was now entering. A parliamentary return issued in May, 1861, makes some curious revelations as to Mr. Adair's quarrels with the executive in Dublin Castle over the cost and efficiency of this protective garrison. In truth, despite the heavy case he was able to adduce, the Go-

vernment authorities, the local magistrates, the clergy, Protestant and Catholic, the police inspectors, all manifested clearly their sorrow, alarm, or resentment at the monstrous proceeding he contemplated,—nothing less than the expulsion of hundreds of innocent people, men and women, the aged and the young, in vengeance for the crime of some undiscovered individual. The neighboring landlords seemed to regard him as a deadly combustible planted in their midst, a gentleman whose “sense of duty” had resulted in plunging their county into a condition which caused them vexation and uneasiness. The magistrates of the district, assembled at Church Hill, felt the situation so strongly that they passed the following resolution :

“ Resolved, That the outrages complained of have, in our opinion, arisen from causes unconnected with any matter having relation to the adjoining estates, hitherto and now in a state of perfect tranquility. ”

Mr. Dillon, the resident magistrate, writing to the Under-Secretary for Ireland, Sir Thomas Larcom, asks, “ Is it my duty and that of the police to stand by and give protection while the houses are being leveled ? ” The Protestant rector, the Rev. Mr. Maturin, writing to the *Dublin Daily Express* after Mr. Adair’s vengeance had been wreaked, says,—

“ The presumption is as strong that the persons who committed the murder were not connected with the district. . . . I could mention other reasons certainly suspicious and somewhat mysterious . . . What would be Mr. Adair’s feelings if it were found out hereafter that the murder was committed by persons in no way connected with the Derryveigh tenantry now exterminated on account of it, and whose wailings might then, without avail, forever ring in his ears ? ”

Indeed, although the hapless mountaineers were, I

believe, exclusively Catholic, this kindly-hearted and estimable Protestant clergyman flung himself into the forefront of every effort to save them. He and the Catholic priest of the district, the Rev. Mr. Kair, drew up and forwarded to Mr. Adair a joint letter, in which they felt confident they would not appeal in vain to his mercy. They bore the strongest testimony to the virtuous character and the kindly and peaceable nature of the threatened people, whom they had known all their lives, and emphatically denied that any suspicion of complicity in Murray's murder could justly be laid against them. Mr. Adair's reply was stern and inexorable. He recited all the outrages, real and fancied. With the deepest regret for what he considered a necessity, he was determined to evict the inhabitants of that part of the property. Some of known good character he would not disturb. To such as had brought good characters from the reverend appellants he had offered mountain-holdings, with leases, elsewhere. I need follow his plea no further. The man who conceives himself to be « a savior of society » has a pious justification for any extremity of conduct.

News of the storm about to burst upon them reached the people early in February, 1861. Some realized its terrible import ; but the majority did not. As a matter of fact, up to the hour of the evictions, few of them would believe that such a menace would or could be carried out. In this remote and lonely region nothing they had ever heard suggested the possession of such a power by any one. They owed no rent. They had done no man wrong. Mr. Adair, on the 4th of February, called into Dublin Castle, and there quietly swore an information, that being about to serve ejectment-notices on his tenants, he believed the life of the bailiff would

be unsafe without an armed escort. The resident magistrate, Mr. Considine, who gave the escort, says the ejections « were served by Mr. Adair's gamekeeper without the least hindrance being offered by the tenantry. » In fact, it is curious to notice the fatal calm which hung over the valley itself, while, unknown to its doomed people, the « outer world »—the magistrates and police officials, nay, the executive in Dublin—were in no little excitement and apprehension as the evil day drew near. The correspondence between the various officials and public departments as to the drafting and concentration of police detachments and military companies, fills several pages of a blue-book. The dispositions and arrangements were almost as formidable as if Derryveigh had to be stormed and carried from an intrenched army. Mr. Cruikshank, the sub-sheriff, writing to Sir Thomas Larcom, Under-Secretary, says that besides two hundred constabulary being drafted from various parts, he will require some military with tents and baggage to be sent from Dublin :

“ I have therefore to request that one officer and thirty rank and file be ordered to meet me at Lough Barra, on Monday the 8th instant, at twelve o'clock, in aid of the civil power. If the party leave Dublin by rail on Friday morning, they will reach Strabane at four o'clock, wait there that night ; march next day to Letterkenny, a distance of fourteen Irish miles, rest there Sunday, and meet me and the constabulary early on Monday. As it is likely the force will be employed Monday and Tuesday and part of Wednesday, I would suggest for your consideration the prudence, if not necessity, of the soldiers being provided with tents, as it will be impossible in a mountain-country such as Glenveigh to get for them accommodation for the night ; and after remaining some time under arms they could not march back to Letterkenny, nearly ten Irish miles, and return the next day. ”

On the night of Sunday the 7th of April the several

detachments had closed in around the place, occupying or commanding the only available entrances or passes. Still the hapless people, in fatal confidence, slumbered on. It was like the sleep of the Macdonalds on the night before Glencoe.

In the early morning of Monday, the 8th of April, 1861, the sight of the red-coats and the glitter of bayonets at the southern entrance to the valley gave signal of alarm ; and from house to house, and hill to hill, along Lough Gartan side, a halloo was sent afar. Soon there rose on the morning air a wail that chilled even the sternest heart. The poor people came out of their cabins in groups, and looked at the approaching force, and there burst from the women and children a cry of agony that pierced the heavens. The special correspondent of the *Derry Standard*, a leading Presbyterian journal in the neighboring county, gives the following account of what he saw : " The first eviction was one peculiarly distressing, and the terrible reality of the law suddenly burst with surprise on the spectators. Having arrived at Loughbara, the police were halted, and the sheriff, with a small escort, proceeded to the house of a widow named M'Award, aged sixty years, living with whom were six daughters and a son. Long before the house was reached long cries were heard piercing the air, and soon the figures of the poor widow and her daughters were observed outside the house, where they gave vent to their grief in strains of touching agony. Forced to discharge an unpleasant duty, the sheriff entered the house and delivered up possession to Mr. Adair's steward, whereupon six men, who had been brought from a distance, immediately fell to level the house to the ground. The scene then became indescribable. The bereaved widow and her daughters were frantic with despair. Throwing themselves on the

ground they became almost insensible, and bursting out in the old Irish wail,—then heard by many for the first time,—their terifying cries resounded along the mountain-side for many miles. They had been deprived of the little spot made dear to them by associations of the past, and, with bleak poverty before them, and only the blue sky to shelter them, they naturally lost all hope, and those who witnessed their agony will never forget the sight. No one could stand by unmoved. Every heart was touched, and tears of sympathy flowed from many. In a short time we withdrew from the scene, leaving the widow and her orphans surrounded by a small group of neighbors, who could only express their sympathy for the homeless, without possessing the power to relieve them. During that and the next two days the entire holdings in the lands mentioned above were visited, and it was not until an advanced hour on Wednesday that the evictions were finished. In all the evictions the distress of the poor people was equal to that depicted in the first case. Dearly did they cling to their homes till the last moment, and while the male population bestirred themselves in clearing the houses of what scanty furniture they contained, the women and children remained within till the sheriff's bailiff warned them out, and even then it was with difficulty they could tear themselves away from the scenes of happier days. In many cases they bade an affectionate adieu to their former peaceable but now desolate homes. *One old man near the fourscore years and ten, on leaving his house for the last time, reverently kissed the door-posts, with all the impassioned tenderness of an emigrant leaving his native land.* His wife and children followed his example, and in agonized silence the afflicted family stood by and watched the destruction of their dwelling. In another

case an old man, aged ninety, who was lying ill in bed, was brought out of the house in order that formal possession might be taken, but readmitted for a week to permit of his removal. In nearly every house there was some one far advanced in age,—many of them tottering to the grave,—while the sobs of helpless children took hold of every heart. When dispossessed, the families grouped themselves on the ground beside the ruins of their late homes, having no place of refuge near. The dumb animals refused to leave the wallsteads, and in some cases were with difficulty rescued from the falling timbers. As night set in, the scene became fearfully sad. Passing along the base of the mountain the spectator might have observed near to each house its former inmates crouching round a turf fire close by a hedge ; and as a drizzling rain poured upon them they found no cover, and were entirely exposed to it,—but only sought to warm their famished bodies. Many of them were but miserably clad, and on all sides the greatest desolation was apparent. I learned afterward that the great majority of them lay out all night, either behind the hedges or in a little wood which skirts the lake ; they had no other alternative. I believe many of them intend resorting to the poorhouse. There these poor starving people remain on the cold bleak mountains, no one caring for them, whether they live or die. « Tis horrible to think of, but more horrible to behold. »

This news reached me in Dublin. I had been striving hard for these poor people. I had, especially since my visit to a neighboring district three years before, felt the deepest, the most earnest interest in them. I am not ashamed to say, even now, that I wept like a child. But idle weeping could avail nothing for the victims. What should we do now ? They must not perish. They must

he saved. So vowed some friends who felt as deeply as I did their unmerited fate. Public opinion was stirred to its depths by this terrible event. Our journals called at once for public aid, and it was promptly forthcoming. A local committee of relief was organized, and an appeal to Christian hearts all over the world was issued. This remarkable document bore the signatures of the Catholic bishop, the most Rev. Dr. McGettigan; the Episcopalian Protestant rector, Rev. Mr. Mathurin; the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Jack; and the Catholic parish priest, Rev. Mr. Kair. It told the whole story, and refuted in warm language the aspersions and accusations that had been used as a pretext for the desolation. The appeal was most liberally answered at home. Men of all ranks and classes, creeds and parties, poured in their contributions. But the crowning act of rescue was the work of Irishmen far away under the Southern Cross. The (Australian) Donegal Celtic Relief Committee, established in Melbourne,—mainly by the exertions of the late Hon. Michael O'Grady, M. L. C., to whom I had early written on the subject,—decided to bring out to « happy homes and altars free » these victims of a heartless wrong. Ample funds were at once supplied, and an official agent of the Victorian Government was dispatched to make special arrangement in conjunction with the local committee in Ireland for effecting this generous purpose. The news created a great sensation in Donegal. The poor people were sought out and collected. Some by this time had sunk beneath their sufferings. One man, named Bradley, had lost his reason under the shock. Other cases were nearly as heart rending. There were old men who would keep wandering over the hills in view of their ruined homes, full of the idea that some day Mr. Adair might let them return, but who at

last had to be borne to the distant workhouse hospital to die. With a strange mixture of joy and sadness the survivors heard that friends in Australia had paid their way to a new and better land. On the day they were to set out for the railway-station, *en route* for Liverpool, a strange scene was witnessed. The cavalcade was accompanied by a concourse of neighbors and sympathizers. They had to pass within a short distance of the ancient burial-ground, where « the rude forefathers » of the valley slept. They halted, turned aside, and proceeded to the grass-grown cemetery. Here in a body they knelt, flung themselves on the graves of their relatives, which they reverently kissed again and again, and raised for the last time the Irish *caoine* or funeral wail. Then—some of them pulling tufts of grass which they placed in their bosoms—they resumed their way on the road to exile. At Dublin I saw them as they halted between the arrival of their train and the departure of the 'cross-Channel boat for Liverpool. As they marched through the streets to a restaurant, where dinner had been provided for them, they excited the greatest curiosity and interest. « The emigrants, male and female, » said one of the city papers, « presented an appearance well calculated to excite admiration and sympathy. A finer body of men and women never left any country. In stature tall, with handsome and well-shaped features full of kindly expression, they filled the breast of every spectator with regret that such a people should be lost to us forever. » They were being accompanied as far as Liverpool by the Rev. James McFadden, a fine-hearted young priest who had labored devotedly for them from the first hour of their misfortunes, I quote from the same journal the following account of his farewell ad-

dress, a scene which it was impossible to behold unmoved :

“ When dinner had concluded, Rev. Mr. McFadden, amidst the most solemn stillness, briefly addressed the assemblage, and it was a most touching sight. He spoke in the Gaelic tongue, the language of their homes and firesides ere Adair had leveled the one and quenched the other forever. As the young priest spoke, his own voice full of emotion, the painful silence all around soon became broken by the sobs of women, and tears flowed freely down many a cheek. He reminded them that was their last meal partaken of on Irish soil ; that in a few hours they would have left Ireland forever. He spoke of their old homes amidst the Donegal hills ; of the happy days passed in the now silent and desolate valley of Derryveih ; of the peace and happiness that they had known then, because they were contented, and were free from temptations and dangers of which the busy world was full. He reminded them of their simple lives ; the Sunday mass, so regularly attended ; the confession ; the consolations of faith. Many a cheek was wet as he alluded to how they would be missed by the priest whose flock they were. But most of all their lot was sorrowful in the fact that, while other emigrants left behind them parents and relatives over whom the old roof-tree remained, they, alas ! left theirs under no shelter of a home ; they left them wanderers and outcasts, trusting to workhouse fare or wayside charity. But (said he) you are going to a better land, a free country where there are no tyrants, because there are no slaves. Friends have reached out their hands to you ; those friends await you on the shore of that better land. And here, too, in this city, hearts equally true and kindly have met you. Let your last word on Irish ground be to thank the good gentleman who now stands by my side, Mr. Alexander M. Sullivan. He it is who has, amidst all his numerous cares of business, found time to make these arrangements to meet your wants and make you comfortable in passing through this city. Busy as this day has been with him, there he was to meet us at the train, and here he has been attending to you as if you were members of his own family. But it is only part of a long work of goodness done for the people of Donegal since first on that memorable Christmas Eve he raised the first call for our relief. He has never since taken his hand from the work he began that day. Let us, with our last words, thank him and his friends who have met us

this evening are cared for us sojwell. And now, dear brothers, we shall be departing. Before you take your foot off your native land, promise me here that you will, above all things, be faithful to your God, and attend to your religious duties, under whatever circumstances you may be placed (sobs, and cries of "We will, we will.") Never neglect your night and morning prayers, and never omit to approach the Blessed Eucharist at least at Christmas and Easter. And, boys, don't forget poor old Ireland (intense emotion, and cries of "Never—never, God knows!") don't forget the old people at home, boys. Sure they will be counting the days till a letter comes from you. And they'll be praying for you, and we will all pray God be with you."

Standing on the quay at Dublin I bade these poor people a last adieu, and prayed that God might requite them under happier skies for the cruel calamities that had befallen them at home. Six months later Mr. O'Grady wrote to me a detailed account of their progress— Every one of them was "doing well," he said; "a credit to the old land."

In the autumn of last year I revisited Donegal. I sat upon the shore of that lonely lake, and looked down the shadowed valley. On a jutting point, beneath the lofty slope of the wooded mountain, Mr. Adair has built a castle. It may be that the charms which Selkirk could not discover in solitude delight him in "this desolate place." No doubt "the enchanting beauty" which he said first drew him to the spot is unimpaired to the view: Glenveih is and ever will be beautiful. But for my part, as I gazed upon the scene, my sense of enjoyment was mingled with memories full of pain. My thoughts wandered back to that terrible April morning on Gartan side. In fancy I heard rolling across those hills the widow's wail, the women's parting cry. I thought of the farewell at the graves, of the crowd upon the fore-deck of that steamer. Again I marked

their tears, their sobs. Once more, above the paddle's splash and the seamen's bustling shout, I thought I heard the wafted prayer of « God be with Glenveih ! »

IRISH NUNS FOR THE INDIANS.

Extract from a letter of the Rev. J. F. Malo, missionary to the Sioux Indians :

ST. ANN'S MISSION OF THE SIOUX, }
Wheeler P. O., Dakota Territory, }
June 29, 1879. }

Mt. Boya R. and J. L. C. T. M. Association Co., New York :

MOST KIND AND CHARITABLE LADY : Very Rev. Father Brouillet, V. G., now in Rome for the interest of our dear Indian missions of the Far West, has kindly written to me lately from the Apostolical city. He was most happy to inform me of the glad tidings that the good Sisters of the Presentation B. V. M., from the county of Kerry, Ireland, were ready to start for the Indian Sioux missions of Dakota Territory.

Right Rev. Abbot Martin, O. S. B., the great missionary of the Sioux nation, also writes to me in the same strain. Oh ! how great is my hope, then, that all the friends of our dear Indian missions will sincerely rejoice with us upon hearing this good news. The new apostolic missionaries from the county of Kerry will soon land in New-York, and after paying a most joyous and dutiful visit to their dearest Sisters of the Presentation, of St. Michael's Academy, West Thirty-second street and

Ninth avenue, they will repair to the Far West. It is useless for me to say that all here heartily invite our many good friends of the Indian missions to welcome most cordially on their passage through the different cities these heroines of charity, who have left forever their dear homes in the Green Isle in order to plant in this far distant and wild Indian soil that pure Christian faith that grew so well and so strong in the Isle of the Saints. Like Martha and Mary, they have made the most generous sacrifice of all they hold dear to secure for many others a new life and the ineffable enjoyment of Christian happiness. We may rejoice, then, in advance, and be sure that their noble enterprise will create and inspire a special sympathy in the hands of many Christian friends in the Eastern as well as in the Western cities. On the part of the missionaries among the Sioux of Dakota, we are trying to offer our small contribution towards receiving these angels of apostolic charity. We have erected and prepared for them in the Indian country a solid and comfortable residence—a stone building of chalk rock, 32x140 feet, two stories high, with a kitchen 16x16 feet attached to it. I send to you, most kind lady, a rough copy of the plan of our St. Ann's Academy, which is now under roof, and will be completed for the beautiful feast on the great St. Ann, on the 26th of July. We have entrusted the whole of this mission to the mighty protection of this holy mother of the Immaculate Mother of our Saviour. We hope to have the benediction or dedication of this mission of the Sioux to take place on the 26th of July, for which occasion we most ardently expect the arrival of the good Sisters, to complete by their presence the joy and happiness of all our people, who have, I am happy to say, generously given evidence of their courage and good

will in helping the good work, some of them more than according to their limited means. The good St. Ann has already begun to reward them by preserving their little crop of corn and potatoes from any plague either of hail, storms, bugs, or grass-hoppers, which have severely visited some of the neighboring territories this year. I remain with highest esteem and most special gratitude,

Your humble servant,

J. F. MALO,
Indian Missionary.

Later tidings inform us that the good Sisters arrived safely at their new home amongst the indians, and have met with the kindest welcome and deserved success. The stone dwelling, and the little patch of potatoes and corn made ready for them, seemed delightful and unexpected gifts to them; and the hardships of their new lot were embraced with joy, as the nails and the thorns of the Passion. It mattered little to them that the way was hard, if even one soul could be gained by their weary journey. This devoted band,—worthy followers of the foundress of their order, Nano Nagle,—consists of Mother M. John, Sister M. Agnes, Sister Theresa, three postulants and one lay sister.

INTERESTING SKETCH

of the establishment of Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the Northwest.

The grand field which is opening to Irish and Canadian zeal and industry in the northwest of the United States and in British Columbia may render peculiarly interesting a brief sketch of the establishment of Catholic missions and of the state of the church in that far distant country.

CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS.

It is estimated that the total number of Indians in the United States is from 250,000 to 300,000 of which number some 106,000 are either Catholic or descended from Catholic parents. Some 15,000 are Protestants, and the remainder, some 180,000, are pagan. All the Catholic, and a great proportion of the pagan Indians, have frequently expressed a desire to have the Priests visit them, and have the Sisters of Charity establish themselves among them, to instruct and guide them in the way that leads to heaven.

These Indians are nearly all located upon some 200 different reservations, separated from each other, sometimes at distances of several hundred miles, and covering superficial areas of many thousand miles. The reservations are selected and set aside by the U. S. Government for the exclusive use of the Indians; and the whites are expressly forbidden to establish themselves thereon. On these reservations are established some 72 Indian Agencies which are under the immediate superintendence of Agents, who have absolute control over all Indians of the Agency, over all that pertains to their affairs, their schools and their funds,

as well as over such whites as the Government may employ to instruct the Indians and teach them the industries of life.

THE CHURCH IN MONTANA.

The year of Our Lord 1840 will always be a memorable one in the history of the Catholic Church in Montana. A young priest of remarkable energy and undaunted courage, Father Peter J. DeSmet, S. J., whose name is now famous throughout all lands, planted in that year the standard of the Cross in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, and thus became the pioneer of Christianity and civilization in what is now one of the most promising Territories of the West. What first directed the steps of that youthful but intrepid missioner to the wilds of the Rocky Mountains sounds almost like a romance, and will ever be one of the most interesting incidents in the early history of this country. But it is impossible in a brief historical sketch like this to enter into any lengthy details, the object of this account being simply to present a hasty, yet accurate outline of the past and of the present history of the Catholic Church and of its missions in Montana.

That some of the Indian tribes west of the Rocky Mountains had at an early date some vague knowledge of Christianity no longer seems to admit any doubt. How that ray of light, faint and dim, broke first on the minds of those untutored children of the forest is not known. Contact, however, with the fur traders of the North and West, as also intercourse with other tribes in their annual hunts east of the Rocky Mountains, may sufficiently account for it. However this may be, it is certain that the Flatheads, inhabiting the Bitter Root

valley and the adjacent country, had acquired, as this narrative will show, long before the missionaries arrived among them, a somewhat clearer and more distinct knowledge of the faith. This was imparted to them by some Christian Iroquois who had wandered to their land and whom the Flathead nation had adopted into their tribe.

IN THE FALL OF 1839

their arrived in St. Louis a deputation of Indians who had come all the way through, from the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of some three thousand miles. They were Flatheads. This famous nation, between the years 1830 and 1839, sent out three successive expeditions in search of a « Black-robe. » Of the braves sent forth on the first and second expeditions, some, falling in with other tribes, were killed ; others perished on their arduous journey, of sickness, hunger and hardships, and only one or two survived to carry home to their tribe the sad tale of death and disappointment.

Undaunted by former failures and disasters, a third deputation set out from the Bitter Root valley in the spring of 1839, and safely reached St. Louis in the fall of the same year. On hearing the object of their mission, Mgr. Rosati, then Bishop of St. Louis, referred the brave fellows to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, to whom the Bishops of the United States, assembled in the council of Baltimore, in 1835, had consigned the Indian missions of the country.

FATHER P. J. DE SMET, S. J.

was the one appointed to meet the wishes and earnest prayers of these good people. He left St. Louis in the spring of 1840, and in July, after a long and tedious

journey, arrived among the Flathead tribe, who were then camped somewhere near the Three Forks on the Missouri. His mission began the day of his arrival, and there never was a more docile people. After two months of constant missionary labor, Father DeSmet returned to St. Louis, but not before he had given to his newly begotten children of the mountains a solemn promise to return in the following spring with other Black-robos, to establish permanently the mission of which he had now laid the foundation. The little mustard seed was now planted, and was soon developed into a good-sized and healthy tree.

According to promise, in the spring of 1841 Father DeSmet made his reappearance, accompanied by two youthful missionaries, as intrepid as himself, N. Point and G. Mengeneri, with some Lay-brothers. He entered the Bitter Root valley, and there, close to where Stevensville now stands, established under the

NAME OF ST. MARY

the first Catholic Indian Mission in what is now known as the Territory of Montana. The news soon spread among the neighboring tribes that Black-robos had come into the land, and the Missionaries wrote as early as the month of October of the same year that one single day had brought to their instructions the representatives of as many as twenty-four different tribes. The demand was evidently greater than the supply, and the laborers in the field needed considerable help to gather in the abundant harvest that was lying ripe before them. This help came to them by installments, so to speak, in the successive years, in the persons of Fathers A. Hoecken, A. Rivalli, L. Vercruisse, Accolti, Joset, Zerbinoti, Nobili, DeVos, Menetrey, Gazzoli and

Congiato, and Brothers Joseph, Classens, Francis and Magri. Later on Fathers Giorda, Imoda, Caruana, Grassi, d'Aste, Kuppens, Van Gorp, Cutaldo and others came successively to swell the ranks of those who had already borne for a good while « the burden of the day and the heats. »

Of all these pioneers a number have gone to receive the reward of their labors. The others are still working in the vineyard of the Lord with undiminished courage, but greatly reduced in bodily strength by age, toil, hardships and ill usage, some in our midst, some in other fields of labor.

Among those who came earliest to the Rocky Mountains were

REV. A. RAVALLI,

an Italian by birth, whose name is a household word with every Montanian, at once a zealous missioner and a perfect mechanic, a learned theologian and a skillful physician, a true Samaritan of the Rocky Mountains, where for 38 years he has been easing the ills of life and doing good to everybody; a true, genuine type of those sly, cunning and hated Jesuits who disturb the quiet slumbers of Messieurs De Bismarck, Grevy and Co., not excluding the worthy Secretary of our Navy, Hon. Geo. W. Thompson.

REV. J. MENETREY,

a native of Switzerland, well known throughout Montana and the adjacent Territories, the founder of several missions and a favorite with all classes of people, whites or Indians, and whose cheering smile and pleasant words have buoyed up many a heart, and Brothers Joseph and Classens, the former a German, the latter a Belgian, both perfect Jack-of-all-trades, and

whose manual services in the cause of the mission have been manifold, persevering and invaluable, are the only ones that remain on the Mission in Montana.

But to return to the Flatheads. They all to a man entered the Church, and have been ever since sincere and pious Christians. They are still a fine nation in Montana, and by becoming Catholics have not lost their bravery of former days. Their firm and noble conduct in the late invasion of the marauding Nez Percés, in the opinion of the settlers themselves, saved the Bitter Root valley from pillage and bloodshed. Governor Stevens, in his report of 1855 to the President of the United States, to which the President himself referred in his annual message to Congress, speaking of the Flatheads says: "They are the best Indians of the Territory—honest, brave and docile. And again, in describing their manner of living, the same authority adds that "they are sincere and faithful, and strongly attached to their religious convictions." These words are as true to-day as they were twenty-five years ago. The Flatheads now number 398. But let us pass on to St. Ignatius,

THE SECOND CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSION

founded in Montana. It was established by Fathers A. Hoecken and J. Menetrey, in 1854, in what is now the Jocko Reservation, one of the prettiest spots in the Territory. This was the country of the Upper Kalispels, but abounding in fish and game and the other comforts of Indian life, roots and berries, and offering superior advantages for the grazing of their ponies, was, winter and summer, the favorite resort of other tribes. Here the Fathers built the mission, which has since grown to be the largest in the country. Kalispels,

Pend d'Oreilles and Kootenais have all since entered without, perhaps, a single exception the Lord's fold. They are good Christians, and the largest portion of them greatly advanced in civilization, as is plainly shown by the U. S. Agents in their official reports to the Government. Their Christian virtue, as well as their friendliness towards the white people were likewise put to a severe test, as in the case of the Flatheads, when the Nez Perces, stained with blood, rich with plunder, and breathing vengeance against the whites, were passing through Montana. Runners came, and tempting offers were made, as well as savage threats. But all to no purpose. In the history of our ceaseless Indian wars never was, to my knowledge, nor ever likely will be, the instance of one being brought about by Indians trained by the Catholic Church.

WHILE THE WRITER OF THIS SKETCH

was staying at St. Ignatius, an old Indian, by name Quiquiltzo, a man intensely pious, and who would give you the distance between two places by the number of Rosaries he was in the habit of saying in going from one to another, was fishing one day at Flathead Lake, when, of a sudden he saw something that seemed, as he said, to take his breath, his very soul from him. He dropped his line, and away he started for the Mission. On entering the room he said abruptly to the writer: "I saw Sinze Chitass." This was the Indian name of good Brother Vincent Magri, a favorite with the Indians at St. Ignatius, where he had lived a number of years, but who was then stationed among the Cœur d'Alene Indians in Idaho. "I saw him," continued the Indian, raising his eyes to the sky, "riding in a most beautiful thing." The only description he could give was that it

resembled a chariot, but was very beautiful, and that he had never seen anything like it. Several days after we received letters with the news of the demise of the Brother, which had occurred some four hundred miles from St. Ignatius. By comparing dates, we were forced to the conclusion that the good Indian had known more than any of us, and had his news brought to him by some means faster than Uncle Sam's mail. To every appearance the Master of the Vineyard had been repaying his faithful servant's many and toilsome tramps through these mountains by giving good Brother Magri a glorious chariot ride through the skies.

THERE ARE AT ST. IGNATIUS

two flourishing schools for Indian children, one for boys conducted by the Fathers, the other for girls under charge of the Sisters of Providence, from Montreal. Those good and noble Sisters have been at the Mission since 1864. They came all the way from Walla on horseback across the rugged Cœur d'Alene Mountains, camping out like the sturdy pioneer in search of gold, and they have been hard at work ever since improving the condition of the children of the forest. They train the hands not less than the heads of their Indian pupils, adding to the branches of a plain English education, practical gardening, varied manual labor and all kinds of house hold industries. And while some of their pupils are skillful in all the mysteries of the needle and can handle a hoe or even an axe with dexterity, they can also write a letter that is a model of spelling, penmanship and accuracy. I do not know how many of our girls could do the same. But, then, we train our daughters' feet.

E. PALLADINO, S. J.

(To be continued.)