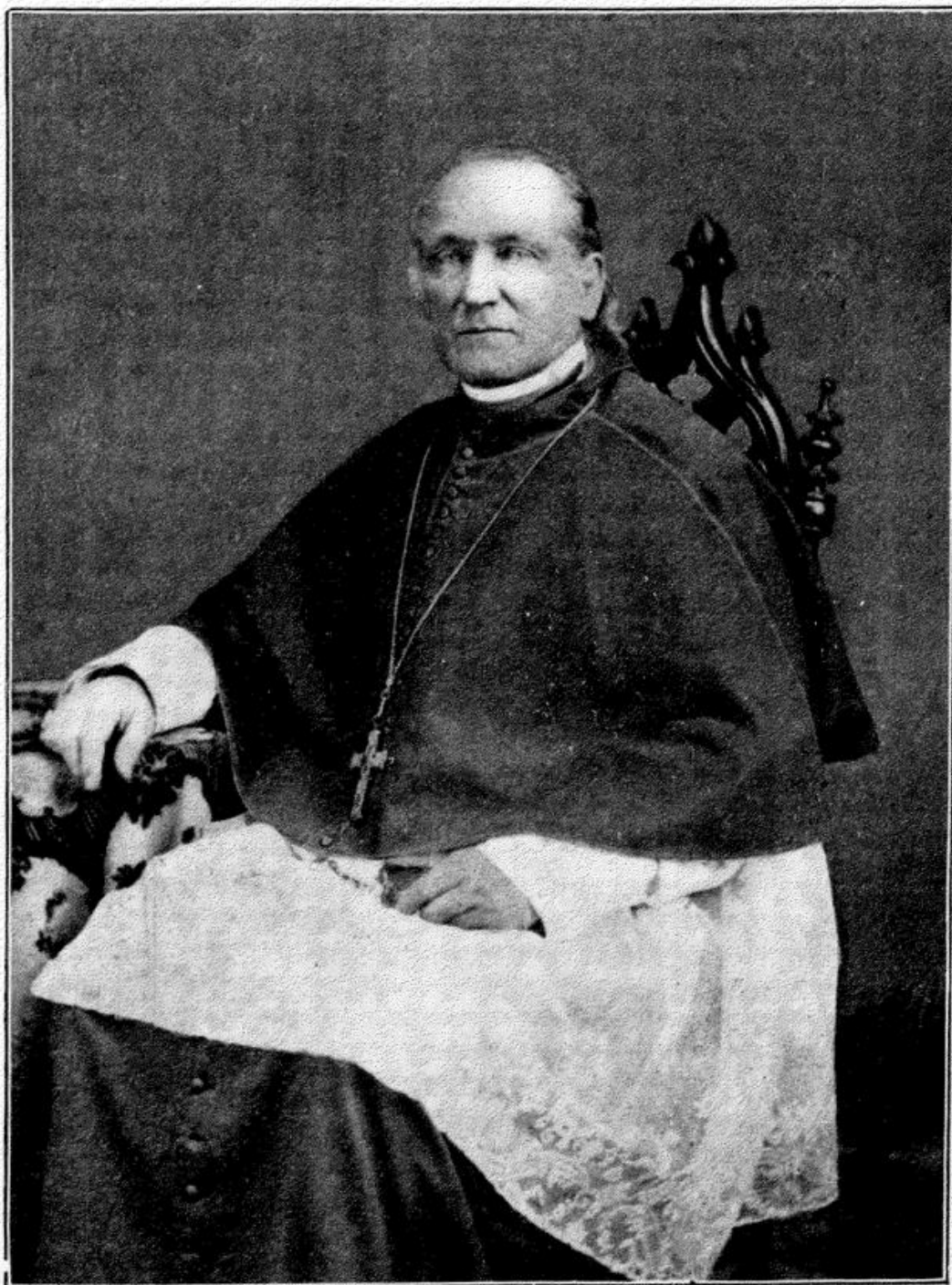




RT. REV. CAMILLUS PAUL MAES, D. D.
Bishop of Covington, Ky.



RT. REV. GEORGE A. CARRELL, D. D.
First Bishop of Covington, 1853.

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FORGET-ME-NOTS

OF

PAST AND PRESENT.



BY

REV. IGNATIUS MARY AHMANN.

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TO THE
RIGHT REV. CAMILLUS PAUL MAES, D. D.
BISHOP OF COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

In grateful acknowledgment on the part of his people, for his noble efforts to consummate the great work begun by his predecessors in Kentucky, and as a slight expression of love and gratitude for the grace conferred, by the imposition of his hands, in holy ordination to the priesthood, these historical sketches are respectfully dedicated.

BY THE AUTHOR.

St. John's Rectory, Carrollton, Ky.

OCTOBER 5, 1902.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Right Rev. George A. Carrell, D. D., First Bishop of Covington, Ky.—Right Rev. Camillus Paul Maes, D. D., Bishop of Covington, Ky.—Rev. James L. Gorey, Chancellor of the Covington Diocese—Most Rev. Martin John Spalding, D. D.—Miss Mary Florence Taney—New St. John's Church, Carrollton, Ky.—Rev. Ignatius Mary Ahmann—Rev. Andrew Michel—Rev. Edward Froehlich—Rev. Father Stephany—School, Parsonage and Old Church, Carrollton, Ky.—Rev. Stephan Schmid—Rev. Paulus M. Kolopp—Rev. Robertus Richartz—Mr. Gustave Renschler—Mr. Edward Grobmyer—Mr. John F. Hill—Mr. Thomas Disken—Mr. John Siersdorfer—Mr. George Grobmeier—Mr. Casper Feller—Mr. Joseph Framme—Mr. Frank Suetholz.

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RIGHT REVEREND CAMILLUS P. MAES,
BISHOP OF COVINGTON.

GREETING:

Beloved Bishop, on this happy day,
We greet thee with our hearts aflame
With love and reverence, and pray,
And honor, and thank thee, in His Holy Name.

Thou who art mete to grace the courtliest scene,
To give a charm to highest earthly place,
An intellect, sparkling, anaiytic, keen,
Marks thee a leader, as of princely race.

Yet thou did'st choose to lay Ambition down,
Renounce the joys that other men hold dear,
To follow Him, who wore a thorny crown,
And wandered homeless, year by year.

The better part hath been thy loving choice,
To help the weak, and shed the tear of pitying love;
To be a father unto all, a friend and guide,
And call to earth, the bliss above.

Thy life shall reach in gracious deeds,
Beyond this fleeting world, these fleeting years;
And dwell for aye, a blessing here, a glory there,
When Christ in love shall staunch all tears.

Long last thy ministry of peace and love,
Long may thy presence cause our hearts to burn,
Till full of holy deeds and love,
Thou mayst late to Heaven return.

Mary Florence Tancy.

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PREFACE

Flowers speak a language of their own which is variously interpreted, and hence it is, that neither the beauty nor fragrance of any particular flower, may claim exclusively, to have won popular favor. Shakespeare says: "That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." We know not whether it was the first awakening of pure love, when maiden Rose touched the flower, which imparted to it its crimson glow; or, whether the shadow of the Virgin in prayer, made the Lily a symbol of virginal purity; but true it is that the tiny, humble Forget-me-not—reflecting the azure of the sky—will always symbolize fidelity to God, and His image—Man.

In presenting to the dear people of Carrollton, these FORGET-ME-NOTS, how many hidden treasures are brought to light.

Facts of interest regarding the founding of the first Church and the men and women, who so heroically enacted their parts.

As time rolls on, incidents connected with the Golden Jubilee of St. John's Church, which we to-day celebrate, and which notable occasion marks the laying of the corner-stone of our new Church, will become valuable, and it is a duty which we owe to posterity to perpetuate in enduring form, so far as lies in our power, the history of the past and present.

Disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, and fidelity to God, are necessary qualities in the building up of a congregation, and though Virtue is its own reward, and the hope of its attainment, a strong incentive to noble action, is it not reasonable to believe, that the example of the heroic Pioneers, whose deeds are chronicled in these pages, will give added impetus to the work so auspiciously begun.

Little was recorded before 1855. I am greatly indebted to "Spalding's Sketches of Kentucky," from which, in order to be truthful and accurate, and for the convenience of those who have not access to voluminous works of history, are taken the articles on "Early Catholic Settlers in Kentucky" and "Anecdotes." The object is, to give my dear people, a concise account of the early doings of our brethren of the one True Faith, and to familiarize them with some of the heroic men and women of pioneer days.

I must also express sincere gratitude to the living witnesses who have aided in saving from oblivion many interesting episodes, concerning the building up of St. John's Congregation.

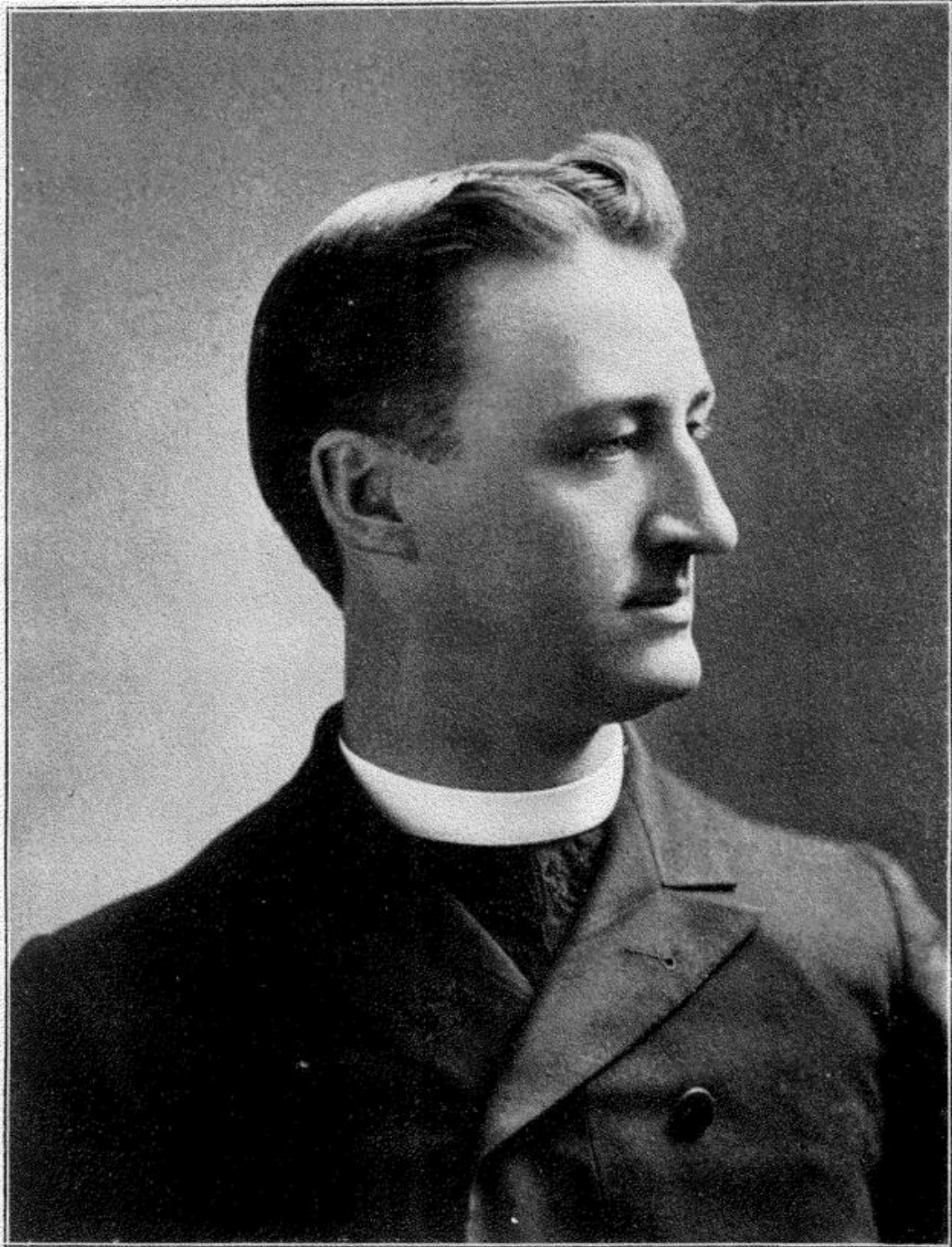
No claim for literary excellence is made, still I trust, this literary bouquet, will be welcomed by Carrollton's citizens, irrespective of creed, whose immortal souls I have loved, as father and priest; whose joys and sorrows I have shared for years; and whose prosperity has been my only delight.

I shall be more than rewarded for my labors, if the reader, will with prayer, respond to my whisper, "Forget me-not."

IGNATIUS M. AHMANN.

St. John's Rectory, Carrollton, Ky.

October 5, 1902.



REV. JAMES L. GOREY.

**Eloquent Chancellor of the Covington Diocese, who delivered the lecture
on the day of the laying of the cornerstone, October 5, 1902.**

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KENTUCKY HEROES AND HEROINES.

"Kentucky, the Dark and Bloody Ground," is calculated to inspire fear ; but, from its etymology, we find "Kentake," taken from the Indian dialect, signifies "Prairie," or "Meadow Land," which softens the first harsh impression. Nevertheless, the first appellation, received on account of the fierce and bloody struggle between the Christian civilizers and the savage, brings us nearer that which we admire in the history of all nations—heroes.

Grand and sublime, they stand out in high relief on the background of history, moulded by the masterly hand of time, which draws a transparent veil over their lives, ingeniously concealing the weaker parts, and with the torch of truth illuminating some stronger quality of soul, so that the beautiful ideal of the hero is emblazoned in glory by deeds of valor, boldness and disinterestedness! Speaking of heroes, we almost instinctively, but erroneously, look toward Greece and Rome. Grand spectacle to behold the filial devotion and love enkindled on hearts' altar of a Greek, as he carries his aged father with intrepid spirit from the conflagration. When, in the beginning of the sixth century before Christ, the Etruscan King Porsena attacked Rome, what bravery does not Horatius Kockles display! All had fled, the wooden bridge spanning the Tiber collapsed, but to save the honor of the Roman he still fought until his wounds forced him to throw himself into the Tiber. Mucius then conspired against the life of Porsena. During the night he slips into his royal tent, but stabs his secretary instead of the oppressor. Being captured, with intrepid spirit he thus boldly answers the inquiry of the King: "I am a Roman citizen. Mucius is my name. As an enemy I came to kill my enemy. I

have as much courage to receive the death knell as to deal it out to you. Bravery in acting, bravery in suffering! This is Roman custom, and many with me seek this honor." Even condemned to the stake, he permitted his hand to burn before the astonished courtiers, and, as a hero, exclaimed: "Behold how little those value the body who seek great fame!" Much as we admire, humanly speaking, such deeds, yet, as the sun reflects its image always in the mirror, these so-called heroes have basked in the sunshine of their own fame, and, therefore, reflected but their selfishness, the very contradiction of true heroism. Christianity alone has taught this virtue in substituting for this inordinate self-love the heavenly loadstone of love of God and neighbour, which rather shuns than seeks fame, though it may accompany it. As our beloved Kentucky was principally settled by Christians, here we find this true type of hero, of which our Catholic missionaries are the most genuine. The labors of Father Whelan, who had come to America on one of the ships sent by France to aid the cause of independence, and who came to Kentucky in 1787, speaks volumes.

What indefatigable zeal was not required to attend to the wants of a flock harrassed by Indians. Father Whelan visited the different places inhabited by Catholics, offered up the Holy Sacrifice in rude log cabins of the country, and laboured day and night, preaching, catechising, administering the sacraments, and making himself all unto all, in order to gain souls for Christ. He was assiduous in the discharge of his duties. He was never known to miss an appointment, no matter how inclement the season, or how greatly he had been exhausted by previous labors. Often, says his biographer, was he known to swim rivers, even in the dead of winter, in order to reach a distant station on the appointed day. How thrilling the experience of Catholic Lancaster's six-days' run after his escape from the Indians. During this period he lived on four turkey eggs,

which he found in the hollow of a tree. As his course was along the Ohio River he must have passed the place where Carrollton is located, for he crossed over to Kentucky about twenty-five miles this side of the Falls of the Ohio.

Father Badin, another heroic priest, said his first mass, 1793, on the first Sunday of Advent on Kentucky soil, at Lexington, in the house of Dennis McCarthy, an Irish Catholic, who acted as clerk in the commercial house of Colonel Moyland, brother to the then Catholic Bishop of Cork. Father Badin found three hundred families in the State of Kentucky in 1794. This hero had to grind his own corn on a hand mill. Judge Broadaux used to compliment him for his patriotism in thus encouraging domestic manufactures. He rode over 100,000 miles on horseback to visit the sick and dying to bring them nearer to God. Such love of souls and difficult work finds its explanation only in his beautiful motto, "Follow Providence." The battlefield of missionary work soon called for victims. Among them was Father Anthony Salmon. Father Badin composed the following epitaph for his heroic co-labourer: "Here lies Anthony Salmon, a French priest of eminent virtue, who preferred exile to schismatical wealth, leaving father, mother, and country. Let piety weep and religion pour forth her prayers for his repose. When the Captain falls another must take his place. God called him from the ranks of the Presbyterian ministry.

Rev. Mr. Thayer, in 1781, went to Rome to collect facts to establish the idolatry of the Catholic Church ; but he left the "Eternal City" converted and became a Catholic missionary and hero. On his way to Rome he visited Franklin, who was then Minister at the French Court. Thayer petitioned Franklin to be appointed Chaplain of the army. "Say your own prayers and save the country the expense of employing a Chaplain," was the characteristic reply of the philosopher statesman.

What shall we say of Flaget, the venerable patriarch of the West, of Nerinckx, David, Elder, and others? The million of souls who are indebted to those heroic missionaries, next to God, for the gift of faith, form more beautiful and imperishable diadems upon their noble brows than all human praise. Nerinckx, on his famous horse Printer, with this thirst for souls, and with these words engraven on his heart: "Do not forsake Providence and Providence will not forsake you," capturing on his last long ride to the sick the prize of eternal Jerusalem, presents a more beautiful type of the hero than Godfrey de Bouillion capturing the earthly city of the far East.

How erudite these missionaries were may be gleaned from the fact that the second, Rev. De Rohan, was a Doctor of the Sorbonne, and from the poem by Father Badin, the third heroic priest, who composed in Latin.

Yet, humble as children, they were, with magnanimous souls, doing all for the honor of God and the salvation of their fellow men. Even their smiles were sometimes the thermometer of their heroic souls. Let me illustrate this by the humorous experience of Father Fenwick, who by day and night was in quest of stray sheep, and who endured everything to attain his end. In 1806 he was sent for by an old lady, not a Catholic, who lived at a distance of four miles. Having no horse at the time, he was compelled to perform the journey on foot, in a dark night, and over bad roads. On reaching the house he found the old lady sitting by the fire, surrounded by her friends. She stated to him very gravely that, knowing him to be a very kind-hearted man, she had sent for him in order to procure twenty-five cents worth of tobacco, of which she then stood greatly in need! He handed her the money, stating that he was not in the habit of carrying tobacco in his pockets; and on leaving the house simply requested her, with a smile, to send to him for the money the next time she needed tobacco, and not to put him to the trouble of traveling four miles on foot. Only an heroic soul could say that with a smile.

Kentucky history may, in many an instance, be most favorably compared with incidents of the chivalric age. Chateaubriand, a great admirer of Washington, tells us that after the reduction of Ptolemais, the Hospitallers retired to the island of Cyprus, where they remained eighteen years.

Rhodes, having revolted against Andronicus, Emperor of the East, invited the Saracens within its walls. Villaret, Grand Master of the Hospitallers, obtained of Andronicus a grant of the island in case he could rescue it from the yoke of the Mohammedans. His knights covered themselves with sheepskins, and, crawling on their hands and knees in the midst of a flock, stole into the town in a thick fog, gained possession of one of the gates, dispatched the guards and introduced the rest of the Christian army into the gates. The counterpart of this we find in Logan, rescuing his comrade, who, in 1777, had been captured by the Indians for the purpose of entrapping others who might venture to his rescue.

To leave the fort meant almost certain death. Yet when night came Logan, a true, gallant knight, tied over his body the loose feather bed his wife had brought from Virginia, and getting down on all fours, crept outside the fort, grunting like one of the hogs which roamed around the inclosure. Suddenly he seized the wounded man and darted toward the fort before the surprised and puzzled Indians had time to recover sufficiently to take sure aim at him, and in spite of balls and arrows saved himself and his comrade.

What a glowing imitation of the Good Samaritan's example, rescuing the enemy who had fallen among the robbers cheers our heart, when we read how Captain Samuel Wells finds his wounded enemy, Colonel John Floyd, pursued by the Indians. In an instant he must have remembered the Nazarene's word: "If you be good only to those that are good to you, you are no more than heathens; and the other lesson: "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good." Wells, with a

magnanimous soul, not only forgives, but forgets all, lifting wounded Floyd on his horse, and, like the Samaritan, ran beside him, took care of him, and saved him.

Heroic Judith, to save Berthulia, entering the enemy's camp finds her followers in the courageous women who, for love of their families in Bryant's Station, supply it with water at the risk of their own lives, so that a successful attack on the Indians could be made.

Thus heroism, with its inspiring power, is not a mere echo of past ages, but a seed which has been cultivated in the orchard of Christianity, and its fruit is always ripening on the Tree of Life.

POEM.

[Famous poem of Rev. M. Badin, the first Catholic priest ordained on American soil, 1798, in honor of Col. Joe Hamilton Daviess, a Protestant gentleman, who donated liberally to the first Catholic Church erected in Lexington, 1810, and who fell a hero for his country's cause in the Battle of Tippecanoe, November 7, 1811. The Poem was originally written in Latin. Col. Joe Hamilton Daviess was a warm friend of Father Badin, who, in this epicidium, pours out his soul in mingled strains of patriotism and friendship. English translation by Dr. Mitchell, of New York.]

I.

A happy autumn, with accustomed cheer,
Had in profusion decked the faithful year;
And elms, presaging winter's dreary reign,
Had spread their drooping foliage round the plain:
When fame's loud trump the vault of ether rends,
As thus the true, but mournful, news she sends:

II.

Pretending peace, the faithless savage bands
By night in blood imbued their murderous hands,
With lead and steel and unexpected force,
Assailed and slew the Leader of the horse:
Pierced by three wounds, the brave commander fell.
The routed foes sent forth a hideous yell,
Till death o'ertook them with relentless frown,
And flames vindictive triumphed through their town.

III.

A comet's glare foretold this sad event,
The quaking Earth confirmed the dire portent;
E'en Wabash slow her shores and islands laves,
As thick with gore she rolls her viscid waves.

IV.

The Dryads deeply sigh, sweet Hymen faints,
Refusing comforts 'midst embittered plaints:
The muses silent sit, while friendship weeps,
On hand and arm the crape of mourning keeps
And in incessant tears her eyelids steep.

V.

Yet what avails a never-ending woe?
 The fates obdurate disregard its flow;
 But Themis eyes the scene with kinder view,
 Decides the meed of praise to merit due,
 And thus, with mind from doubt and error free,
 In solemn words declares her just decree:

IV.

"Brave Daviess" bust shall decorate the wall
 Where courts and juries meet within my hall;
 The civic oak shall round his temples twine,
 And victor laurel rival twigs combine;
 The legislature pay the debt of grief,
 And Clio's pen inscribe the historic leaf;
 Cypress the field shall shelter with its shade
 And for his noble heart an urn be made;

VII.

A marble tomb shall faithful friendship rear,
 To guard his ashes with peculiar care;
 Heroic Daviess this our age shall sing,
 Heroic Daviess future ages ring;
 In eloquence among the foremost found,
 In peace and war with deathless glory crowned:

VIII.

Life occupies a small and bounded place,
 But glory's as unlimited as space.
 They who to country give their dying breath,
 Shall live immortal and shall conquer death;
 Their great examples times to come inflame,
 To shed their patriot blood for everlasting fame.

THE EARLY CATHOLIC EMIGRANTS TO KENTUCKY.

Glowing reports of the pioneers—Virginia and Maryland in motion towards the west—The first Catholic emigrants to Kentucky—Dr. Hart — Wm. Coomes—The first physician and the first school —The successive Catholic colonies—Dangers on the way—Running the gauntlet—Indian attacks—Death of McManus, of Cox, and of Buckman — The savages and the Cross —Thrilling Incident of the late war— Mode of procuring salt— Domestic manners of the early emigrants to Kentucky— Furniture, food and apparel — Hospitality—Singular adventurers and hair-breadth escape of Wm. Coomes— Incidents in the early history of Harrod's Town.

The reports carried back to Virginia and Maryland, by the first adventurers who had visited Kentucky, were of so glowing a character as to stimulate many others to emigrate thither. The new country was represented as a sort of promised land, with salubrious climate and fertile soil : and if not flowing with milk and honey, at least teeming with all kinds of wild game. This rich country now lay open to the enterprising activity of the white man ; its fertile lands could be obtained by occupation, or purchased for a mere trifle ; and the emigrants might subsist, like the Indians, by hunting, until the soil could be prepared for cultivation.

To be sure, dangers were to be encountered on the way to this beautiful region; and these dangers would perhaps increase, after the emigrant should be able to settle down at his new home. The reports of the first pioneers were interspersed with tales of horror concerning those who had been killed and scalped by the Indians, or who had been dragged into captivity and mercilessly burnt at the stake. But these frightful narra-

tives, however much they grated on the ear, could not quench, or even check to any great extent, the growing love for adventure. Men and women, young and old, caught the spirit; and soon nearly half of Virginia and Maryland was in motion for the west. In the brief space of seventeen years—between 1775 and 1792—Kentucky, from being a vast unreclaimed wilderness, became a State of the Union!

The Catholic population of Kentucky emigrated almost entirely from Maryland; chiefly from St. Mary's, Charles and Prince George's counties. They were descendants of the good old colonists of Lord Baltimore. Maryland was, in every respect, the great alma mater of the Catholics of Kentucky. She supplied them with people from her superabundant population; and she too sent out the first missionaries who broke to them the bread of life. The first Catholics who are known to have emigrated to our State, were Wm. Coomes and family, and Dr. Hart. They both came out in the spring of 1775, among the very first white people who removed to Kentucky. They settled in Harrod's station, at that time the only place in Kentucky, except Boonesborough and perhaps Logan's station, where emigrants could enjoy any degree of security from the attacks of the Indians.

Dr. Hart was an exemplary Irish Catholic. He was one of the first physicians, if not the very first of the profession, who settled in Kentucky. He lived for many years in Harrod's Town, where he was engaged in the practice of medicine. After the great body of the Catholics had located in the vicinity of Bardstown, he too removed thither, in order to enjoy the blessings of his religion. He purchased a farm about a mile from Bardstown, embracing the site of the present burial ground of St. Joseph's congregation. It was he who made a present to the church of this lot of ground, upon which old St. Joseph's church was erected. Towards the building of this, one among the oldest Catholic churches of Kentucky, he also

liberally contributed. He was the first Catholic who died in Kentucky, and the first that was buried in the cemetery which he had bestowed.

William Coomes was originally from Charles County, Maryland, whence he had removed to the south branch of the Potomac river, in Virginia. He emigrated to Kentucky, with his family, together with Abraham and Isaac Hite. On their way through Kentucky to Harrod's station, the party encamped for seven weeks at Drilling's Lick, in the neighborhood of the present city of Frankfort. Here Mrs. Coomes, aided by those of the party who were not engaged in hunting, employed herself in making salt—for the first time, perhaps, that this article was manufactured in our State. Some time after the party had reached Harrod's Town, the men of the station being all otherwise busily engaged, Mrs. Coomes, at the urgent request of the citizens, opened a school for the education of children. This was, in all probability, the first school established in Kentucky. Thus the first school teacher, and probably the first physician of our Commonwealth, were both Catholics.

Of the remarkable adventures of Wm. Coomes, we intend to speak more in detail at the close of the present chapter. We will here rapidly glance at the chief colonies of Catholics, who successively removed to the State, and of the dangers they severally encountered on the way. Our information has been carefully gleaned from the oral statements of many of the old emigrants, who are now fast disappearing from the stage of life.

The first Catholic colony which emigrated to Kentucky, after those already named, was the one which accompanied the Haydons and Lancasters. They reached the new country some time in the year 1785, and located themselves chiefly on Pottinger's Creek, at the distance of ten to fifteen miles from Bardstown. A few of them, however, settled in the more im-

mediate vicinity of Bardstown. The selection of Pottinger's Creek as the location of the new Catholic colony was unfortunate. The land was poor, and the situation uninviting. Yet the nucleus of the new colony having been formed, these disadvantages were subsequently disregarded. The new Catholic emigrants from Maryland continued to flock to the same neighborhood. They preferred being near their brethren; and enjoying with them the advantages of their holy religion, to all other mere worldly considerations. They could not brook the idea of straggling off in different directions, where, though they might better their temporal condition, they and their children would, in all probability, be deprived of the consolations of religion.

The Protestant emigrants to our State seem to have been guided by no such principle; and this may serve to explain to us their general superior advantages from a worldly point of view. The all-pervading principle of Catholicity is union; while disunion, on the contrary, is the distinctive feature of Protestantism. And, while on this subject, we may remark, in general, that, with two or three exceptions, the Catholic emigrants to Kentucky selected poor and unproductive land for their settlements. They followed each other like a flock of sheep; nor is this a disparaging comparison; for our blessed Lord often adopted it as a favorite illustration of one of the distinctive qualities of His disciples.

A much larger colony of Catholics than that just named emigrated to Kentucky in the spring of the year 1786, with Captain James Rapier. They settled in the same neighborhoods with those who had preceded them in the previous year. In the following year, 1787, another colony came out with Philip Miles and Thomas Hill. Catholic emigrants continued to pour into Kentucky during the following years. In 1788, Robert Abell emigrated thither with some of his friends.

Robert Abell was one of the delegates to the convention

which framed our State constitution; and he was the only Catholic in that body. The following incident may not be here inappropriate. The convention had agreed that each of the delegates might submit a draught of the new constitution, and that, in the debate in regard to each provision, those should be selected from the respective draughts which should be deemed best by the majority of delegates. Robert Abell had two room-mates: the late distinguished Felix Grundy, of Nashville; and a lawyer, who had been a Presbyterian preacher. The last-named, one day called the attention of his two companions to a provision which he had inserted in his draught of the constitution, which ran about as follows: "And be it further provided, that no papist or Roman Catholic shall hold any office of profit or trust in this Commonwealth." Immediately Felix Grundy seized his pen, and indited the following clause in his draught: "And be it also provided, that no broken-down Presbyterian preacher shall be eligible to any office in this Commonwealth." This clause he read to the lawyer-preacher, whom he further assured that he would lay it before the convention, and advocate its adoption, the very moment the provision excluding Roman Catholics should be read before that body. The "broken-down" preacher looked blank, and no more was heard of his famous clause. This incident was related to a son of Robert Abell, by Felix Grundy himself.

In the year 1790, a colony came out with Benedict Spalding, from St. Mary's County, Maryland. This was followed, in the ensuing year, by other emigrants who accompanied Leonard Hamilton. The greater portion of these three last named colonies located themselves on the Rolling Fork of Salt River, in the present county of Marion. After the cessation of Indian hostilities, and the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, emigration to the colonies was not attended with so much difficulty or danger as before, and the number of Catholics who removed

to Kentucky proportionably increased. But before this period the hardships and dangers which the emigrant had to encounter, both on the way and after he had reached his destination, are almost incredible at the present day. The new comers generally descended the Ohio River in flat boats from Pittsburgh. The Indians lurked in the forests, on both sides of the river, awaiting the first favorable opportunity to pounce upon their prey, to seize the boats, and to capture or butcher the occupants. The boats of Miles and Hill, in 1787, were fired on by the Indians, about twenty miles above Louisville; all the horses were killed, and likewise one man by the name of Hall, who was acting as steersman; but the boats fortunately escaped. We may also mention that one of the Haydons lost seven, and the other, three members of his family, from hardships and sickness, while on their way to Kentucky.

Descending the Ohio River, at that time, was like running the gauntlet between two files of savages. After the failure of General Harmar's expedition, in 1790, the Indians, elated with their success, became still more troublesome to those who were traveling westward. They lay in wait, in large and formidable parties, for the boats floating down the Ohio; and many a death-struggle took place between them and the boatmen. In that, or the following year, the boat of Captain Hubbell, with nine men on board, was attacked by the Indians, who approached it in canoes. A desperate contest ensued, in which Captain Hubbell had three of his men killed, and three wounded, himself having been shot through the arm. At length, however, the Indians were beaten off with hand-spikes from the gunwales of the boat, upon which they had seized, in the desperate attempt to board it. The boat escaped.*

The boat of the heroic Greathouse, which was descending the Ohio about the same time, was less fortunate. It was captured, and the crew were hurried off into a dreadful captivity. In the same year, another boat, with

* See Hubbell's Narrative—and Butler, page 195.

some Catholic families on board, was likewise attacked, but it succeeded in effecting its escape. Some of the men were, however, killed, and among them, Mr. McManus, the father of the late estimable Charles McManus, of Bardstown. His bereaved widow continued her journey to Kentucky, with the family, and settled in Bardstown. During the rest of her life she edified all by her exemplary piety, and died a most edifying death, on the 5th of October, 1825. The following testimony of a distinguished cotemporary, Judge Innes, of Kentucky, may serve to show us how great were the dangers encountered by those who attempted to emigrate to Kentucky, during the time of which we are speaking. In a letter to Secretary Knox, written on the 7th of July, 1790, he says: "He had been intimately acquainted with this district (Kentucky) from November, 1783, to the time of writing; and that fifteen hundred souls had been killed and taken in the district, and migrating to it; that upwards of twenty thousand horses had been taken and carried off; and other property, to the amount of at least fifteen thousand pounds."

Nor were the emigrants more safe after they had reached their destination in Kentucky. The Indians continually prowled about in the vicinity of the new settlements, attacking them if they seemed left defenseless, and murdering women and children, or dragging them into captivity. In the spring of 1788, the house of Col. Isaac Cox, about eleven miles from Bardstown, was attacked by them, and he was slain, his body being left in a dreadfully mutilated and mangled condition. In the year 1794, a Catholic man named Buckman, was likewise killed, on Cloyd's Creek, near the Rolling Fork. In the panic which followed this murder, many Catholics left that settlement, and removed for a time to Bardstown, around which the people were more densely settled. One who remained at his home, is said to have made a large cross with charcoal, on the outside of his cabin door; and it is further

reported, that the Indians, seeing this sign, passed the house by unharmed. They probably belonged to those tribes of the northwest, which, many years before, had been taught Christianity by the Jesuit missionaries ; and they may still have retained some remembrance of the principles they or their fathers had then imbibed. This may explain to us their respect for the cross, if indeed the story be thought worthy of credit.

This reminds us of another anecdote of a similar nature, which rests on the most respectable authority, and which we will briefly relate, though it does not properly belong to the history which we are attempting to sketch.

In the late war, an Irish Catholic, a deserter from the British army, had enlisted in the American service. The regiment to which he was attached marched to the northern frontier, near which, about the year 1812 or 1813, it encountered a formidable body of British and Indians. The Americans were defeated and fled precipitately, the Irishman flying with the rest. The Indians pursued with the deafening war whoop, and with uplifted tomahawks. The Irishman finding that he was about to be overtaken by a stout warrior, fell on his knees, and made the sign of the cross, and endeavored, as well as he could, to prepare himself for death. The warrior suddenly dropped his tomahawk, and falling likewise on his knees, embraced the white man, exclaiming : "You are my brother !" Meantime, other Indians came up and witnessed the affecting scene. The warrior told them of the treasure of a brother he had been so fortunate as to find ; and, after a brief consultation, they determined to take the Irishman to their camp, and to constitute him their "father prayer." The Irish Catholic gladly accepted the proposal, and remained with them for a few days, saying prayers for them, and teaching them the principle of the Catholic faith, as best he could. But knowing the fate which awaited him, if he should fall into the hands of the British, he told his Indian brethren that he was

not a real "father prayer;" but that if they would permit him to go to New York, he would exert himself to procure for them a Catholic priest, who would teach them their prayers. The Indians assented to the proposal, and, on his arrival in New York, the Irishman related the whole adventure to the Rev. Benedict Fenwick, S. J., who was then stationed in New York.*

These Indians probably belonged to the tribe of Penobscot or the Abnakis of Maine, whose forefathers had learned the Catholic faith from the Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries. This incident and that previously mentioned, in which the sign of the cross was the means of warding off danger and saving life, remind us of the blood of the lamb, sprinkled on the lintels of the doors, by the Israelites in Egypt, to avert the scourge of the destroying angel.

The early Catholic emigrants to Kentucky, in common with their brethren of other denominations, had to endure many privations and hardships. As we may well conceive, there were few luxuries to be found in the wilderness, in the midst of which they had fixed their new habitations. They often suffered even for the most indispensable necessities of life. To obtain salt, they had to travel for many miles to the licks, through a country infested with savages; and they were often obliged to remain there for several days until they could procure a supply.

There were then no regular roads in Kentucky. The forests were filled with a luxuriant undergrowth, thickly interspersed with cane, and the whole closely interlaced with the wild pea-vine. These circumstances rendered them nearly impassable; and almost the only chance of effecting a passage through this vegetable wilderness, was by following the paths, or traces, made by the herds of buffalo and other wild beasts. Luckily, these traces were numerous, especially in the vicinity of the licks, which the buffalo were in the habit of frequent-

* We are indebted for this anecdote to the Very Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin.

ing, to drink the salt water, or lick the earth impregnated with salt.*

The new colonists resided in log cabins, rudely constructed, with no glass in the windows, with floors of dirt, or, in the better sort of dwellings, of puncheons of split timber, roughly hewn with the axe. After they had worn out the clothing brought with them from the old settlements, both men and women were under the necessity of wearing buckskin or homespun apparel. Such a thing as a store was not known in Kentucky for many years; and the names of broadcloth, gingham and calicoes, were never even so much as breathed. Moccasins made of buckskin, supplied the place of our modern shoes; blankets thrown over the shoulder answered the purpose of our present fashionable coats and cloaks; and handkerchiefs tied around the head served instead of hats and bonnets. A modern fashionable bonnet would have been a matter of real wonderment in those days of unaffected simplicity.

The furniture of the cabins was of the same primitive character. Stools were used instead of chairs; the table was made of slabs of timber, rudely put together; wooden vessels and platters supplied the place of our modern plates and chinaware; and a "tin cup was an article of delicate furniture, almost as rare as an iron fork."†

The beds were either placed on the floor, or on bedsteads of puncheons, supported by forked pieces of timber, driven into the ground, or resting on pins let into augur holes in the sides of the cabin.

Blankets, and bear and buffalo skins, constituted often the principal bed covering.

One of the chief resources for food was the chase. All kinds of game were then very abundant; and when the hunter chanced to have a goodly supply of ammunition, his fortune was made for the year. The game was plainly dressed, and

* This circumstance, as everybody knows, caused those places to be called licks.

† Marshall—History of Kentucky—Vol. 1, page 128. Edit. Sup. Cit.

served upon wooden platters, with corn bread, and the Indian dish—the well-known hominy. The corn was ground with great difficulty, on the laborious hand mills; for mills of other descriptions were then, and for many years afterwards, unknown in Kentucky.

Such was the simple manner of life led by our “pilgrim fathers.” They had fewer luxuries, but perhaps were, withal, more happy than their more fastidious descendants. Hospitality was not then an empty name; every log cabin was freely thrown open to all who chose to share in the best cheer its inmates could afford. The early settlers of Kentucky were bound together by the strong ties of common hardships and dangers—to say nothing of other bonds of union—and they clung together with great tenacity. On the slightest alarm of Indian invasion, they all made common cause, and flew together to the rescue. There was less selfishness, and more generous chivalry; less bickering, and more cordial charity, then, than at present; notwithstanding all our boasted refinement.

We will close this chapter with a brief account of the singular adventures and hair-breadth escapes of William Coomes, who, as we have already seen, was, with Dr. Hart, the first Catholic that came to Kentucky.*

He settled with his family in Harrod's Town, in the spring of 1775, and remained there for about nine years, sharing in all the dangers and hardships of his fellow-townsmen.

Early in March, 1777, the Indians appeared in the vicinity of Harrod's Town, to begin the memorable siege which was to last, with little intermission, for nearly four years. Mr. Butler,

* We have derived our information from Mr. Walter A. Coomes, the son of William Coomes. He was a lad of about sixteen, when he emigrated to Kentucky, with his father. He states that his father reached Harrod's Town in the spring of 1774; but as this date does not seem to tally with those corresponding facts stated by Butler, who follows Marshall, we have preferred the statement, that William Coomes emigrated a year later. This throws back, by one year, each of the dates mentioned in the original statement of Mr. Coomes.

the historian of Kentucky, thus introduces the account of this attack; in which, as elsewhere, he follows Marshall.*

"On the 29th of December 1776, a large body of Indians attacked McClellan's fort, on Elkhorn, killed McClellan, his wife, and two others, which drove the residu of the people to Harrod's Town. This necessarily produced great alarm; it was soon much increased by an attack of the Indians on James Ray, his brother, and another man, who were clearing some land about four miles from Harrod's Town, at the present residence of this venerable and distinguished pioneer (Ray.) The hostile party, consisting of forty seven warriors, under command of Blackfish, a celebrated chief, attracted by the noise of the axes, rushed upon the little party of choppers, killed the younger Ray, and took the third man prisoner. The elder Ray escaped by his uncommon swiftness of foot."

The third man here referred to was William Coomes; but there was yet a fourth man, named Thomas Shores, whom Mr. Butler does not mention. He, and not William Coomes, as we shall presently see, was taken prisoner by the Indians, at the Shawnee Springs. The historian's statement does not tally with that of Mr. Coomes in many other important particulars. The statement of the latter† is briefly as follows; and we have not a doubt of its substantial accuracy.

The party of choppers alluded to, consisted of the two Rays, Wm Coomes, and Thomas Shores, who were engaged in clearing land, at the Shawnee Springs, for Hugh McGary, the father-in-law of the two Rays. On the 6th of March, 1777, the two Rays and Shores visited a neighboring sugar-camp, to slake their thirst, leaving Mr. Coomes alone at the clearing.

Wm. Coomes, alarmed at their protracted absence, had suspended his work and was about to start in search of them, when he suddenly spied a body of Indians—fifteen in number—

* Butler, p. 42—Marshall, vol. I, p. 48.

†Furnished us, as we have said, by his son, who was at the time in Harrod's Station a youth then about 18 years of age.

coming directly towards him from the direction of the sugar-camp. He instantly concealed himself behind the trunk of the tree which he had just felled, at the same time seizing and cocking his rifle. Fortunately, the Indians had not observed him, owing to the thick canebrake and undergrowth. They passed by him in Indian file to a temporary log cabin, which the woodmen had erected for their accommodation. So soon as they were out of sight, Coomes escaped towards the sugar-camp, to find out what had become of his companions. Discovering no trace of them, he concealed himself amidst the boughs of a fallen hickory tree, the yellow leaves of which were of nearly the same colour as his garments. From his hiding place he had a full view of the sugar-camp, and after a short time he observed a party of forty Indians halt there, where they were soon rejoined by the fifteen whom he had previously seen. They tarried there for a long time, drinking the syrup, singing their war-songs, and dancing their war dance. Coomes was a breathless spectator of this scene of revelry from the distance of only fifty or sixty yards. Other straggling parties of savages also came in, and the whole number amounted to about seventy, instead of forty-seven, as stated by Butler and Marshall.

Meantime, James Ray had escaped and communicated the alarm to the people at Harrod's Town. Great was the terror and confusion which ensued there. The hot-headed McGary openly charged James Harrod with having been wanting in the precautions and courage necessary for the defense of the fort. These two men, who had a personal enmity against each other, quarrelled and levelled their fatal rifles at each other's bosoms. At this juncture the wife of McGary rushed in and turned aside the rifle of her husband, when Harrod immediately withdrew his, and the difficulty was temporarily adjusted.

McGary insisted that a party of thirty should be immediately despatched with him in search of Coomes, Shores and

his son-in law, Wm. Ray. Harrod, the commandant of the station, and Col. James Rogers Clark, thought this measure rash and imprudent, as all the men were necessary for the defense of the place, which might be attacked by the Indians at any moment. At length, however, chiefly at the urgent instance of a Mr. Pendergast,* the request of McGary was granted, and thirty mounted men were placed under his command for the expedition.

The detachment moved with great rapidity, and soon reached the neighbourhood of the sugar-camp, which the Indians had already abandoned. Near it they discovered the mangled remains of Wm. Ray, at the sight of which McGary turned pale and came near falling from his horse in a fainting fit. As soon as the body was discovered, one of the men shouted out: "See here! they have killed poor Coomes!" Coomes, who had hitherto lurked in his hiding place, now sallied forth and ran towards the men, exclaiming: "No, they haven't killed me, by Jove! I'm safe!"

The party having buried Ray, and rescued Coomes, returned in safety to Harrod's Town, which they reached about sunset. All hands then set to work to put the place in a state of defense, and on the next morning the memorable siege commenced, which was destined to keep Harrod's Town in danger and in constant alarm for several years. During this whole time the gallant little garrison was harrassed day and night. Ten sentinels mounted guard during the day, and double that number at night. The whole number of fighting men in the station scarcely exceeded sixty. Their provisions and ammunition were often exhausted, and the obtaining of a new supply was attended with great danger. Yet it was frequently accomplished in the very face of the besiegers. Small parties escaped from the fort in the night, and after having secured an abundant supply of game in a distant hunting-ground, or obtained ammunition from a neighbouring station, returned with the

*Who subsequently removed to Louisville.

same caution to the fort. James Ray was often a leader of these foraging parties.

The people in the station received their daily supply of provisions from a common store; there was an officer appointed to distribute the rations to each family, in proportion to the number of its members. Things were conducted pretty much on the same plan as in a regular army, or in a man-of-war at sea. The women and children shared in the gallantry of their husbands and fathers for the defense of the fort.

We find no mention, by either of the historians of Kentucky, of the following stirring adventures in which Wm. Coomes was likewise an actor. In the Spring of 1778 he was one of a party of thirty men sent out under Col. Bowman for the purpose of shelling corn at a plantation about seven miles distant from Harrod's Town. The men were divided into pairs, each of which had a large sack, which was to be filled and brought back to the fort. While engaged in filling the sacks they were fired on by a party of about fifty Indians, who had lain concealed in the neighbouring canebrake. At the first fire seven of the white men were shot down, and among them a Mr. H. Berry, the person standing by the side of Wm. Coomes, whose face was bespattered with blood from the wounds of his fallen comrade. Eight others of the white men fled for shelter to the canebrake; but the rest of them, rallied by the loud cries of Col. Bowman, seized their rifles, and, sheltering themselves in an adjoining cabin, or behind the trees, prepared to defend themselves to the last. One of the men, observing the face of Coomes reddened with blood, mistook him for an Indian, and was levelling his rifle at him, when the latter, fortunately remarking his movement, cried out and thus saved his life.

Meantime Col. Bowman despatched a courier on horseback to Harrod's Town, to carry the alarm, and to obtain a reinforcement. The messenger sped his way unharmed to the fort, though many a rifle was aimed at him, and though another

strong party of savages were lying in ambush on the way he had to travel. In a few hours the expected reinforcement arrived, when the Indians, baffled in their object, betook themselves to flight. The white men, after burying their dead, returned to Harrod's Town in the evening with their replenished sacks of corn.

This adventure was but one out of a hundred of a similar character which occurred in the vicinity of Harrod's Town during the four years siege of that station.*

So fully resolved were the Indians to break up this fort, that they had erected a counter fort in the neighbourhood of the place. This Indian station was discovered by one of the small foraging parties from Harrod's Town. A detachment was immediately sent out, which, after a short contest, succeeded in dislodging the Indians from this stronghold, which was reduced to ashes.

We have entered into these details because they appear to us to throw some additional light on the early history of Harrod's Town, and because they also serve to show us what dangers the first Catholic emigrants to Kentucky shared, in common with their brethren of other denominations. The siege of Harrod's Station continued till the year 1781, when about a hundred additional emigrants, chiefly from Virginia, took up their residence in the place. The Indians then gave up the siege in despair and returned to their own wigwams in the north-west.

Wm. Coomes, after residing for nearly nine years in Harrod's Town,† removed, in 1783, to the vicinity of Bardstown, in order to be near his Catholic brethren, and to enjoy the advantage of his holy religion. He lived here for many years and died in a good old age.

*The Indians had a great dislike for McGary, whom they often endeavored to kill. On one occasion they left a fine moccasin in a road near Harrod's Town, over which they expected him to pass. They intended to shoot him as he stopped to pick up the moccasin. But McGary, suspecting their plan, put spurs to his horse and escaped, though more than one rifle ball whistled by his head.

†Wm. Coomes had a son who fought in the battle of the Blue Licks, from which he very narrowly escaped with his life.



MOST REV. MARTIN JOHN SPALDING, D.D.,
Seventh Archbishop of Baltimore, Md.

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ANECDOTES.

An anecdote, though giving us a fact or incident of an interesting nature, produces in our case something of a more lofty nature. It is the expression of a deep religious conviction, conveying a lesson of greatest importance and consequences on the impulse of the moment. It is compassion for the unhappy state of an immortal soul, whilst weeping in heart, administers the dose of spiritual medicine and correction in sugar coated pills.

Only great and pious souls are capable of such productions. One of the first pioneer missionaries, Rev. Whelan, was frequently interrupted in his sermons by a certain individual. After patience had ceased to be a virtue, Father Whelan paused, and remarking with a smile, that he supposed every one should know his own trade best, asked the interlocutor—"What was his profession?" The man, somewhat abashed, answered that he was "a tailor." "Well, then," resumed Father Whelan, "will you be so good as to inform me how many yards of cloth would be required to make a suit of clothes for a man who should stand with one foot on the court-house at Bardstown, and the other on the knob,* or eminence, near which we are now assembled?" The distance was about ten miles. The tailor was silent. "Do you see," continued Father Whelan, "this man is wholly ignorant of his own trade, and yet he ventures to instruct me in mine." The man was nonplussed, and the priest resumed his discourse amidst the smiles of the audience.

On another occasion he was attacked by a sort of preacher, who professed to understand everything that was contained in the Bible. Father Whelan so effectually exposed his ignorance,

* Now called "Rohan's Knob."

that the man lodged a complaint against him, stating, among other things, that the priest had called him an ignoramus. Father Whelan called for a New Testament, and pledged himself to prove the truth of the allegation to the satisfaction of all present. He read aloud the first verse of St. Mathew's Gospel, in which Jesus Christ is styled "the Son of David, the Son of Abraham;" and asked the preacher "how Christ could be the son of David, who lived about a thousand years before him, and of Abraham, who had lived at a much earlier period; and how, even if this difficulty were removed, Christ could have two fathers?" The man put on his spectacles, read the passage attentively, and after remaining silent for some time, remarked, with evident embarrassment, that he supposed there must be some mistake in the text!

While at college he gave frequent evidences of that ready wit for which he was so conspicuous in after life. We will give one little incident of this kind.

One day his professor was lecturing on the beauties of Homer, and, in his enthusiasm, remarked to his shivering hearers that reading Homer was enough to warm any one. "It is at least very *cheap* fuel," remarked M. Badin, looking significantly at the two little sticks of wood on fire. All the students smiled, and the professor had a blazing fire in the room the next day.

Some time in the years 1795, 1796, the Catholics of Pottinger's Creek got up a dancing-school, and employed an Irish Catholic as dancing-master. In his regular visit to the neighborhood, M. Badin repaired as usual to the station on Saturday evening, to hear and to teach catechism to the children. He found very few in attendance, and soon learned that they had all gone to the dancing-school, at a neighboring school-house. He immediately went thither himself, and his appearance disturbed, in no slight degree, the proceedings of the merry assemblage. "My children," said he, smiling, as he stood in

the middle of the room, "it is all very well; but where the children are, there the father must also be; and where the flock is, there the pastor must attend." He caused them all to sit down, and he gave them a long lesson in their catechism. On the following morning he said Mass for them in the same apartment, and caused the dancing-master himself to attend.

It is indeed strange what ideas many Protestants then had of a Catholic priest. They viewed him as something singular and unearthly, wholly different from any other mortal. Often, when M. Badin was traveling, he observed people peeping timidly at him from behind the corners of houses, and once, in particular, when it was rumored through a neighborhood, that he was coming to a certain house, a party concealed themselves in the woods near the road in order to have a peep at him as he was passing. They were afterwards heard to wonder that the priest was like any other man, and that he was no great show after all! And yet these people lived in an age of "open Bibles," and of boasted enlightenment! And yet the preachers, who are mainly chargable with keeping up this absurd prejudice, have still the assurance to charge the Catholic priests with keeping the people in ignorance! This bigotry has indeed abated, but it is not yet wholly extinct.

Father Badin won and secured the esteem of all, without flattering them; on the contrary, he often told them his mind very plainly; while he not only did not conceal any doctrine or practice of his church, but openly avowed and defended them all—"in season," and sometimes, perhaps, "out of season." His frankness pleased the open and chivalrous Kentuckians of his day and won him many friends.

He also made many converts during his missionary career in Kentucky. We will say a few words concerning two of these. Judge James Troyman had fought in the battle of the Blue Licks, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. He afterwards became a distinguished lawyer. By hearing Cath-

olic instructions and reading Catholic books, his intelligent mind soon discovered that the Catholic was the true church, and that without her pale there was nothing but wavering and uncertainty. Knowing how dangerous it was to tamper with divine grace, he did not delay to enter into the Catholic church. Conversion in him immediately followed conviction.

Nor was he slow to avow or defend the faith which he had embraced from conviction, as the following incident will show. While he was attending the court at Washington, in Mason county, the people sitting at dinner, in the public tavern, began to abuse and laugh at the Catholics for their stupidity in adoring images and worshiping the Virgin Mary, etc. Judge Troyman listened in silence, and when they had done, he arose, and, after a pause of a moment, to rivet attention, he said, slowly and deliberately: "Look at me; do you think I am a fool? I am a Roman Catholic! I was raised a Protestant, but embraced the Catholic religion after a long and careful examination." The announcement created quite a sensation, and not another word was said against the Catholics in his presence.

The other convert alluded to was Mrs. Onan. She was very intelligent, and was well versed in the Bible, though she could not read. She was often attacked by the preachers, who made every effort to gain her over to their sects, but she was able to quote Scripture as well as they, and often much better.

M. Badin used to say Mass at her house. While visiting her, in the year 1808, she informed him that a neighboring Baptist preacher had, on the Sunday previous, attempted to prove that the Catholics—vulgarly called *Romans*—had actually crucified Christ, by showing from the Bible what part Pilate and his Roman soldiers had taken in the crucifixion.

This reminds us of another incident, in which a Catholic lady of no great learning, effectually refuted a preacher who had assailed her with the expectation of persuading her to abandon Catholicity. He began his tirade by expressing his

surprise "that a lady of her well known sense should be a follower of the Pope, who was certainly the beast of the Revelations and the antichrist," etc. The lady, Mrs. S——n, quietly continued her knitting until the preacher, G—— W——, had fairly wound up his invective; then raising her eyes, she quietly asked him: "do you know grammar, sir?" Somewhat taken aback on being thus catechized, he answered in the affirmative. "Well," resumed Mrs. S——n, "is antichrist singular or plural?" He answered, "singular." "Are two hundred and fifty-six Popes singular or plural? He answered, "they are plural." "Therefore," continued Mrs. S——n, "the Pope is not antichrist."

We will select a few of the more striking; premising that M. Badin made it a rule not to seek controversy, nor to decline it when it was thrust on him. He was always ready "to give an account of the hope that was in him;" and circumstances gave him many opportunities to do so. He had, too, something pointed and piquant in his manner and style, to which it is impossible to do full justice in a rapidly written description. On one occasion, while he was travelling on horseback, in Scott county, he was overtaken by a man named Shannon, a shrewd and intelligent Protestant gentleman of the neighborhood. The conversation soon turned on the subject of religion. Mr. Shannon objected particularly to the celibacy of the clergy, which he represented as unscriptural, dangerous and impracticable. He concluded his argument by asking emphatically "When you vowed celibacy, did you know that it would always suit you to live unmarried?" M. Badin instantly answered, by asking another question: "When you vowed at the altar to be always faithful to your wife, did you *know* that she would always suit you?" The man was non-plussed.

On another occasion, when he was riding, at the distance of about four miles from Bardstown, a preacher attacked him on the same point—a usual hobby with Protestants. "M.

Badin," said he, "There are some things in your church which I like; but there are others which I never could understand." "Very probably," dryly answered M. Badin. After an awkward pause, the preacher continued: "For instance, M. Badin, I never could understand why it is that you priests do not marry." "I am married," replied M. Badin. "What, you married?" quoth the preacher. "You really astonish me!" "I am married, I tell you," persisted M. Badin. "And please tell me," resumed the preacher, "Where is your wife?" M. Badin answered, "I am married to the Holy Catholic Church of God!" "Oh!" said the preacher, "I am married to the church, too, but I have another wife." M. Badin—"Then you have two wives—one of them must be an adulteress—now take your choice between your church wife and your woman wife! The Scripture says: "No man can serve two masters—and surely, no man can serve two mistresses!" The preacher, who had expected to make his companions laugh at the priest's expense, now found the laugh turned against himself.

A preacher once asked him pompously, profanely using the words of our Blessed Lord: "What do men say that I am?" M. Badin answered instantly: "They say you are a preacher and a waterwitch!" The answer was a palpable hit; the preacher was then at the house of General Walton, who had sent for him to ascertain the site of salt water on his farm, by means of the divining rod!

A Dr. Brown once asked him to work a miracle, Badin immediately answered in the words of our Blessed Saviour: "A wicked and adulterous generation asketh for a sign: and no sign shall be given it." St. Math. xvi. 4.

Once M. Badin was at Frankfort during the session of the Legislature. Many applications for divorce were made, even at that early day. A very intelligent member of the Senate, one day asked him, in presence of several others—"Why it was that Catholics never applied for a divorce, though all other

denominations were in the habit of doing so?" M. Badin answered, smiling: "Do you not know the reason? We priests know how to marry people—your preachers are mere bunglers at the business; they do not understand what Christ said—'what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'" St. Mathew xix. 6.

M. Badin had a notorious servant, named Jared, who was a shrewd fellow, and seemed to have caught a little of his master's wit. We must relate one instance of this. About the year 1812, President Madison issued a proclamation, appointing a certain day for fasting and prayer. On this day, a Protestant gentleman was riding by St. Stephen's and observing Jared in the field, he shouted out to him and asked him "to whom do you belong?" "To priest Badin," answered Jared. Stranger—"Well, why is not your master at church praying for the Government? Does he not know that this is the day named in the proclamation?" Jared—"Massa prays for the Government every Sunday, and even every day; we Catholics do not pray by proclamation only. But, massa, why are you not at church, praying for the Government?" The man rode on.

We must yet relate one more anecdote concerning a passage between a preacher named Rogers, and an ignorant and not very exemplary Catholic named Wimpsatt. This man, a quiet, silent sort of a person, happened, on one Sunday, at the house of a Mr. McAdams, on Pottinger's Creek, when the Rev. Mr. Rogers preached. After the sermon, the man of the house strongly pressed his Reverend guest to attempt the conversion of the "ignorant Roman." The preacher set about the work with great zeal, abusing the Pope, the priests, etc., most unmercifully. Wimpsatt all the while observing a dogged silence. This circumstance emboldened the preacher, who began to catechise him in a tone of triumph, winking all the time at his host, who was present. Among other things he asked W. "How many Commandments are there?" Wimpsatt hesitat-

ingly answered—"nine." "Oh!" quoth the preacher, "and that's all your priests have taught you! Only nine Commandments." "There used to be ten," quietly answered W., "but the other day your brother preacher, Skaggs, ran away with one of them, the ninth!" This man Skaggs was married and had just run away with a neighbour's wife. The laugh was now against preacher Rogers and the conversation dropped.

The increase of Catholics in Kentucky, and the growing prospects of the church, stimulated the zeal of the preachers, who often declaimed till they were hoarse, against "the errors and abominations of popery." M. Badin was more than once compelled to come into collision with them.

In 1798 the Rev. Barnabas McHenry, a Methodist preacher of great power of lungs and volubility of tongue, publicly challenged him to an oral discussion. The challenge was accepted, and the parties met at the house of Philip Davis, on Hardin's Creek, in the presence of a large concourse of people. After the preliminaries had been arranged, the discussion commenced, and lasted for several hours, the two disputants speaking alternately.

M. Badin had brought with him four Bibles, in English, French, Latin and Greek, and he opened the discussion by protesting his firm belief, and that of his church, in every thing contained in this inspired volume. He proved that it was a calumny to say that the Catholic church is an enemy of the Bible, which she carefully preserved for fifteen hundred years, before any of the modern Protestant sects had ever been heard of. Mr. McHenry rejoined with great volubility, declaiming in the usual strain against the "abominations of popery," but studiously avoiding a direct answer to M. Badin's pointed question—"Where did you get your Bible?" After repeated efforts, Mr. Badin was able to hold him to the question, and the discussion terminated, preacher McHenry affecting great indignation at the manner in which he had been handled by the priest.

Mr. McHenry refused to meet M. Badin a second time, but sent a challenge to M. Fournier, who he thought was not so well versed in the English language. M. Fournier answered "That when he would have done with M. Badin he would then hold himself in readiness; but that for the present he declined to interfere." After waiting some time, Mr. McHenry was at length induced, by his own people, to send a second challenge to M. Badin, and the parties again met at the same place. To abridge the discussion and to make it have some useful result, M. Badin proposed that each of the disputants should speak alternately for ten minutes only, and that each should adhere strictly to the matter in hand. These terms were, with great reluctance, at length acceded to by the other party.

M. Badin opened the discussion by proving from the Bible the necessity of a regular mission, in order, lawfully to preach the Gospel. He then asked Mr. McHenry for his credentials and mission to preach and begged him not to decline the question but to give a direct and explicit answer. The preacher replied that he derived his orders and mission from Dr. Coke, who had been ordained by John Wesley; that he, in his turn, had been ordained by the Church of England, which latter church had derived its orders from the Church of Rome. After giving this genealogy of his sect, he triumphantly concluded, that he had the same authority to preach as M. Badin himself, having derived his mission from the same source! M. Badin rejoined by asking the following questions:

1st. How could an idolatrous church, such as you say the Church of Rome was, constitute a lawful Christian ministry?

2nd. What authority had the Church of England to separate from that of Rome: and how could she still have a lawful mission, after the separation, when the Roman Catholic Church had withdrawn from her all the jurisdiction which she had originally bestowed?

3rd. How could John Wesley lawfully separate from the Church of England, from which he had avowedly derived his orders?

4th. How could he, being a mere priest—if that—validly consecrate Dr. Coke a bishop, when all antiquity proclaims that only a bishop can validly consecrate a bishop?

The preacher was non-plussed; he did not answer directly one of these searching questions, though M. Badin repeated them over and again, and refused to pass to other matters, till they had been satisfactorily answered. Mr. McHenry at length became vexed and refused to dine at Mr. Davis' house with M. Badin, alleging that his business called him home immediately. As he was mounting his horse M. Badin invited him to pay him a visit occasionally at St. Stephen's. The preacher declined and rode off, M. Badin calling after him and saying with a smile: "Well, since you will not visit me, I am determined to visit you." He was not again challenged to discussion by preacher McHenry, or by any other.

We will conclude this chapter, and with it our account of M. Badin's early missionary career, by briefly relating another scene of a somewhat different character, which occurred some years later. In the year 1812* a great controversy was carried on in the vicinity of Bardstown, between the Baptists and Presbyterians, on the subject of baptism. The two principal champions were the Rev. Mr. Lapsley, a Presbyterian, and the Rev. Mr. Vardaman, a Baptist minister. The latter was a man of stentorian lungs and of considerable popular eloquence. He produced quite a sensation and made many converts from the ranks of the Methodists and Presbyterians. Great excitement prevailed in consequence. While the controversy was at its highest point, the Rev. Mr. Lapsley happened to meet with M. Badin whom he immediately invited to preach on the subject in Bardstown. M. Badin said: "He was always ready to preach; but that he must tell the truth and preach the doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church."

*For the truth of this account we confidently appeal, not only to M. Badin's statement, but to the testimony of all the eye and ear witnesses of the discussion, some of whom are still living. The affair created great sensation at the time, and is still well remembered.

An appointment was accordingly made for a day in June of that year and the sermon was to be delivered in the Court House of Bardstown. M. Badin attended, on the appointed day, with a large supply of Bibles and ponderous folio volumes, containing the writings of the Fathers and the decrees of the Councils. The concourse was so great that it was deemed expedient to adjourn to a neighboring wood, where there had been erected a stand for preaching, which had been used by the Methodists at a recent camp-meeting. The Rev. Mr. Lapsley was present but not the Rev. Mr. Vardaman. M. Badin, entrenching himself behind his formidable battery of books, held the vast multitude enchained for three hours, two of which he devoted to the special benefit of the Baptists, and the third to that of the Presbyterians. His discourse was very pointed and learned. When he was in the midst of it the rain set in and he proposed to adjourn the meeting, but so great was the anxiety of the people, to hear him, that they shouted out to him, "to continue on, for that they did not regard the rain."

M. Badin first proved infant baptism and the validity of other modes besides immersion, chiefly from the ancient Fathers and Councils; and then he proposed to exhibit and refute the errors current among the Presbyterians and Methodists concerning the nature and effects of the sacrament. He showed that these sects could not satisfactorily prove infant baptism and that by other modes than immersion, from the Scriptures alone—their only rule of faith—and that their only hope to succeed in the controversy was, to adopt the Catholic rule of Scripture interpreted by tradition and church authority. The last hour of his powerful sermon tended, in no small degree, to throw a damper on the triumphant enthusiasm which the Methodists and Presbyterians had manifested during the first two hours. Still, all admired his learning and acute reasoning, and his famous sermon on baptism was long remembered in that vicinity.

PORT WILLIAM, ALIAS CARROLLTON.

Many causes usually combine to determine the selection of a site, for the foundation of a town. The grandeur of natural scenery, fertility of soil, facility of transportation are moving factors to such an end. Family ties and religious motives are higher; therefore more noble reasons than the mere commercial ones. Social upheavals—such as wars, or rebellions, either for the acquiring of means to help to a successful issue, or seeking a place of refuge, or sanitary conditions of a locality—may, each in its turn, cause the building up of a town. Many more reasons may likewise be alleged for naming a village. How amusing is the scene in a home when father and mother are called upon to perform the duty for the first time of naming a little heir. Equally interesting must be an assembly convened for the purpose of giving an appellation to the infant village. There is the lover of oratory, and his brain teems with names famous in that art. The follower of science is not backward in giving his reasons for the adoption of the name of such or such a famous personage. The politician attempts to give prestige to a town by having the pages of its official records headed by the name of some heroic statesman. An idealist may show his predilection for some mediæval bard. The religious man may fancy that a name—such as Methusaleh—may be a good omen for the longevity of a town; and the narrow-minded man, forgetting the public-at-large, endeavors to keep from oblivion the name of a relative, because he has become a Cræsus by virtue of inheritance,

After such an exposition of high and low ideals, we may find that the merchant—the common-sense business man—upon leaving the assemblage, can say with great satisfaction: “Thou alone hast conquered!”

To search, compare, sift, and then draw his conclusions is the work of the historian.

Nothing seems to have been recorded concerning the reasons for naming it Port William. The writers of that period must have been as indifferent to this fact as the gentleman whom I asked the day previous to his marriage what his real name was, and who answered that he did not know.

Two original documents have been placed at our disposal. One is an indenture dated the 12th day of May, 1795, between Robert Johnson, Robert Mosby and Marquis Calmer; the other shows the proceedings of a Court-martial from May the 12th, 1801-1818, and whilst they contain some interesting facts, throw no light on this subject. The first record gives us the names of men who founded Port William, as also the time. It reads thus:

“FRANKLIN COUNTY AUGUST COURT, 1798.

“*This Indenture*, made the 22d day of August, in the year 1798, between Richard Masterson, Thomas Montague and John Van Pelt, Trustees of the town Port William, of the one part, and Albertis Bright of the other part, witnesseth:

“*Whereas*, Six hundred acres of land, lying on the Ohio and on the upper side of the Kentucky River at its junction with the Ohio, the property of Benjamin Craig and James Hawkins, was, by an act of the General Assembly, passed the 13th day of December, in the year 1794, vested to Cave Johnson, Thomas Montague and Jeremiah Craig, gentlemen, trustees, who established a town by the name of Port William; and,

“*Whereas*, Also, by another act of the General Assembly, passed the 21st day of December, 1795 Simon Adams, Richard Masterson, John Van Pelt, and John Haydon, gentlemen, were appointed Trustees to the said town in addition to those appointed by the first recited act, etc.

“Teste: DANIEL WEISEGER, *Clerk.*”

Nature had lavished the bounteous gifts of two rivers for the very purpose of a port. A northern and southern range of

hills—Nature's protecting walls against storms—surrounded it, whilst the lover of natural beauty was compensated for his stay, by the magnificent sunrise and sunset as witnessed from the eastern and western elevations. But poetic reasons probably counted very little when all the surrounding country was in a state of agitation.

Although General Wayne had been successful against the Indians at Fallen Timbers, August 20, 1794, people had not the assurance that other outbreaks would not follow. It must have been deemed advisable to be always ready for defense by sheltering flatboats for the purpose of ready supply in case of an insurrection. Being located at an equal distance between Fort Washington and the Ohio Falls, it had the advantage of easy access, and we sincerely believe that Colonel Rogers Clark, on his way to Kaskaskia, being attracted by the beautiful sight—Nature's port—bivouacked on its fertile shores long before it was named Port William.

Taking into consideration the all-important question which agitated the minds of many Kentuckians—that of free navigation on the waters of the Mississippi River (and for the success of which there was a good prospect); add to this the weighty reason that, in 1793, the first steamboat invented by Fitch, but perfected by Edward West, for the first time was seen to glide over the waters.

Such events must have given assurance for the greatest commercial prosperity possible by navigation. This may give us the idea for founding Port William, and, though it has changed its name, it still continues to be a harbor for many a steamer during the winter season, and instead of the old flatboats, the palatial steamers City of Cincinnati and City of Louisville reflect their majestic proportions in its aquatic mirror. The etymological signification of WILLIAM is *defense*. Port William would consequently be Port for Defense; or, by using the word as a dactyl, it reminds us vividly of the Ohio waves dashing against the shore with retrogressive movements.

The town of Port William, while in its infancy, like all children, must have wished to grow. The first duty of the Trustees, or its guardians, was to procure a good sale for its lands, to draw people in order to help dress the child by cultivation of its soil.

We quote again from the old book, with its velvety, brown cover. The orthography, of course, is that of the times, the handwriting is remarkably regular, and even elegant, ornate, and legible, especially the signature of Butler. The first official record in Franklin County of the deeds was the work of Daniel Weiseger, whose name betrays his German origin. On the margin of the first page we find, first, "To Johnson, 11 and 12 Outlots and Inlot 192."

Then the first deed on heavy parchment paper:

"*This Indenture*, made the 16th day of June, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, between Cave Johnson, Thomas Montague and Jeremiah Craig, Trustees of the town of Port William, of the County of Franklin and State of Kentucky, of the one part, and Adam Johnson, of Scott, and State aforesaid, of the other part,

"*Witnesseth*: That the said Cave Johnson, Thomas Montague and Jeremiah Craig, for and in consideration of the sum of thirty-seven pounds six shillings, lawful money, to Benjamin Craig and James Hawkins, in hand paid, hath and by these presents doth grant, bargain, sell, alien and confirm unto the said Adam Johnson, and his heirs and assigns forever, three certain lots in the said town of Port William, known and distinguished in the plan by the numbers eleven, twelve and one hundred and ninety-two—the two former are outlots; to have and to hold the said lots with the appurtenances unto the said Adam Johnson, and his heirs and assigns to their own proper use and behoof forever, and the said Cave Johnson, Thomas Montague and Jeremiah Craig, trustees, as aforesaid, the said lots with the appurtenances unto the said Adam Johnson and

his heirs and assigns shall and will warrant and defend against all and every person, or persons, whatsoever agreeable to an act of assembly in that case made and provided for.

"In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals on the day above written.

"CAVE JOHNSON [*Seal.*]

"THOMAS MONTAGUE [*Seal.*]

"JEREMIAH CRAIG [*Seal.*]

"Franklin County, June court, 1795.

"The within deed of bargain and sale from the trustees of Port William, to Adam Johnson, was produced to Court, acknowledged by Cave Johnson, Thomas Montague and Jeremiah Craig, trustees as aforesaid, and the same is truly recorded.

"Teste : DANIEL WEISEGER, *Clerk.*"

Time passed on, and the scene of agricultural peaceful development changed suddenly into that of military operation. As the heavy rain drops leave their mark on a dry thoroughfare, so dotted the military post, every high-way and by-way from 1801—1818. The old court martial book, with its torn and faded leaves, gives us a glimpse of the doing of that period, at a Kentucky Militia Court-martial, held for the County of Gallatin, in the town of Port William on the 12th day of May, 1801, for the purpose of inquiring into the presentments, which may come before them and determine agreeable to the Constitution and Laws of Kentucky. Present:

MAJOR E. CRAIG, *President.*

CAPTAIN JEREMIAH GULLION.

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN JENNIM.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS KENY.

LIEUTENANT JACOB LAMB.

ENSIGN DEMONT.

ENSIGN HENRY BLENT.

ENSIGN JOHN MORRIS, JR.

"It appearing to the officers that there is not a sufficient number of officers present to compose a court martial for the assessment of fines, according to law, and the officers present are of the opinion that the business respecting the regiment is so now that it is best to dismiss the delinquents cited to appear.

"Ordered, that the first company to the Fifty first Regiment be bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning where the Henry line leaves the Kentucky River, running with said line to the Ridge road leading to Port William from Henry Court House; thence with the road to the Kentucky River; thence up the river to the mouth of White's run; thence up the east fork of White's run to the head; thence to the mouth of Eagle Geo. Seas' fish trap; thence down Eagle Creek to the mouth; thence to the beginning; to be commanded by Captain Jeremiah Gullion.

"Ordered, that the second company to the Fifty-first Regiment shall be bounded as follows: Beginning at the mouth of Eagle Creek; thence up the Kentucky to the Franklin line; thence to and with section line to the main fork of Eagle Creek; thence down Eagle Creek to the beginning, so as to include Parc Gamble; commanded by Captain Jonathan Jimmis.

"Ordered, that the third company shall be bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the mouth of Four Mile on the Ohio River running thence up Four Mile to the head; thence with the line of the first company to Eagle Creek; up thence to the Boone line; thence with the Boone line to the Ohio; thence down the Ohio to the beginning; commanded by Captain John Sanders.

"Ordered, that the fourth company shall be bounded as follows: Beginning at the mouth of the Big Kentucky River thence up the Kentucky to the east fork of White's run; thence to the head thereof with the line of the third company and down Four Mile to the Ohio; thence down the Ohio to the beginning; commanded by Captain John Davis (Lieutenant); raised to Captain of fourth company recorded on another page.

"Ordered, that the fifth company be bounded as follows: Beginning where the Gallatin and Henry line strikes the Ohio; thence up the Ohio to the lower end of Hunter's Bottom; thence with the mianders of the hill to Locust; thence up Locust to the east fork thereof to the head; thence to the nearest part of the bottoms of little Kentucky; thence up the mianders of the hill on the west side thereof to the Henry line; thence with the Henry line to the beginning.

"Ordered, that the sixth company be bounded as follows: Beginning at the mouth of the Big Kentucky River; thence down the Ohio until it intersects the fifth company; thence with the line thereof to the line of Henry County; thence to the Ridge Road and with that to the Kentucky; thence to the beginning; commanded by——

"Ordered, that the court-martial adjourns till further orders.

"ELIJAH CRAIG."

This military fan, for such it appears to us, fanning the flames of patriotism, seems to have been in operation until 1818, no doubt for the purpose of giving to the county efficient men to defend its interests, and we know what laurels Kentuckians won in the battles against England on the river Thames, October 8th, 1813, when a Kentucky Colonel, Richard M. Johnson, slew the Chief of the Indians—Tecumseh—the tool of the British; and at New Orleans, January 8, 1815.

Charles Carroll, the distinguished signer of the Declaration of Independence, was opposed to the war of 1812 with Great Britain, and one of his reasons, perhaps the strongest, was his conviction that Napoleon was a sort of monster, threatening the ruin of everything including both Church and State, in Europe. He seemed to fail in appreciating the intense indignation and resentment which the preposterous claim of Great Britain—to a right to search American vessels in pursuit of British-born seamen—was regarded by his countrymen. Yet his letters on this subject deserve attention, not merely at

present but at all times, because of the fact that his observations on the evils of war, and the false and misleading pretenses under which it is often sprung on nations, are applicable to almost every instance in the recollection of contemporaneous historians.

Writing to General Harper, after the war was over, he says: "I have read with pleasure your speech on the late resolutions moved by you in the Senate. It seems the King spoké with asperity against the practice of impressing American seamen; no doubt it was and ever will be abused, but how can it be prevented but by a law excluding foreign seamen from our public and private vessels? Even a law will not be effectual without proper provisions, to be executed under the inspection of consuls of foreign powers in our principal seaports.

Unless a prohibition, sanctioned by an act of Parliament and of Congress, perfectly reciprocal, takes place, and is executed on both sides with good faith, to exclude American seamen from British vessels of war and merchantmen, and *vice versa*, British seamen from our vessels, public and private, the practice of impressment so injurious and justly complained of, will most certainly lead to war in the course of years between the two countries. War, I consider as a great calamity, and having a stronger influence in corrupting the morals of a nation, even than a long peace, and, therefore, most weighty and just should be the cause to justify engaging in it; I think with Cicero, "no war is just unless it be necessary." Again, a few thoughts on war and its causes: they are frequently concealed from the public, springing more from low intrigues, antipathies, ambition of individuals, and plausible pretenses of violated national honor, than from the ostensible and alleged reasons and topics set forth in declarations. Collisions of interest, and real grounds of quarrel, will, no doubt, sometimes arise, especially between maritime and commercial nations—envious and jealous of each other. But, if rulers were wise they would, at

least ought to resort, before the sword is drawn, to pacific negotiations carried on with good faith, free from irritation and in the spirit of peace, avoiding hatred and mutual reproaches. "Such are my sentiments: Siquid novisti rectius istis candidus impesti, si non, his utere mecum." (If thou knowest something better candidly adhere to it, if not, use mine.) *American C. Quarterly Review*, J.O. We have purposely quoted these words, because the people of Port William and Gallatin County must have held the famous Catholic Marylander in great esteem, for on the 9th of February, 1838, part of Gallatin County was named after him, Carroll County; and Port William created a county seat, was called Carrollton, in his honor.

As nothing of great interest transpired during the period from 1818 to 1838, some particulars of the life and times of this distinguished Catholic and patriot should become dear and familiar to every reader. A Protestant lady, Kate Mason Rowland, has given to the world a somewhat fair biography of Charles Carroll. She observes that the two great facts in Charles Carroll's long life were, his love of religion and love of country. From the mass of correspondence gathered, we are enabled to form the picture of an American gentleman of the old school—very different, it must be confessed, from the modern one—and to note for ourselves, the rigid principles of honor, the Spartan severity of heroism, the profound constitutional knowledge, and the patient mastery of details in administration, which distinguishes some of the early fathers of the Republic, and notably Charles Carroll. And, how different in accomplishments and training from even the most eminent men of the political world of to-day! Educated in Europe, fluent in several languages, versed in the highest classical literature, deeply read in English constitutional history, polished in style and charming in manner, proud to observe the public prescriptions of his religion, when it was not at all popular to be a Catholic, we think, when we are con-

templating the portrait of the great Marylander, that we are rather gazing at the counterfeit presentment of some Christian chevalier, some American "Admiral Crichton," than that of a simple Maryland gentleman.

And, still further, when we behold him coming to the front in the public arena, when the danger which menaced public liberty through the tyranny of arbitrary rule called for a defender, and crossing swords with one of the most subtle and learned crown lawyers of his age, in the famous controversy between "Antillon" and "the first citizen," we are struck with the fact that constitutional polemical skill was not confined to Great Britain and Ireland. Swift's "Drapier Letters," and those of "Junius," seem to have been in Charles Carroll's mind when penning those wonderful epistles, and it must be owned that in many instances they attain a level not unworthy of those great exemplars. All through his long life, indeed, this eminent man is found displaying this same great gift of good letter writing. His style, no doubt, by some, would be regarded as very antiquated now, but not by men of taste and erudition will it be so esteemed. Wisdom and piety, clothed in classic elegance of construction, breathe all through his domestic letters, while those on public subjects disclose the head of the statesman able to look far ahead, as well as the heart of the impulsive patriot.

But the dominant note all through that long, noble life was that of the devout Catholic. Charles Carroll was great in many things, but he was pre-eminently a great Catholic. To understand fully Carroll's social position we must here refer to the inexcusable persecutions and intolerance of the Maryland Legislature which had ousted Catholic Lord Baltimore, as well as to the base ingratitude of the interlopers, especially Puritans, standing out in *alto relieveo* on the entablature of history, as a fact almost without parallel.

We can only find an example of it in the realm of fable:

The myth of the farmer who found the frozen adder and tried to warm it into life, only to be stung by the reptile when his human effort was successful, affords the only parallel for the action of the emigrants who, attracted by the liberty guaranteed in Calvert's Catholic colony, swarmed into it only to subvert that noble ideal and become the persecutors and plunderers of the original Catholic settlers.

We do not know any darker or more shameful chapter in the annals of blind bigotry than that Kate Mason Rowland has sought to gloss over by saying: "The principle of religious toleration had not been accepted then, in Europe or America." We find from Carroll's correspondence, which she adduces in the course of the work, how intolerable bigotry must have been in its acute stages when Charles Carroll's father speaks several times about his intention to sell out his property and quit the American continent because of the reign of plunder and injustice, under the guise of sectarian animosity, that made the existence of every Catholic miserable. He was, like every one of his co-religionists, compelled by law to pay double the amount of taxes to which members of other denominations were liable, because it had been resolved by the Puritan House of Assembly that "Papists were bad members of the community." Plunder under this pretext was not the only reason why the elder Carroll thought of quitting the Country. It had been seriously debated by the precious pack of canters who forgot the penal fetters for Maryland "Papists" that the children of Catholic parents should be taken from them so as to be removed from dangerous influences. Hence, we can not wonder that Catholics who had the means to quit this subverted Eden readily did so. Those whose circumstances enabled them sent their sons and daughters to Europe for their education, since no facilities were available at home, and thus adherents of the old religion failed to diminish in number in the proportion which their persecutors fondly imagined.

In 1692 the Anglican Church was formally established by law in Maryland, and a Protestant governor was sent out by William the Third to inaugurate a penal code and a reign of terror against Catholics. Enactment after enactment was introduced and passed through the local legislature, all calculated to crush Catholicism and its adherents out of the settlement founded and reclaimed from savage wildness by Catholic intellects and muscles. The crowning piece of legislation was enacted in the year 1704, under the title, "A new law to prevent the increase of Popery." This instrument codified all previous legislation, as well as capped it by some more subtle and seemingly more efficacious devices of restrictive law. The chief provisions were these: (1) No Catholic bishop or priest allowed to celebrate Mass, or exercise the ministry in any way. (2) Unless Catholics renounced their religion they were deprived of the election franchise. (3) Catholics were prohibited from teaching. (4) To the support of the Anglican Church Catholics were compelled to contribute. (5) Taxes were doubled on Catholic property holders. (6) It was strongly recommended, wherever possible, that children were to be withdrawn from "the pernicious influence of Popish parents." (7) A Catholic child, by turning Protestant, could exact his share of property from his parents "as though they were dead." (8) Catholic emigrants were forbidden from entering Maryland. (9) Catholics were at last restricted to "certain parts of the towns."

Such was the atmosphere into which Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born, and it was because of its odious and intolerable character, that his father sent him abroad for his education. He went, along with his hardly less famous cousin, John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore, to St. Omer's College, in France, for entrance into which the distinguished pair had been prepared secretly by some devoted refugee Jesuits in their own country. His education having been com-

pleted, and after his return from France, the nobility of Charles Carroll's character was strikingly exemplified when at length the march of events made it necessary that the Catholics should be conciliated rather than persecuted. In his remarkable epistolary controversy with Daniel Dulany (the "Antillon" of the series), that artful official endeavored to rouse animosity against an antagonist whom he recognized as too able even for a crown lawyer by fanning the expiring embers of religious bigotry (for the identity of the two men had become an open secret by this time).

To this ignoble challenge the First Citizen returned the magnanimous reply: "*Meminimus et ignoscimus*," (We remember and ignore), and so parried the sinister lunge. The axiom is justified. Catholics are always willing to forgive their persecutors, though they may not be able to forget the persecution. This is the spirit of their religion, because it is the spirit of Jesus Christ, its divine founder. It was this correspondence with "Antillon" which awakened Marylanders to the fact that, so far from "Papists" being dangerous persons, they furnished the only champions able and daring enough to cross swords with the official agents of monarchical tyranny. So signal was the service rendered in putting a stop to government by Governors (*sic jubeo*) merely, that when the troubles of the Stamp Act arose the community spontaneously turned to Charles Carroll for guidance and defense.

All thoughts of religious disqualification were ignored, and he was at once placed beside Samuel Chase, Benjamin Franklin and other distinguished patriots, to lead the popular forces in the Legislature, the field and the council chamber. It was precisely because of his religion and because of his familiarity with the French tongue that he was selected as one of the three Commissioners sent by Congress to negotiate with the Canadian leaders for the co-operation of that country with the American revolutionists. To him fell the task of drafting the

plan for the composition of the Maryland Senate and the mode of electing its members. The problem was a bewildering one, under the circumstances. His plan elicited the warm admiration of James Madison, Dugald Stewart and several other eminent authorities on constitutional law. There is no doubt that to the same keen and bold intellect was attributable the framework, if not the very language, of a large portion of the Declaration of Rights. While he was serving his country thus signally in the chair of the law-maker, he was no less active in the arrangement of its military enterprises and the provisions for its defense on sea and land.

As a member of the War Board, he was always at his post when work was to be done, and his foresight and strategic knowledge, as displayed in the correspondence of the recorded results of the military operations, appears surprising for a man who had only a literary and a legal training. We can easily understand how a mind stored with historical and constitutional literature, the result of years of systematic study, might find congenial employment in the devising of a system of orderly government, adaptable to the new conditions, political and social; but it is hard to explain how one trained in such a way could so readily betake himself to the solution of problems connected with campaigns and the supplying of men and military stores, and the general necessities of armies on the march, and performing garrison duty in far-distant portions of the territory. But there is no doubt that to all these responsible and dissimilar duties Charles Carroll, applied himself as he was called upon by his countrymen, at the different places of the revolutionary struggle.

We are a versatile and many-sided people at the present day, but during the period under review; the system of a multiplicity of employments was not in vogue. As a general rule, the shoemaker stuck to his last.

Charles Carroll had no difficulty in serving his country in

the legislative chamber and in the field, and at the same time presided over the business of his own large estate, looking after its orderly management, its material prosperity and its moral welfare, with as much method and assiduity as one of the old Roman nobles of the Cæsarian period. This excellent business habit he inherited from his father, to whom he was indebted also for the wise counsels of morality and systematic study which helped to make the task of his zealous teachers at St. Omer a comparatively easy one. Those were times when parents recognized their responsibilities before God in regard to their children, when children growing up to manhood and womanhood were not accustomed to think or speak of their parents as "old fogies" or "back numbers," but observed the injunction contained in the Fourth Commandment. And no matter what the cares of state or business that demanded his attention, this, fine old-fashioned Catholic recognized that his first duty, always and before everything, was his homage to God through the medium of his religion.

The intimate connection between literature and religion, and the importance of system in reading, were, to Charles Carroll, truths brought home personally in the course of a long and practical experience. These truths he wished not to be lost, but to be handed down. Thus, we find him writing to his son, even in the midst of political distractions arising from the Federalist controversy and the parting of the ways between the Washington and Adams school and that of Jefferson, such sage sentiments as the following: "You must exercise not only your body, but mind; both will become torpid and diseased if exercise and study be neglected and disused. Accustom yourself to think, and when you read, read with attention and for improvement, not to kill time, which always hangs heavily on idlers. Pursue this method: After you have been reading till your attention begins to flag, reflect on what you have read, examine the justness of the author's thoughts and compare

them with your own on the same subject. If it be scientific and argumentative, examine whether the inferences are logically drawn from the premises. If merely literary, endeavor to treat the same topic, and try whether you can express your own sentiments as justly, as neatly and as concisely as the author. The most beautiful thoughts are always expressed in the plainest language, which ought to resemble the dress of an elegant woman, and be *simplex munditiis*. The most sublime and affecting passages in Virgil, and even in Shakespeare, who is too often turgid, are clothed in such language. It is this charm which endears the poetry of Pope to every classic reader.

“In improving your mind remember your God. The fear of the Lord, says the wise man, is the beginning of wisdom; without virtue there can be no happiness; and without religion, no virtue; consider yourself as always in the presence of the Almighty; if this sentiment be strong and vivid, you will never sin or commit any action you would be ashamed to commit before man. The sweetest remembrance, says Tully, is that of our former good life; and Pope sings: ‘and peace; oh virtue, peace is all thy own. God bless you.’”

What a grand lesson is not contained in that beautiful letter for every father, mother, educator and child, especially for the Catholic citizens of Carrollton and Carroll Co. A life so virtuous and great as that of Charles Carroll was crowned with a most pious death. The closing scene of his life is thus described by Dr. Richard Steward:

“It was toward sundown in the month of November, and very cold weather. In a large room—his bedroom—a semi-circle was formed before a large, open fire-place. The venerable old man was in a large easy-chair; in the centre, before him, a table with blessed candles, an antique silver bowl of holy water and a crucifix; by his side the priest Rev. John E. Chaunce, President of St. Mary’s College, and afterwards

Bishop of Natchez, in his rich robes, about to offer him the last rites of the Holy Catholic Church. On each side of his chair knelt a daughter and grandchildren, with some friends, making a complete semicircle; and just in the rear, three or four old negro servants, all of the same faith, knelt in the most venerating manner. The whole assemblage made up a picture never to be forgotten. The ceremony proceeded. The old gentleman had been for a long time suffering from weak eyes, and could not endure the proximity of the lights immediately before him. His eyes were, therefore, kept closed, but he was so familiar with the forms of this solemn ceremony that he responded and acted as if he saw everything around. At the moment of offering the Host he leaned forward without opening his eyes, yet responsive to the word of the administration of the holy offering. It was done with so much intelligence and grace that no one could doubt for a moment how fully his soul was alive to the act."

The last recorded words of this great and gracious patriarch are impressive and memorable beyond any ever spoken on the same subject. They are given on the authority of those who attended him:

"I have lived to my ninety-sixth year, I have enjoyed continued health, I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is that I have practiced the duties of my religion." (*J. O. in American Catholic Quarterly Review.*)

MARY FLORENCE TANEY.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

This is a name well and favorably known in the literary circles of her native State; the outside world is better acquainted with her work under her nom de plume, "Frederick Stanhope Grant." But whether she claims the attention of the reading public as Miss Taney or Frederick Stanhope Grant, whether as a singer of sweet songs or the author of prose articles, she is always interesting; her work seldom fails to show the touches of the skilled hand, as it ever breathes forth the thoughts of a noble mind.

Miss Taney is a Kentuckian by birth and education. Her home is in the quiet old town of Covington, which finds the muddy Ohio River a happy barrier between it and the busy, restless, struggling, commercial city on the opposite shore. At the Immaculata Academy, one of the oldest branches of the celebrated Nazareth Academy, Miss Taney pursued her studies, graduating from that school with honor. Her talent evinced itself when its possessor was quite young, and when she was sixteen her poems were appearing in the "Free Press" and the "Cincinnati Commercial Gazette," while the latter paper was still under the editorship of Mr. Murat Halstead. For five years after graduation, Miss Taney followed the profession of teaching, without, however, abandoning her writing. She was a constant contributor to the "Commercial Gazette," and her poems in that journal were widely copied. Especially is this true of a short poem, "The Crimson Rose," which caught the eye, and appealed to the sentiment of almost every exchange editor in the United States. Two other well-known and highly

praised short poems, written during these years, are "John Sherman" and "The Launching of the Cincinnati."

In 1889, Governor Buckner, of Kentucky, appointed Miss Taney, Notary Public, the first time in the history of the State that a commission of this nature was issued to a lady. She proved the departure was no mistake, by her faithful and conscientious attendance to the duties of such an office. She also proved her ability, and it secured for her a second, and higher position, as private secretary to the Collector of Internal Revenue, a salary of twelve hundred dollars per year being attached to the office. This appointment was made during the administration of President Harrison, and for the second time Miss Taney had the privilege of opening an avenue for her sex, as her's was the first appointment of a lady to the office in the Internal Revenue Department in Cincinnati. She acquitted herself well in her new position, and retired from it after satisfactory years of service, when a change at Washington brought change to the various government departments. Miss Taney began to devote herself then more earnestly to literary work. The results were two pretty volumes, "Kentucky Pioneer Women" and "Columbian Poems and Prose Sketches," and an operetta, "Truth, the Guardian Spirit of History, Poetry, Music and Song." Besides this, she was correspondent and a special writer for the "Catholic Telegraph," of Cincinnati, and correspondent for the "Cincinnati Commercial Tribune," which last position she still admirably fills.

Of the numberless inspiring themes in the history of Kentucky, none makes swifter, surer appeal to the imaginative writer, than the part so nobly played by its pioneer women. Two poems are all that remain to secure for Theodore O'Hara's genius immortality; one proclaims the glory of "our gallant slain," the other chants the praises of the pioneer and his faithful spouse:

"A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for his old spouse!
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house."

The historian turns aside from his chronicles of warfare, from his building up of the great western country, to pay tribute to the heroism and unshaken virtues of the pioneer women; the novelist takes her for his heroine, and by the genius of his pen shows that if we of to-day owe gratitude and reverence to the memory of those "Knight-errants of the wood," they owe love and veneration to the fearless women whose saintly hands helped them lay the foundation of the home in the savage wilds. Into her little volume, "Kentucky Pioneer Women," Miss Taney has reverently collected sketches of the lives of those pioneer women whose names have been saved from oblivion by the important parts played by their husbands or fathers in the forming and after-ruling of the new territory. And yet how many are the unknown names, the unrecorded lives! Sometime in her historic cemetery, where repose the bones of her great men, from Daniel Boone, who hewed the way through her noble forests, to Governor Goebel, who fell a victim to the cause of her people, let the State of Kentucky build a worthy monument to the memory of those unknown names, those unrecorded lives to whom she owes what is best in her present and her future.

"Like a majority of the greatest heroes," writes Miss Taney, in her sketch of the wife of Daniel Boone, "Rebecca Bryant Boone has had slight notice from history. Glimpses of her are caught only as her famous husband opens the door to come or go. But it requires little imagination and little loving sympathy, to restore her to view. Her lonely and heroic life, her long, wearisome waiting for the return of husband to wife and children, her heart-rending bereavements, her endurance in perils and journeying, her patience and equanimity

by which she could sustain such efforts, until she had passed the allotted three score and ten, confer upon her a much higher distinction than the accidental one of being the first white woman to take up her abode in the State. They mark her as the most complete type of the wife and mother, who made the pioneers settlers in homes, and not mere bush-rangers, who pass and leave no trace. She and others like her were the complement of the adventurous Saxon, who always came to stay, to subdue the land, to build the home, to inaugurate the family, to enforce justice, and over all to spread the beneficent canopy of established order."

History tells of no finer deed than the following, which I take from Miss Taney's sketch of Mrs. Keturah Moss Leitch, afterwards the wife of General James Taylor, of Newport, Ky. It deserves place by the side of that deed of her,

"Who kneeling, with one arm about her king
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring."

With her husband, Major Leitch, Mrs. Leitch was journeying from Cincinnati to Frankfort, in 1791. The country was still filled with the dreaded Indians, and before penetrating into the wilds, they sought an escort from the stockade at the mouth of the Kentucky River. "At the stockade," writes Miss Taney, "they were furnished with an escort for twenty miles. Mr. Thomas Lindsay was of the company. An Indian was discovered lurking in the bushes, a sure indication of danger. The men rallied around Mrs. Leitch and endeavored to hurry her forward. But Mr. Lindsay was some distance in the rear, unconscious of danger. Mrs. Leitch, refusing for a moment the gallant efforts of the escort, rode back rapidly to warn Mr. Lindsay, an act most characteristic of her, in its evidence of courage, thoughtfulness and self-sacrifice."

Miss Taney's little book abounds in such pictures, which portray the character of these "first ladies of Kentucky." In



MISS MARY FLORENCE TANEY.

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recognition of the service she rendered the history of the State by gathering together those sketches of its pioneer women, she was, in 1895, elected a member of the Filson Club, the leading historical club of Kentucky. By the invitation of its president, Colonel Reuben T. Durrett, she read several original poems and sketches before the Filson Club, while the guest of General and Mrs. Basil W. Duke, of Louisville. She is at present engaged in preparing a sketch of Early Catholicity in Kentucky, for the American Catholic Historical Society, to the organ of which society she recently contributed a splendid paper on her distinguished kinsman, the late Chief Justice Taney. During the year Miss Taney's poems will be gathered together and presented to the public in book form, and doubtless the forthcoming volume will bring additional honors to this talented Kentucky lady.

The subjoined song was composed by Miss Taney, for the Southern Exposition, held in Atlanta, Ga., and was sung at the celebration of Kentucky Day :

STATE SONG—KENTUCKY.

Beautiful State, where the blue-grass grows
Over rich pastures, broad and free ;
O, beautiful State, how my bosom glows
With pride and love for thee !

Millions lie in thy forests' mold ;
Treasures are in thy depths untold ;
The forge shall glow when the anvils' ring,
Praises of thy glory sing.

Thy mountains, rich in iron ore,
Await the touch of a master hand ;
For countless fortunes and wealth galore
Hidden are in this promised land.

The marts of the world will answer thy call
When Industry's note on the ear shall fall ;
The whirr of the wheel for the droning bee,
Thy ships shall sail o'er every sea.

Matters it not where'er I roam,
Fondly thy memory comes to me ;
Be it palace or cot, Kentucky, my home,
Light is my heart as it turns to thee.

Thy beautiful daughters, and sons so brave,
May heaven protect, bless, and save,
And guide thee, oh, State, on thy glorious way,
Pride of the whole wide world to-day.

United we stand, divided we fall,
This is our motto, watchward and call ;
Hand clasping hand in friendship and love,
We ask for thy guidance, O Father above.

Mary Florence Taney.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE
"STATE SONG" AND "KENTUCKY PIONEER WOMEN"
—MISS MARY FLORENCE TANEY.

When one would write of women, sure the heart
Must be inspired by that lofty theme ;
To paint each beauty or each grace impart
Would take the rainbow colors of a dream.
But when the pen would trace the portraiture
Of those first Mothers of our growing West,
Glorious in womanhood, and of courage sure
A Seraph's pinion then would write the best.
I therefore hesitate to add my praise
To one who culls the laurels of the great ;
I'd rather walk between the rows of maize
That give the emblem to my native State,
And dream again the stories briefly told
Of Pioneer Women of Kentucky land,
Whose faith and courage far outweighed all gold,
By Beauty crowned, yet clasping Virtue's hand.

I can not sing as Gallagher has done
About the Mighty "Mothers of the West,"
Nor in O'Hara's metres trace Victories won
As Boone clasps faithful spouse to faithful breast.
My thoughts flow not with Allen's metaphors
Where law reigns in the heart, not in the Creed,
In theme so great I envy Cawein's phrase
And Fox's language do I sorely need.
But listen ! down the woodland's woody way
A woman walks with springing step along,
She sees the sun on budding Blue-grass play
And hums aloud that wondrous sweet State Song.
All hail to her, with tender woman's ways
Who is descended from historic blood,
And may her mission be to laud with praise
Kentucky's women, beautiful and good.

GEORGETOWN, KY.

George McCalla Spears.

FIRST CATHOLIC SETTLERS.

After the smallpox epidemic in Cincinnati, many a good citizen bade farewell to the hospitable, but Queen City of the West, to look for a home elsewhere. Among these pioneer German settlers we find the names of Henry J. Grobmeyer and Hülskamp, coming originally from Oldenburg, Germany. They attracted others, and Mr. Roedenback, Anthony Rudolph and George Meyers, arrived July 27, 1850. Carrollton was then a town of modest proportions, and had, besides a few homes, only a Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist church; but no edifice where the Catholic could cheer his heart in prayer; no school to keep alive in his offspring the greatest treasure—his holy faith. This created discontent, and Mr. Rudolph was about to depart again, when satisfactory arrangements were made for priestly services, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, Ky., sent them Rev. Father Leander Streber, who monthly visited his small but devoted flock. The first mass was celebrated in a small northern room in the house of Mr. H. J. Grobmeyer, on Fourth street, between Sycamore and Seminary streets, now the property of Mrs. Mary Framme. As the center of all history is the Redeemer, it was very appropriate in the first missionary father to look to Him for help in the difficult undertaking of erecting a church for God's honor. He, consequently, gathered his flock under the shade of the beautiful symbol of redemption to inspire them with the love for its beauty—the house of God, and the support of his ambassadors, by establishing the Society of our Holy Redeemer. A Methodist gentleman, Dr. Mason, who owned large portions of land, near Fifth street, was requested to sell several acres to the new settlers. The committee, con-

sisting of Mr. Logemann, a Protestant, Mr. H. J. Grobmeyer and Anthony Rudolphy, succeeded in getting his consent, but with the proviso, that the purchasers would donate one part of the land for the erection of a church edifice. Mr. Grobmeyer had the deed to that property, and bequeathed, according to agreement, the lot for that purpose, the deed of which was not sent to the Rt. Rev. Bishop until 1855. With great enthusiasm Anthony Rudolphy and Joseph Thamann set to work and self-sacrificingly collected for the new church. So successful were they that the *Kentucky Family Mirror*, a Carrollton weekly, rejoiced its readers on Saturday, July 30, 1853, with this item: "We have been requested to state that the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the German Catholic Church, on Fifth street, will take place to-morrow (Sunday), Bishop Spalding, of Louisville, officiating, assisted by several priests from a distance. Services in English and in the German languages may be expected, commencing about 10 o'clock A. M."

Thus the congregation had indefatigably worked for the first great event of Catholicism in Carrollton, and put on festive dress to greet the head of the diocese—Rt. Rev. Martin John Spalding. "This man, of an old Maryland family," says John Gilmary Shea, "whose defense of his theses, when he concluded his Divinity course at Rome, had attracted the wondering attention of able theologians, and which had been described in letters to all parts of the world as one of the most brilliant exhibitions ever seen, even in Rome, had more than justified the hopes formed for the young Levite. As coadjutor to the holy Bishop Flaget, and as Bishop of Louisville, he had displayed the greatest learning, the simplest piety, singular powers of government, and skill in presenting to the American public the genuine principles of Catholicity and the solid grounds on which they rest." He arrived on July 30, on a Saturday. Early the next morning, on the beautiful feast of St. Ignatius, he proceeded to the granary of Mr. Roedenback, and said mass,

at the same time administering the sacrament of confirmation to six children. Truly in these humble surroundings Christ saw another Bethlehem when he came to visit his people, but in this the Carrollton Catholics differed from the Bethlehemites, in giving a cordial welcome to their Eternal Lord and Master, This they had manifested by the decoration of the old building. It stood where at the present time a worthy son of old Kentucky lives, Dr. F. H. Gaines, well known for his kindness toward the poor, and his medical skill. About 9:30 A. M. the people assembled around the granary and moved in procession to the place prepared for the occasion. A big crowd of non-Catholic spectators witnessed the impressive ceremony. The *Kentucky Family Mirror* of 1853, *Louisville Times, Advocate and Telegraph, Wahrheitsfreund, Volksfreund*, one 3-cent piece, half-dime, dime, quarter, and two medals of the Blessed Virgin were placed in a tin box in the corner-stone, with the following document: "Anno reparatae salutis MDCCCLIII, die mensis Julis xxxi.; Festo St. Ignatii, Dominicaque post Pentecosten undecima; Beatissimo Patre Pio Nono; Cathedram S'. Petri teneute; Franclinio Pierce, Unionis Americane Praesdente, et L. W. Powell, Gubernatore; Reverendo Patre Leandro Greber, Rectore, hic primarius lagud ecclesiae, Des supremo maximo in honorem St. Joannis Evangelistae aedifiendae, positus est per Reverendissimum Dominum Martinum Joannem Spalding, episcopum Ludovico-politanum." Rev.

In the year of restored salvation, 1853, the 31st day of July, on the feast of St. Ignatius, and the 11th Sunday after Pentecost, under the Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, occupying the chair of St Peter, Franklin Pierce being President of the United States; under L. W. Powell, Governor; Rev. Father Leander Streber, O. S. F., Rector of the church to be erected in honor of St. John, this corner-stone was laid by the Rt. Rev. Martin John Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, to the Supreme and Highest God. On the last page we have tried to decipher some

of the names—a Senfeller, Hülskamp, Dehling, Grobmeyer, Roedenback, W. Lingenfelder, P. W. Root, William Donaldson, Vance. After the ceremony the Rt. Rev. Bishop ascended a very high stand erected at the southeast corner, and being in the full vigor of his manhood, he was now the center of attraction. As Hamlet would say of him: "A man, take him for all in all, thou shalt not look upon his like again." From beginning to end he kept his audience spellbound. Let us hope that the glowing words of eternal truth may produce fruit a hundredfold, and lead all erring brethren to the one true fold of Christ. After service the Rt. Rev. Bishop banqueted at the house of Mr. John Roedenback, and an eyewitness informs us of the good cheer prevailing at the table, inspired by the humorous anecdotes narrated by the Right Reverend. No doubt, some of these we have given to our readers in one of the first chapters taken from Spalding's book, "Sketches of Kentucky." In the afternoon the Rt. Rev. Bishop departed, leaving to the Eternal Husbandman the growth of the seed sown in the field of life.

The good lesson taught by the Rt. Rev. Spalding, still fresh in the memory of the Carrollton people, urged them on to complete a work so auspiciously begun. During the progress of erection, St. John's was separated from the Louisville Diocese and affiliated with the newly created Bishopric of Covington, whose first head was the saintly Bishop Aloysius Carroll. The total cost of the old church was \$2,235.01. Monthly services were held, and on the Sundays intervening Mr. Anthony Rudolphy took the place of the pastor. The interesting document reads thus:

"Be it made known to all, that Anthony Rudolphy, in the name of the Bishop, has to give the signal for the Angelical Salutation with the bell three times daily, and is authorized to read the Mass Gospel and its explanation, according to Goffine, in the German language every Sunday, to recite the Rosary

and the Stations of the Cross. Whosoever hinders said Rudolphy in the performance of his duty, or *modo proprio*, puts another one in his place, would fall under the ecclesiastical censure, because he unjustly and in an uncalled for manner resists the Bishop, who is the Lord of the Church, and Superior and Steward of the Church and religion, through Jesus Christ. This remains in full force till the Rt. Rev. Bishop himself, or one of his representatives, annuls it.

"CHARLES SCHAFROTH, *Pastor*.

"Carrollton, 28th August, 1855."

The fact that the Bishop is one of the supervisors of the Church and religion, as expressed by the pastor, was evidently couched in such strong terms to enforce obedience, where necessary, on the part of the laity, and avoid trouble. He was the first resident priest, and a good shepherd to his flock. He erected a little brick school-house near the church, at a cost of \$277.00. Difficult indeed is the task of getting well qualified instructors, and it needed all the courage of a manly man, not to succumb to the trials of that avocation of life.

It is not surprising, then, to find seven teachers in five years—Moormann, Stilleke, Winstell, Lammers, Kuhnel, Lang and Wannemacher—under as many priests—Carolus Schafroth, 1855; A. Schweiger, 1855; Kollers, 1856; Gerowsky, 1856; Joseph Hoeflinger, 1856; Andreas Michal, 1857; D. M. Winaud, 1857–1860.

During the same period Rev. Schafroth, in 1855, on the 26th of August, solemnly blessed the bell. An old Latin verse gives us the purpose of a bell in a few words:

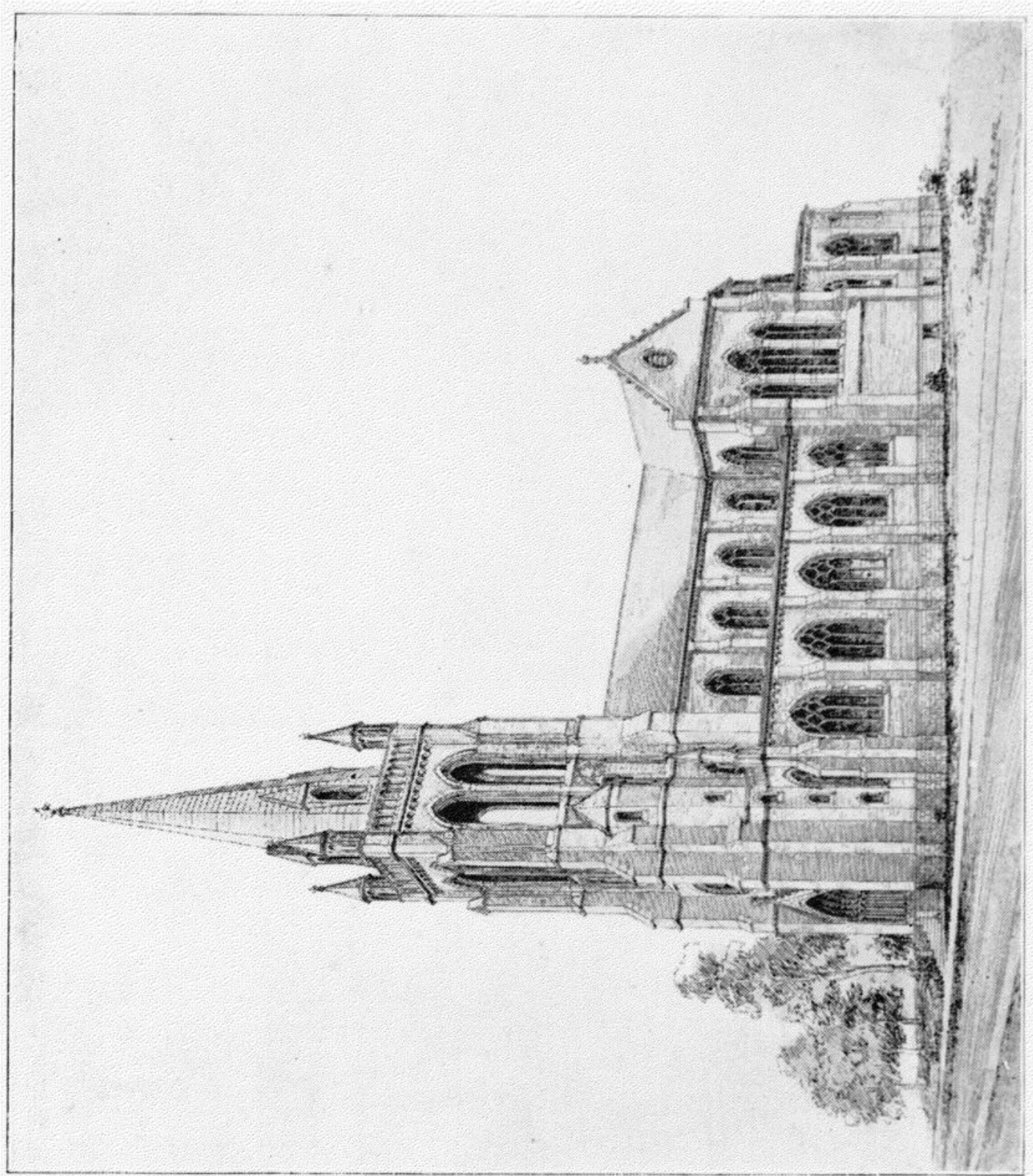
"I praise God. I call the people. I assemble the priests, mourn the dead, break lightning and honor the feasts."

Holy Mother Church has prescribed that the bells, as heralds from another world, be blessed by a Bishop or delegated priest. The consecrator makes seven crosses with holy oil on the surface of the washed bell, to signify that man washed in baptism

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REV. IGNATIUS MARY AHMANN.



NEW ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CARROLLTON, KY.

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must adorn his heart in the service of his Master, to which the tone of the bell invites him, and shun the seven capital sins as the fountain spring of all evil, and supplanting them by the seven opposite virtues. The fumes of incense ascend in the interior to indicate the spirit of prayer, while the beautiful Gospel of Mary and Martha, recited at the end of the ceremony, sufficiently indicates that God must be the only loadstone of man's heart, as his life must be a life of prayer and self-sacrifice. A name is given to the bell, that the invitation to God's service may be followed more promptly in virtue of the intercessory prayer of a friend of God, a saint. As the church had been erected in honor of the only disciple who witnessed the mysterious drama on Golgotha, and shared the sorrow with the purest heroine, we admire the taste of Father Schafroth in naming the bell Mary. Thus Mary calls every morning the members to St. John's, to witness the renewal of the most stupendous tragedy ever played on the stage of this world. The reverend pastor blessed the cemetery the same day. Pastors always true to the inspiring prayer at the Lavabo, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth;" worked zealously under the pressing conditions and environments.

Rev. Winaud, in 1858, adorned the little temple of God with a pulpit at a cost of \$130, and a high altar for \$157. The metallic voice of the bell joined its praises with the sweet tones of the new \$350 organ, and these two instruments have glorified the Eternal in many a Te Deum, and often cheered the congregation during the past fifty years. Light and shade are so closely allied, fervor and torpor so frequently related, that we find an apt simile, in the comatose state of a congregation, which often follows after hard work has been done. From Rev. Father Francis Wenniger, the famous Jesuit, was caught the electric spark of God's word, arousing them to new activity, in a mission opening on the 16th day of January and closing on the 25th of the same month, in the year 1858.

The writer of these lines listened to the last sermon of this saintly man and became personally acquainted with him in the romantic spot at Thirteenth and Greenup streets, Covington, Ky., in the hospitable home of the late John Schmitt, the first Catholic artist of the West, also called the "Fra Angelico of America." The Rev. Father Wenniger and Artist Schmitt were close friends. In accompanying the great missionary to a street car, I requested him to counsel me as to whether I should embrace the priesthood or become an artist. His short answer was: "I counsel none but penitents."

But let us return to the mission. Eye-witnesses speak of it as a most impressive occasion, especially its grand closing ceremony, the erection of a mission cross. Father Wenniger had a habit of selecting one of the boys of a congregation, and placing him before the people, he would try to foretell great things of him. In Newport he called the little B. Greifenkamp to the rostrum, and it chanced that he consecrated himself to the service of the altar.

The St. John's Young Men's Society had prepared for that occasion by donating for the choir loft, \$191. The choice of the name indicates again how close they wished to keep to the cross. To bring them still nearer, Rev. Wienaud, in 1859, founded the Society of the Bitter Agony of Jesus, for the purpose of keeping alive the memory of their friends, after death, in the Holy Sacrifice, as well as to aid in liquidating the debt on the church. As Holy Church is the greatest society on earth, it not only permits, but wishes men to unite for divers purposes under the banner of eternal truth, and no matter how many Christian regiments there may be, they form but one grand army, commanded by Christ and his Vicar on earth, while the command of subdivisions may be in the hands of heroic men and women. Thus, divers ministries, but the same body and spirit.

The Altar Society, St. Bridget's, St. Patrick's, and St. Johns' Men's Society, all were formed in 1858 and 1859. The Young Men, in 1860, adopted the name of the Angelic Youth, St. Aloysius, taking him as a model for imitation; and St. Bridget's was changed to St. Therese's Young Ladies' Society in 1865. The women clung to the model of perfect motherhood, the Blessed Virgin Mary.

With pride may all look back upon their work. Various, it may be, yet presenting a grand panorama, with lights and shades, the center of which is the honor and glory of Jesus, Eucharistic, and the honor due to his ambassador, the priest of the New Law.

The love for the spiritual father, working unselfishly for his flock, and the appreciation of his work, is the best indication of a good congregation; for God so commands it, "Honor the priests." (Sir. vii., 33.) "Let the priests that rule well, be esteemed worthy of double honor; especially they who labor in the word and doctrine." (I. Tim. v., 17.) "He who heareth you, heareth me; he who despiseth you, despiseth me." (Luke x., 16.) "For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors; God, as it were, exhorting by us." (II. Cor. v., 20.) "Obey your prelates and be subject to them; for they watch as being to render an account of your souls: that they may do this with joy, and not with grief. For this is not expedient for you." (Heb. xiii., 17.)

With such divine declarations before us, how may any congregation boast of being Godloving and good, when contempt, disobedience, rebellion, have been stamped on its brow? St. Isidor says: "A priest, though having faults, is yet an angel of God, because he offers the divine sacrifice." Priests have their human weaknesses; so had the noble pioneer priests of this congregation. But Carrollton has been blessed with good priests, and in the long list not one traitor can be found.

Among the many pleasing and instructive scenes our holy

religion presents, one of the inspiring ones is that of the Sisterhood.

Happy are these chosen ones! Beneath their woolen robes, beat hearts most pure, animated by intelligence the brightest and aims the highest.

Such educators Father Weissenberger looked for, when in 1862 he erected a Sister's house at a cost of \$407.00. He conferred with Rev. Father Rudolph, of Oldenburg, Ind., a priest as zealous as Nerinckx, as holy as Flaget. In 1863 he stayed for two months in Carrollton and administered the sacraments.

The Franciscan Sisters entered their new home the same year—venerable Sisters Clara Bernardina, Odilia and Venantia were the first and through twelve successive years worked so nobly and successfully that to the present day people frequently speak of them as "the Good Franciscan Sisters from Oldenburg."

When the culturkampf raged in Germany the Sisters of Notre Dame fell victims to the religious persecution instigated by the Iron Chancellor Bismarck, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Toebe, of Covington, offered them—on the hospitable shores of our lovely Kentucky—a cordial welcome, after the Oldenburg Sisters had been recalled.

These exiles took their place, and they have endeared themselves to the hearts of the people by their self-sacrifice, piety and learning.

God's phalanx can not be broken and as soon as one falls the gap is filled by another priestly soldier, and when Rev. Weissenberger dropped the cross, that glorious weapon of the Christian fighter, it was taken up by Rev. Gregorius, O.S.B. in 1863; handed to Father Froelich in 1864 and though he succumbed, the cross had lost nothing of its inspiring power. It led Father Watson and Rev. Englebrecht, in 1860, to glorious victories over the spiritual enemy. In October, 1865, Rev. Father Stephany appeared on the scene

burning for the glory and triumph of the cross and for the place where this is inculcated—the Catholic Parochial School. Cardinal Gibbons has written: "Catholic Parochial Schools must be established and fostered if we would preserve the faith of our children. Without such schools a parish is sooner or later destined to languish and decay. With the present generation there is no danger. But this generation is passing away, soon to be succeeded by another, and if no provision is made for the Christian culture of the rising youth, it is to be feared that twenty years hence it will be easier to find churches for a congregation than a congregation for our churches." Archbishop Bayley well remarked that "A parish without a school scarcely deserves a name."

If Father Stephany was not familiar with the utterance of this great light of the Hierarchy, he certainly was imbued with its spirit. His work in behalf of Christian education will be his proudest monument, and as one soul after another passes into Heaven, the crowning spirit on that immortal pillar, radiant in eternal light, will be that of Father Stephany. So zealous a man was he that often the carpenter's saw was used by his priestly hand, a repetition of the scenes in the house at Nazareth. A reverential parishioner seeing him at work on the turret one day, calling him down, handed him a \$10 bill, and said smilingly, "Father, is that sufficient for a carpenter? Please get one, that's no work for you."

The debt contracted was partly liquidated by Rev. Schiff, who followed him in 1870, and the burden of \$2,000 was entirely lifted off the shoulders of the congregation by Rev. Father Schmidt, now pastor at Dayton, Ky. A man though small of stature yet with a heart as big as the world. In 1876 he built a small addition to the parsonage, erected in 1861 by Mr. George Meyer, at a cost of \$400. The beautifying of the cemetery was his great work. A grand crucifix of Ohio sandstone, donated by Mr. H. Hoelscher who now rests within its

shadow, gives to the city of the dead its finishing touch. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Aug. Mary Toebbe, in 1875, blessed it, to the edification of the great multitude of spectators, both Catholics and non-Catholics. What the famous author of "Kentucky Pioneer Women," Miss Mary Florence Taney, so elegantly expresses, is applicable to him: "His fame endures and increases because it is of those things that posterity will not willingly let die."

The Episcopal See, of Covington, became vacant by the death of the great lover of Christ's little ones, Bishop Toebbe, but another star appeared on the hierarchial horizon, Rt. Rev. Camillus Paulus Maes. As we have quoted a Kentucky author, we find no better description of our learned and pious ordinary than hers in a letter addressed to us September 3, 1902: "It is a beautiful idea of yours to dedicate your book to our beloved Bishop Maes; there is none more worthy. He has climbed the heights, despite all obstacles, and before him are honors undreamed of by him, or his immediate neighbors. He is one of the shining lights of the Hierarchy, and the world is better, and our faith stronger, if that were possible, that he lives."

In 1886 the Rev. Paul Kollopp appeared on the field of missionary labor. He reared no monument of stone but left his indelible impression on the hearts of his congregation. After cancelling a small debt he put the congregation on a solid financial basis and left \$500 in the church treasury. The learned Father Richartz, who took charge of the congregation stood like a soldier at his post until sickness forced him, in 1894, to leave the development of the good seed sown to his successor, the Rev. Ign. M. Ahmann. The cordial welcome extended to him, not only by Catholics, but non-Catholics as well, was calculated to cement all hearts together and presaged successful work. But to attribute to himself the progress the congregation has made, would be the rankest arrogance. This

must be attributed to the grand mission given by the Redemptorist Father, Peter Green, from the 16th to the 24th of September. The little church, fresh from the painter's brush, the fine music by the Benedictine Father, Peter Hugo Egel, a genius on the violin and himself a composer, the universal interest shown even by non-Catholics, whose ministers listened attentively to the glowing words of this pious and devoted son of St. Alphonsus.

Such subject matter as : Soul's salvation, death, judgment, means of perseverance, stir the soul to its very depth. We have the authority of an eminent Protestant gentleman that the sermon on the "Heavenly Mother and Virgin Mary," was the finest and sweetest he had ever listened to. It works like magic, the love of such a mother and intercessor and how many attribute their salvation, next to God, to her motherly protection. She is like the silver rays of the moon; when the sun obscures his face, the moon brightens darkness. Thus Mary sends the bright rays as refuge of sinners when the sun of justice has been debarred from man's little world within. At the close of the mission the church could not hold the multitude and the grand procession, in the darkness of the night with torches, bells, brass band, the mission cross carried by twelve men—which was most tastefully ornamented with a floral wreath—its inscription, "Save Thy Soul," the children in white, the Missionary Father, a visiting priest entering the church emblazoned in lights, this made it appear like a fairy dream. The last words will ring in our ears till every listener of this night has experienced, in another world, its reality. In bidding farewell, his soul moved to its depth; he said: "And now I must bid you all farewell with the hope of meeting you again in a better hereafter; but, should I then not meet you, once more—farewell." All eyes were in tears and the angels rejoiced this night over many a sinner having done penance. The gentlemen who carried the cross were: Edward Grobmeyer, Frank Suetholz, Fred. Abel, Jos. Glauber, William Renschler,

Henry Luhn, Bernard Kosse, John Lafontaine, Cas. Grobmeyer, Jos. Framme, John Glauber, Rudolf Grobmeier, Gustave Seppenfeld and John Siersdorfer.

The success of that mission was visible everywhere and it created peace, joy, love for virtue and zeal for the honor and glory of God, and the intention to work for a new church had become a fact. But, before we speak of the work for the new church we wish to record the silver jubilee of Mr. Edw. Grobmeyer and wife, as also the golden jubilee of Mr. Jos. Thamann and his beloved consort—the only celebration of married couples since the foundation of the congregation. Mr. Suetholz, as treasurer, deserves credit for his work in unity with his pastor. All improvements, such as a \$500 crucifixion group, a \$400 Stolzenberg Crib, which inspired the good people to do greater work, and the congregation had the pleasure of witnessing their progress from year to year. Only seventy-five families, but united, zealous, joyful workers, they had succeeded in putting, each year, a \$1,000 on interest for the mansion of their Eucharistic Lord and Master, the friend of the people—Jesus Christ. After \$7,000 had been put away—what had seemed impossible—was now looked forward to with eagerness. The fact to crown the work of fifty years benediction of God's dispensation of grace, through his only Son, by giving Him not a Bethlehem, but a temple as far as human power permits it and worthy of the glorified Redeemer. The pastor assembled his trustees on New Year's Eve, 1901, and on that memorable night, within ten minutes \$3,000 were donated and, a few week's later the sum had reached nearly \$15,000. The laying of the cornerstone, for the new church, will be most pompously celebrated on the 5th of October. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, who has just returned from Rome blessed by one of the greatest Popes in the chair of St. Peter, Pope Leo XIII., the friend of the workingman, will perform the ceremony. The Y. M. I. Councils from Louisville, Cincinnati and Madison, the Louis-

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REV. ANDREW MICHEL.



REV. EDWARD FROEHLICH.

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ville Concordia Liederkranz—fifty voices strong, the noble Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Knights of America, the Foresters, Knights of St. John and many priests will participate in the ceremony. A special attraction for that day will be the new composition, "St. Francis," by the famous author of "Kentucky Pioneer Women," Miss Mary Florence Taney, a relative of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney, and through him related to Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner." Chief Justice Roger B. Taney was married to Miss Key, sister of Francis Scott Key. All points to the grandest celebration, preparatory to the Golden Jubilee, in the history of Catholicism in Carroll county. It is a monument reared by deep faith, cemented by hope, crowned by love. Special gratitude is due to the trustees, Mr. Thomas Disken, Gus. Renschler, Edw. Grobmeyer, John F. Hill, Jos. Framme, John Siersdorfer, Casper Feller and George Grobmeier and to all men. The congregation can never forget how unselfishly the building committee has worked. Mr. Gus. Renschler, as surveyor; Mr. Edw. Grobmeyer and John F. Hill, as superintendents, doing all gratis for the honor and glory of God.

With deepest gratitude we must give praise to the noble women, married and single, for their unselfish and zealous co-operation from start to finish. We can make no exceptions, and the success in the congregation of St. John's, next to Almighty help, must be in the greater part, attributed to the noble ladies of the parish. As a legacy of sincere appreciation of their magnificent work, I quote the memorable words of Mary Florence Taney:

"It has been said, with much truth, that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Their work was not performed to the sound of trumpets and before the gaze of the world. The historic muse never took them under her patronage. While their names were 'writ in water, their influence endures forever.'

“However this may be, it is beyond doubt true of earth’s greatest women. From Rachel to Victoria, a few have attained fame and immortality. But the greatest are not upon the scroll of history. Their names are hidden in the works they have achieved and in the children, whose character they formed, only to be fully made known when the day dawns and the shadows flee away.”

LECTURE OF M. J. SPALDING, D. D.

“Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit; but try the spirits whether they be of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world. . . . They are of the world; therefore of the world they speak, and the world heareth them. We are of God. He that knoweth God, heareth us; he that is not of God heareth us not: by this we know the spirit of truth, and the spirit of error.”— *I St. John, iv., 1, 5, 6.*

MY DEAR BRETHREN: The solemn ceremony of the laying of the cornerstone, as prescribed by our Holy Church, reminds us of the words of Jesus (Matthew xxi., 42), “The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.” By the Lord this has been done; and it is wonderful in our eyes. The cornerstone represents Jesus Christ. The structure symbolizes the one true Church Jesus has founded, and of which we claim that the Roman Catholic Church is the identical Church which Christ established, and of which he solemnly promised that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. On this auspicious occasion (of erecting the first Catholic Church in Carrollton), which marks an epoch in the history of this town, I intend to submit to your consideration some evidences, which will go far to establish my statement. I entreat you, my dear brethren, to weigh them with serious intention, in the presence of that God who is to judge us all, knowing the all important interests involved in the conclusion to be reached. I exhort you, in the words of the inspired apostle, to “prove all things, and to hold that which is good.” (I Thess., v., 21). The first of these evidences which I intend at present to offer may be stated as follows: The Roman Catholic Church has alone preserved the Bible; she alone can give a consistent and satisfactory account of it; she alone

could settle its canon, she alone can prove its inspiration ; therefore, she alone is the true Church of Christ. The conclusion is inevitable, if the facts from which it is derived can be sustained ; and that they can be sustained, will appear from the following very plain considerations :

1st. The Catholic Church alone has preserved the bible. The children of the reformation have always prided themselves on their love for the bible. The bible ! the bible alone ! has been ever their motto and watchword. They profess to have restored the Christian religion to its primitive purity and simplicity, by bringing it back to the bible standard. Their great war-cry against the Catholic Church has constantly been, that she is the sworn enemy of the bible ; that she keeps it from the people, because she feels that it testifies against her doctrines and her worship. Now, the question naturally arises : whence did Protestants receive that very bible about which they make so much noise ? This question must be answered, not by mere declamation, but by plain and satisfactory historical *facts*, before they can make good their position,—that they are the peculiar friends, and that the Catholic Church is, and has ever been, the special enemy of the bible.

Whence, then, I ask emphatically, did Luther, Calvin, and the other founders of Protestantism, get the bible ? Was an angel sent down from heaven to place it in their hands ? They advanced no such claim. Did they receive it immediately from the hands of Christ and his apostles ? But they came into the world full fifteen hundred years too late for this. From the Greek Church ? But this is plainly opposed to all history. The Greek Church lay fully a thousand miles away from the first theatre of the reformation ; and the early reformers had no communion with it whatever. Besides, the Greek Church still continues to agree with the Roman Catholic on almost every point in which Protestants differ from the latter. In regard to the bible, particularly, the Greeks have always received

it and held it precisely as the Catholic Church now receives and holds it, including those books which Protestants have been pleased to call *apocryphal*.

When the German Protestants, about fifty years after the origin of the reformation, attempted to enter into communion with the Greek Church, the latter rejected their overtures with pious indignation and horror; and reprobated their distinctive doctrines more strongly even than they had been condemned at the council of Trent.*

Therefore, Protestants cannot truly or consistently claim to have received the bible, or, in fact, any thing else, from the Greek Church. The question, then, returns in all its force: whence did the reformers obtain their bible? Plainly and obviously from the Roman Catholic Church, from which they separated; from that Church, against which they protested with so much energy, as the great apostasy and the mystic Babylon of the Apocalypse! from that Church, which they blindly accused of having corrupted the word of God, of having sullied with superstition and idolatry, of having been stained with the blood of God's saints, of having ever been the sworn enemy of the bible itself! This Church had faithfully kept the bible for fifteen centuries before Protestantism was

*All the efforts of the early Protestants to win over the Greek Church to their party proved utterly fruitless. Melancthon's letter to the patriarch of Constantinople, enclosing the confession of Augsburg, was treated with silent neglect or contempt. The success of the Protestant theologians of Tübingen with Jeremias the Constantinopolitan patriarch, was no better. He openly declined all communion with them, and cut short the correspondence, by begging them not to write to him any more on the subject. This took place between the years 1576 and 1581. (See Mosheim Hist. Eccles. Sæc. XVI, Sec. iii, p. 7, c] 2). The Calvinists succeeded, by bribery and intrigue, in instructing a certain Cyril Lucaris into the See of Constantinople, in the year 1621; but he was soon hurled from it with indignation by the Greek bishops; and this ambitious partisan of Calvinism, was at their instance, put to death by order of the Turkish emperor, in the year 1636. The confession of faith previously drawn up by him, which savored strongly of Calvinism, was condemned, in the most stringent terms, by Greek councils held at Constantinople, under the subsequent patriarchs, Cyril and Parthenius, and also by a council held at Jerusalem, in 1672, under the patriarch Dositheus. These facts are all known to every reader of ecclesiastical history; and they will not be denied. They prove conclusively that what is above stated in the text is strictly true.

ever heard of; she had laboriously transcribed it a thousand times before the invention of the art of printing; she had translated it into different languages, had watched over its safety, had guarded it with parental solicitude, amidst storm and revolution, amidst fire and flood, amidst change and persecution; she had pressed it to her bosom as a treasure of priceless value; her children had repeatedly shed their blood rather than surrender it, or expose it to the least danger of profanation.*

And yet she is constantly held up as the enemy of the Bible! Protestants received it from her hands and then fiercely assailed her as its greatest enemy! They received it from her and then openly charged her with having basely and impiously corrupted the religion contained in its sacred pages! They quietly and willingly received the very *foundation*, and what they viewed as the *only* foundation of their faith on her sole authority; and then they discarded her authority as to the superstructure of faith built up thereon!

The Catholic Church had corrupted everything else in Christianity—doctrines, morals, sacraments, worship. She had not laid violent hands on the Bible, but had preserved it, and handed it down to them in all its integrity! She might, indeed, have easily corrupted the sacred text; and, according to the Protestant views, she had every motive to do so, in order to make it sustain her false doctrines. Yet she did not even attempt anything of the kind during the long centuries that she was its sole guardian and had exclusive control over its destinies!

But God specially watched over the integrity of the bible, while he permitted the Church to corrupt everything else, and

*Under the fiery ten years' persecution of Diocletian and his three bloody colleagues, hundreds of Christians willingly laid down their lives rather than give up the sacred books. So, also, during the northern invasions, and the revolutions of the middle ages, the first thing always thought of by the monks, who were then the principal transcribers of the bible, was to transport the sacred volume to the mountains or to some other place of safety, at the first approaches of danger.

to go herself to utter ruin. How do you sustain this paradoxical assertion?

Is it not plainly a mere assumption? Does the bible itself, your only rule of faith, contain any divine promise to this effect? If it does, produce at once the testimony that contains it. But this you certainly cannot do, for the obvious reason that no such promise is recorded in the bible or exists. If it does not, then you are bound at once to give up the assertion as wholly unsupported by your only rule of faith?

What! God, through an interposition of his special providence, would guard the integrity of the bible, of itself a mere dead letter, and at the same time permit his Church, its authorized and *living* exponent, and the teacher of the nations appointed by himself, to go astray and mislead the world for centuries? He would work a miracle to preserve the bible, which he never specially pledged himself to preserve, and yet he would do nothing to redeem his reiterated, positive and solemn promises to preserve the Church! Let us see.

1st. Christ addresses St. Peter, in the presence of the other apostles, in the following manner:

“Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

This is surely a clear, emphatic and most explicit promise; it is limited to no time and to no place; it was to be fulfilled after as well as before the death of the apostles.

It clearly imported that the Church was to be built on a firm and immovable rock; that it was to be an unshaken and impregnable fortress throughout all ages; that it was to be, indeed, fiercely assailed by the powers of darkness, symbolized by “the gates of hell;”* but that, strong in the power and

*In the Greek *Pulai Haydon*—the gates of Hades, or of the lower regions of darkness, death, or more properly, hell. It was usual to hold courts of judicatory in the spacious gateways of the Eastern cities, and from Dr. Durbin's recent “*Observations in the East.*” it appears that the same custom is still retained there; hence by a natural figure of speech, the *powers* of a city were meant by its *gates*.

assistance of Christ, its architect, it was to defy all assaults and to remain unconquered* by all the combined power and opposition of wicked men and of demons. Christ himself elsewhere more fully explains what he meant by the figure of building a house upon a rock. He says:

“Whosoever heareth these my words, and doeth them, shall be likened to a *wise man* who built his house upon a rock; and the rain fell, and the flood came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. And every one who heareth these my words and doeth them not shall be like a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand; and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof.” (St. Matthew vii., 24, 25, 26, 27.)

Shall we say, my brethren, that Christ was himself like the foolish man, and built his Church upon a sandbank, from which it was soon to be thrown down by the sweeping winds and undermining rains? If so, he was not a God, nor was he even a prophet. Or shall we say that, like the wise man, he built his Church firmly and solidly upon a rock, from which all the fiercest storms and most deluging rains could not dislodge it or effect its overthrow? Most certainly. And yet he would not have been this wise builder had he founded his Church so loosely and clumsily that it was destined to be overthrown by the least breath of opposition.

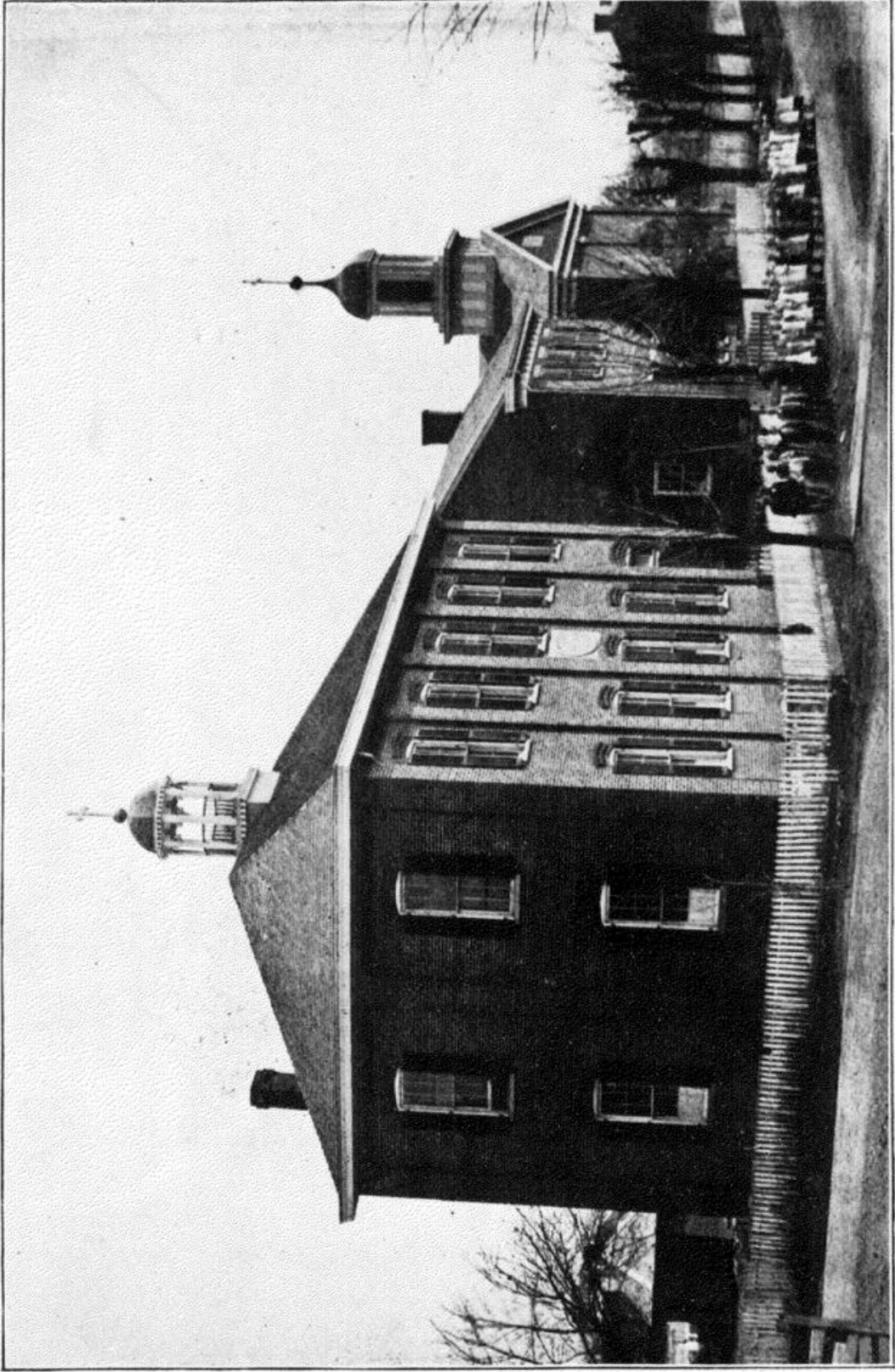
Our dissenting friends tell us, that the Church is not infallible; that it corrupted the truth of God, that it fell away from its divine Founder, that it was overthrown and prevailed against for more than ten centuries, by the most abominable errors and superstitions; and the most fatal soul-killing idol-

*In Greek *Katichusousin*—rendered in Hederici's Lexicon: *Viribus valeo aduersus aliquem obruo deprimo, dejicio praepollentia virium*—to prevail against a person by main strength, to overwhelm, to break down, to overthrow by excess of strength. I give these primary meanings to answer the silly cavil founded on the English word *Prevail*, as if it only meant to exclude a final and permanent overthrow of the Church. Men sometimes catch at straws.

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REV. FATHER STEPHANY.



SCHOOL, PARSONAGE AND OLD CHURCH, CARROLLTON, KY.

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atry ; in a word, that it ceased to be the true Church, and that it was overcome by the powers of darkness. Christ said—and He was a God that uttered the promise : “The gates of hell shall not prevail against my Church build upon a rock !” Which are we to believe ? Luther or Jesus Christ ? Both can not be right. Which will you believe ?

2nd. Again, my dear brethren, Christ commanded his first body of ministers to preach the gospel and to establish his Church ; clothed them with full plenipotentiary powers for carrying out his purpose,—“as the Father hath sent me, so also I send you ;” (St. John, xx., 21). He promised to ratify their official acts : “Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven ;” (St. Matthew, xviii., 18). He told them, “he that receiveth you, receiveth me,” (St. Matthew, x., 40), and “he that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me ;” (St. Luke, x., 16). Finally, he commanded all men to hear and obey this Church teaching in his name and with his authority, under the awful penalty of being ranked with heathens and publicans, the off-caste of Jewish society : “And if he will not hear the Church, let him be to you as a heathen and a publican.” (St. Matthew, xviii., 19).

There is obviously no limitation whatever as to time, place, or persons, in all these solemn declarations ; they are as general as they are explicit and emphatic ; they develop a cardinal principle of the Christian Church—its authoritative, divine, and infallible teaching, until the end of time. If the Church could lead men astray by teaching them error instead of truth, how could Jesus Christ have commanded all mankind to hear and obey that teaching ? Could he command them to hear what might be, and what, according to our adversaries, was damnable error and idolatry ? Here again, my dear brethren, we have Luther in direct opposition to Christ ; the latter says, “hear the Church ;” the former, “do not hear the Church, but

protest against it with all your might, for it teaches fatal error, and the gates of hell have prevailed against it for more than a thousand years!" I ask you, which are we to believe and follow?

3rd. Our divine Redeemer, moreover, promised to the first incumbents of the ministerial office, in the most explicit language and under the most solemn circumstances, the continual presence and assistance of the Holy Ghost; and to show that he did not mean to confine the fulfillment of the promise to them personally, he added, that the kind offices of this divine Paraclete were to continue—of course in the body of the ministry, their lawful successors in office—forever. The meaning of his words cannot be mistaken, but by the wilfully blind and perverse. "And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you forever, the spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive." (St. John, xiv., 16, 17). "And when he, the spirit of truth shall come, he will teach you all truth." (St. John, xvi., 13).

Surely, my dear brethren, if these consoling and splendid promises mean anything, they mean precisely what we contend for: that the great body of Christ's ministers, even until the end of time, were to be taught all truth, by the Holy Spirit of truth himself, who was to abide with them forever for this very purpose; and that they were consequently to be preserved from all doctrinal error; in short, that they were to be infallible in matters of faith.

4th. But there is yet another solemn promise of Christ to this same effect, equally striking, equally emphatic, and equally conclusive. It would seem, indeed, that our blessed Lord, knowing the vital importance of this great principle, wished to announce it in every form of language and on all the more solemn occasions of his life, so that there might be no possibility of mistake on the subject. The promises to which I last alluded were made on that sad occasion, when he announced

to his grief-stricken apostles, in words of the most tender and divine eloquence, his speedy departure from amongst them. The promise, to which I shall now invite your attention, was made in his farewell address to them, on the eve of his ascension into heaven: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth: go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."*

What, my dear brethren, is the meaning of these solemn words? What, in particular, is the meaning of that last expressive clause to which such especial attention is invited by the emphatic *behold*? It is manifestly this: Christ sends his apostles to preach, to teach, to baptize, to perform all the duties of their ministerial office and to encourage and strengthen them in the arduous undertaking; he promises them his ever abiding presence and assistance in the discharge of all those official duties, so that they might be preserved from error, and thus might teach mankind with unerring certainty "all the things" he had given them in charge. He had taught them the principles of his holy religion; he had concealed from them none of the mysteries of his heavenly kingdom; he had promised them the Holy Spirit of truth to bring back all his teachings to their remembrance; he had died on the cross to seal the truths of his religion with his blood; and now, about to take his final leave of his dear apostles, he solemnly charges them to teach all those holy truths, and he pledges his own unerring veracity to them, that he will be with them and assist

* In the Greek, this last clause is: Kai Idou Ego Meth' Umin Eimi pasas Tas Hemeras Eos Tes Sunteleias Tou Ainos: literally, "and, behold, I am with you all the days, even unto the consummation of the world." The Protestant version *always* is not so explicit or emphatic; while that of Campbell utterly and most glaringly perverts the sense of the whole passage, translating the latter half of it, "unto the end of the present state!" How impious thus to lay violent hands on the word of God! This instance alone may serve to show the fallacy of private judgment, and the necessity of an infallible guide in matters of religion."

them in doing so that they may discharge this essential duty without falling into error. They were naturally weak, erring men; but he was God, who had already triumphed over death, and who was going to enter triumphantly into heaven; and he here pledges himself to throw around their natural weakness and frailty the impenetrable panoply of his own immortal power and truth.

Had he not meant thus to secure the body of his ministry from error in teaching and baptising the nations, all the fruits of his labors and blood would have been scattered to the winds; error would have been taught instead of truth; human inventions would have been substituted for his own divine sacraments, his one Church would have been split up into a thousand fragments; in a word, it would have become thoroughly distracted, corrupted and rotten from its very birth, and therefore, wholly unsuited to the purpose of conducting men to a knowledge of the truth. Who does not perceive all this at a single glance? Christ surely foresaw all of the grievous evils which would be consequent upon his religion being left to the weak, fallible and unaided judgment of his pastors; and he could have guarded against those evils in no other way than by securing them from error by his constant presence and assistance in their public and official ministerial acts.

But this promise was meant to be confined to the apostles, and was not intended to be transmitted to their successors. And, pray, who told you so? Does Christ say or intimate anything of the kind? No, certainly; but he says precisely the contrary. His promise plainly extends to all ages, "even unto the consummation of the world," were the apostles to live so long. Did Christ care only for the apostolic age, and make adequate provision for securing it only from error? Did he not foresee that this provision would be even much more needed after, than before, the death of his apostles? Did he die for the men of the apostolic age alone, or for those of all ages?

And ought you not also, according to this strange canon of interpretation, to limit the power to preach and to baptize to the apostles themselves? Why admit the perpetuity and transmission of these ministerial offices, and deny the same of the promised assistance annexed to them? Is it fair or reasonable to interpret consecutive and connected clauses of the same passage by different rules, without anything in the context to warrant the difference? And what are we to think of a cause which feels compelled to resort to such expedients as this? In fine, my dear friends, if words have any definite meaning at all, it is plain that Christ meant by this promise to secure from error the body of his ministers to the very end of time by his uninterrupted and daily presence and assistance.

Fifth—Surely St. Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, and that chosen vessel of election, who had been wraped to the third heavens, knew full well the genius of Christianity, and the mind of Christ in the organization of his Church. Yet St. Paul, writing to Timothy, a bishop and an immediate successor of the apostles, uses this emphatic language concerning the Church: "These things I write to thee, hoping that I shall come to thee shortly; but, if I tarry, that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar (in Greek, *stulos*, *columna*, *fulcrum* — column *fulcrum*) and ground (in Greek *edraïoma*, *stabilimentum*, *firmamentum*, *columen* — a stable support, a firm and solid foundation, a column of strength, from *edraio*, to establish, to strengthen. See *Hederici Lexicon*. The attempt to connect these epithets with the following verse, by a change of punctuation, is wholly unwarrantable, and manifestly contrary to the construction of the Greek text) of the truth."—I. Timothy iii., 14–15.

Think you, my dear brethren, that God either will not, or cannot, preserve his own house from being contaminated by the abominable defilements of error, superstition and idolatry?

Think you, that the living God cannot, or will not, watch over his own cherished Church and guard it from error? Think you, that this firm and unshaken pillar which supports the holy edifice of truth, can become itself the mainstay of falsehood; or that the very groundwork and solid foundation of the truth can become itself the basis of error? You may think so, if you choose to listen to false teachers; but St. Paul thought very differently, and we prefer to think with him. The bible is infallible, and to guard its infallibility by preserving it in its pristine integrity, God works a special miracle of his providence, while the Church, "the house of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth," is quietly allowed by this same providence to become corrupt to its very center, and to be, for many centuries, "the pillar and ground" of error, and of every abomination! The bible, to which no one in ten thousand could possibly have access during the first fourteen centuries of the Christian era, was miraculously preserved (till the invention of printing, about the middle of the fifteenth century); but the Church, which all were bound by divine command to hear and obey, and whose voice was necessarily the sole guide of the Christian world during all this long period, was permitted to go to ruin, and thereby to become totally unfit for the high mission with which it had been entrusted by Christ! Christians are prepared to admit, without any proof whatever, an infallibility nowhere promised in the bible; and they will still persist in refusing their assent to an infallibility therein clearly promised! Oh, consistency, thou art indeed a jewel, rarely found among the partisans of error!

The Roman Catholic Church alone can give a consistent and satisfactory account of the bible.

This is manifest from what has been already said in support of the preceding proposition. The Protestant may trace back the history of the bible to the date of the reformation; beyond this epoch he cannot consistently go. All beyond this is involved in doubt and uncertainty.

The history of Christianity, and consequently that of the bible, during the first fifteen centuries, is for him full of perplexities and darkness. He can not hope to see his way clearly through the gloomy night which, according to his theory, brooded over the world from the early ages of Christianity up to the rise of the reformation. In the attempt to traverse this portion of history he must walk in the land overshadowed by heavy clouds and full of inexplicable mysteries. How will he, then, be able to overleap the frightful chasm of fifteen centuries in his religious history? How prove that the bible itself has not been swallowed up with primitive Christianity in this yawning abyss, which had swallowed everything else? How will he do it, but by calling to his aid that venerable church against which he protests with all his might? But where is his consistency in invoking her kind assistance to rescue him from difficulties growing out of a mother against whom he has openly rebelled, and whom he yet persists in denouncing as a traitress to Christ and to his holy religion? The Catholic Church alone, my dear friends, can furnish us with a consistent and satisfactory history of that bible which we all prize so much. She alone can tell us a plain, straightforward and unvarnished tale in regard to its origin and interrupted transmission from the apostolic days to our own times.

She alone can unfold its entire history, and she alone can unravel all the otherwise insuperable difficulties of its text, growing out of thousands of different readings in its various translations into different languages. She needs no adventitious aid for this purpose. Her simple testimony is all sufficient. The history of the bible is an essential part of her own history. The inspired volume was handed down from generation to generation along with her other institutions. It was ever held as her written constitution, which she prized as dearly as she did her own life, and of which she was the divinely appointed guardian and expounder. Her public and official

acts in every succeeding age are its best and only authentic commentary. If her account of the bible be not consistent and satisfactory, no other certainly is or can be; for there is obviously no other worthy of the name. Hence this point is settled, and we may proceed at once to the next.

III. The Roman Catholic Church alone can satisfactorily settle the canon of the bible. Another great difficulty in the way of the Protestant rule is that which regards the canon, or the authentic list of those books of the New Testament which are to be received as divine. The book itself certainly contains no such catalogue, nor is there anything in it which gives us even a single hint by which we might be guided to a correct conclusion in a matter of such vital interest. Yet the canon certainly does involve a question of faith; and if the bible be the only rule of faith, it is a fundamental question; for how can we be guided by a rule until we first ascertain what comprises the rule? Therefore, here too, the alleged rule is obviously incomplete, and says nothing whatever on an article essential to its very existence.

How is this article to be settled? Plainly, by evidence without the record, and, of course, wholly independent of the Protestant rule (i. e., private interpretation); by the authoritative teaching of the early Church; that is, by the Catholic rule. Even Protestants are compelled to fly to this only resource for determining the canon; but in doing so they act inconsistently with their great fundamental principle and virtually admit that their rule is wholly inadequate.

This question of the canon is as difficult as it is important. For more than three centuries after the birth of Christianity serious doubts were entertained in many parts of the early Church concerning the canonicity of various books of the New Testament, which our opponents now agree with us in admitting: such as the Epistle of St. James, the Second Epistle of St. Peter, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Second and Third



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Epistles of St. John, the Epistle of St. Jude, and the Apocalypse, or Revelations, besides several smaller portions of some other books, as the history of the adulteress in the eighth chapter of St. John's Gospel, a portion of the last chapter of St. Mark, and the passage in the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke which treats of the bloody sweat of our Lord. The doubt arose chiefly from the peculiar condition of the Church, which was then grievously persecuted, and was often unable to convene councils to examine into this and other matters; and also, from the fact already alluded to, that most of the books of the New Testament were as yet scattered over the world, and some of them were therefore almost wholly unknown in many of the Churches.

But as soon as the Church emerged from the catacombs into the full light of day, in the fourth century, her pastors set about the great work of collecting all the scattered books, and of determining which were canonical and which were not.

By her solemn verdict, rendered in various councils, many books which had been previously circulated, to a greater or less extent, and had been viewed by some as inspired writings of the apostles or disciples, were set aside as spurious or uninspired, and those only were pronounced genuine which we now receive. Among those thus set aside we reckon the following: The gospel according to the Hebrews, the gospel according to the twelve apostles, the history of the infancy of Jesus Christ, the epistle of St. Barnabas, the acts of St. Paul and St. Hecla, the Shepherd or Pastor of Hermes, the two epistles of St. Clement, and many others.*

Now, amidst so many serious difficulties in the way of settling the canon, which existed even at that early day, when the means of arriving at the truth were so much more abundant than they are at present, how is a Protestant, at this remote

*There is contest among many learned persons about an epistle which, many suppose, from a passage in the epistle to the Colossians, to have been written by St. Paul to the Laodiceans. It seems certain, however, that the one which is now exhibited as such is spurious.

period, to satisfy his mind that a correct conclusion was then arrived at, unless he virtually admits that the Church was guided in the matter by the light and assistance of the Holy Ghost—which would be plainly to abandon his own rule of faith, and to adopt ours? This difficulty never has been, and I suppose never will be, solved by those who contend that the bible is the only rule of faith, and that nothing is to be believed which is not found recorded therein. The Protestant cannot prove the canon without abandoning his rule of faith and virtually admitting Church authority.

The third difficulty in the way of the Protestant rule, is not less serious. How can a Protestant feel certain that he has a true version of the bible? The bible can give him no information whatever on this most important question; and yet, if he have the true version, he has not the true word of God, and therefore cannot even begin to apply his rule. The bible was not certainly written in English, nor in any other modern language, but in Hebrew and Greek; and the Protestant translation into our vernacular, was not made by inspired men, but by men who were not only fallible, but were known to have often grievously mistaken the meaning of the sacred text. Thus there were no less than four successive Protestant translations of the bible into English previous to that of King James—Tindal and Coverdale's, Mathew's, Cramner's and the Bishop's Bible. (See on this subject Hallam's "Introduction to Literature," Vol. I., page 201.)

All of which were, however, subsequently rejected by English Protestants as notoriously corrupt, and not a true representation of the word of God. King James' translations fared little better at first. Protestant ministers, in great number, openly proclaimed its utter unfaithfulness, and even after it had undergone various corrections, it still retained, and retains to this day, many mistranslations, in matter, too, vitally affect-

ing doctrines. This has been triumphantly proved more than once; nor have the proofs ever been satisfactorily answered. In this state of things, how is the English or American Protestant to know with certainty that he has a faithful translation, or, which is the same thing, that he has really the word of God, and not a mere counterfeit of it?

To determine the matter to his full satisfaction, he should be thoroughly acquainted with Hebrew and Greek, with ancient history, with Oriental manners and customs; and being well furnished with all this various knowledge he should devote a long lifetime to a critical examination of the principal translations which have been made at different times, and should carefully, patiently and impartially weigh the reasons on both sides of every mooted question; and even then, he might arrive at an incorrect conclusion, as many men equally learned and sincere have done before him! Where there is so great a diversity of opinion among the learned, even those of his own religious sentiments, he cannot safely or consistently receive on trust the opinion of any one in particular, for this might lead him into fatal error. Nor can he receive without examination the opinion of his own particular sect, or even of all the sects, for he holds that they, one and all, may deceive him, because they, too, are fallible. Besides, this would be traveling out of the record and violating his Rule.

Placed in these straits, how is he to feel assured that he has a true version, or the word of God in its original purity and integrity? And if he cannot be assured of all this, how is he to apply his Rule, and of what use is it to him?

But suppose all these difficulties settled, there is yet another equally formidable, which never can be settled by the Protestant Rule; but which must yet be settled before the Protestant can feel any certainty that he is following the word of God.

Amidst so many conflicting opinions as to the real *meaning* of the bible, how is the sincere Protestant inquirer to deter-

mine which is the true interpretation? Others may be right, and he may be mistaken; and, if he is mistaken, he is really not following the word of God, but his own fancy only. With so many chances against his being right in his interpretation, how can he, without pride and presumption, think that all others have erred, and that he alone, with much less learning, and, perhaps, piety on his side, has attained to the truth? The bible has really only one true and legitimate meaning; but the Protestant Rule, regularly applied, has put upon it hundreds of contradictory interpretations; therefore, the Protestant Rule stands self-convicted of having grievously perverted and fatally wrested the word of God, and therefore, of being totally inadequate for the purpose of guiding mankind unto a knowledge of the truth.

Protestants now agree with us in regard to the canon of the New Testament, though some of the early reformers rejected many of its books, on the alleged ground that they were not originally received by the Church. (As, for example, the epistle to the Hebrews, the epistle of St. James, the second and third of St. John, the second of St. Peter, that of St. Jude, and the Apocalypse or Revelations of St. John). They still, however, persist in rejecting as apocryphal several books of the Old Testament, chiefly on the ground that they were not admitted into Jewish canon, compiled under Esdras long before they were written!

The synagogue does not receive them as inspired books; but the *whole* Christian Church received them, and received them unanimously, both in the East and in the West, for more than a thousand years previous to the reformation; and our dissenting brethren are pleased to prefer the merely negative authority of the Jewish, to the *positive* authority of the Christian Church!

Where is the consistency in all this? If the Christian Church be deemed fully competent to decide on the canon of

the New Testament, by what process of reasoning is her competency denied for settling that of the Old Testament? For our part we are content, with the great St. Augustine, to prefer the authority of that venerable Church, which Christ founded and which he expressly commanded all his followers to hear, to that of a dispensation of mere types and shadows, which have long since passed away. And we are also fully content with the reasoning which induced this brilliant luminary of the ancient Church to sustain the truth of the next proposition, which I will now proceed to state, and which made him utter the memorable words already quoted: "But I would not believe the gospel if the authority of the Catholic Church did not move me to do so."

Fourth—The Catholic Church alone can prove the inspiration of the bible. That the Protestant Rule of private interpretation is unable to prove the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures is evident from St. Peter, who says on this subject: "As also our most dear brother Paul, according to the wisdom given him, had written to you: as also in all his epistles, speaking in them of these things: In which are some things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable (the bulk of mankind) wrest, as also the other Scriptures, to their own perdition." (II. Peter, iii., 15, 16.)

There are, then, many passages of the Sacred Scriptures, embodying doctrines, too, essential to salvation, which are hard to be understood, and which many wrest to their own perdition. This testimony strikes a mortal blow at the Protestant Rule of Faith. Another testimony of the same apostle completes the evidence against its truth: "Understanding this first, that no prophecy of scripture is made by private interpretation."—Ibid i., 20.

You will perhaps object that it is incompatible with the wisdom and goodness of the Holy Ghost, who inspired Sacred Scriptures, to have left them obscure, at least in matters of

importance for salvation; and you will state your argument in this form: If the Scriptures are not plain enough to be understood by the most ordinary capacity, it is because the Holy Ghost either could not, or would not, speak plainly; but it were little short of blasphemy to say either of these things. I answer, that this is a little better than a shallow sophism; it takes for granted the very thing in dispute, and supposes that the Holy Ghost meant to make the Scriptures the *sole* Rule of Faith, as interpreted by each individual for himself, apart from all Church authority. This is plainly a begging of the question. The Holy Ghost made the scriptures plain enough to those who would seek to expound them, not by private interpretation, which St. Peter rejects, but by the clear and unmistakable light thrown upon them by the public teaching of those to whom Christ intrusted the commission to "preach the gospel to every creature." With this authorized commentary, every thing in them would become plain enough; without it many things remain uncertain and obscure. The New Testament was to be received as a divine commentary, and a supplement to the public oral teaching of the first inspired incumbents of the ministerial office, appointed by Christ himself; and, in matters of doubt, they were to be consulted, and after them their successors in the same office; and their exposition was to be received as authoritative and definitive. This is manifest from various passages of the New Testament itself. Thus St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, clearly intimates that he had not taught them every thing, but had confined himself to those elements of Christian knowledge which were adapted to their weakness.

"Howbeit, we speak wisdom among the perfect but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery And I, brethren, could not speak to you, but as carnal. As to little ones in Christ, I gave you milk to drink, not meat; for you were not able as yet: but neither indeed are you now able; for you are yet carnal." (I. Corinthians ii., 6, 7, and iii., 1, 2.)

Thus again, in the same epistle, he plainly says, that he had not written every thing concerning the Holy Eucharist and public worship, but that he would afterwards supply the deficiency by his oral teaching: "And the rest I will set in order when I come." (I. Corinthians, xi., 34.)

In the most sublime of all his epistles, the one to the Hebrews, he intimates the same economy, when, speaking of Melchisedech, he says: "Of whom we have great things to say, and hard to be intelligibly uttered, because you are become weak to hear." (Hebrews, v., 11.) In all this, the apostles did but follow the example of our blessed Lord himself, who was wont to speak to the multitudes in parables hard to be understood, but which he took particular pains fully to explain to his apostles and disciples, that they might be thereby fully qualified to become the instructors of the people. To whom he said, when they inquired into the motive of this his mode of procedure: "Because to you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; but to them (the people) it is not given Therefore, I speak to them in parables: because seeing, they see not, and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand." (St. Matthew, xiii., 11, 13.) Had Christ intended to make the people the interpreters of his religion, apart from the oral teaching of his ministry, his conduct on this and other similar occasions is wholly inexplicable.

Nor can we, on this principle, explain the answer made by the learned and pious Jewish eunuch to the deacon Philip, when the latter, finding him engaged in reading Isaiah, ventured to ask him: "Thinkest thou that thou understandest what thou readest?" To which the eunuch answered: "How can I, unless some one show me?" (Acts, viii., 30, 31.) Even the apostles and disciples themselves, though they enjoyed for so long a time the company of the Son of God and had been taught by his lips, yet were dull of comprehension, and did not understand the meaning of the ancient scriptures, un-

til he himself, after his resurrection, "beginning from Moses and the prophets, had expounded to them;" and "had opened to them the scriptures." (St. Luke, xxiv., 27, 32.) And it was only after the descent of the Holy Ghost upon them on the day of Pentecost, that their minds were fully enlightened on a subject so difficult of comprehension.

The selfsame principle runs through all these and many other similar passages of the sacred volume: namely, that the bible was intended to be plain in all parts only to those who were specially taught by Christ himself, or by those whom he had taught and specially commissioned to unfold its sacred meaning in doubtful points to others. In matters of obscurity and difficulty, the faithful were under the necessity of consulting those who had been regularly authorized "to teach all nations." This principle is the pivot upon which the whole scriptural system turns, it is the great luminous center from which radiates the light that dispels its obscurity and clears up its doubts. Without it, the whole scope and genius of scriptural meaning becomes uncertain, if not wholly unintelligible to the mass of mankind.

Without this clear light thrown upon the New Testament by the public oral teaching of the Christian ministry, how could the early Christians have become acquainted with many things in the Christian Religion concerning which its sacred pages are either wholly silent, or speak only in the most obscure language? How else could they have learned the transfer of the obligation of keeping the Jewish Sabbath, or seventh day of the week, to the Sunday, or first day of the week? This transfer was certainly made by the authority of Christ, or by that of his apostles promulgating by his will; and yet the New Testament says nothing from which it may be necessarily inferred, or even inferred at all. How else could they know, that the ceremony of washing feet, so strongly enforced both by the example and the apparent command of Christ,



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was not an obligation on all Christians, or even a sacrament of the new covenant? (See St. John, chapter xiii.) As far as the mere language of scripture is concerned, how is any one to know that this ceremony was not as obligatory as the Lord's Supper itself? How else could they know that infants were to be baptized, or that baptism administered by heretics was not to be renewed by authorized ministers? How else could they know that the obligation of "abstaining from blood and things strangled," so clearly inculcated by the apostolic council of Jerusalem among "the things necessary," was not intended to be as permanent in the Church as that of "abstaining from fornication," with which it is associated in the same connection? (Acts, xv., 28, 29.)

And upon what authority, other than the Church expounding the scriptures, do our dissenting brethren know and believe all these and many other things of similar kind, which most of them nevertheless receive as well as ourselves?

Again, if the New Testament, as understood by private interpretation, was intended to contain all the doctrines and institutions of the Christian religion, and in so plain a manner that no one could be mistaken as to their meaning, number and character, will our adversaries have the goodness to tell us whether they mean to assert this of any one of its many books, taken separately or of all of them taken together? If the former, then which of those books contains all that is necessary? And if any one of them does contain all this, where is the utility or the necessity of the others? If the latter, then, pray, where is the evidence for the fact? Do any of the sacred writers inform us that their own writings, in conjunction with the rest, were intended to contain everything appertaining to the religion of Christ? If so, where is the testimony? Our brethren, who profess to receive nothing that is not based on clear scriptural warrant, have surely no right to assert anything as of divine institution which is not founded on such evidence.

Is there anything, even in the general tenor and complexion of the various books composing the New Testament, which would necessarily lead us to believe that all the sacred writers, taken together, meant to unfold to us the entire Christian system? From what we have already said on the subject, the presumption lies rather on the other side; at least, there is certainly no proof of the alleged fact in the book itself.

The scriptural testimonies, which our separated brethren are in the habit of alleging to prove their position, are certainly not to the purpose. They regard the Old Testament only, and our present question is mainly in reference to the New Testament. The testimony of our Saviour: "Search the scriptures, for ye think in them to find life everlasting: and the same are they that give testimony of me" (St. John v., 39), even if it was meant to imply a command or an exhortation, and not a reproof or a mere declaration of a fact, as is more probable from the original Greek and the whole context—is certainly confined to those prophetic portions of the Old Testament which regarded the Messiah.

So, also, the famous passage of St. Paul in his second epistle to Timothy—"All scripture, divinely inspired, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God may be perfect, furnished unto every good work" (St. Timothy iii., 16, 17)—is manifestly limited to those scriptures which Timothy "had known from his infancy," and does not all regard the New Testament, a great portion of which was not yet written. Besides, St. Paul says that those scriptures were profitable, not that they were sufficient or contained everything necessary to salvation: as they certainly did not, even according to the judgment of Protestants themselves. Who among them all is prepared to say that the Old Testament alone suffices to instruct us in the Christian religion? It may, indeed, "instruct us unto salvation," as it did Timothy, but only "through the faith which is in Christ Jesus." (Ibid,

verse 15.) The same remark may be made in regard to the "noble Bereans," who "daily searched the scriptures whether these things were so." (II. Acts xvii., 11.) St. Paul had quoted the old scriptures to prove the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and it was natural enough that the Bereans, who were as yet Jews, and not believers in Christianity, should seek to verify the quotations. Had they been Christians and still doubted the preaching of St. Paul they would certainly have been more deserving of censure than of commendation for their conduct, even according to the principles of our opponents themselves.

You will, perhaps, tell me that, so long as the inspired apostles were upon the earth, their oral teaching, which was infallible, was to be received as an authoritative commentary on the written word; but that, after their death the early Christians were deprived of this resource, and had nothing left to guide them in the path of Christian truth and duty except their writings.

I know that this theory is fashionable enough now-a-days; but it is not, for all this, the more defensible or true. Where is the evidence that the original mode of teaching all nations—established by Christ himself—was to be changed after the death of those to whom the commission was given? This mode was clearly in possession and it could not be superseded but by an express divine warrant. Where is the proof that such a warrant exists? Had Christ said to his apostles: "You must preach and teach so long as you live, but you must take care to commit the whole substance of your preaching and teaching to writing, as I intend that these writings, as understood by each individual for himself, shall, after your death, become the only Rule of Faith." Then, indeed, the theory might have some plausibility. But, Christ said nothing of the kind; he clearly intimated the precise contrary, when he said that this original mode of teaching all nations was intended by him to continue, sanctioned by his divine presence and assistance, "all

days, even to the consummation of the world." The burden of proof is upon our adversaries, and they should surely prove the alleged change in the established method of God's teaching by a clear testimony of the record itself—their only Rule of Faith. But the record is not only silent on the subject of the alleged change, but its obvious meaning clearly implies the contrary.

Besides, is it at all probable, that Christ intended that this change should really take place? Even if there were no express testimony on either side of the question, it is not highly probable, to say the least, that no such change was ever contemplated by Christ? It is probable that our divine Lord, "who was God and changed not," would have authorized so speedy a change in one of his primary and most cherished institutions? Did he not, as God, clearly foresee, that his followers who would live after the apostolic age, would be in much greater need of pastoral instruction and guidance, than those who would be imbued with the principles of his religion by his own inspired apostles? Would not doubts and controversies arise among them, which could be settled in no other way than by authoritative oral teaching?

Did he not also clearly foresee, what was really the fact, that the books of the New Testament would be scattered over the whole world, in the different churches to which they were respectfully addressed, or for which they were written, and that they would not be collected into one volume for three entire centuries after his ascension?

And that, if he constituted them the only Rule of Faith and practice, all his followers, during this long period, would be entirely and necessarily shut out from all means of ascertaining the principles of his religion? Did he not foresee, that even for many centuries after this period, not one in a thousand of his disciples would be able to read those sacred documents, even if they should be so fortunate as to have

access to them? And, did he not foresee, that the art of printing would not be discovered for full fourteen centuries after the dates of the commission, and that, as a necessary consequence, not one in ten thousand of his followers would, by possibility, be able to possess the sacred volume? Did he not, finally, plainly foresee all the innumerable discordant interpretations which those adopting that volume as their only Rule of Faith, and expounding it by their own private judgment, would put upon even its plainest language? Being God, he certainly clearly foresaw all this; and being a God infinitely wise and infinitely good, he surely could not have intended to establish a rule subject to so many difficulties, and absolutely impossible of application for the vast majority of his followers. Had he done so, he would have made no adequate provision for the the wants of mankind, and would have, on the contrary, rendered it next to impossible for the bulk of mankind, to ascertain with any certainty the real tenets of his holy religion.

Such are some of the many insuperable difficulties of the Protestant Rule of Faith. But there are others, if possible, yet more striking and insurmountable.

If the scriptures, especially those of the New Testament, be the only Rule of Faith, and contain all that is necessary to be believed, they should surely furnish us with satisfactory information, and proof, in regard to the important previous question—whether they are themselves inspired in all their parts; but, they tell us no such thing. There is not one passage from St. Matthew to the Apocalypse, which gives us this essential information; and we defy our adversaries to produce any such testimony. But, even if they could produce it, there would yet be something wanting to the evidence; for it might be still objected, that the book could not bear testimony to its own inspiration, as that testimony might not itself be inspired. We might, indeed, *presume* that whatever was written by any one

of the apostles, to whom Christ had specially promised his assistance, was and is inspired; but, as we have already said, much more than half of the New Testament was not written by them, but by others to whom there is no evidence, at least on the record itself, that any such promise was ever made. How, for example, can any one prove from the New Testament itself, that St. Mark and St. Luke were inspired? Thus, then, there is manifestly a most important link wanting in the chain of evidence furnished by the Protestant Rule.

The Protestants tell us, that in proving the inspiration of the bible we resort to a vicious circle, by proving the infallibility of the Church from the bible, and then prove the bible as an inspired book by the Church. We are gravely told, that the doctrine of infallibility is absurd, because many fallibles cannot make an infallible! As if we founded the doctrine on the mere natural fallibility or infallibility of men, and taught that a large body of men might naturally possess an attribute which could not be predicated of each of its component parts! We teach no such absurdity. We take much higher ground. We base the infallibility of the Church on the solemn declarations and promises of Christ, who was surely infallible, and upon those no less explicit of his inspired apostles. We hold that the Church is infallible, because Christ is with it, and promised to guard it from error, notwithstanding the passions and natural fallibility of men. He did not promise infallibility to individuals, but to the Church, as a Church, as *his* Church, appointed by himself to be the organ of his communication with the world, and therefore speaking *his* language and expounding *his* doctrines with infallible certainty. This is our real position; and it cannot be shaken by the shallow objection just noticed. But how do we prove that Christ promised to make the Church *infallible*, and that his inspired apostles bear evidence to ~~that~~ promise? Is it not from the holy scriptures? And how do we know that the scriptures are the inspired word

of God? Is it not by the authority of the infallible Church? Do we not thus reason in what is called a vicious circle, proving the divine authority of the scriptures by the infallible Church, and again the infallibility of the Church by the divine authority of the scripture? and how do we get out of this difficulty?

We get out of the circle with the greatest facility imaginable. The fact is, my dear brethren, it is no circle at all; it exists only in the fertile brain of our adversaries, who vainly imagine that they have enclosed us in a net of logic from which there is no escape, when really the objection presents no logical difficulty whatever. I am even tempted to smile at the simplicity that continues to urge, as a serious objection, a very shallow sophism, which, like every thing else alleged against Catholicity, has been already put and answered a thousand times. The difficulty is really not on our side, but on that of our adversaries; as the following very plain considerations will, I hope, serve to convince you. In arguing with Protestants, who already admit the divine authority of the scriptures, but deny that of the Church, it is surely competent for us to prove the latter by the former. Where is the vicious circle in proving a thing denied from a thing already admitted? Is it either logical or necessary to attempt proving what is not denied by your adversary? Now, as this is precisely the course of reasoning adopted by Catholics, and as our controversy in regard to the infallibility of the Church lies with Protestants only, and not with Jews or infidels, it is plain that we move in no vicious circle whatever.

We can prove the inspiration of the holy scriptures without the authority of the Church, at least as well as can our adversaries; and, therefore, in this respect, we stand on as good ground at least as they.

The sophism, called reasoning in a circle, consists in mutually proving two different things by each other in such sort, that the *only* evidence upon which each one rests is that

derived from the other. If either proposition be susceptible of proof from other sources, the circle ceases to be vicious, or as logicians say technically, it is opened. The mere fact, then, that a reasoning is circular, does not always vitiate it. Two persons or things may mutually bear testimony to each other, and yet the evidence of each be valid and worthy of acceptance. Thus, St. John, the Baptist, bore testimony to Christ, and Christ bore testimony to St. John, the Baptist; and yet the testimony of both was viewed as authoritative and conclusive. Those who believed in the divine mission of John, naturally accepted his testimony in favor of John. Was there any vicious circle in this obviously circular reasoning? Thus, again, a man of respectable appearance takes a check to the bank purporting that a certain amount is to be paid to the bearer, and the check is immediately honored, though the check bears testimony to the identity of the man, and he to the genuineness of the check. Thus, also, an ambassador presents his credentials at a foreign court, and he is received and duly accredited, though the credentials bear evidence to him, and he to the credentials. Such things happen continually in everyday life, and yet there is certainly no defective reasoning involved in them; else we must suppose that human affairs and reasonings move frequently in a vicious circle.

Let us take another example, which will lead us still nearer to the matter in question. We prove the genius, character, and principles of our own government* from our written constitution; and yet we also prove the genuineness and authority of our constitution by the authority of our government which originally framed and adopted this instrument. The government was fully established, and its independence and authority recognized, both at home and abroad, for years before the constitution was written; and if no written constitution had ever been adopted, the authority of the government would still have

*By the government I mean here, not merely the executive department of it, but all its essential parts, including the legislative and judiciary.



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remained unimpaired. Once the constitution had been written and adopted, its principles became authoritative in regard to the general structure and powers of the government; still the latter had the guardianship of that instrument, and was the only legitimate expounder of its meaning in cases of doubt and controversy. Thus, the government is older than the constitution; the former might have subsisted though the latter had never been written; and it was the natural expounder, and the only legitimate one in ultimate resort, of that document, and yet the two bear mutual testimony to each other. Is our whole theory of government based upon a vicious circle? Let us now apply the facts and principles of this last example to the mutual testimony borne to each other by the Church and the scriptures, especially by those of the New Testament, of which alone in the present case there can be no question. In comparison, the Church corresponds to our government, and the New Testament, in a certain sense, to our written constitution. Bearing this in mind, you will instantly perceive, that, in the mutual relations of the Church and the New Testament, precisely the same facts and principles are developed as in those of our government and its written constitution. The Church is older than the New Testament; for the last book of the latter was written about the close of the first century, after the Church had been already established for more than sixty-five years: the Church might have continued to exist in unimpaired authority, though the New Testament had never been written, as it did really so subsist without it for more than half a century; the Church was the only natural and legitimate expounder of the New Testament, as well as the main witness of its authenticity, canon, and inspiration; and, finally, the Church and the New Testament bear mutual testimony to the authority of each other. Is not the parallelism almost complete in every detail? And, if no vicious circle is involved in the former process of reasoning, with what semblance of truth can it be said to be involved in the latter?

Again, how was a Christian of the first centuries to be certain of, and prove, the canon and inspiration of the New Testament? By mere intrinsic evidences? But these, however strong they might seem to one who was already a believer, were yet, considered in themselves alone, not wholly conclusive even to him; while to the unbeliever they were almost entirely powerless. Besides, the genuine and inspired books of the New Testament, there were also many others then in circulation, either wholly spurious, or intrinsically good and genuine, but written by uninspired men. The intrinsic evidences of many among the latter books seemed so strong at that period, that not a few sincere and well disposed Christians received them and even placed them on a level with those which we hold as divine. This proves that the mere intrinsic marks were not sufficient. How was this matter finally and definitely settled? Simply and only by the living and speaking authority of the early Church. And, how was the authority of the Church itself established? By her public acts, and by the divine and bright seals of her heavenly mission, every where and at all times stamped by God himself upon her public teaching and ministration; by her rapid and wonderful propagation throughout the world, through means naturally the most inadequate, and in the face of a fierce and relentless opposition, which would have crushed any merely human institution; and all this though her doctrines were at open war with the passions of men, and necessarily tended to break down and crush all the most dearly cherished institutions then universally received by mankind and interwoven with all forms of human society and government; by the astonishing beneficial effects on public morals which every where followed her progress; by the holy lives of her ministers and people, and the blood of her countless martyrs poured out like water to attest her divine origin and truth; finally, by the many and brilliant miracles by which God set the seal of his approbation

on her divine mission to the world. In short, her divine authority was proved by such motives of credibility as no reasonable man could resist, and as actually did convince the world in spite of itself, that she was the handmaid of heaven,—by the self-same arguments as established the divinity of Christianity itself.

All these brilliant and overwhelming evidences were plainly independent of the New Testament; and yet were deemed adequate and conclusive by the mass of the early Christians, and by the most gigantic intellects and acute reasoners of the early ages? They were, not only for Christians, but for heathens and unbelievers. They convinced and converted such men as St. Justin and St. Augustine. The latter assigns most of these very motives for his firm and unwavering belief in the divinity of the Catholic Church, And yet, what reason moved this great man to believe in the New Testament? He says: "But I would not believe the gospel, if the authority of the Catholic Church did not move me to do so." (*Contra Epist. Fundamenti, c., 4.*) Thus the Church was not only older than the New Testament in point of fact, but her authority might be admitted and proved, by both the learned and the unlearned among the early Christians, independently of the New Testament. It is an undoubted historical fact,—little attended to now-a-days when we hear almost nothing but the constant cry of the bible, the bible,—that, as we have already shown, for more than three centuries, the various books of the New Testament were not collected together into one volume; and that, therefore, it was utterly impossible for the great body of Christians during that long period to learn Christianity or to prove the Church from the New Testament alone. It is another fact, equally certain, that for more than a thousand years afterwards,—until the invention of printing,—it was utterly impossible that one in ten thousand could have access the New Testament. How were Christians, during all this time, to know

which was the true church or to prove its authority? Obviously by the very means and by the very process of reasoning just indicated. If not, what other means of proof or motives of belief had they?

The authority of the Church once established by the alleged motives of credibility, she was naturally received as a competent witness of the whole Christian revelation, and, among other parts of it, of the canon and inspiration of the New Testament itself. The Church, thus divinely established and universally acknowledged as the organ of God, put this book into the hands of her children, told them that it was the word of God, and commanded them to receive it as such, according to her own exposition of its meaning. They opened the book, and found that it contained the strongest and most explicit declarations of Christ and his inspired apostles in regard to the authority of the Church herself, and her infallibility in her public teaching. Their faith in the Church, already strong, grew stronger by this confirmation; and this additional argument was wielded with great strength against heretics, who admitted the inspired book, but denied the authority. Where was the vicious circle in all this? And if our sainted forefathers reasoned logically, are we to be called sophists for reasoning precisely in the same way?

But I will go yet a step farther, and retort the objection against those who raise it, in order to show who it is that really reasons in a vicious circle. I will ask the Protestant objector: How do you prove the canon and inspiration of the New Testament? He will answer,—he is bound according to his principles to answer,—by the New Testament itself, by its intrinsic marks and evidences. What? You prove the New Testament from itself? You first receive the book as divine, and then prove its divinity by the book itself! Is not this a vicious circle of the most palpable kind? If it be not, please show me an instance that is. Jesus Christ himself said: "If I bear wit-

ness of myself, my witness is not true" (St. John, v., 31); and yet, these men but of yesterday, who take it upon themselves to catechise us in logic, make the New Testament bear witness to itself, thereby plainly reversing the maxim of our Lord; and then they cry out about our reasoning in a vicious circle!! In short, to sum up all that I have said in two words; if I am arguing with a brother Christian who admits the authority of the Church, I may logically reason from the former to the latter; if arguing with an infidel who denies the New Testament, I adopt another course altogether; I first prove to him the divine authority of the Church by the selfsame arguments by which a Protestant would attempt to prove to him the divine origin and character of Christianity; and then and not till then, will I attempt to convince him of the divine authority of the New Testament (in the argument with the infidel, I may also logically use the New Testament, not as an inspired record but as an historical book of undoubted genuineness and great weight of authority). In neither case is there even the shadow of a vicious circle.

After this exposition I leave it to you, my dear brethren, to decide whether the vicious circle does not exist in the brain of our adversaries and in their line of reasoning, much more than it exists in our own argument. And after having thus endeavored to clear away some of the rubbish which our opponents have been for three centuries accumulating around the venerable edifice of Catholic truth, I may proceed at once to point out to you among its fair proportions and leading outlines, this great fundamental trait of infallibility, which gives strength and unity and durability to this rock built House of the living God.

The four propositions laid down at the beginning of this argument are thus I hope satisfactorily proved; and the conclusion derived from them is plain:—that the Catholic Church alone is the true Church of Christ; even in the Protestant

view, which makes the whole of Christianity consist in the bible alone.

The next evidence will throw additional light upon the one last presented, to which it is nearly akin. It is this: That Church alone can be the true Church of Christ, which alone is, and has been consistent and uniform in the interpretation of the bible.

But the Roman Catholic Church alone is and has been consistent and uniform in the interpretation of the bible.

Therefore the Roman Catholic Church alone is or can be, the true Church of Christ.

The first, or major proposition, is almost self-evident. The bible contains the religion of Christ only in so much as it is rightly understood and interpreted. Misunderstand and pervert its legitimate meaning and it no longer exhibits the religion of Christ, but only the fancies of your own brain. Now, the religion of Christ, as contained in the bible, is obviously consistent in all its parts, and uniform in its very nature; therefore, no church can possibly hold the true religion of Christ which does not adopt a consistent and uniform system of bible interpretation. All that I have to do, then, to complete the argument is to prove the second, or minor, proposition; that is, to show that the Catholic Church has always adopted a consistent and uniform interpretation of the bible, and that no other church, at least no Protestant church, has done this.

As to consistency in bible interpretation, it is certain that Protestants can lay no valid claim to its possession. Their whole religious systems are, in fact, little better than a sad jumble of glaring inconsistencies and contradictions. In addition to the inconsistencies above pointed out, I will here briefly allude to a few others.

The Protestant discards all church authority in determining the meaning of scripture, and substitutes for it the private judgment of each individual. This is the cardinal principle of Prot-

estantism. Yet there is scarcely a denomination in this country which has not its church articles and confession of faith, setting forth the doctrines which the sect thinks are fairly deducible from the bible, and to which all its members must subscribe, else they fall under what is called church discipline!* That is, every one is to read and interpret the bible for himself; still, he must take care to interpret it according to the tenets of the sect to which he belongs! Is this consistent?

Again, the Protestant professes to hold nothing which cannot be clearly proved from the bible; yet all the Protestant sects do certainly believe many things not contained therein. They all hold the inspiration of St. Mark and St. Luke, and that of the other writers of the New Testament,† the correctness of the Protestant canon of the bible, and the substantial accuracy of King James's translation;‡ yet all these things are certainly not contained, either directly or indirectly, in the bible itself; and they involve, too, what are admitted to be fundamental and essential principles of faith. Where is the consistency in all this?

Moreover, all Protestants profess great reverence for the Christian Sunday, or Lord's day, which they improperly call the Sabbath,|| and this is deemed by them a vital and fundamental point.

Now, where is the scriptural warrant for keeping the first day of the week, or Sunday, instead of the seventh day, or Saturday, as God expressly commanded in the old law? And this, too, in one of the Ten Commandments! Surely, if the bible

*The Reformers, or Campbellites, and perhaps one or two other minor sects, are an exception to this remark. They cry out against creeds for the reason I have indicated in the text. But let them grow a little *older* and probably they will change their opinion in this respect, if they have not, indeed, already changed it.

†I should, perhaps, except the Unitarians, the Quakers and one or two other ultra sects.

‡The Campbellites and some of the Baptists have some objection to this translation but the same argument holds against their own.

||Except the Seventh-Day Baptists, a very small sect.

contains everything appertaining to the religion of Christ, it should furnish some account of this change; but it contains nothing of the kind.*

Again, the vast majority of Protestants admit the validity and lawfulness of infant baptism, though the bible certainly contains nothing from which alone it can be clearly inferred, especially if you admit the generally received Protestant notion that baptism is not necessary to salvation.

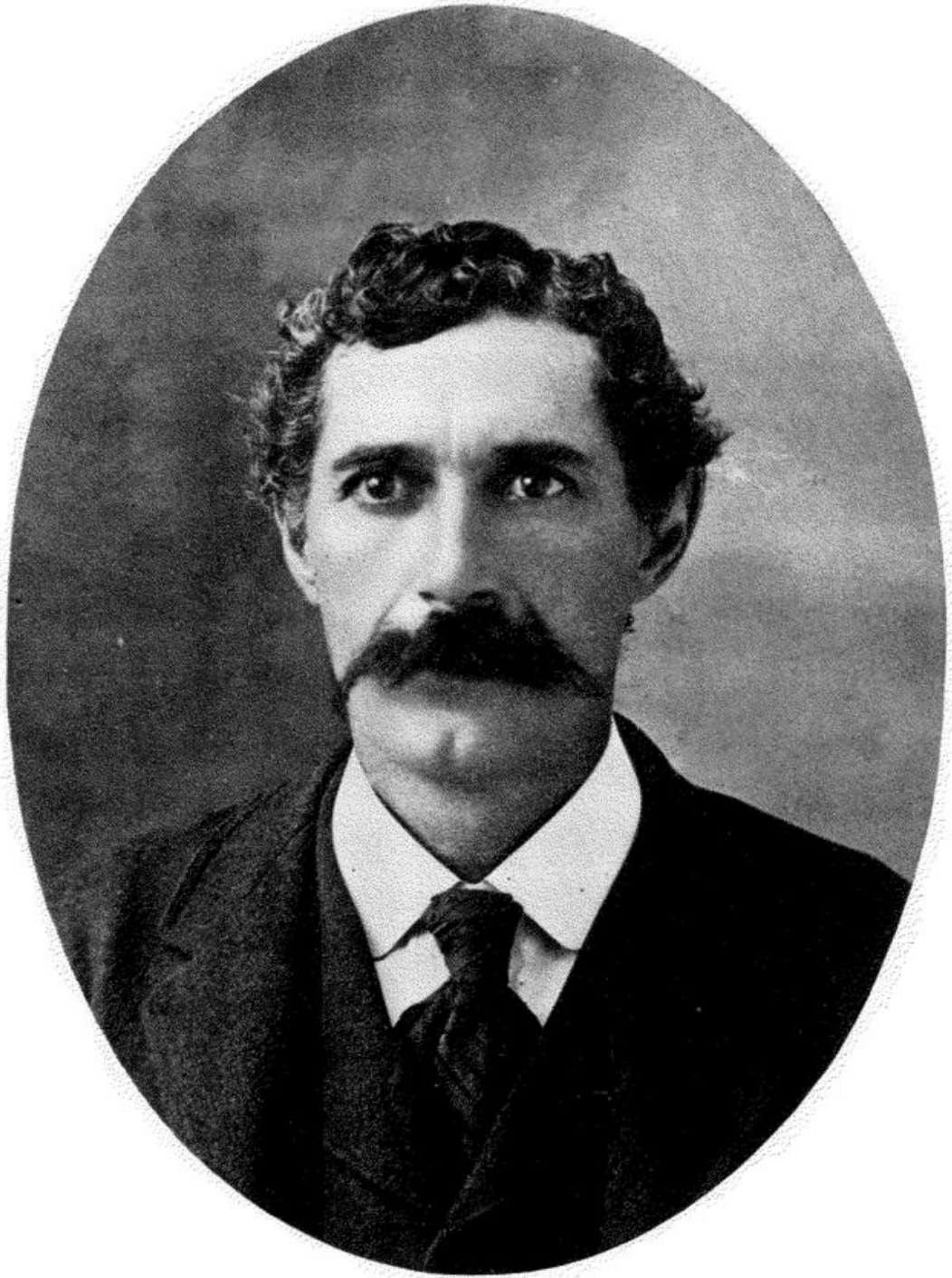
Finally, have not most of the American Protestant sects many things in their worship for which they can plead no warrant of scripture? Where, for instance, is the scriptural authority for "mourners," for "anxious seat," for their peculiar manner of "getting religion," and for other curious things connected with what are called "revivals" of religion? I ask again, are our separated brethren consistent in believing and practicing so many things not contained in their only rule of faith—the bible?

The Catholic Church, on the contrary, is consistent throughout her whole system of bible interpretation. Her principles of church authority and tradition expounded by it throw a broad and steady light on the sacred page, clearing up its difficulties, removing its obscurities, and supplying its deficiencies. Here there is no clashing of opposing principles, no assumption of what cannot be proved by the rule itself, no inconsistency in the method of interpretation. The vagaries of private judgment are restrained by the divinely established principle of hearing the church. In this system everything in the bible, or concerning the bible, is clear and satisfactory. Out of it all is vagueness and uncertainty.

II. We come now to the question of uniformity in bible interpretation. Christ certainly established but one religion,

*Those scriptural passages, which are sometimes alleged for this purpose, are wholly inconclusive. The meeting on the first day of the week for collecting alms, or even for religious worship, does prove the change alluded to. Do not our Protestant brethren often hold religious meetings on other days than Sundays?

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and the bible obviously contains but one. To say that it contains more than one religion were little short of blasphemy; for it would amount to the assertion that the Holy Ghost, who inspired the sacred volume, is himself the author of inconsistencies and contradictions! And this is true, whether the contradictions be in matters deemed of smaller, or in those considered of greater importance; for the Holy Ghost cannot contradict himself in small any more than he can in great things. Now, it is a notorious fact that Protestants have extracted from the bible more than a hundred contradictory systems of religion; and that these systems are always shifting and multiplying, the older ones giving way to those which are new.

On the other hand, it is equally notorious that the Catholic Church has derived from it but one religion, and that this one religion has been always the same and unchangeable. In view of these undeniable facts, which of the two systems, I ask, should be presumed to have adopted the uniform and true method of bible interpretation? No reasonable Christian can pause long for an answer. It rises up spontaneously to the mind of every one who reflects but for a moment on the subject. The blessed Saviour has himself laid down the golden rule by which this question may be easily settled: "By their fruits shall ye know them." The fruits of the Protestant system have been and are endless contradictions and variations of creeds; those of the Catholic have even been unity and uniformity.

Therefore, it is apparent that the Roman Catholic Church alone has adopted a consistent and uniform system of bible interpretation. Then she alone has the religion of the bible. Then she alone is the true Church of Christ.

III. I will go a step farther and maintain her claim to be the only true Church of Christ on the two following grounds, which, if they can be sustained, will show still more clearly that she alone really holds the one true religion of the bible:

1. The Catholic Church alone accepts the doctrine of the bible in the plain, natural and obvious sense of the inspired record.

2. She alone accepts *all* the doctrines of the bible.

1st. The Catholic Church is not called on by her religious system to torture the sacred text into strange and unnatural meanings, unwarranted by its obvious drift and language; she accepts the scriptural doctrine just as the text declares it, without turning either to the right or to the left.

It is enough for her, that Christ, or his inspired apostles have declared a doctrine in plain and explicit language; she stops not to inquire how far it may be comprehensible to human reason, or palatable to human sense; she humbly bows at once to their divine authority and reverently believes in their sole word.

Thus, when Christ says: "This is my body; this is my blood," she instantly believes him and says, without a moment's hesitation: "Yes; O Lord, it is thy holy body, it is thy sacred blood." She would shudder at the bare thought of contradicting the Saviour, by saying that it is not his body, it is not his blood, but a mere figure of them without the reality. She would tremble at the idea of virtually joining with the perverse Jews and incredulous disciples who exclaimed: "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" and, "this is a hard saying and who can hear it?" (St. John vi, 52 and following.)

Again, when Christ says to the body of his ministers: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (St. John, ch. xx.) and, "whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, it shall be bound in heaven and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth it shall be loosed in heaven" (St. Matthew, ch. xviii.) She accepts his language in its plain and obvious meaning and fully carries it out in her doctrine and practice. When Christ says: "If he will not hear the church let him be to you as a heathen

and publican" (Ibid.) She reverently bows to his authority and recognizes at once the divine command without one word of opposition. And, when he promises that "He will build his church on a rock and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (St. Math. xvi.) she believes that he meant precisely what he said, and that he was fully able to redeem his pledge.

This illustration might be extended to many other things, these will suffice to explain and establish the fact or principle here contended for. It is plain, then, that the Catholic Church alone, of all the modern claimants to be the one true church of Christ, interprets the bible just as it reads and according to its plainest and most natural signification. She alone practically adopts the sound canon of interpretation, that a passage should be expounded in its literal and obvious sense, unless there be very strong and satisfactory reasons for expounding it otherwise; and, among these reasons she alone does not reckon the mere incomprehensibility of the doctrine stated, or the circumstance of its being hard to flesh and blood.

2nd. But, she alone actually receives all the doctrines of the bible. This follows in part from what has been already said, and it will appear still more clearly from what will be said in the development of the next evidence. For the present I will be content with instancing only one plain scriptural doctrine, or institution, contained in the following remarkable passage of the New Testament; "Is any man sick among you? Let him bring in the priests* of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he be in sin, they shall be forgiven him." (St. James v., 14-15.)

Now, which of all the Protestant sects complies with this solemn injunction of an inspired apostle? Which of them all

*In the Protestant bible it is the elders; but this is not material to the argument; as in any case the ministers of the church are clearly meant.

thinks it necessary, or even advisable, to anoint the sick man with oil, and to pray over him, in order that "if he be in sins they may be forgiven him?" You will tell me, perhaps, that this was a mere Jewish rite, long since abolished. But where is the proof? Does the bible anywhere say so? An inspired apostle enjoin a mere Jewish rite? But, you will insist that this is not an important or at least a necessary observance. Again I ask, where is the proof? I receive nothing without proof, and I must have proof, too, from your only rule of faith—the bible. Do you profess to know what is important or necessary better than did St. James? Does not this same inspired writer say in this very epistle: "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, but offend in one (point) is become guilty of all" (St. James iii. 10.) And how can Protestants be certain that they do not fall under this heavy guiltiness, by persisting in the transgression of a commandment clearly laid down by the apostle himself; a commandment which was deemed of binding force among all the Christians who lived on the earth for the first fifteen hundred years of the church; and, which is at present viewed in the same light by the Greek Church, the oriental sects, the Roman Catholic Church, in short, by four-fifths of the Christian world? With this fact staring them in the face, how can our Protestant brethren be quite so certain that they have the *whole* religion of that bible of which they talk so much? Let them look to it in time.

It may, then, be set down as a position clearly established, that the Roman Catholic Church alone accepts the doctrines of the bible in their plain, natural and obvious sense; and that she alone accepts all these doctrines. The inference is clear and necessary; that she alone is the true Church of Jesus Christ.

IV. I go still farther and maintain that the doctrines which the Catholic Church derives from the bible are much more conformable to the genius of Christianity and, therefore

much more likely to be the true doctrines of that sacred book, than are those alleged to have been drawn from it by the Protestant sects. I can not, of course, go into a minute and detailed comparison, which it would require a volume to institute; even if it were possible to ascertain, with precision what each of the Protestant denominations now really believes and teaches. I must confine myself to some of the more general features of the two systems.

No Christian will deny that the religion of Christ is a supernatural dispensation; that is, a system of truths, moral and doctrinal, entirely above the natural order of things. It is supernatural in its very origin, supernatural in its ends, and must be supernatural in its very nature and in all its parts. It rests entirely upon the relation made to mankind by Christ Jesus; it contemplates the reconciliation of sinful man with his offended Creator, the sanctification of his soul, his union with God in time and throughout eternity. All its doctrines and institutions must, then, be worthy of this divine origin, and be eminently calculated to promote these high ends; they must bear, stamped upon them, the *unmistakable* impress of the incomprehensible Deity; and they must necessarily war against human pride and passion. This consideration naturally leads us to expect to find the Christian religion marked by two great distinctive features; mysteries in its doctrines; and things hard to flesh and blood in its morals and institutions.

If, even in natural things coming fairly under the range of the senses, we are surrounded by mysteries which we can not fathom; if the real causes of most of the phenomena of nature are entirely hidden from our view and we are able to pronounce only on the facts; how much more should we not expect this in things entirely above the natural order, and so far removed, by their very nature, from the reach of the senses? If we can not explain the visible works of God, how can we hope to understand those which are invisible? If we can not fathom

the nature and mind of man, how can we hope to fathom the nature and mind of God?

Again, we know, from the past history of the world and by our own sad experience, that the human heart is corrupt and prone to evil; and that it can not be kept from vice or be made to incline to virtue, but by doing constant violence to its own natural inclinations. Man left God and lost himself, by following his own appetites and indulging a rebellious pride; he must be reclaimed and brought back to God by a contrary process; by making war on his evil propensities, resisting the inclinations of flesh and blood, and humbling himself before God. Hence the Christian religion could not lead man back to his Creator without embodying the essential features of modification, self-denial and humiliation. And, hence, reasoning *a priori*, we would naturally expect to find these among the most prominent characteristics of the Christian system.

Accordingly we find, my beloved brethren, that this antecedent probability is fully sustained by the facts of the case, which cause it to grow into a certainty. Christianity, as taught by Jesus Christ and his inspired apostles, is a system full of incomprehensible mysteries and of things very humbling to human pride and very painful to nature. No one can deny this, who reads the New Testament through with simple and upright mind and heart. The whole system is based upon three great incomprehensible mysteries: The Trinity; the Incarnation; the Atonement, and the influence of these three great principles is strongly felt throughout all its parts. Again, two of these mysteries—the Incarnation and the Atonement—show forth, in an eminent degree, the humiliation of soul and the spirit of self-denial and of sacrifice, which pervade all Christianity.

It is, then, obvious that no religious system can be the religion of Christ which does not accept and fully carry out these principles; that is, which does not exhibit Christianity

as a complexion of doctrinal mysteries; and of moral principles and observances, embodying the spirit of self-sacrifice, humiliation and mortification.

All that we have to do, then, my beloved brethren, in order to ascertain which is the true religion of Jesus Christ, is to apply these undeniable principles; by inquiring whether Catholicity or Protestantism is more conformable to their genius and spirit, or carries them out more consistently and thoroughly. The question is thus reduced to a plain matter of fact, easily investigated by even the lowest capacity.

1st. And, first, let us apply the test in regard to mysteries. Those Protestant denominations which call themselves evangelical or orthodox, agree in admitting as fundamental the mysteries of the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Atonement. But do they not stop here? Do they carry out this principle of mysteries through the entire Christian system? Do they not evidently incline to the rejection of almost all mysterious doctrines beyond these three, and to assert that, while the foundations of Christianity are deeply mysterious and hidden away in the unsearchable counsels of God, its superstructure is entirely plain and comprehensible to human reason? Is it not deemed, by them, a strong if not an insuperable objection to a particular doctrine, that it is above the reach of reason? Do they not constantly allege against many of the mysterious doctrines which were held by all Christians for the first fifteen centuries and which are still held by the vast majority of Christendom, as an essential portion of the original Christian revelation, the very same objections which are urged by the Unitarian and the deist against the three mysteries just named and against all mysteries and all supernatural revelation? In a word, is there not, even among evangelical Protestants, a manifest tendency to reject mysteries, merely because they are mysteries? A few obvious examples will prove that this is the case. The Catholic Church, in

common with all the old churches and with four-fifths of the modern Christendom, proposes to the belief of Christians—as an essential part of the original revelation—the doctrine of the real presence and transubstantiation; and the Protestant cries out that it is a mystery, that it is incomprehensible, absurd, impossible; and that, therefore, it should be at once rejected. The Catholic Church, under the same high sanction, proposes the doctrines of priestly absolution, of a perpetual visible sacrifice, of sacramental efficacy in conferring grace; and the Protestant objects to all of these on a similar ground. In these instances, is it not a little remarkable, that the difficulty and mysteriousness of the doctrine are the chief objections in the way of its reception; the fact of its revelation, and the testimony brought forward in support of this fact, are deemed comparatively unimportant, or occupy the background of the picture.

The plainest and most explicit language of scripture must bend before this all-pervading disposition, or reject whatever is mysterious in religion; and it is now deemed almost a sufficient motive to reject a doctrine, to exclaim, "it is a hard saying and who can hear it?" The Unitarian seizes up with avidity the self-same principle, and levels it against Christian mysteries; while the deist carries it still farther, and rejects every thing supernatural, and revelation altogether. And, it is a striking feature in Protestant history, that this downward tendency has been steadily developing itself, and growing stronger and stronger with each successive generation ever since the reformation; until at last it has already withdrawn from the ranks of evangelical Protestantism more than half of its original members, and now threatens to annihilate every thing mysterious in the Christian system! What is Protestantism in Germany, in Switzerland, in France, and even, to a greater or less extent, in England and America, but an empty rationalism or a barren unitarianism? Who, with these palpa-



MR. EDWARD GROBMYER, - Member of Building Committee.

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ble facts before him, will deny, that the natural tendency of Protestantism is towards rationalism and infidelity? And such being obviously the case, who can believe, for a moment, that it is conformable to the genius of Christianity, or that it is, or can be, the true Church of Christ?

2nd. It is the same, or even worse, in regard to that essential feature of the Christian religion, which consists in moral principles and observance painful to human nature or humbling to a corrupt heart. Protestantism, with its two cardinal principles of uncontrolled private judgment in matters of faith, so very flattering to human pride; and of justification by faith alone without works, so soothing to the corrupt heart naturally averse to painful works; has virtually done away with the cross of Jesus, and with the spirit of self-denial and bodily mortification necessarily growing out of its doctrine. Christ said: "If any one will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me" (St. Matthew, xvi.)

Protestantism virtually says to its followers: if you would be disciples of Christ, deny yourself nothing beyond what is openly criminal, reject all the crosses and sufferings not imposed on you by God himself against your own choice, eschew fasting, corporeal maceration, humble obedience to the will of others, and all such popish superstitions,— and thus you will best follow Christ! He has done every thing; he has left you nothing to do but to believe and trust in his abounding mercy! Is it upon any other principle than this, that such painful and humiliating Catholic doctrines and observances, as confession, satisfaction, fasting, bodily inflictions, retirement from a guilty world, celibacy, and humble obedience to Church authority, are so constantly rejected and so frequently sneered at by our separated brethren? And, what is there, in fact, in Protestantism, that is specially opposed to human inclinations, or to the pride of the human heart? And, what is there in Catholicity, which does not declare open war against the whole army of the passions?

These reflections might be easily extended to much greater length; but I must hasten on. What has been already said is deemed sufficient to prove: 1st, that the genius of Christianity necessarily requires a belief in mysteries, not only as lying at its foundation, but as pervading its entire system; and in painful institutions and observances of a similar nature and extent; and, 2nd, that the Roman Catholic religion alone carries out these principles to their legitimate results and fullest extent; while Protestantism either stops half-way, or rejects them altogether. The conclusion is inevitable,—that the Roman Catholic religion alone is conformable to the spirit and letter of that taught by Christ; and, that therefore the Roman Catholic Church alone is, or can be, the true Church of Christ.

1st. But there is yet another essential feature of Christianity which only the Roman Catholic Church exhibits, and upon which I intend to base another argument to establish her identity with the primitive Church of Christ. I allude to immutability of doctrine, and inflexibility of purpose in maintaining the truth decided on.

The Protestant sects can obviously lay no claim to the possession of this feature; their whole history from the date of the reformation down to the present time, has been a history of perpetual changes and variations. Protestantism has not remained stationary for one year, or even for one day. Each successive generation has witnessed the appearance of new confessions of faith, of new sects, of new doctrines, and of new discoveries in religion! New religions start into existence almost daily; and so very unsettled has all religious faith become, the many Christians nowadays would almost seem to be practically of the opinion, that that religious system is the truest which is the newest! Is this picture at all exaggerated? Is not every light and shade of it unfortunately but too true to nature? And yet, my dear brethren, truth is one, inflexible, unchangeable. No one can deny this. All truth has this essen-

tial character; none more so than that which is directly from God. Can it be, then, I earnestly ask you, that Protestantism is, or can be, in the very nature of things, the religion of the bible; the one, true, unchangeable religion of Jesus Christ, taught by a God and sealed with his precious blood? Can it be, that what is avowedly a mass of crude and inconsistent speculations and of ever-changing opinions, is that one original religion of God, based on the revelation through Christ our Lord? No; the very idea is revolting; it implies a horrid blasphemy; it cannot be seriously entertained for one moment. Protestantism cannot be the religion of Christ; it bears stamped on its brow all the marks of a merely human institution, embodying the natural results of erring human reason and of seducing human passions. This brand cannot be removed but by removing the system itself.

2nd. A feature precisely contrary to this presents itself to our view, in the Catholic Church. She does not change her doctrines with every change of human opinion; she does not say one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow; but, like her divine founder, she "is the same yesterday, to-day and forever" (Hebrews, xiii., 8). Her system is not made up of a hundred incompatible and contradictory elements; it is one in its nature, and the same every where that it has been at all times. She cannot tolerate dissent within her own bosom; those who will not comply with the divine command,—“hear the Church;” and will not submit humbly to her authority, must go out from her; she will have no disobedient children, no wrangling, no sects within her “one fold of the one Shepherd.”

While the details of her discipline may vary to suit times and places, her doctrines are unchangeable, because she holds them to be the revelation of God, which she has no mission to change, nor even to modify. She would not sacrifice one of her principles to gain the whole world. She lost England because

she would not yield, nor compromit her doctrine in regard to the indissolubility of Christian marriage. Christ had said: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (St. Matthew, xix., 6), and she did not feel at liberty to contravene his command, even though she probably foresaw, from the ungovernable temper and headlong passions of Henry VIII. that, in consequence of her inflexible firmness, England would be torn from her communion.

She lost China in the eighteenth century because she could not and would not sanction the Chinese Rites; which, after mature deliberation, she believed were superstitious, if not idolatrous. Her enemies charge these same odious qualities on her own worship; she refuted the foul calumny by setting her condemnation on those Rites, which some of her most learned and pious missionaries nevertheless believed harmless, or at most as only an expression of exaggerated reverence for the illustrious dead, but which she believed unlawful and inadmissible. Her decision on this subject was made, too, at the very crisis of the Chinese mission, when her prospects in China were the brightest; and she was well aware, while making it, that it would arouse a feeling of indignation from one end of the empire to the other, and would probably result, as it did result, in a bitter and bloody persecution. Yet did she persist in her inflexible purpose of never compromising the truth of which she was the divinely appointed witness and guardian; she determined to do right, and was content to leave the consequences in the hands of God.

Who does not see in the perpetual variations and endless contradictions of Protestantism, on the one hand, and in the steadfastness, inflexibility, and uniform and consistent course of Catholicity, on the other, a plain and palpable evidence that the former is not, and the latter is, the true religion of Jesus Christ?

Another evidence grows naturally out of this. For this very unchangeableness of doctrine and inflexibility of purpose, the Catholic Church is now, and has ever been, cordially hated by all the sects. They all rise up in arms against her, accuse her of an exclusive and intolerant spirit, and declaim against her as not adapted to the spirit and wants of the age, and as being averse to the march of improvement. They all unite in railing against her as already antiquated and obsolete; and in making it a matter of grave accusation against her that she will not change, or, as they choose to express it, reform. They cannot brook the idea that she alone should remain unchangeable, while everything else is changing around her; and they are really, without intending it, bestowing upon the Catholic Church the greatest possible eulogy. For to say that a religion does not, will not, cannot change, is equivalent to saying, that it has at least one essential and prominent feature of truth. This union of all Protestant sects against the Catholic Church is as notorious as it is remarkable. It is notorious, for every one who has glanced at their history must have observed the fact, that how much soever they may differ among themselves, they all bury their private feuds, and, from the high-church Episcopalians down to the Unitarians and Universalists, unite to a man and make common cause, either openly or by silent sympathy, whenever it is a question of attacking the Catholic Church. It is remarkable, for they unite on but few other points having reference to religion. We naturally ask for the explanation of this strange phenomenon. To us it presents a very strong evidence that the Catholic Church is right, and that the Protestant sects are wrong. Whether we reason from analogy, or from the leading principles of Christianity, we can explain the phenomenon on no other hypothesis.

First—History presents us with many examples of precisely similar unions of merely human sects or parties against the truth; it does not furnish us with one single example of a union

of various true religious sects against error. Thus all the sects of Judaism—the scribes, the pharisees, the Herodians—buried their mutual differences and united as one man against Jesus Christ—“the way, and the truth and the life” (St. John, xiv., 6). Thus also, Pilate and Herod, from bitter enemies, became fast friends, when it was a question of attacking and crucifying the Blessed Saviour. Thus all the old sects constantly united together against the great body of Christians, or the Catholic Church. This same remarkable feature pervades all church history, from the numerous heresies which started up under the eyes of the apostles themselves, down to those of latter days.*

The hundred jarring sects of the first four centuries hated Catholicity as unanimously and as cordially as do the hundred discordant sects of the present day. And they did so for precisely the same reason: because the Catholic Church condemned them and would not sanction their errors, either in whole or in part. They imagined, too, that, by their joint opposition and perpetual clamor, they would succeed in silencing her voice and in compassing her destruction. Vain imagination! They have all descended to the tomb, after having respectively run their fitful career of error. The Catholic Church has subsisted in unimpaired energy and ever-increasing strength to the present day. So, also, the numerous sects of the sixteenth century fancied that they were on the eve of blotting out the Catholic Church from the face of the earth. Still, she has bravely stood her ground and has survived their combined assaults. She saw the beginning of all the sects. She has already lived to see the end of most of them; and she will as certainly live to see the end of all those which yet remain.

Thus, if we examine this union of the sects against Catholicity by the light of history, and by the principles of analogy, we are not at all surprised at it. We feel that Solomon was

* For a very learned and able analysis of testimony on this subject in the fourth and fifth centuries, see Newman's work on "The Development of Christian Doctrine," page 116, seqq.

right when he said, "There is nothing new under the sun," and we necessarily conclude that this circumstance is a strong additional evidence that Catholicity is right and that Protestantism is wrong.

2d. The conclusion will be greatly strengthened, my dear brethren, if we farther examine this phenomenon by the light of certain leading Christian principles, clearly laid down in the bible and accepted by all Christians. One of these principles is that God is love; that Christianity, his noblest work, is based upon love; and that hatred comes not from God, but from the great enemy of God and man—Satan.

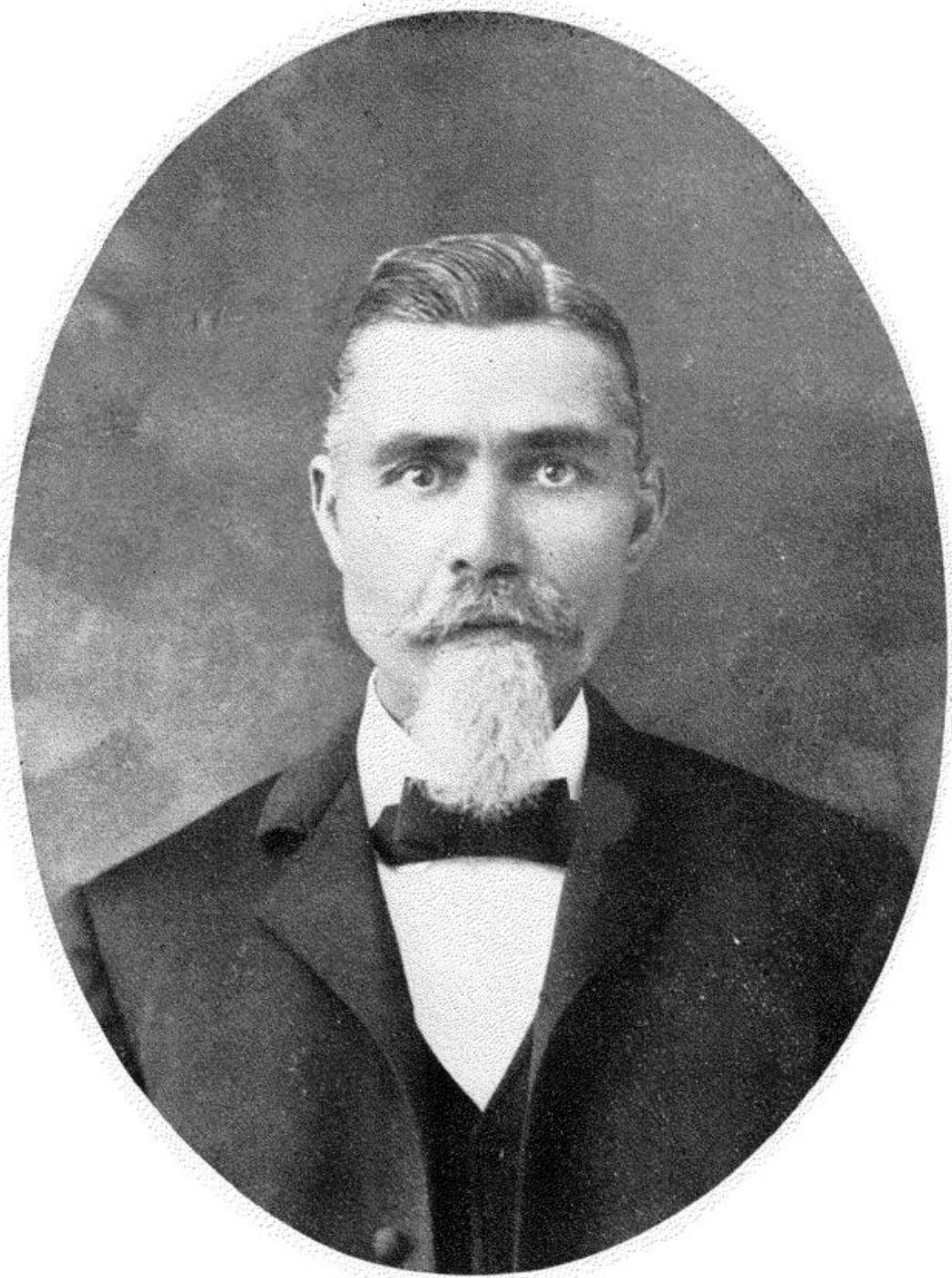
Now, what is the basis of this union of the Protestant sects against the Catholic Church? Is it love or is it hatred? If it be love, then, I ask, what love, and amongst whom? Amongst the sects themselves? But they obviously have no particular love for one another. They mutually differ, dispute and wrangle so long as they are left to themselves; they often lose even common Christian charity in the ardor of their mutual controversies; they are pacified and begin to love one another only when the battle cry is raised against Catholicity! Love towards Catholics or the Catholic Church? But this is manifestly not the motive of their opposition. It comes from another principle altogether—from a deep and settled and abiding hatred. This consideration is as true as it is painful. I wish from the bottom of my heart it were not so; but I cannot change the facts; and these give evidence of hatred rather than of love. If the opposition of the sects grew out of love towards Catholics and charitable zeal to reclaim them from dangerous error, would it, I ask, be marked by the bitter and ferocious spirit which has so often distinguished it, and never, perhaps, more so than in our own days? Would the persons and character of Catholics be so often denounced from the pulpit and the press? Would Catholics be so constantly held up to public odium as unpatriotic and dangerous citizens? Would maddening appeals

be made to the blind passions of the multitude? and would the ignorant and vicious be let loose upon them to burn down their convents, their schools, their libraries and their churches? Would men calling themselves ministers of the God of peace and love be found leaving their appropriate sphere of Christian benevolence and meekness and descending into the arena of worldly contention to fan the blaze of popular fury? Would the Catholic priesthood be so constantly held up to public execration as impure and wicked men, and this on mere foul suspicion? Would the virtue of Catholic females be assailed with unworthy insinuation because, in common with three-fourths of Christendom, they chose to go to confession, believing this to be a divine institution, obligatory on all? Would reverend ministers think proper to deliver lectures against Catholicity with doors closed against females in order that they might not be restrained by the decency imposed by the presence of the latter? thus clearly implying that what is not good enough for ladies' ears is quite good enough for the house of the living God!

Does all this and much more of the same kind, to which allusion might be made, spring from true Christian zeal and charity? Compare these public and notorious facts with the following graphic picture of charity, drawn by an inspired apostle, and then you will be able to judge of what spirit those are who do these things:

“Charity is patient, is kind, charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things” (I. Corinthians xiii., 4-7.)

Are not the characteristic of the warfare lately, if not at present, carried on in this country against Catholics the exact reverse of all these qualities of true charity? Let the impartial Christian answer this question.



MR. JOHN F. HILL,

Member of Building Committee.

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Again, it is the cardinal principle of Christianity, admitted by all and embodied in one of the commandments, that "we should not bear false witness against our neighbor." Now, I ask, is this sacred principle observed by those who are foremost in the modern crusade against our Church? Do the leaders in this movement adhere strictly to truth in their representations of Catholic doctrine? Do they represent our principles fairly and honestly, or do they not, on the contrary, constantly misrepresent and pervert them, thrusting upon us as our own doctrines of their own coining, which we abhor at least as much as they do themselves? Do they allow us the benefit of our own standards and of our own repeated explanations and declarations of our real sentiments? Are we treated by them with even that common decency—to say nothing of fairness and honesty—which is willingly extended to the veriest criminal that ever was arraigned at the bar of justice? Is it not a lamentable fact that, while deists and atheists are judged by their real sentiments, as set forth and explained by themselves, Catholics only, who constitute the vast numerical majority of Christendom, who can justly plead that they belong to the Church of all ages and of all nations, are denied the privilege of the most common justice, and are judged, not by their real doctrines, but by the misrepresentations of their enemies.

Is it not a remarkable fact that Catholics only are often attacked by abuse, calumny and unblushing forgery? That they only are assailed by such atrocious libels and impostures as Maria Monk's impure and notoriously false "Awful Disclosures," as "Six Months in a Convent," as "Rosamond Culbertson's Lascivious Adventures," as Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," as Michelet's wicked and deistical "Spiritual Direction," as a thousand slanderous books of the same wicked character? And is it not an implied homage to Catholic truth that the Church cannot be assailed with any prospect of even apparent success by means less foul than these?

Is it not, moreover, an immortal honor to her, that many of her adversaries thus openly league with avowed infidels and notorious miscreants in order to compass her destruction? If she were the false and idolatrous Church that she is represented to be, could not her enemies prove it without resorting to falsehood and calumny, and without extending the right hand of fellowship to such infidels as Sue, Quinet, and Michelet? And, does not this mode of warfare indicate rather a blind and perverse hatred, than an enlightened zeal or a true Christian charity? And, if hatred be its animating principle, how can this opposition be said to grow out of zeal for the truth, or for the honor of God who is charity itself? Does it not savor rather of the great adversary of God and men; of that dark and atrocious embodiment of hatred, who knows not what charity is, and who is doomed never to feel its softening influence?

I do not here speak, my dear brethren, of all those who are opposed to the Catholic Church; God forbid, Among our adversaries we reckon many sincere Christians who condemn the spirit that directs all this unhallowed crusade as much as we do ourselves. The great body of Protestants, I verily believe, are well disposed and charitable, but they are misled by the devices of their preachers, whose obvious interest it is to keep up the popular prejudice against the Catholic Church. The Protestant ministry has become a regular business and trade in this country, as much almost as any other profession; and it is, perhaps, withal as lucrative as any other.

The Protestant parsons of the Anglican church in England receive more money annually than all the other ministers of all other denominations put together, the world over!* In this country, too, the seven thousand Protestant ministers receive annually an immense sum of money from their confiding congregations, not only for foreign missions and other benevolent

*The annual income of the Anglican establishment falls little short of forty millions of dollars.

enterprises, but also for their own comfortable support.* And, it has been often remarked, that those among them who have been the loudest and boldest in their denunciations of the Catholic Church, have often been precisely the ones who have attained to the greatest eminence in their profession, and have in consequence been promoted to the fattest livings.

This singular feature in our religious condition may greatly aid us in explaining their zeal against Catholicity. If the Catholic Church should prosper, their profession would be almost at an end, and their means of living would be greatly abridged, if not wholly cut off. I do not mean to imply, that this is the case with all the Protestant ministers, even with all those who have joined the crusade against Catholicity; but I think that every impartial man will agree with me that many among them are more or less influenced by these unhallowed motives; whether consciously or unconsciously, God only can judge.

Had they a true and enlightened Christian zeal against error and vice, might they not find sufficient exercise for it in denouncing the infidelity, irreligion, and immorality, which are, alas! stalking forth amongst us in the full light of day, almost unchecked and unrebuked? Would not the eradication of these crying and ever-increasing evils be a much more appropriate object for their holy alliances, associations, and leagues, than the vain attempt to destroy the Catholic Church, from which they have derived, along with the bible itself, all the religious principles which they still possess? Why treat with

*Setting the average annual salary of the American Protestant preacher at \$300—a very moderate calculation—their total annual income would amount to more than two millions of dollars! This is probably much below the sum they actually receive, without even taking into account their income from missions, agencies and other sources. In this heavy amount are they bound to their own sects, and induced to war against Catholicity? Their own comfortable support, as well as that of their wives and children, is deeply involved. The latter consideration—their having families dependent for support on their exertions—while it explains the largeness of the amount they annually receive, may also serve to account for the ardent zeal manifested by many of them against the old Church.

gentleness and charity open infidels and indifferentists, and bend all their efforts to the destruction of the only Church which can connect them with the apostolic days? Why aid unbelievers in removing the only solid foundation of Christian faith? Is this consistent? Is it Christian?

From all these considerations, it is manifest that the union of the Protestant sects against the Catholic Church, based, as it is, upon the principle of hatred rather than upon that of love, and often carried out by means the most reckless and unhallowed, affords one of the strongest and most palpable proofs, that the Catholic Church alone is the one true Church of Jesus Christ; and that Protestantism, on the contrary, is the result of that same spirit of pride and revolt which drove our first parents from the earthly paradise, and which has been constantly at work in the world ever since. This spirit has been always and everywhere the same. It nailed Jesus to the cross; and it now seeks to crucify his pure and immaculate spouse—the Church.

May God vouchsafe us his holy grace, that we may all see his truth alike; and that, dismissing all pride and passion, we may humbly and lovingly embrace it. May he grant that we may learn and prize the test of divine truth laid down by his beloved disciple in my text: "He that knoweth God, heareth us; he that is not of God, heareth us not: by this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." May he grant us this boon, through Christ our Lord! Amen.

ECHOES--A. D. 1901.

The little city of Carrollton, with its genial and devoted people—irrespective of creed—have become dear to my heart. At the laying of the cornerstone of the new custom house and post-office the worthy Mayor Vallandigham and the distinguished County Judge Downs, asked me to deliver the dedicatory address. In acknowledgment of the honor conferred we quote the address as delivered on that joyful occasion:

“My county 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,”
I wish to speak.

DEAR FELLOW CITIZENS—If the building of any house marks an epoch in the home circle, how much more memorable is the laying of the cornerstone of a structure, whose very existence loudly proclaims the munificence of our beloved country. Appreciation of benefits received, being considered the finest jewel of an educated people impels us, publicly and solemnly, to acknowledge the services rendered to our little city by those who have helped to the realization of the custom house and post-office. Need I mention the name of the foremost among them? Are your hearts not inflamed with emotions of love and gratitude at the mere mention of that name? Yes, you all know him, you all love him, love him with every fibre of your hearts, the tall sycamore of the Licking—Colonel Albert J. Berry.

The beautiful edifice under construction in its preparatory work by the architect as plans and specifications, the excavation for its foundation, the co-labors of the genial and kind-hearted superintendent—Captain Murphy, a soldier and poet; the conscientious contractor—Mr. Gust. Renschler—and his

able mechanics; the actual laying of the cornerstone, the erection of its massive walls, the proposed arrangement of the interior, the sheltering roof and the crowning ornament—"The Star Spangled Banner"—all individually and collectively symbolize the building up of the grandest republic the world has ever beheld—The United States of America.

It is not my intention to discuss the advisability of our present national desire of territorial aggrandizement or even boast of our transpacific extension for fear that the sarcastic remark of Max O'Rell might be reciprocal. A haughty son of inflated John Bull, conversing with an American gentleman, boasted of the vastness of English possessions: "The sun only rises, but never sets on our dominion," affirmed the Englishman. "No wonder," quickly retorted the witty American, "There is a good reason for that phenomenon; the sun has to keep her eyes constantly on rascals like you."

It is not generally known that the preparations for the structure of our country did not originate on our own soil. No! the first thought of separation from England, the first conception of a scheme of independence, the first anticipation of a final struggle between England and the colonies, the first utterance of the very word "independence" occurred in a Catholic country, beautiful France, by Monsieur Choiseul, Minister at the Court of Versailles. Independence or separation from Great Britain was far from the thoughts, wishes and intentions of Americans, they were loyal citizens of the British Empire, not revolutionists. It was fully twelve years after the struggle by the peaceful protest of New York against the cruel Stamp Act (1763) that the colonists' thought of fighting to the bitter end for liberty. Since the seven years' war and the Treaty of Paris, England forgot to be guided by the maxim of the sage: "Protect thyself against a reconciled political enemy."

France used the colonies as military cards and played them successfully against Great Britain. In 1767, whilst Franklin was the peaceful agent of the colonies, at the Court of England, he and Durand—the French Ambassador—had frequent interviews at the Court of St. James concerning the colonies. Choiseul, who had gathered a huge mass of American newspapers, documents, town resolutions and sermons, was better informed concerning the state of affairs in the American colonies, than any man in England. Writing to Durand, at London, he said: “May the anarchy of the British government last for ages.” Durand replied: “Your prayer will be heard!” Not even Benjamin Franklin, did at that period, think of independence, as the following words addressed to Durand sufficiently indicate: “The intriguing French nation would like very well to blow up the coals between Britain and her colonies, but I hope we shall give them no opportunity.” Whilst Franklin uttered those words, Durand wrote to the Minister of Versailles: “In England there is none that does not own that its American colonies will, one day, form a separate state. Americans are jealous of their liberty and will always wish to extend it. The taste for independence must prevail among them, yet the fear of England will retard its coming, for she will shun whatever can unite them.” Choiseul, whom Marie Antoinette called the prophet and favorer of American independence, answered: “Let England but attempt to establish taxes in the colonies and those countries greater than England in extent and perhaps becoming more populous, having fisheries, forests, shipping corn, iron and the like, will easily and fearlessly separate themselves from the mother country.” (*American Eccles. Review.*) Such were the preliminary plans for the construction of the grand edifice of our republic, when the real work was suddenly ushered in by the martial music of the “Declaration of Independence.” Among the signers of that memorable document we find the name of Charles Carroll, of

Carrollton, a devout Catholic in whose honor our beautiful city and county has been named. The work had begun; its superintendent was one of the greatest characters in history. Divine providence made him the means, the instrument by which the liberties of this great republic were established and the foundation for this government was laid, whose very name and lofty character captivated my youthful heart, I mean General George Washington. If any sentiment but reverence and love for the father of our country could find a place in my heart, paraphrasing the words of Cardinal Cullen, "I would pluck it out, dash it to the ground and with my heel, crush the very life's blood out of it."

But, my friends, I have never been able to see why history always repeats its apparent mischief in cutting down that little cherry tree. It seems that the people of our country like that delicious fruit, for Alice, of Old Vincennes, informs us that Father Barre was delighted with cherry pie, and that the first *la bannier de Rowssiliors et la bannier de George Washington* was served under a cherry tree. As for George Washington, apart from his truthfulness, he evinced a fine taste, and who will blame him for cutting down the tree? It saved him the trouble of climbing the ladder. Must we not look upon it as a happy omen for the future, when so successfully he cut down the tree of English tyranny? We all realize that Washington was a man of Providence, one of those men raised up by God to meet a crisis in a people's history. He was greater than Napoleon, who worshiped at the shrine of self-idolatry, more noble than Cæsar, for he was a Christian, mightier than either or both combined, for crystalizing the aims and aspirations of the people and shaping them into the greatest and mightiest republic—our country. The lesson derived from the life of its first President is a lesson of patriotism, the true meaning of which it is not hard to find in his life. Let it be remembered it was not Washington, but God, through Washington, who laid the cornerstone of our country. Listen



THOMAS DISKEN.

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to his first thanksgiving proclamation: "Whereas, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits and humbly to implore his protection and favor, let us unite in humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Ruler and Lord of Nations and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions, to enable all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually. To render our national Government a blessing to all people by constantly being a Government of wise, just and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed, to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among nations and us, and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best!" Washington portrayed his Christian character in those words, but like a good father to his children he left us his legacy, i. e., principles upon which political prosperity must be built. Who has not read and reread with pleasure his ever memorable words uttered on the 17th of September, 1796, in his famous Farewell Address: "Of all disposition and habits," he says, "which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in the courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar

structure, reason and experience, both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion to religious principles," and it was Washington, following the example of Catholic Calverts and Baltimores who sounded a death knell to religious bigotry. Washington himself sought the aid of Catholics in the hour of need, and a friend in need is a friend indeed. After his disastrous defeat in the Jerseys, he sent a gloomy letter to Franklin, that if Catholic France would not effectually help, the cause of independence would be lost. Franklin being at first unsuccessful, was thus saluted one morning by the Papal Nuncio: "Mr. Franklin, I have good news for you. The Holy Father has received a letter from Father John Carroll, and the Roman Pontiff has sent me to intercede for you with the Catholic King Louis, and he has given me his assurance to help you." When we reflect how nobly and faithfully he kept his word, gratitude must fill our hearts. They sacrificed 400,000,000 livres, 35,000 Catholic hearts bled for our cause, and twenty-five ships of the line were annihilated to achieve victory. Next to the Father of our country, no name can be dearer, no heart more patriotic than that of the hero of Yorktown, the right hand of Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette. As a representative of our Holy Mother, the Catholic Church, I have referred to these historical facts to prove that our beloved country need fear nothing from the true adherents of our holy faith. If Washington did not fear them, when they had all opportunity to take advantage of us, certainly our dear countrymen need not fear her in the hour of her greatest prosperity and triumph. If Washington's definitions of patriotism and love of country is correct, our Holy Catholic Church teaching the only true and divine religion, a morality most pure, must rear the best patriots. Are you then surprised that I love her—love her with every fiber of my heart? Should I ever become so base as to hate her, I would, in consequence, be a hater of true patriotism, and become a danger to this our

fairest and grandest land in the universe. Fellow-citizens, our Holy Church is not a destroyer, but a friend, and the best safeguard of our republic. Behold that grand structure in its details! As the cornerstone rests on a firm basis, so our constitution, showing forth a depth of thought, a practical knowledge of men, things and times simply astounding, rests on the solid foundation of the liberty-loving people of our country. May the walls of this building to be erected symbolize the solidity of the moral virtues of prudence in its legislative power, its moderation in the executive, and justice in its judicial departments, and may fortitude and bravery constantly and triumphantly repel all aggressors. May its interior organization be as perfect as possible, so as to most advantageously accomplish its end, the good of society, the prosperity of the people. Let offices be given to qualified men, not to favorites. America, to be true to her great mission, must always give a sheltering roof to an honest, liberty-loving pilgrim, and remain to him a free, unbiased home. Therefore, I love thee, Columbia, with every fiber of my heart, and when my thoughts center on that beautiful emblem, which is to crown this, our postoffice, I feel an emotion within me as potent as the waves of the mighty ocean. I have traveled through more than ten countries and admired their banners, but ours is the most beautiful banner on earth. I salute thee, I love thee, I embrace thee, glorious Star Spangled Banner! In conclusion, permit me to narrate an incident which occurred during my late trip across the ocean in 1899:

While rocking myself on one of the steamers in the beautiful Bay of Naples, bound for the Isle of Capri, I was vehemently attacked by a man who had overheard our conversation on America. I tried to convince him of the justice of our cause, but in vain. Finding my efforts to instill respect for our beloved Union frustrated, I told him, with sternest mein, 'If I have failed to make you admire our grand Nation, then you must surely love the little treasure I have consecrated

near my heart.' I then took from my vest pocket a little silk flag of red, white and blue; and waving it enthusiastically exclaimed: 'This *you must* love, it is the most beautiful flag on earth, the Star Spangled Banner of America. Each stripe is inspiring, each star precious, each thread holy.' An unknown observer smilingly approached me, saying: 'Shake hands Father, for you deserve credit for your loyalty to our flag in a foreign country. My name is Father Yates, from Richmond, Virginia. I am not ashamed of you, for you have defended our country.' 'Well, then,' I retorted, 'I am entitled to a pension for though I have not defended my transatlantic home with bullets, I defend it at every election, with ballots, and have to-day defended it with words.' Be sure I have not made application for a pension. Secretary Hay might send me his signature and leave me to infer that what his name indicates, would be my proper reward, but of money, no trace. No, no, my friends, I do not wish a pension, but I do sincerely wish the prosperity of our country. May the American flag be always an enemy of tyranny and crime, a lover of God, liberty and country, and for myself, I desire an increase, if that were possible, of respect and love for our peaceful home—America.

On Holy Rosary Sunday, in 1899, the successor of St. Peter, Leo XIII, permitted Author Rev. Ign. M. Ahmann to give to his devoted congregation and people of Carrollton, the Apostolic Benediction, and convey his impressions of the Grand Consistory, and of the Holy Father, to his people. As the laying of the corner-stone will be performed on the same beautiful feast, it may in years to come bring back to memory some joyous and salutary reflections.

My dear friends, as the Holy Father has sent me to impart to you in his name and with his authority the Apostolic Benediction, it is but mete and just to briefly inform you of my arrival at the eternal city and of the consistory, where I had the pleasure to gaze at Leo XIII, the Vicar of Jesus Christ

on earth. On June 6th, a very bright morn in l'Italia bella, two military officers in our railroad car were conversing and gesticulating. From the few words I understood, I judged them to give vent to their feelings concerning government and national debt. To my left, still sleeping, a youngster from the sunny south, a colored boy of about twelve years of age, who had entered our car at Pisa. But for the two officers I might have fancied myself to be on some southern express in my Old Kentucky home. I should have said Ohio, for we have the separate coach law, which would have prevented me from coming in contact with a colored gentleman. My heart was beating very fast, my head moved in different directions, my eyes, like eagles', darted at every new object coming in rapid succession under their vision, until finally fixed almost immovably on Rome, the eternal city. To our right, St. Paul's, with its golden mosaic portal; to our left, the symbol of Redemption on the height of Monte Testaccio; St. Pirto in Montoria, the capitol; the Aventine Hill, with its beautiful Abbey of St. Anselm; St. John Lateran, the mother and head of all Churches in the Universe, and St. Croce, built by St. Helena. The dream of my youth had become reality.

I quickly alighted from the train, and after a proper contract with my coachman I was on my way to the Del Anima, a college under Austrian protection. What were my thoughts, you may ask? But one, and only one, my friends, to see St. Peter's Dome and the Vatican, wherein dwells an old and feeble personage, or nonogenarian, but a spiritual giant, the Father of Christendom, beloved by millions of all creeds, especially by his three hundred million Catholics. But why did I say the Vatican and not the Pontiff? Because at Cologne I had received a letter from a friend stating: "Monsignor De Waal, with whom I conversed this morning, informed me that, under the present circumstances (it was shortly after the operation on

His Holiness), it would be impossible to see the Holy Father." This was a terrible shock. To go to Rome and not to have seen the Roman Pontiff is worse than having looked at Naples and be still counted among the living. Confidence, however, did not leave me. Am I not justified to repeat at this moment the words of Cæsar, "Veni, vidi, vici!" I have come to Rome, I have seen the Holy Father, and have conquered all adverse circumstances. Upon my arrival at the Del Anima I was informed that Monsignor De Waal did not live there. In the meantime my coachman had disappeared, no doubt in quest of some more lire. Without much difficulty I procured another one, and, driving through narrow, crooked streets, we soon reached the Via National, or Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. "Behold St. Peter's Dome!" I exclaimed, as it became visible in the distance; also, the Vatican and the Castle of the Holy Angel, with its bridge.

Here I was in Rome, and on the Bridge, built by Emperor Adrian forty-seven years after the martyrdom of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles and the first Roman Pontiff. I became a dreamer. In the year 107 after Christ, the Emperor gave orders to erect this bridge, in order to connect Rome with the Mausoleum, where his ashes were to rest. Two hundred and thirteen years later Constantine marched triumphantly over this bridge. He was on his way to the Forum Trojanum to proclaim his adherence to the Catholic creed. The Goths moved over the Tiber to scatter the ashes of Adrian to the four winds.

A Leo the Great carried the Blessed Sacrament when Atilla, the leader of the Huns, the scourge of Europe, approached Rome to devastate the holy city. Charlemagne appears before our vision on his way to the Basilica to assist at the beautiful Christmas sacrifice, and he returns a crowned Emperor of the holy Roman Empire.

On every stone of that bridge the Othoi, Henrys and Frederics, have written the history of their lives, as they marched over it, either for the purpose of defending or opposing the chair of St. Peter. Pestilence is raging in Rome. The people are admonished by Pope Gregory to appease God's anger by penance. As they move, with tears and prayers, to St. Peter's they behold an angel above the Mausoleum, sheathing his sword, and the scourge ceases. After the coming of this apparition the name of Adrian's Mausoleum, was changed to that of Castle and Bridge of Holy Angels in the eleventh century.

In 1300 the first authentically recorded jubilee—by Boniface VIII.—brought thousands of pilgrims to this relic of antiquity, crossing it for the purpose of assuring the Father of Christendom of their loyalty to the Holy Apostolic See by visiting the graves of Sts. Peter and Paul. It is, perhaps, singular in the history of jubilees that on this occasion a man 107 years old, who had, at the age of seven, crossed the bridge, made the century jubilee for the second time. The so-called Reformation made that spot a cosmopolitan rendezvous for ambassadors, legates and officers. Napoleon led his victorious troops over it, and it witnessed the shameful robbery under Victor Emmanuel. It bears testimony to the barbaric disgrace when the Free Masons insulted the remains of the late holy Pontiff, Pius IX.; for an attempt had been made to throw the corpse into the Tiber.

Thousands of thoughts flashed through my mind and before I awoke from the reverie we had passed the castle of the angel, where the guards of Umberto, shabbily dressed, gave evidence that the usurpation of the patrimony of St. Peter is still a stern fact and this thought on the Piazza Pia, or pious place, as if the very stones would mock the sacriligious deed of an earthly potentate. Could Michael Angelo appear again on this scene he would, with greater emphasis and indignation, repeat his own words: "It is pleasant for me to be asleep and

more still to be a stone in these times when shame and evil reign. It is a great favor for me not to be able to see, nor to feel anything. Hence do not awake me." The fountain erected by Pope Pius IX. connecting the Borghovechio with the Borghonuovo, recalls again the munificence of the Roman Pontiffs as friends of the people. But a few more minutes and the grand Piazza d'Santo Pietro unfolds its majestic proportions to my eyes. There is Michael Angelo's masterpiece surrounded by the unique colonnade, two marvelous fountains and the grand Egyptian obelisk with its memorable inscription, "Christ reigneth, Christ commands, Christ conquereth!" We pass the colossal statue of St. Peter. Never shall I forget that index finger of his right hand: "Pilgrim, happy pilgrim, whispered unto my ear, remember thou art on holy ground; walk only with worthy disposition into this most glorious temple erected by human hands." The poet sings:

"Power, glory, beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

Enter, for the present, I could not. The immense arch of St. Peter's stretched its protecting arms over us and in an instant we beheld, to our left, a huge iron door and through its bars the Campo Santo Tedesco or German cemetery, with chapel and institution. Since 797, therefore, over 1,200 years ago, German property within the sacred shadow of St. Peter's Cathedral. In 1876 it became a seat of learning, where only the most talented priests from Austria, Germany, Switzerland and Belgium perfect themselves in the most difficult sciences, especially that of archæology. Here famous DeRosis, the Columbus of the catacombs, was a frequent visitor. In this beautiful home I dwelt three weeks, having the honor to sit at table beside Monsignor DeWaal, an eminent writer and archæologist. To my left a Dr. VanHove, of the Louvain University. The pleasant hours spent, the erudition of these doctors and



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their characteristic humility are indelibly engraved on my memory. The following verses greet the pilgrim as he enters:

“ Wie dem Abraham die engel
 Sei willkommen Pilger hier
 Er gab obdach seinen Gasten
 O was bietet Roma dir!
 Moegest du durch all die Graden
 Auch ein engel Gottes werden
 Dass du droben obdach friedest
 Nach der Pilgerschaft auf Erden.”

Translated—“As the angels were welcomed by Abraham, you pilgrim are welcome with us. Abraham sheltered his guests, but what immense benefits does Rome not offer you? May all graces make you an angel that heaven may give you a sheltering roof after your terrestrial pilgrimage.”

The comparison of the institution with the lofty St. Peter's dome is likewise poetically expressed:

“ Ein schwalbennest am Riesendom
 Ein deutsches Heim im Gold'nen Rom.”

Though not a poet, the translation is given, trusting to the sage's words, “in magnis voluisse sat est.” (To have made an effort in great things is sufficient), we quote it:

“ A swallow-nest on the majestic dome
 In golden Rome is the German home.”

My room was adjacent to the Reliquary Chapel, where I found an original letter of St. Stanislaus Kostka; pictures from the Catacombs decorated the walls of my room. Campo Santo and Chapel contain many masterpieces of art, and the inscriptions show how many a famous man and woman found here their last resting place. Add to all this the vicinity of the Vatican gardens and the shrine of St. Peter, and we must consider the Campo Santo Tedesco one of the most pleasant places near the Vatican. From this abode of peace I went forth on the

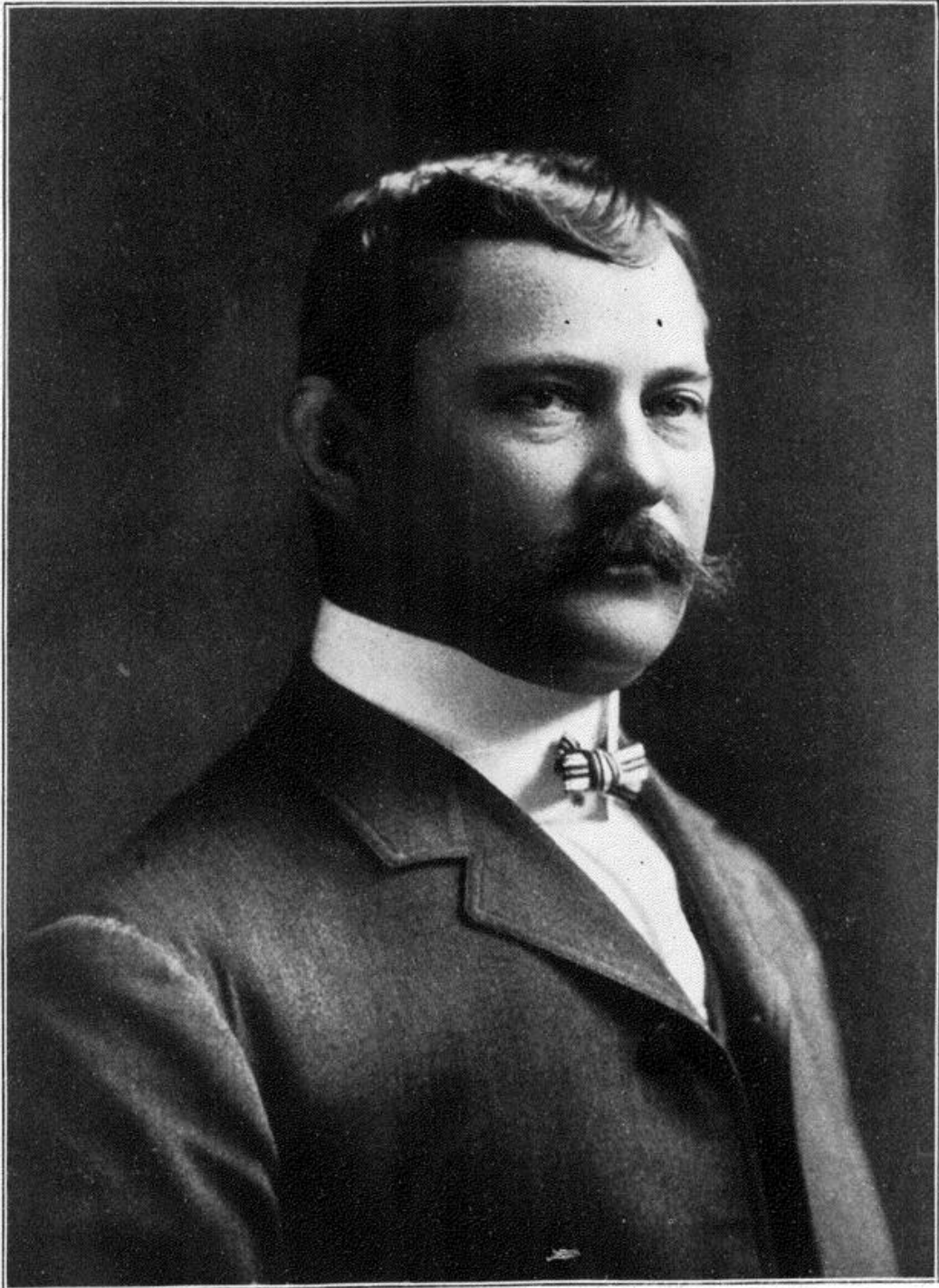
morning of June 22nd, to the Consistory. Next to the coronation of a newly elected Roman Pontiff, this is perhaps the most solemn ceremony to be witnessed. What is a Consistory, you ask? My dear friends, St. Paul tells us in his II chapter to Galatians, that he, Barnabas and Titus, went up to Jerusalem to confer with St. Peter and the other apostles about his teaching. This fundamental principle of government of Holy Church for the bishop of bishops to have his counsellors, is the origin of the College of Cardinals. Some taken from the suffragan sees of Rome are called cardinal bishops, others from different titular churches are the cardinal priests, and deacons as cardinal deacons. These cardinals, according to ancient custom, were to be elected with great solemnity, and when then assembled in council they formed what is called a Consistory. After the various congregations had been established, these public Consistories became only solemn public functions for the purpose of conferring the Cardinal's Hat, reading the decrees of the various congregations, as, for instance, the appointment of bishops to vacant sees, and canonization. Through the kindness of the Monsignore we received two gray tickets from Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State. These tickets give admission to the real Consistory. There are also green tickets issued only for the passage through the halls, and the white tickets for ambassadors and high officials. Having been duly attired in cassock, cinclure and fariola (big mantle) and three-cornered hat, we walked from the Piazza d' Santo Pietro to the left colonade, while the bells of St. Peter's sent forth their joyful message in harmonious sounds, to the Romans and pilgrims. What a sight as our eyes glance over the vast space, hundreds of carriages driving in all directions, young and old in various artistic and beautiful costumes, move to one point, "the famous Bronze Door." There are bronze doors at the Pantheon, St. Paul's, St. John Lateran and St. Peter's, yet notwithstanding their number, when the bronze

door is mentioned in Rome, every one knows at once that it is an allusion to the immense folding doors of the Vatican, protecting its main entrance. The difference in the dress of the guards you meet strikes you forcibly.

Two worlds meet here. There the Questurino of King Umberto in pitiful uniform, ill-fitting and faded, finds himself face to face with the Swiss guard of the Pontiff, in his picturesque costume of yellow and black, designed by Michael Angelo. One is on sentry outside; the others are inside. We have crossed the bronze door, passed before the sentry of the Swiss guard, showing our tickets, and cast a look of admiration on the Scala Regia (Royal Staircase). Like an immense temple it unrolls in the distance its harmonious proportions. As we were mounting the several flights of stairs I noticed on the first landing the stately figure of one of the Pontifical Gendarme. Left and right I saw the largest collection of different types of humanity one can imagine. Gentlemen in frock, ladies in their black dresses and mantillas, officers of every description, priests and regulars. We pass through a column of soldiers, forming a cross; turn to the right, then to the left, until the Beatification Hall unveils in all its beauty before our eyes. Against the wall at the end is the throne reserved for the Roman Pontiff, around it seats for the cardinals. To the right is an emporium, on which we behold the famous Sistine choir, with its leader, young Father Perosi, the greatest musical genius now living. The hall is divided into five aisles by four railings about three feet high. Through the middle one the Holy Father is carried; the left one is for the ladies; the right for the men; whilst the two others are reserved for ambassadors, high officers and those who are favored with white tickets. Through the kindness of a Swiss guard we were admitted to a box near the throne so that we could see it all the better. The hall is soon crowded; the Swiss guards, with their halberds, take their positions about ten feet apart. Our eyes glance at the moving crowd, then

again at the walls and arches. The inscription above the entrance, "Quas deus praeseivivit et praedestrisavit" — whom God has known and predestined—and the other above the throne: "Quas autem justisficavit et glorificavit"—whom he has justified and glorified—leaves no doubt as to the purposes for which this hall has been built. In this moment all eyes turn towards the entrance. Every feature seems to express the thought: "Is he coming? Oh, I long to see the successor of St. Peter!" Not yet. South American bishops, who have been called to Rome to meet in council, pass through the middle aisle. The center of attraction seems to be the tall, dignified patriarch of the East, with his long, gray beard and peculiar headdress, who marches to the front. Now two of the Swiss guards appear conducting high officials to their respective places. One of them, with red silk sash and silver galloon, is the French Ambassador. In front of us passes a chamberlain of cape and sword, in a most picturesque costume of black velvet. A whisper goes through the multitude. Like a gentle breeze touching a wheat field and bringing it into motion, the heads of the thousands seems virtually to undulate. There are moments and sights that inspire emotion, the description of which no language or words can give. Here is one we are about to witness. All are spellbound; all seem to be mesmerized. Suddenly we hear from afar, with the clapping of hands, a deafening applause. "Eviva Papa Re!"—Long live our Father and King!

Like the rolling of thunder, dying away only to send forth its thunderbolts with greater force, these shouts are repeated. The Cardinals enter the hall, the Bussolante, the leader of the carriers of the *sedia gestatoria*, appears. We behold the huge feather fans at the entrance. Our flesh creeps on our body and tears of joy flow in abundance. There is Leo XIII., the successor of St. Peter and spiritual ruler of the universe! At this moment the spacious hall resounds with acclamations of joy,



FRANK SUETHOLZ.
Treasurer from 1894 to 1901.

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"Eviva Papa Re," the nonagenarian Pontiff, vested in his white and golden pontifical robes, bends in gratitude his head, crowned by the tiara, and imparts with his right hand the apostolic benediction. The thunder of applause is repeated as he moves on. He passes, his eyes pierce mine, I gaze at him in amazement and joy. I blessed myself, then I arose quickly. "Eviva Papa Re," was my song of gratitude for his benediction. There is satisfaction in the fact that you may give vent to your feelings by shouting. The glance of his piercing eyes I shall never forget. His broad forehead, resplendent with wisdom, his pale ascetic face, with lines of deep sorrow, but inspiring you with confidence in a higher power, and with absolute trust and confidence in God. There is a smile of kindness around his lips, which strikes you so forcibly that you find the seemingly contradictory qualities of a most powerful ruler and a most kind father combined in Leo XIII. For two and a half hours I had the happiness of observing him in nearly all positions his holy office demands of him. While sitting during the reading of the decrees he listens with such marked attention that he may be called the immovable, his head slightly bent, putting his hands firmly on the elbow rest of the throne.

The Cardinals leave in procession through the middle aisle to get the four new candidates. One of them is a little Capuchin father. While some gentlemen pointed out to me the different Cardinals, I had the pleasure of looking at Gotti, the most popular in the College of Cardinals, and frequently spoken of as the probable successor of Leo. The Holy Father confers the large hat, they kiss the cross of his slipper, then his ring. Pope Leo arises, dignified, yet quickly, like a man of forty, embraces the new Cardinals and addresses them in Latin. He now extends his hands, and all fall on their knees. O happiness, to witness that moment! In a clear tone of voice, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, inflecting his voice a little at the

"Pater," blesses the universe. "Benedicat vos Omnipotens Deus, Pater et Titus et spiritus sanctus." The consistory is ended. Leo ascends the *sedia gestatoria*.

The enthusiasm now displayed seems to be unbounded. Is it his wisdom that causes it? his poetic genius, his sanctity, or his lofty position?

It is perhaps also for this reason, that many greet him for the last time on earth! All these are sufficient reasons to push the multitude forward shouting, "Eviva Papa Re! Eviva Leo Roi." Protestants and Catholics love him dearly. Yes, Leo, in this moment every prince, president, emperor and potentate could envy thy triumph! It is not a studied enthusiasm, no it is real—neither political nor national. "Eviva Leo Re!" Yes, thou art a king and a king greater than any other, for thou art a king of the millions of hearts thou must lead to heaven. Holy Father thou are a king and this of the universe, in spite of thy imprisonment, and the millions of hearts of thy children in the universe love thee, burn for thee, greet thee and protest aloud against the robbery of Victor Emmanuel. The echo of the eviva once more strikes our ears, then all is silence. The vision, for such it appeared to us, has passed. The crowd disperses; many drying their tears express aloud the joy of having seen the vicar of Jesus Christ. We pass through the multitude, enter St. Peter's dome and kneel in silent prayer of thanksgiving at the grave of the Prince of the Apostle. We lift our eyes to the cupola above; in majesty, serenity and silence she announces this message to the pilgrims: "Thou art St. Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against thee!" This is the deed of the papacy, says Hettinger, written by God's own hand more durable than stone and metal, engraved on the ground-plan of his divine providence from all eternity and no power on earth can ever efface it. *Non praevallebunt!* They shall not prevail against thee, Church of Christ. All attacks of a per-

fidious diplomacy, all bayonets and swords of the world are impotent against the Church of Christ, for the hand that holds the church, as it has held it for the last 1,900 years in spite of a Nero Diocletian and other potentates—stretches forth from a height which no human power can reach, and has put its roots into the depths of a supernatural world, which God has selected and which he must protect and preserve. But our holy church will, like her model, always be persecuted. The words of scripture: "Because thou art pleasing to God it is necessary for thee, that temptation try thee;" are said to all saints, but they are applicable before all to our holy church, the mother of all saints. Such trials and persecutions must purify her as the gold is purified by fire, it must free her and cleanse her from all scoria dimming her lustre.

It is a sad truth, that many bad Catholics, who do not value the most precious gift of faith in the one, true Church of God, who trifle with it by indifference and disobedience to her behests, have dropped and are still falling like so many dried leaves. Many a branch has been broken and withered when nations separated themselves from its trunk, but the tree of our Holy Church still stands and blooms, and stretcheth forth its branches into the storms of time. Nations and individuals will approach her to find peace within her bosom. They will come after they have seen their fatal mistake, believing that truth could be divisible; but it can be but one, as God is but one in essence; therefore, only one true religion, one faith. They will flock to the immaculate spouse of Christ warned by the sad spectacle of its bad members and withered branches, knowing that truth must be judged only by the authority on which it rests, and that human iniquity evidences the sanctity they have forsaken. The converts will then no longer be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, but rest securely by listening to the infallible voice of the successor of St. Peter, to whom Christ said, "I will pray for thee that thy faith fail not, confirm thy brethren."

Beholding the beloved Pontiff a prisoner brings a pang of sorrow to our loving heart; yet, we have this consolation, Christ celebrated his greatest triumph in his most ignominious defeat on the cross; our Holy Church with her visible head will celebrate her greatest victory under the most terrible persecution. "Non praevalerunt!" They shall not conquer her! Rome may be sacked, St. Peter's may disappear, the Vatican may be changed into a theatre or entirely destroyed; the obelisk with its prophecy may crumble into dust, but the truth of that prophecy will remain forever. Christ reigneth, Christ ruleth, Christ conquereth. He lives in his visible head, the successor of St. Peter until Christ recalls his promises. All may fail, but the papacy will remain, and as long as Christ is with his Church she will endure and be invincible. Remember Christ's words, "I will be with you unto the consummation of this world." An eminent writer once said: It is a great thing to have met even once a good and learned man. I shall always count it next to the sacraments as the greatest, most beautiful and happy moment of my life, to have gazed even once at that noble and saintly face of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, Leo XIII, the father, the spiritual ruler and benefactor of the universe.

THE END.

ERRATA.

- Page 4. 11th line .. *Bouillion* .. should read *Bouillon*.
- " 20. 9th " *residu* ... should read *residue*.
- " 27. 19th " ... *chargable*....should read *chargeable*.
- " 48. 12th " *Meminismus*....should read *Meminimus*.
- " 62. 17th " *die mensis Julis* should read *die mensis Julii*.
- " 62. 19th " ... *Cathedram S'. Petrs' teneute* .
should read *Cathedram Sancti Petri tenente*.
- " 62. 20th " *Unionis Americanne Praesdente* ... should read
Unionis Americanae Praesidente.
- " 62. 21st " *Leandro Greber* ... should read *Leandro Streber*.
- " 62. 22nd " ... *hic primarius lagud*....
should read *hic primarius lapis*.
- " 62. 22nd " ... *Des supremo* ... should read *Deo supremo*.
- " 62. 23rd " ... *aedifiendae* .. should read *aedificandae*.
- " 62. 24th " *Reverendissinum* .. should read *Reverendissimum*.
- " 64. 2nd " *modo propio* ... should read *motu proprio*.
- " 69. 30th " *small of statue*....should read *small of stature*.
- " 136. 18th " *Rowssiliors* ... should read *Roussillon*.
- " 136. 19th " . *served* .. should read *sewed*.
- " 140. 32nd " ... *mete* .. should read *meet*.
- " 141. 17-18 " *Pirto in Montoria* ... should read *Pietro in Montorio*.
- " 144. 28th " *DeRoses*....should read *DeRossi*.
- " 145. 3rd " *engel* . should read *Engel*.
- " 145. 5th " *obdach* ... should read *Obdach*.
- " 145. 5th " *Gasten*.... should read *Gaesten*.
- " 145. 7th " *Graden*... should read *Gnaden*.
- " 145. 8th " *engel* should read *Engel*.
- " 145. 9th " *obdach friedest*....should read *Obdach findest*.
- " 145. 18th " *schwalbennest* ... should read *Schwalbennest*.
- " 145. 21st " ... *voluise*....should read *voluisse*.
- " 146. 20th " *Monsignore* .. should read *Monsignor*.
- " 148. 2nd " "*Quas deus praeseivit et praedestrisavit*" ... should
read "*Quos deus praescivit et praedestinavit*."
- " 148. 4th " "*Quas autem* ... should read "*Quos autem*."
- " 150. 3rd " *Pater et Titus et spiritus sanctus*.... should read
Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus."
- " 150. 26th " *Prince of the Apostle* . should read
Prince of the Apostles.