TEN YEARS A PRIEST.

AN OPEN CONFESSION

—BY—

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PREFACE.

I HAVE always found biography interesting even when commonplace, and I trust this little book, whatever else be thought of it, will not be considered commonplace.

It might never have been written, were it not for the unfortunate Roman Catholic habit of pursuing with slander, regardless of facts and their own former good opinion, every man who changes his mind about the infallible claims of the Roman Church and has the courage to act as his reason dictates. No man ever went out of a church more quietly than I did, or with less reason to fear or expect the poisoned darts of calumny. But I could not escape them, and was compelled in self-defense to load my sling with a little pebble of truth and try the effect of a face blow on the cantankerous old Philistine that claims the earth.

To those who know me well it is unnecessary to say that this book is a plain and simple narrative of facts, without a single intentional inaccuracy; and the intelligent reader who knows me not will discover as he reads ample internal evidence of its truthfulness. To Catholic scoffers I have only to say that I challenge them to the test, though fully satisfied that they will never come to the scratch. If the notoriety given to some persons in these pages hurts their feelings, let them remember that lies hurt as well as truth, and that I have a few feelings myself.

My late friends among the priests of the Louisville diocese will especially enjoy the perusal of this book and appreciate, as others cannot, its strict adherence to truth, though not

one of them should ever have the manliness to say so; in which case the poor fellows are hardly to be blamed, for manliness under such circumstances would be the unpardonable sin, for which even the Pope himself would have no indulgence.

"What fools these mortals be," to be sure, and how potent the conjuring that can make millions abjure their reason in imaginary obedience to the God who gave it, thus multiplying many millionfold the miracle of St. Denis, who—grave Catholic historians tell us—walked around with his head in his hands, to the greater glory of God!

JOHN CULLETON.

AUGUST 1, 1893.

TEN YEARS A PRIEST.

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

I was born in Louisville, Ky., on Sunday, August 1, 1858. My parents, William Culleton and Catharine Murphy, were natives of Ireland and pious Catholics. My father died in 1861, leaving as an inheritance more precious than worldly goods the memory of a fine character. In 1864 my mother married again, and in 1866 the family settled in Bowling Green, Ky. There I spent my youth, receiving the best education the schools of that place afforded; attending first the parochial school and afterward the private school conducted by J. A. Timmons, A. M., who was justly considered the best teacher in the town. Excepting a session lost through sickness, a few months in 1873 spent at the Louisville Bryant and Stratton Business College and a few spent at the Nashville Bryant and Stratton College in 1876, I constantly attended his school, studying, besides the usual common school branches, Latin, Greek, French, and bookkeeping. Professor Timmons was and is a man of great modesty and simplicity, but a very capable teacher; and to his thorough training I attribute much of my after success at college. Judgment on my character as a boy I confidently leave to those, whether Catholics or Protestants, who knew me during my school-days in Bowling Green. If any serious moral delinquency was ever laid to my charge I never heard of it.

As a boy I was older than my years. Brought up in a hotel, my associates at home were nearly all men, and I early acquired a fondness for the society and conversation of those older than myself, and fell into their ways of thinking and speaking to such an extent that at twelve I was called "the old man." Girls of my own age and their conversation I cordially detested, looking upon them from my ancient standpoint as silly and frivolous. I thus lost many of the pleasures of boyhood, and my life was less healthy and natural than it might have been under other circumstances. Among our boarders were some who had seen a great deal of the world, some well-educated and possessed of books, some fond of talking religion and politics. From the age of eight, when I was already a constant reader of the daily papers, my surroundings greatly stimulated a natural thirst for knowledge and led to the acquirement of literary tastes very advanced for one of my years. Thus I was never a first-class ball-player, top-spinner or gambler in marbles, and never learned how to throw a stone; but I became quite skillful at cards and checkers, a profound discourser of politics, a student of works of religious controversy, and well up in Byron, Dickens, Shakespeare, and the Bible, at a time when the average boyish mind is more naturally—and perhaps more rationally—employed in the contemplation of hookey or a malignant stonebruise, or devising ways and means to prevent an apple surplus.

My mother and stepfather being practical Catholics, our house was well supplied with Catholic books and papers. I read them all and hankered for more, but I could never prevent myself from reading also such Protestant books as from time to time fell in my way. The result was that while I became an unusually well-instructed Catholic I also learned that there was a great deal to be said on the other side, and I contracted an inclination, which became habitual and irre-

sistible, to look at both sides of every question and to suspect all extremely one-sided statements unless they were supported by the amplest proofs. I was very fond of history, and discovered early that the reader of religious history must find out the truth for himself by carefully discounting partisan statements, and that the historians who could most safely be trusted were those whose religious opinions were most indefinite or at least most liberal. While regular in the performance of what I considered my religious duties, I noted the distinction which the Catholic Church makes in theory, but discredits in practice, between essential Christian doctrines and practices and the multitudinous devotions that the piety or superstition of eighteen centuries has superadded to the simple religion of Jesus, and I practiced only such of them as seemed to me reasonable. Thus as a boy I never wore a "miraculous" medal, and as a priest I refused to venerate or offer for veneration to the people a supposed relic of the true cross—that is, a piece of the actual wood on which Christ was crucified—which was, and I suppose is yet, preserved in a reliquary and presented for public veneration every Friday in the Bowling Green church.

My morals were of the strictest kind enjoined by the Catholic Church, and, surrounded by opportunities and temptations to go wrong, I escaped most of the follies and vices of youth. Profanity, drunkenness and impurity, the three forms of sin that most often assailed my eyes and ears, simply disgusted me, and did much to turn my thoughts toward a religious life. So, at the age of eighteen I was unusuall well educated and well-read, deeply interested in religion, and about as blameless in morals as a young man can be who is not altogether too good for this world.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE.

IN my nineteenth year a feeling which had manifested itself several years before was intensified by a Redemptorist "mission"—equivalent to the Protestant "revival"—given at St. Joseph's Church, and I turned my thoughts towards the priesthood. With a letter of recommendation from Rev. L. Bax, then pastor of Bowling Green, I entered St. Joseph's College, at Bardstown, Ky., in January, 1877, to prepare myself for the ministry.

The usual college course, including the philosophy year, was six years, but I was already so far advanced that I finished it in two years and a half. I went there with very exaggerated notions of the amount of wisdom contained in a college, and of some other things, which time and observation corrected. For example, so exalted was my idea of the priestly character and so widely separated was it in my mind from mundane things, that it was with a perceptible shock I first learned at college that digestion and its consequences were imposed by nature on priests as on other men. Such a state of mind may well seem to the reader impossible, but experience has prepared me to believe in almost any state of ignorance or innocence,—which are often synonymous terms. (Years after, Father de Vries told me that he had known young men in Europe who had gone through the whole theological course, including long treatises on marriage and the sixth commandment—Protestant seventh—and were ordained priests, without having obtained the least conception of the

married state.) My idea of the church at that time was the theoretical one of a perfect society whose ministers dwelt in the very shadow of Divinity, and it was a stunning surprise to discover that two of the six priests then conducting the college were drunkards, and that clerical life was very unideally full of selfish ambitions and petty intrigues. And it was not till some years later that I began to have something like a clear comprehension of how thoroughly in the Holy Roman Church the practical human element, which the people see only darkly through a stained-glass haze, crowds into a very narrow corner the theoretical divine element which constitutes the church in the popular imagination. Rev. William J. Dunn, for a year president of the college during my time as a student, who had spent a good while in Rome as a representative of Bishop McCloskey, used to tell his class in Christian doctrine that the "dirty, lazy, pot-bellied priests and monks who swarmed in Rome" were enough to disgust one with the Church.

As many of the students were preparing for the priesthood, the general moral tone of the college was good, but the very discipline which prevented serious misconduct of the kind that attracts attention, and which was substantially the same that prevails in Catholic colleges generally, had a tendency to develop abnormally the smaller and meaner traits of character and to put a premium on sneaking, slyness and hypocrisy. The year I entered, four of the ecclesiastical students had charge of the others as prefects of discipline, and at least two of the four were thoroughbred sneaks and informers; and after observation taught me that they possessed one of the main secrets of advancement in the Roman Church.

Having entered the college in the middle of the scholastic year, the college rules shut me out from the competition for premiums that year, but at the public examination at the

close of the year I was declared by my teachers the best in my classes and received a special mention in the catalogue (1876–7).

On my return to school the following September, my too lofty religious notions received another setback, when I got an insight for the first time into one of the most marked peculiarities of the bishop of the diocese, one of whose priests I was preparing to become. In 1875 he had summarily transferred several of his priests against their will from their old parishes to others. Among the number was my old pastor, Rev. Joseph de Vries, who united with the others in an appeal to Rome against the bishop's action. Fathers de Vries and Chambige had been sent to plead the cause of the priests at Rome. In the fall of 1877 Father de Vries after a two years' absence returned to Kentucky, and the removed priests were quietly restored to their old places. Shortly before his return, a retreat for the priests of the diocese was held at the college, and I was told on my return to school that during the retreat the bishop had announced to the assembled priests that Rome had decided in his favor and that his future action toward the appealing priests was left entirely to his discretion. The following communication and comment, copied from the Western Watchman of St. Louis by the Louisville Catholic Advocate, which has never been contradicted, may throw some light on that curious thing, episcopal veracity.

[From the Western Watchman.]

REV. JOSEPH DE VRIES.

We this week take great pleasure in laying before our readers a letter we have just received from Father de Vries, one of the immortal five who fought the battle of their brethren in Rome and won. To them the entire body of the clergy of the United States owe an eternal debt of

gratitude. They have impoverished themselves, we are sorry to say, to enrich us. Will the clergy do nothing to remunerate them? We mean next week to open a subscription in this paper for the purpose of reimbursing these noble clergymen. This will be the most emphatic expression Rome can receive of our gratitude, and will show the world that we are always men, although we were not always free. We hope soon to be able to announce that the $15,000 spent in bringing over canon law to this country will not fall on the shoulders of five.

We do this of our own motion, and beg pardon of Father de Vries if we make the publication of his letter an occasion of fulfilling this tardy act of justice. Here is the letter:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., Dec. 4, 1878.

My Dear Father Phelan: I have repeatedly been the recipient of most interesting copies of the manly Western Watchman. I presume I owe my sincerest thanks for this favor to your kindness. I would long ago have ordered the Watchman sent to my address, but I was compelled to economize to bring up arrears after my essay at rectifying episcopal blunders at the Court of Rome. It was a costly undertaking, and unfortunately I had never saved up money. It is true that, after my own little means were exhausted, my companions in misery supplied what was strictly necessary to carry on our suit. But when I returned I found my home in a bad plight: everything seemed to be worn out and broken up.

I am gradually bringing things again into shape, and I may soon be able to indulge again in the luxury of subscribing to a few deserving publications. At any rate put my name on your list for the Watchman, and I will after awhile forward the cash.

I had hardly expected that Rome would have acted so soon in our behalf. Card. Franchi told me several times that he would do something to relieve us; and Mgr. Agnozzi, the Secretary, told me again and again that the priests of America were in a state of rebellion. I showed to him that it could not be otherwise; that as yet it had not broken out openly; but that they might look for that at any moment; and that the blame must rest with themselves, because seeing the outrages to which devoted priests were subjected, they failed to supply a remedy. "Ah!" said he, "there are so many difficulties in the way, and the bishops say that the time has not come yet for a change." I replied, "Monsignor, the difficulties are daily increasing by delay, and the opinion of thousands of priests ought to have as much weight as that of a few interested bishops; moreover we priests are entitled to rights which you are not at liberty to disregard."

The ball is in motion; we must not fail to give it fresh speed when it comes our way.

I have often desired to visit St. Louis, and if I can at all make it I propose at an early day to invade your sanctum, and do myself the honor of forming your personal acquaintance.

I am, my dear Father Phelan, with the highest regard,

Yours truly in Domino,

JOS. DE VRIES.

Father de Vries is disposed to underestimate the boon contained in the Rescript. He will find that it is everything that he could expect or desire. He has fallen into the too general error of supposing that bishops selecting the Judices Causarum in synod choose them in fact. They elect them by a fiction of canon law, but the votes that declare their election are cast by the clergy. Father de Vries is of opinion that Rome will now be overwhelmed with appeals more than ever before. We predict that we won't hear of the arbitrary and forcible removal of a Missionary Rector in the next ten years. Why should they? How can they? The first bishop that falls upon the rack of that Rescript will never be heard of again except in partibus infidelium.

The editor of the Watchman was too sanguine; "a fiction of canon law" in the hands of unscrupulous bishops becomes a very ugly fact. Knowing Father de Vries as I did, I have never since had any doubt that the bishop was compelled to restore the removed priests and had no choice but to obey. Before taking his case to Rome Father de Vries had tried to see the bishop, but was refused an audience. He then went to Cincinnati, but could get no satisfaction from the archbishop,—the same who afterwards failed disastrously as an ecclesiastical banker. My own subsequent experience and conversation with other priests only served to confirm the impression I then received of the grace and suavity with which a bishop can—evade the truth.

At the end of my second year at St. Joseph's, which was the concluding year of my classical course, I took a premium in every class and first premium in all but one, and was sixth in the list of twenty-six senior students mentioned in the

catalogue for good conduct (1877–8). I never tried for a good-conduct premium at college, as former experience had shown me that such prizes almost always went to do-nothings and sleepy-heads, who by escaping attention escaped criticism also; and the world often awards its prizes for good conduct after the same fashion. At the annual commencement I read an essay that was actually original and received the doubtful compliment of praise from the bishop. In that year three of the clerical professors out of six were men who looked too kindly on the flowing bowl.

When I returned to the college in the fall a new administration was in charge. About a year and a half before there appeared at St. Joseph's a bumptious young man, lately ordained, who had studied at Louvain and returned to America speaking bad French, worse English, and a quality of Latin calculated to cause a riot in the Roman settlement in Hades. He was full of energy and ambition, admirably endowed with self-assurance, obsequious to his superiors, malicious toward his equals, and bullying to his inferiors. Equally prepared and ready to teach everything from astronomy to hieroglyphics, not being more ignorant of one subject than of another, he made a profound impression on the bishop, who is said to pride himself on his consummate knowledge of character. In the judgment of priests associated with him—some of them, I know, men of character and ability—he did not scruple to ingratiate himself with the ruler of the diocese by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," which advanced him over men in every way his superiors to the presidency of the college. His management in three years brought the attendance from a hundred students up to about twenty-five. A vacancy occurring in the rectorship of the town church during his first essay at college-wrecking, his zeal and foresight prompted him to undertake that charge

also, and when he had to give way to another as president of the college he gracefully clung to his rectorship, from which the Papal rescript issued as a result of the de Vries case at Rome made his removal difficult. With no claim but a sublime presumption beautifully burnished in brass, and without having undergone any of the missionary labors of other priests, he had outwitted the bishop and secured safe possession of one of the largest parishes in the diocese. Some years later, in spite of his former failure, he was again made president of the college, and this time in only two years he smashed it finally, bringing things to such a pass by his continued violations of an agreement in force between St. Joseph's College and another Catholic college in Kentucky that the bishop was forced very unwillingly to close St. Joseph's College for a period of twenty years. But this man still maintains his ascendancy over the bishop and is pushed to the front as the bishop's representative whenever there is an opportunity, and is made orator of the day on great occasions, although it is a very open secret that he cannot write a foolscap page of grammatical English and his oratorical flights are generally without beginning, middle or end. A story is told about him among the priests which will throw more light on his true literary and oratorical rank than anything I could say. He had been selected to make the St. Patrick's Day oration at the Cathedral and had been duly heralded in the daily papers as the coming wonder of the diocese. Something unusually fine was expected by those who did not know him. The day came, and when the air-and-ear splitting rape of the English language was over his manuscript panegyric was sent to the Courier-Journal for publication. The story goes that Henry Watterson, after trying to read a page or two of it, broke off with, "What in the h— does the damned fool mean?" and St. Patrick's reputation escaped the publication of that panegyric. Whether

the great editor used it or not, the expression about covered the case.

Begging the reader's pardon for this long digression on a barren topic, I return to the college. The philosophy class, of which I was a member, fell into the hands of the president, and it is safe to say that such philosophy was never taught before nor is likely to be again. But we had a text-book to which we turned after the professor's regular exhibitions, and the class, being studious, made progress. The president-professor displayed great talent as a spy and petty tyrant, and in a little while earned the hearty dislike of all the students who were not built after his own style. At the end of the year, notwithstanding a successful rebellion of one which I had fought against some obnoxious features of his teaching, I was awarded first premium in seven out of ten classes and carried off the gold medal for "general excellence in philosophy," the highest honor of the college. Which goes to show the gentle reader that not malice but a regard for truth guided the pen when I drew our professor's picture a while ago and gave honest expression to the unanimous private opinion of his associates in the priesthood. They owe me a vote of thanks, but I will hardly get it till we all meet where hypocrisy and servility are out of style.

During that year, my last as a student at St. Joseph's College, I was one of the four prefects of discipline, which was the highest testimonial the faculty could give to my good conduct and character (1878–9). Only two out of the five reverend professors that year were likely at times to walk in irregular curves.

CHAPTER III.

THE SEMINARY.

TOWARDS the end of vacation I received the following letter from the president of the college:

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,
BARDSTOWN, KY., August 25, 1879.

MR. J. CULLETON:

My Dear Friend—The Right Rev. Bishop has for many years been very anxious to give his students an opportunity of making a two years course of philosophy so as to prepare them well for theology and afford them all the opportunities in his power of a thorough and complete education. This desire of his could not be realized up to the present day owing to the great want of priests. Finding it practicable now, he most gladly avails himself of it and grants what he has not been able to grant to his former students, although he longed to do so, a two years course of philosophy. Now my dear friend all the others are obliged to return and complete their course and for you the Right Rev. Bishop requested me to write you and say that he would wish you to come back also, but since you did so well last year he grants you the permission to go to the theological Seminary in Louisville, however he says he would much prefer you to return to St. Joseph's and take a second years philosophy with your course. Hoping that you are well and enjoying yourself and asking you to remember me kindly to your father I remain

Your affectionate professor and President
C. J. O'CONNELL.

The letter is given exactly as it was written, and is a fair specimen of the gentleman's epistolary style. Having had a year of his training in philosophy, I—went to the seminary.

When I got there I introduced myself to the president, Very Rev. George McCloskey, the bishop's brother, and

asked him what was the charge for a year's board and tuition. To my great surprise, although he had been president for at least two or three years, he could not tell. About two weeks later, after seeing the bishop, he told me I would have to pay $200 a year. This was—the reverse, I think, of what is usual in such cases—considerably more than ecclesiastical students had to pay at the college. Luckily, I have a sample receipt from each institution, which I here copy. The first is from the college, the second from the seminary:

SEPT. 3, 1878.

Received of Jno. Culleton eighty-five dollars, for board, tuition and physician's fee for five months. W. P. HOGARTY,
$85.00. Procurator.

PRESTON PARK SEMINARY,
LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 6, 1879.

Received from John Culleton the sum of one hundred dollars in half-yearly payment of board and tuition at Preston Park Seminary from Sept. 1, 1879, to February 1, 1880. GEORGE MCCLOSKEY,
President.

Before I left the seminary I discovered that another student who was paying his way, but studying for another diocese, was paying only $160 a year. The reason for this discrimination by the bishop against his own students in favor of outsiders has never been explained.

Every year, as is usual at such institutions, there was a "spiritual retreat" for the students. As the retreat is one of the most powerful means by which the Roman Church influences its clergy and its religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods—its place among the people being taken by the "mission"—the following description of the retreat given by the Jesuit Father Lambert at the seminary from March 3d to March 10th, 1882, which I find in an old note-book, may be of interest

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Six o'clock, rise; 6:30, meditation; 7:00, mass, free time; 7:45, breakfast, free time; 8:30, spiritual reading, free time; 9:30, meditation; 10:30, free time, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, beads; 11:50, examen of conscience; 12:00, dinner, relaxation; 2:00, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, free time; 3:00, conference, free time; 4:45, meditation; 5:45, free time; 6:30, supper, relaxation; 7:30, examen of conscience; 7:40, points of meditation, visit to the Blessed Sacrament, retire.

First day: Patron—Sacred Heart of Jesus. Reading—Kempis, book I., chapters 20 and 25; book II., chapter 1. Do you make your daily meditation entirely and fervently? Do you recite your vocal prayers attentively and devoutly?

Second day: Patron—Immaculate Heart of Mary. Reading—Kempis, b. I., c. 21, 22; b. III., c. 20. Do you examine your conscience daily, earnestly, and with sincere sorrow? Do you frequent the sacrament of penance with sincerity, humility, and fruit?

Third day: Patron—St. Joseph. Kempis, b. I., c. 23, 24. Do you receive holy communion frequently, with proper dispositions, and with fruit? Do you renew your intention during the day, raising your heart to God?

Fourth day: Patron—Our Guardian Angel. Kempis, b. I., c. 9; b. III., c. 10. How do you take your meals? Do you avoid all avidity and self-gratification, paying attention to the reading? Do you keep recreation in a becoming manner?

Fifth day: Patron—St. Aloysius. Kempis, b. III, c. 13, 54, 56. Do you assist at mass regularly and devoutly? Do you make your spiritual reading with attention? Do you apply it to yourself?

Sixth day: Patron—Our Patron Saint. Kempis, b. II., c. 11, 12, 8; b. III., c. 49, 59. Do you act towards your superiors with confidence and sincerity? Towards your equals with charity and cheerfulness? Towards people in the world with reserve and edification?

The whole time is to be passed in absolute silence, except that set aside for "relaxation," and in some retreats there is no relaxation. During the free time you do what you please in silence. At "meditation" the points for consideration are given out by the priest conducting the retreat, which is followed by silent reflection on them until the time is up. The "conference" is a sermon on "the end of man," "death,"

"judgment," "hell," "heaven." The rest needs no explanation.

A week's retreat strictly carried out—and sometimes they last a month—is a tremendous strain on the mind. I shall never forget the effect of my first retreat at the seminary. I went through all the exercises with the utmost exactness, and was on the verge of lunacy by the time it was over. That one experience, followed by cooler participation in several other retreats and study of their after effects on myself and others, thoroughly convinced me that "spiritual retreats" do more harm than good. Many make a farce of the retreat—after they become priests, and their antics in the low comedy line during this time of solemn self-examination would highly edify their parishioners if they could see them. Others—as I generally did—go through it coolly as a matter of routine, taking in the variety performance and much food for reflection at the same time. But those who enter fully into the spirit of the retreat come out of it in a state bordering on frenzy, which leaves a lasting and very harmful impress on weak minds. To the careless priest, given to drunkenness, impurity or other serious sins, the retreat is a delusive haven of refuge a short distance ahead, arrived at which he will "make a good confession" and turn over a new leaf. My experience may have been limited, but I never saw a single priest permanently reformed by a retreat. Drop in on such a one three weeks after the retreat and you will find him busily engaged running up a new record of the old kind, to be wiped out at "the next retreat," which he has learned to look upon as spiritual settling day with God. For the habitual sinner, therefore, the annual retreat is a curse instead of a blessing; and to the habitually virtuous it can add nothing but fanaticism or scrupulosity.

During my first retreat at the seminary I made and, to better remember them, set down in writing the following resolutions:

1. To perform all my duties with exactness.
2. To avoid controversies, disputes, and contentions; not to give my opinion unless asked, nor even then if it would cause contention.
3. Not to read anything which might seem in the slightest degree against purity, unless compelled to.
4. Not to look at a woman when it could be avoided.
5. Not to judge, condemn, contradict or make fun of others.
6. To keep the rules of the seminary.
7. To read daily a part of the "Imitation of Christ," and to pray daily for grace to keep these resolutions.

You can see for yourself that I went into the wholesale goodness business with a vengeance and laid a first-class foundation for future sanctity and eventual canonization; but I am happy to say that a healthy mental reaction soon set in, and while the resolutions might go on forever saying, like Wordsworth's little maiden, "We are seven," one after another they died natural deaths, and I permanently retired from the business of making resolutions at spiritual retreats.

In the order of exercises given above the question is asked, "How do you take your meals; do you avoid all avidity and self-gratification?" During my three years at Preston Park it could safely be answered at any time that we took them under protest, without the least show of avidity or self-gratification, and only as a matter of extreme necessity. In very truth we eat to live. If there is a prison anywhere on earth that supplies poorer fare to its inmates than we got at the seminary, the prisoners have my most heartfelt sympathy, and I know my old fellow-students will shed a tear or two over their misery. At that time about half the students were either paying their own way or being paid for by the bishops of the dioceses for which they were preparing, and a large diocesan collection was annually taken up to support the others. There was a great outward show of cordiality and kindness in somewhat profuse assurances that the students could have whatever they wanted, but it was seriously

disfigured by the cold and clammy condition that silently went with them, that they must not want anything. Father George, as we called the president, used sometimes to wonder why the escaped students so seldom came back after ordination to visit the seminary. They hated the very thought of it. The seminary died at last,—perhaps of inanition.

Catholic schools have some rules that must have been evolved from the very protoplasm of insanity. One of the seminary rules forbade the reading of any newspapers, and even the Catholic weeklies were very unjustly included under that name. Just think of turning loose on the world a lot of young men loaded to the muzzle with theology and brimstone and infallibility, but without the least notion of what humanity had been about during the last three years! I broke this rule from the very start, smuggling in regularly the Courier-Journal and Puck. A few others followed my bad example, and all shared in the benefit of the crime. Another rule forbade the use of tobacco, and while I was at the seminary one of the best and most talented of the Bishop's students got into trouble and failed of becoming a priest through the violation of this rule. Another forbade any indulgence in intoxicating drinks. Both rules were pretty generally and wisely broken, for many a sad experience has demonstrated the folly of enforcing for several years a total abstinence from things whose abuse only is sinful, and then sending out the young priest untried—and therefore ignorant of himself—to associate with older priests long accustomed to console themselves for the unnatural loneliness of celibacy with the jolly companionship of the pipe and the bottle. The better reputation a young man gets at the seminary for the observance of the rules, the more likely he is to go to pieces after he leaves; for such rules make hypocrites of the weak and rebels of the strong. A young man who entered the seminary after I left and was held up to his

fellow-students as a shining example during his whole course of theology was a wreck from whisky-drinking in less than six months after his ordination and is a wreck to-day. (He died since I began to write this book, and was *quietly* buried.) Rules made him a hypocrite, freedom a sot. I broke all the rules I could find, and therefore escaped the consequences of keeping them.

Another thing that made the future risky for the victims of Preston Park was the fact that they went out into the world to eat, drink and be merry with stomachs thoroughly demoralized by a three years' course of bad and insufficient food.

In the spring of 1882, my last year at the seminary, the bishops of this ecclesiastical province (Cincinnati) issued a pastoral address to their people, in which they boldly attacked the principles that underlie our government. This pastoral at the time provoked some sharp criticism from the daily papers and the non-Catholic religious press of the country, and was defended by the Catholic papers in their usual slavish and equivocating style. After a little the discussion ceased, but the document remains and nothing in it has ever been retracted or disavowed. I quote from the official organ of the Bishop of Louisville (The Record, May 6, 1882) the passages that aroused most criticism:

> Nor are all men equal. Neither in mind or body are men equal. In natural powers no two men are equal; nor with the same chances will any two men accomplish the same results. In the sense that God is no respecter of persons, and that Christ died for all, great and small alike, it is true all men are equal. It is also true that technically before the law it is assumed that all men are equal, yet in reality it is a well-known fact that men are not equal before the law. Wealth gives men a standing before the law that poverty has not; and, politically, the few control the many. This is the nature of things, and must be, as it is ordained by God that some shall rule and some shall be ruled. Those who are

appointed to rule have certain rights that subjects have not. Hence kings and magistrates, and bishops and priests, are appointed to rule; if to rule, then they are above those whom they rule. Before God their sins make them less than those they rule, but as rulers they are above those they rule. Besides this, talents and acquirements make men unequal, and thus one man succeeds where another fails. Without this there would be no motive for individual energy. It is hence untrue to say that men who have less physical or mental power are the equals of those who have more, or that all men's labor, whether mental or physical, is to be equally rewarded. Men should be paid according to the labor and skill they give; if more, they should receive more; if less, they should receive less. Idleness and inability are not to be rewarded equally with labor and talent. The cry of equality is the cry of the idle and the weak, but cannot, and will not, be admitted by the industrious and the strong.

* * * * * * * * *

With the popular doctrine that all men are equal, there are also steadily growing the doctrine (*sic*) that "all power is from the people, and that they who exercise authority in the state do not exercise it as their own, but as intrusted to them by the people, and upon this condition—that it may be recalled by the will of that same people by whom it was confided to them." This is not Catholic doctrine, nor is it the doctrine of the Scriptures, which teach: "By me kings reign, * * by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice." (Prov. viii. 15, 16.) "Give ear, you that rule people, * * for power is given to you by God, and strength by the Most High." (Wis. vi. 3, 4.) "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God." (Rom. viii. 1.)

While, on the one hand, the Catholic doctrine thus distinctly teaches that all power comes from God, we must not be understood as teaching that the people are not permitted a voice in the form of government under which they shall live; on the contrary, we teach with the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning: "That they who are set over the Republic may, in certain cases, be chosen by the will and decision of the people, without any opposition or repugnance to Catholic doctrine. By this choice the ruler is designated, but the rights of government are not conferred, and power is not given, but it is determined by whom it is to be wielded. There is no question here of the forms of government, for there is no reason why the rule of one or several should not be approved by the Church, if only it is just and tends towards the

common good. Accordingly, justice being observed, people are not forbidden to provide themselves with that kind of government which is most suitable to their genius or the institutions and customs of their ancestors." (Leo. XIII.)

There is a great deal of meaning in the above quotations. The doctrine of the bishops and of the Pope distinctly condemns the only thing that is of prime importance in democracy,—the sovereignty of the people; and as plainly asserts that all governments are subject to the Church's approval. I condemned the doctrine of the pastoral in conversation with my fellow-students, but as a good Catholic was forced to swallow it, as I did the seminary food, under protest. But it produced mental indigestion for ten years, and at last I threw it up and got relief. In the face of that pastoral and many other conclusive proofs to the contrary, in and out of the Roman Church there are wise men yet remaining who persuade themselves that Romanism and Americanism can lie lovingly in the same bed, and nobody be the worse for it!

During my three years at the seminary I maintained my former high standing as a student, and was never punished for any misconduct, although I did "hook" a pudding one day from the priests' table and never felt any remorse for it afterward. In an old note-book I find the record of standing during the preceding five months, as read to the students by the president in the presence of the bishop in February, 1881. Our studies were dogmatic theology, moral theology, church history, exegesis. There were at the time sixteen seminarians, all still living, thirteen of whom became priests, and of the thirteen ten are now (June, 1893,) priests of the diocese of Louisville. The perfect number of merits was 644; the lowest given was 311, the highest 642. Four students fell below 400, two below 500, nine ranged from 502 to 585; only one went over 600, falling two points short of per-

fection, and his name—is on the title-page. It was, I think, the best record ever made at that seminary.

I was made subdeacon by Bishop McCloskey at the seminary in May, 1882, received the order of deaconship from Archbishop Elder in July, and was ordained priest by Bishop Toebbe, of Covington, at the Cathedral, on Sunday, July 16, 1882. As it all rubbed off afterward, perhaps too many cooks spoiled the broth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CATHEDRAL AND THE COLLEGE.

I SAID my first mass at Bowling Green on Sunday, July 23, and a week or two after was appointed one of the assistant priests at the Cathedral, being told by the bishop in words calculated to tickle my vanity that he was going to keep me there. There were four other priests at the Cathedral, and I shall say a few words of each.

The vicar-general was a Frenchman, learned, good-natured, and something of an inventive genius. He was perhaps the only man of brains in the diocese capable of enduring that continual contact with the bishop's whims which is the substance of the vicar-general's office. As he had more work to do than three men could do well, it was scarcely to be wondered at that his absent-mindedness sometimes made him ludicrous and that he seldom found time to wash himself. His room was a mixture of bedroom, library and blacksmith shop. He was pious and dirty, industrious and overtasked, endowed with too many talents and too little spirit. He might have made a fair inventor, novelist or financier if he could have concentrated his ability; but he had too many wheels in his head and they all went round at once. But he was a good fellow and his little idiosyncrasies served to amuse his fellow-priests, who liked him and laughed at him. One of the numberless stories they told of his eccentricities was that in the early days of his ministry he found it necessary to perform the Origenic operation.

The next in order was an Irishman, huge in bulk and pompous in manner, with a red, beefy face that fairly indexed the entire contents of the inner man. He was overbearing without authority; as full of conceit as he was void of knowledge; a prater of charity and a miser; with Pecksniffian piety ever on his tongue and in his well-trained eyes, and a long history of gluttony and drunkenness indelibly written on his face. Collecting his rents may have interfered somewhat with his reading, as he once gravely assured me and several others—long before even "reciprocity" was heard of—that Blaine was the leader of the free-traders in the United States.

Number three was of German descent, but I believe of American birth, and educated chiefly in the schools of Louisville. As a drummer for a wholesale house, he was in Texas seeking whom he might devour when—we have it from the Courier-Journal on his own authority—he was called as wonderfully as the apostle Paul. Since then he has secured a great deal of free advertising in the Louisville papers through the great number of religious and charitable schemes he has projected and abandoned with equal facility. His greatest religious success was to turn the Cathedral into a red-light curiosity shop and set a number of pious old women's heads on edge. His most important charitable scheme was a hospital for incurables which was a Swift-like conception that many therefore wished to succeed, but it went hence into the invisibilities. His greatest literary performance up to date is an annual almanac full of piety mixed with statistics, one number of which appeared several years ago and was formally presented to the Pope; after which it stopped short, never to go again. This man whom the people consider a saint and the priests a sanctified egotist, and who is said to take himself so seriously that he has accused himself of working miracles, is simply a comical proof of

human gullibility in things religious. During the red-light craze a clerical friend of mine who feared his mother would lose her reason under the "saint's" influence got me to talk to her; but a very brief conversation showed me that talk was useless, as her admiration of the miracle-worker amounted to fanaticism. Verily the world loves to be humbugged, as the prophet Barnum said.

The last of the four was a young German with a considerable knowledge of music. Except an occasional meeting, my acquaintance with him terminated when I left the Cathedral for another place, and I do not know him well enough to describe him. I last met him in 1892 at a priest's house in Louisville. On that occasion I found fault with the Church for putting down to the credit of a saint in the Breviary the fact that he had persecuted heretics and burnt them at the stake. This priest denied that the Breviary contained any such thing and seemed surprised when I pointed it out to him in the book from which he is supposed to read his daily office. On that occasion were present Mr. Matt. O'Doherty and Rev. C. P. Raffo, a lawyer and a priest both well known in Louisville.

I found at the Cathedral another set of rules in force, to obey which would make a man despise himself if he were worth despising, and I proceeded to break them as rapidly as occasion offered. The place at the Cathedral was no sinecure, part of my duty being to attend the city hospital which was then nearly full of Catholics. Hearing confessions was also a serious matter at the Cathedral, and I suppose is yet, as hard cases from everywhere else in the city who do not care to submit their spiritual sores to the inspection of their own priests pour their tales of woe into the weary ears of the Cathedral priests on Saturday evenings and nights. During my short stay I had some curious experiences in this line, and I have ever since felt sorry for the priests stationed at the Cathedral.

Another thing that makes it an unpleasant place for a man of character with undamaged self-respect is the fact that the present bishop has for years made the Cathedral a sort of house of correction where he keeps under his own eye priests who cannot be trusted elsewhere,—nor always there, as many can testify.

Added to all this, the Cathedral rectory is dingy without and dirty within, and the worst-off priests in other parishes are more comfortably housed than those at the Cathedral. It is supposed to be a place of hospitality for clergymen visiting the city, but its wretched guest-chamber is tenanted chiefly by bedbugs whose hospitable intentions are generally thwarted by lack of material to work on, as the diocesan clergy mostly stay away from that place when in the city over night. And while each priest has only one room for his books, bed, and everything else, several of the best rooms are kept idle, reserved by the bishop for his own use, though he hardly ever occupies them.

When, therefore, after two months at the episcopal stock-yard I was asked to go to St. Joseph's College to fill the place of one of the teachers whose health had broken down, I stood not upon the order of my going, but went gladly forth from that house of bondage and bedbugs. Under date of Sept. 23, 1882, I find in an old diary this, which beareth witness to the antiquity of the opinions above expressed: "Sent to Bardstown to teach, and was glad to get away from the Cathedral and the natural curiosities that run it."

The next nine months were pleasantly spent at the college in Bardstown. The late Father Mackin, then president, was the only successful president the college has had since the death of Father Coghlan in 1877, and the teachers, lay and clerical, were a congenial set. Only two of the five priests were inclined to look with too much favor on the tricksy

tanglefoot, and they were otherwise first-rate fellows. However it may have been, I sincerely trust that the young ideas I helped to load went off reasonably well.

The only unpleasant feature of my stay there was the unconcealed hostility that existed between the president of the college and the rector of the Bardstown church, on account of some unforgotten act of the latter when he was president and his successor one of the professors. The two priests, divided only by a gate and an act, communicated with each other only by scowls, and I, who occasionally passed to and fro between the two hostile camps as if oblivious of the quarrel, did so at the risk of being considered a spy by my friends at the college. To see the "rarity of Christian charity" in all its perfection, get on the inside of a quarrel between two priests.

While I was at the college the priests there and throughout the diocese—including the bishop, I believe—received some pieces of anonymous verse, written and mailed in the land of mystery, of a decidedly sensational character. It is an open secret that they were written by a former professor at the college and aimed at the obnoxious pastor of Bardstown. The victim—who has been for years considered the bishop's favorite pet and is for that and other reasons cordially detested by his brother priests, who hugely enjoyed the underground publication—raised quite a rumpus about it and got the bishop to squelch the audacious poet. I lately found the poems among some old letters, and I do not think they should be forever lost to the laity, to fame, and to the future ecclesiastical historian. I therefore insert them here, feeling certain that their author, though no way responsible for their republication, will not shed any tears over it.

The following heading which the poet gave to one of the pieces is appropriate to all. *Heri* was a Latin nickname given to the hero of the poems by his philosophy class.

LOVE IS LORD OF ALL!

Printed from our Own Private Press.

For Free Distribution.

Good as Pleasant Purgative Pills.

TO H. E. R. I.

NOT MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

TO H. E. R. I.

Hattie had a large-sized Con,
His face was full of laughter;
And wheresoever Hattie went
Her Con would follow after.
One day they to the graveyard strolled,
Which was against the rule;
He thought that Hattie looked so fair,
And Con looked like a fool.

They walked together through the streets,
And on his arm she leant;
And every one who saw them pass
Inquired what all this meant.
Now why should Con love Hattie so?
Or why so fair he's thought her?
Or why should he look in the eyes
Of any woman's daughter?

Or why should he so senseless be,
To peril her good name?
Or why should she so foolish be,
To risk her honest fame?
I cannot tell; but I will bet
The last cent of my cash
That Hattie is a goose, and Con
A very flattened "mash." VINDEX.

THE WAIL OF A BROKEN HEART.

TO VINDEX.

Oh! I know my love is hopeless, and my heart is full of woe!
By day and night I'm restless and I know not where to go.
The wintry winds are sighing through the sere and leafless trees;
Like departed spirits wailing seems the voice upon the breeze.
But the wind's sigh is not sadder, the trees are not more sere
Than my sad heart that sighs to-night in desolation drear.

I loved her, oh! I loved her far beyond my hopes of Heaven.
Beyond the rarest gifts that God has e'er to mortals given.
By day, by night, asleep, awake, at prayer or sacrifice,
I only saw that one loved face, the radiance of those eyes.
More bright those eyes than summer sun, more sweet her voice to me,
Than all the music of the spheres or murmuring of the sea.

She was my heaven, my sun, the star toward which my life had turned,
Ah oh! what bliss to know those eyes for me alone had burned!
With her earth was a paradise; no ill could enter here—
No sorrow could my heart subdue, if only she were near.
And yet she never could be mine—such was the stern decree.
Heaven was within my reach, and yet no happiness for me.

'Twas said that other different vows had bound my soul and heart,
That I could never seek her hand, that from her I must part.
But what are vows and what is faith? and where's the power can move
A man from out himself and try to keep his soul from love?
My vows to Heaven! But Heaven's away so very, very far!
And must my vows to Heaven be to my earth's joy a bar?

Alas! my words are idle; but my heart is all aflame;
The maid I loved is mine no more; she bears another's name.
I weeping saw another wed and take her to his arms—
No danger now to break my vow—I need no vain alarms.
But though another's now, though not for me her bright eyes shine,
Perhaps in lands beyond the grave I may yet call her mine.

H. E. R. I.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

TO H. E. R. I.

Oh! what a pity, my friend so pretty, with your beautiful hair a-curl,
To show your feelings in such appealings about a flirt of a girl.
Your grand ambition, your high position, your duty to God above
Should have restrained you and long detained you from giving yourself to love.

Do you think it the duty of every beauty to fall in love with you?
Or does it amaze ye because your Daisy did not love you, in turn, true?
Yet maidens finer and far diviner you'll see if you'll only watch;
She was not comely, but just as homely as a post where hogs might scratch.

But if she'd beauty enough to suit ye, you can easily find again
For your heart love-laden some other maiden to furnish balm for your pain.
For the world, its talking or old women's mocking, we know that you care nought;
Your faults though naming, their praise or blaming ne'er cost you a single thought.

What cared you for breaking the vows you'd taken? You could laugh them to scorn,
Though they powerless laid you and still had made you as helpless as a child unborn.
And so while preaching so loud and teaching us in the holy place,
Your talk so specious, your soul so precious, were not quite full of grace.

All your adoring, your soul outpouring, and your prayers were all a sham;
Your pious notions and your long devotions were never worth a cram.
Oh! son of Satan, perdition waiting! a monster most abhorred!
The abomination of desolation stands in the house of the Lord.

VINDEX.

THE GLORIOUS PAST.

TO VINDEX.

How beautiful, how beautiful she streamed upon my sight,
In glory and in grandeur in that gorgeous sunset light!
How softly soul-subduing fell her words upon mine ear,
Like low, aerial music, when some angel hovers near!
What tremulous, faint ecstasy to clasp her hand in mine
Till the darkness fell upon us with a glory too divine!

The air around grew languid with our intermingled breath,
And in her Beauty's shadow I sank motionless as death.
I saw her not; I heard not; for a mist was on my brain—
I only felt that life could give no joy like that again.
And this was Love—I knew it not, but blindly floated on
And now I'm on the ocean waste, dark, desolate, alone!

The waves are raging 'round me—I'm reckless where they guide,
No hope is left to light me, no strength to stem the tide.
Oh! why did Heaven cause me to weep such bitter tears?
Oh! why did Heaven send me the anguish of these years?
Would that the grave had opened wide that lovely eve in May,
And taken to its cold embrace this loving, unloved clay!

As a leaf along the torrent—a cloud across the sky—
As a dust upon the whirlwind, so my life is drifting by.
The dream that drank the meteor's light—the form from Heaven has flown—
The vision and the glory, they are passing—they are gone!
Oh! Love is frantic agony, and life one throb of pain!
Yet I would bear its darkest woes to dream that dream again.

H. E. R. I.

SEE? JAY, OH! SEE!

See, Jay! See, Jay! how can you say
That all referred to you?
If you say so, you plainly show
That what was writ was true.
See, Jay! Oh! Gee! haw can it be
That thus your ire you raise
At scraps of verse, that but rehearse
Some unknown lover's praise?

You say, See, Jay! that we essay
Your character to stain;
But there, See, Jay! oh, let me say,
You're badly left again!
For, vain if I should ever try
To blacken what is black;
Therefore your soul, as black as coal,
Vain were it to attack.

You know, See, Jay! the ladies say
You've broken many hearts;
And See, Jay! Oh! too well we know
Yourself felt Cupid's darts.
And Oh! See, Jay! you know the way
You and your love together
Went everywhere, and did not care
How mild or wild the weather.

Though people talked, still, still you walked,
Lived in each other's eyes;
And *you* cared naught, no matter what
The words that might arise.
You were advised how scandalized
Were all the people there;
But like a loon, that hunts the moon,
Not one cent did you care.

And See, Jay! oh! too well you know
That blessed eve in May,
When you and she—sweet company!
To the graveyard made your way.
Can time e'er let you both forget
That evening glorious?
No! it cannot—'Twon't be forgot
Either by you or us.

And See, Jay! oh! in sunset's glow
Perhaps in future times,
With some loved form upon your arm,
You'll think of these poor rhymes.
In sweet springtime, or summer's prime,
Or winter's chilling blast,
Remember well this truth so fell:
YOU CAN'T UNDO THE PAST!!!

VINDEX.

NOTE.—The authorship of these tender and pathetic verses is generally supposed to lie between Father Cr-gh-n and the man in the moon. From "See, Jay! Oh! See!" the victim's initials may be extracted without much pain.

CHAPTER V.

FRANKLIN AND BOWLING GREEN.

IN July, 1883, at the end of the scholastic year, I was appointed rector of the church at Franklin, Ky., with a large and scattered mission attached, including Russellville, Glasgow, Cave City, and the surrounding country from Green River to Tennessee. The Catholics were few and scattered, and the priest in charge had to do considerable railroad traveling; but, under the plan pursued by my immediate predecessor and adopted by me, only about ninety days in the year were required for the actual work of the mission. The rest of the time the priest had to fill up as best he could. A collector of books from boyhood and passionately fond of reading, I had a good library, and I turned for solace during my idle time to my books. Having kept a record of my reading for the last twelve years, I find that, besides giving close attention to daily and weekly papers and magazines, the first year at Franklin I read 130 books, the second year 132, the third year 168,—in all 430 during the three years. An attempt to classify them results as follows: humor, 23; poetry and plays, 47; religion, philosophy, and science, 73; biography, history, travels, and general literature, 140; fiction, 147.

A solitary life like mine at Franklin, which is that of many a priest, is hard at best. It was made clear to me there that retirement from the world is not withdrawal from temptation, and I began to understand the trials of Anthony and the hermits of the desert depicted in Christian legend. I know of

nothing more likely to make such a life tolerable than books, but not everyone loves books well enough to be content with their companionship in solitude, and society is dangerous for the celibate. If his doctrines do not suffer his morals will in some way, and the terrible effects of this unnatural life are only too well known among priests, who, though they dare not give public utterance to their real sentiments, inwardly feel and secretly acknowledge that the laws of nature are also the laws of God. The man who stealthily breaks his vows acknowledges this truth to himself, his accomplice and God, but not to the public or the church; and every priest knows that there are many confessions of this kind. The man who tries to console himself for self-denial in one direction by self-indulgence in another makes the same confession to God and the public, but the people do not understand. The number of priests who do this is very large, as their faces bear cumulative and unimpeachable testimony. But the man who faithfully struggles against God and nature in obedience to that heritage of barbarism and ignorance miscalled theology is the most unhappy of all; for, in spite of dogmas and systems, nature rules in this world and God in the next, and the only region known to be under the control of theology is Hell, on which it holds a mechanic's lien. That torrid realm was discovered by theology, is run by theology, and is presumably filled with theology's victims; and its darkest and dismalest dungeons, supplied with the very latest infernal heating machines, are kindly set apart for those who venture to flout theology's moth-eaten threats and seek for God in His works. Theology itself is the real hell which would make the universe a nightmare by libeling both God and man, making the one the Infinite Slave-driver and the other the everlasting victim of the original case of cramp colic.

After three years of solitude and books I began to be tired, and frankly told the bishop that a longer stay in Franklin might be injurious to my morals, and that I would remain in charge of the mission only on condition of being allowed to board in Bowling Green with Father de Vries. The bishop agreed to my terms, and I moved to Bowling Green, which was my home for the remaining fourteen months I spent on the Franklin mission. The many delightful hours I passed in innocent and improving conversation with the good Sisters of Nazareth in that place first taught me to appreciate the society of intelligent women, and gave me a deeper understanding of the wisdom of the writer who put in the Creator's mouth the saying, "It is not good for man to be alone,"—a writer, by the way, whose opinion on matrimony varies greatly in value in different theological schools, though all the old ones depend for their very existence on his story of "Satan, Sin and Death."

Soon after going to Bowling Green I made the acquaintance of "Dad" Upham and the Morning News, in which, or in whom, I invested—permanently—$100. Out of the wreck there remain the following contributions to its columns, which I reprint partly to show what things I was interested in, and partly to get what satisfaction I can for that vanished hundred. Rhea and Halsell were tearing up the earth in those parts then, and I was a Rhea man. The reader who is looking for something else can "go now a little on," as our Austrian professor of theology used to say.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE SANSCRIT.

And in those days it came to pass that Halsell and Skiles, the sons of Warren, and Rhea, the son of Logan, did run a great race, a race even for the house of big winds and strong breaths.

And the mighty committee, which do regulate these things, met together in a room, and whispered into each other's ears, and the ears of them were long.

And then they rose up, and proclaimed with a loud voice: "Let there be a primary throughout the district, from the land of Warren even unto the land of Todd."

And after many days the primary was.

And in that day the Warrenites and the Loganites and the men of all the regions round about did gather in exceeding great numbers; and on their banners was written "Democrat."

But there gathered with them likewise many Republicans from Way-back, and a multitude of hungry pilgrims who sought after the rich land of Boodle and the pleasant springs thereof.

And they did struggle mightily all that day, and the day was warm, and much whisky was shed, and many there were who fell by the way-side.

And the pawing and the snorting of the war-horses—for among the Democrats are many war-horses—might be heard afar off.

And the battle ceased with the going down of the sun, and then those who had fought fell on each other's necks and wept, and they did swear with a mighty shout to rally round the flag.

And on the flag were written these words: "Rhea, the mighty man of Logan, who did overcome the giants from the land of Warren with his little mouth and his winning ways."

And the multitude shouted "Hooraw!"

But the Warrenites were not glad, but in their hearts were wrath and much indignation. And the air turned blue in their land, and a shower of cusswords fell in all that region. And they lifted their voices and howled for the blood of them who had schemed the scheme whereby the sons of Warren prevailed not.

And there was a merry sound of laughter in all the land of Logan. And they did smile until their eyes were red with smiling. And, winking, they whispered unto each other: "Truly these vain boasters of Warren are done for; and they did it themselves. Their name is Ass."

"AS OTHERS SEE US."

[From the Pekin Gazette.]

On the bottom of the earth, as those of our readers who have devoted much attention to the geography of the barbarous regions beyond the boundaries of the Celestial Empire are aware, there is a country called the United States, to whose people the ordinary Chinese travelers give the name of Melican Men. The more learned, however, insist, and it seems to us with reason, that they should be called Americans. This

country, which, as it name implies, is made up of many states, has some very singular institutions and customs which have of late attracted to it the attention of many learned men among the older and more polished nations of the world. Our readers will therefore thank us for the copious extracts we present in this issue from Kentucky papers sent us by our old friend Wah Lee, who at present resides in that state, devoting himself to the noble missionary work of introducing clean shirts among that benighted people. Many of our readers will remember him as an earnest follower of the great moralist Klo Wash (died in the year 13,067) who taught that cleanliness is next to godliness.

The papers to which we refer are very amusing to a Celestial mind, but at the same time interesting and instructive, since they furnish a fair picture of what we may have been before the days of the immortal Kung, barbarously called Confucius.

The Americans, who are evidently just emerging from barbarism into a state of semi-civilization, are about sixty millions in number—a very fair showing for a country settled only 300 years ago by Spanish and English adventurers. Their ancestors, of whom they are very proud, were for the most part of that class of people who, in the words of the divine Sing Lo, "leave their country for their country's good."

Kentucky, the scene of our zealous missionary's labors, contains about 2,000,000 inhabitants, and, as he assures us that it is neither the highest nor the lowest of the United States in point of civilization, it may be taken as representing the average condition of that people. They have laws against murder and other crimes, but they are seldom enforced. When a man in that country commits an atrocious crime, lovely women flock to see him, bring him flowers and sympathy, and do all in their power to make his confinement as little irksome as may be. If, as sometimes—but rarely—happens, an unsympathetic jury convicts him, then the best citizens hasten to implore his pardon from the chief magistrate (called governor)—a favor that is seldom withheld. Their officers, even the judges, are elected by popular vote for a term of years. The day of election is a sort of general holiday on which the people amuse themselves by getting drunk and fighting. There are always many killed on that day. Small thieves are sent to prison, but big thieves, who generally belong to the "best society" and are often "pillars of the church," take a trip to Canada or Brazil, where they remain until they effect a compromise or obtain a pardon. We learn from a large collection of candidates' speeches that all men are there legally entitled to equal rights; but it appears from the public prints that votes are bought and

sold, and that the rich nearly always have the advantage in law, politics and society. They have a vast number of politicians who love their country very "dearly," but there have been no statesmen for many years. Cut and dried," "the machine," "bossism," and "poppycock" are favorite expressions with their political writers. Their juries, which try the most important cases, especially in matters criminal, are selected from those most ignorant of the case in hand and freest from ideas of any kind. Their newspapers are in general very interesting, but irresponsible and seldom overloaded with brain product. Among those sent to us are several copies of one very curious specimen, the "Daily Blot," published at a place called Park City. It contains many advertisements, most of which in vulgar Chinese would be termed "no good." Its news matter, as well as we could make out with a magnifying glass, is about the same as that of the Hong Kong papers, several days old. But its jokes are the most remarkable of its contents, since they show most clearly the lamentably unprogressive state of its readers. They are mostly of the kind called "chestnuts," which were in general circulation about 3,000 years ago.

To a Celestial it is a very strange conceit which makes Kentuckians call their hundred-year-old state the "grand old commonwealth." But there is a spirit of progress among the people that augurs well for the future. Although they have not yet come to rats, they have adopted rice; and it is possible that in a few thousand years, if they are willing to learn from those who know more than themselves, they may attain a very respectable degree of enlightenment.

A DISQUISITION ON GOVERNMENT.

It is curious in what different esteem the national and state governments are generally held. In every part of the country the government at Washington is respected, while almost everywhere the state government is made the butt of jibe and jest, the broad target at which every facile paragrapher safely shoots his hoary gags. We read, on the one hand, of the ease with which the national government collects its hundreds of millions of revenue yearly without appreciable loss; on the other, our large and well-formed ears are filled with the never-ending tale of pauper counties, defaulting sheriffs and treasuries without treasure. The violator of the national laws meets with swift and sure justice in the national courts, while the lucky law-breaker who has only the state to deal with is far better secured in his rights, and even in his wrongs, than the honest citizen who steals not nor kills. It is by no

means uncommon for United States officials to face death and meet it in the discharge of their duties, but the state or county hired man who makes even a decent attempt to meet his sworn obligations to the dear people is a rare bird indeed. The time between conventions and elections is so short, you know, that he needs the interval to rest himself and grease the wires.

There is a reason for all things, and the cause of the difference in the administration of state and national affairs is not hard to find; and the cause is not altogether in the people, for exactly the same sort of men manage the business of the state and that of the nation. Exactly the same sort of men go to Congress, the legislature, and the penitentiary. The same men who vote in governors and sheriffs vote in Presidents and Congressmen. If the cause is not in the people, it must be sought in the organization or machinery of the governments themselves. In state and nation alike the government is divided into three branches—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial. The legislative machinery is about the same in both cases; so the trouble is not there. But when we compare the other two branches of the state government with the corresponding parts of the national machine, we at once discover a striking difference, a difference that to the writer's mind explains all. In the state all the judges and the entire executive body are elected; in the nation, with its vast and efficient army of officials, the chief executive alone is elected, and he not by direct vote of the people. On the one hand, the practical part of government is in the hands of men who hold their places by virtue of their popularity, and popularity in an executive officer is generally another name for inefficiency. On the other hand, we have a body of men appointed for their personal fitness by men who are capable of judging it and answerable for their errors of judgment. The state office-holder is accountable individually to each individual voter, in practice at least, whatever may be the theory of it; and time has shown that such responsibility is a very poor check on official misconduct. In the national government not only is the individual placeman responsible for his conduct to the government which retains him in office, but the administration itself—through the party it represents—is accountable to the whole people for the shortcomings of any or all appointees. And in the patriotic opposition party, which is nothing if not critical, is found the ever ready means of bringing delinquents to judgment. On the one hand, individual and collective responsibility, with organized criticism and supervision; on the other—Kentucky!

State rights are all very well in theory, but among thinking people there is growing up a deep disgust for state governments which are only costly shams. There must either be a radical reconstruction of the state machine or a general obliteration of state lines and a centralized republic. The tendency towards centralization is already very strong and steadily increasing, and nothing can stay it but the abolition of our vicious system of state elections. In this matter of government there will be a survival of the fittest; the states must reform themselves or disappear.

The spare time left me by religion and political philosophy I spent in studying Webster's Unabridged and concocting a scheme to make English spelling more civilized, but I have not secured a patent on it yet.

During my last year as pastor of Franklin occurred the suspension of Dr. Edward McGlynn by the Archbishop of New York for preaching the single-tax doctrine of Henry George, and his excommunication by the Pope for his refusal to retract and to obey the Papal summons to Rome. I had had Henry George's book "Progress and Poverty" for some time, but had not more than glanced at it till my interest in the subject was aroused by the case of McGlynn. When I did read it, in a spirit of criticism and hostility, I fell a victim to the writer's irresistible logic, and have ever since remained a firm believer in the single-tax theory. My mind owes a great deal to that book, which will hereafter be recognized as one of the greatest productions of this age. Its application of Christianity to political economy increased my faith in God, by showing that He is in no way responsible, in spite of the almost unanimous voice of pulpiteers, for the enormous amount of wretchedness and misery caused by poverty in this nineteenth century of the mispreaching of Christ. I have been guilty at intervals of keeping a diary for a few days at a time, wherein I find the following entries:

May 2, 1887.—Dr. McGlynn said yesterday in New York that "religion will never be right until we shall see a democratic Pope walking down Broadway, with a stovepipe hat on his head and carrying an umbrella under his arm." There is truth in it, but I object to the idiotic stovepipe.

May 7.—Just got back from Louisville. Had a regular picnic with the Cathedral menagerie and the scattered animals. Paid my respects to the gentleman with the three-story hat, went for the bishops (Borgess of Detroit has just "resigned"), and preached Henry George straight from the shoulder. Dunn, of the Cathedral gang, seemed to have the use of his reason yet. He agreed with me—in private—on things ecclesiastical. If ever that Church History is written!

By the way, my animosity to the stovepipe hat is still unabated, and this book may serve as a slight contribution to "that Church History."

May 18.—I've just been indulging the bad habit of thinking. In reading the Life of Johnson by Boswell I was struck by the passage which describes his meeting with two young women who came to consult him about becoming Methodists. He took one of them on his knees and fondled her for quite a while. It is instructive. Why can one not be married and not married? Why should there not be less law and more conscience?

This narrative shall not be lacking in frankness; it was the aching void of celibacy making itself felt. The above extracts and the two following communications to Henry George's paper (the New York Standard), written about the same time, show in what direction my mind was traveling as far back as 1887, and that I did not conceal my true sentiments about some things ecclesiastical, although I had not at the time the faintest foregleam of the ultimate outcome.

Inclosed find a year's subscription to The Standard. It is refreshing to find a paper that dares give utterance to the truth. Your manly defense of your friend Dr. McGlynn in his undeserved trouble may provoke the disinterested criticism of the aristocratic secular press of New York and of a religious press that, with a few bright exceptions, is religiously careful not to say what it thinks on certain subjects; but with men all

over the country, and among priests especially, it will make you friends. Dr. McGlynn is not the only priest who believes in the doctrine of Henry George concerning property in land; and many of us think that in a free country a priest should not be deprived by his priestly character of his rights as a citizen, and forbidden to give public expression to his opinions on political or economic questions because "his lordship" or "his grace" or an Italian cardinal—who knows much more about filling up a letter with such stuff as "most eminent, most reverend, and most worshipful sir" than he does about the rights and duties of an American citizen—happens to think differently. "Their lordships" have in many cases spent so much of their time in acquiring perfection in that fawning which thrift doth follow,—they have been so constantly engaged in looking up, that they can scarcely be expected to sympathize with the common herd, even when the people and their leaders happen to be right. This is why there was a French Revolution of bloody but blessed memory, and why Catholic France to-day entrusts its political fortunes to men without religion.

You contrast Bishop Nulty and Archbishop Corrigan, but you fail to give the explanation that shows the whyness of the difference. In Ireland bishops and priests are united, and both are with the people; in this country bishops and priests are at war, and the people are an unknown and unconsidered quantity. And the reason is not hard to find. In Ireland the priests make the bishops, who are chosen by the Pope (almost always) from a list of three names selected by the priests by ballot. In this country, on the other hand, the hierarchy is made up of a certain number of aristocratic cliques with power to perpetuate themselves. The result is natural; like begets like. In Ireland the bishops are selected for such qualities as recommend them to the priests with whom they have associated on terms of equality and familiarity, and who are consequently the best judges of their fitness. The Irish bishops are, therefore, likely to be men of courage, fairness, learning, ability, and independence. Here, when a see is vacant, the half-dozen bishops of the province hold a secret meeting and select three names, from which the Pope chooses. In such elections servility, obsequiousness, and the other noble qualities that go to make the successful courtier, have a remarkably lengthening effect on the pole that knocks the persimmons. The Holy Ghost, although he is doubtless invoked on these occasions, seldom has influence enough to make a change in the list. Bishops chosen by this process are, of course, likely to be either lovely specimens of ornamental mediocrity or "offensive partisans" of most "pernicious activity," like Borgess and Corrigan.

The McGlynn case is but a new illustration of an old trick in church diplomacy. When a man whose life can be blighted by ecclesiastical censures teaches a doctrine offensive to the rulers of the church, which doctrine cannot be easily (or at all) shown to be false, they punish the individual, but leave the truth or falsity of his teaching an open question. They thus crush the poor fellow who thought he was doing right, intimidate others who may be inclined to think like him, impede progress with the whole weight of church authority, and yet shirk the only duty that was really incumbent on them—that of deciding *authoritatively* whether or not the doctrine in question is heretical.

Here's to the triumph of right over might, and to the success of the doctrine that "the land belongs to the people." If we are all inheritors of Adam's sin, are we not also the inheritors of Adam's title to the earth?—New York Standard, March 5, 1887.

So the "German priests" of New York have proved their loyalty to the mighty little archbishop by signing their euphonious names to an "unsolicited" letter. It is well. Dr. McGlynn still lives, and Henry George seems to be doing as well as could be expected. Perhaps the only human creatures "moved" to anything but laughter by this most touching display of unasked and purely Germanic affection were the native American typesetters on whom cruel fate laid the task of putting its most loyal signatures in cold United States type. If this precious document, however, has done nothing else, it has at least made strikingly manifest the curse of the Catholic Church and priesthood in America—the spirit of nationality. If there were for five years in this country a homogeneous American priesthood, the literary delver in the mines of antiquity might at once bring out his immortal work, "The Last of the Corrigans; a tale of the days when there were *German* priests in the *Catholic* Church in America." And the day is coming—God speed it!—when there will be no "German element" nor "Irish element," with their silly antagonisms, in the American Church. Alas, *in diebus illis*, for their graces, their lordships, and the monsignori! The Church will still be in the business of saving souls, but the machinery will be worked by plain, unvarnished bishops and priests. The lordly title and the royal purple, and all the trumpery relics of barbaric splendor, will be consigned to the musty storehouse of the dead and gone. The shining helmet and glittering breastplate still shed the glory of the past on the knightly super of the modern stage; the wondering child still revels in the awe-inspiring pictures of mail-clad heroes who slaughtered the giant

and the dragon; and who knows but the Barnum of the future will yet show to gazing multitudes, for the small sum of twenty-five cents, a gorgeous specimen or two of the extinct species *monsignori*—stuffed!

Good people talk of scandal, and lift their pious hands in holy horror when the fated hour brings about the inevitable conflict between might and right. Scandal there is, indeed, and more than enough; but who is to blame? Not the man who throws the bomb or fires the train is the author of revolution, but the men who reared and propped the scaffolding of tyranny. Not the man who stands upon his rights is the author of scandal in the Church, but he whose injustice makes rebellion righteous. "For it must needs be that scandals come, but woe to him *by whom the scandal cometh*." Christ was a scandal and a stumbling-block. He taught a new doctrine without consulting the Sanhedrim. But, after all, the little great man is not so much to blame for abusing his power as the blessed system which produces him. When bishops are no longer hatched in a dark chamber, some scandals will be rarer.

If the German priests of New York will only read "Progress and Poverty," they will never more be quite so unanimous in their love of a social system which deprives the vast majority of their people of the greater part of their honest earnings, nor so very ready to aid in crushing the man who, at great risk to himself, is doing battle in *their* cause, in the cause of all priests, in the cause of all men.

Whatever becomes of McGlynn and his immediate followers, the old woman was certainly a fool who tried to keep the storm-driven Atlantic in bounds with a broom. As well oppose the onset of the raging sea with rusty lance and battered shield, as try to quell by the mere word of authority the mighty storm Henry George has stirred up by the deadly shot he has fired at landlordism, the very citadel of tyranny. There is already alarm in the camp of Mammon, the money devil, and no wonder. If the teachings of "Progress and Poverty" are true—and nobody has yet proved them false—they will prevail in spite of the devil and all his fireworks and breastworks, ecclesiastical and civil. It will take more to stem the rising tide than the logic chopping of a Higgins or a Brann. With the legions of unvested right on its trail, no spider-webbed or word-covered lair will prove strong enough or dark enough to save the hoary scalp of vested wrong.

How many pages in church history are taken up in telling how a Roman congregation made a slight mistake in the case of Galileo. Those very good and conservative men had such a rooted dislike for revolutions of every kind that they even opposed and tried to stay the

revolution of the earth! Archbishops are not infallible, any more than Roman cardinals. If the revolution is right, let it roll! If an archbishop gets crushed now and then into an unshapely purple mass, it will be because he needlessly stood in the way. History has its lessons for all, but the little great man is always slow to learn. Archbishops should read history—if for no other reason—because history is very purple.

Let the winds blow and the waves surge, until the last unsightly wreck of social wrong has gone down in the fathomless deep."—N. Y. Standard. May 7, 1887.

It was not in the nature of things that the writer of such sentiments should remain all his life a slave to a system which, instead of improving with time, grows worse as it grows older. Leaving the Church of Rome was the logical result of my mental and moral constitution, and—whatever annoyances I may be doomed to suffer from the victims of that form of idiocy called religious bigotry—I feel that I never really lived till I asserted my title to self-ownership and became free.

My four years on the Franklin mission seemed rather dull and uneventful at the time, but the reading I did for want of other employment led to important results later on. At one time I asked the bishop for another place, but he refused to grant my request on the ground that he had more priests than he could place. When I wrote shortly after for permission to seek another diocese where priests were more in demand, I was told that he needed priests too badly to let me go. The bishop had repeatedly promised me a change when it should be practicable, acknowledging that he considered the Franklin mission the hardest in the diocese; but I found episcopal promises much more fragile than some pie-crust I have seen. At last, however, on September 1, 1887, I saw in a Louisville paper that there were two vacant parishes, and I told my friend de Vries that I would go next

day to Louisville and sit up with the bishop till he turned promise into fulfillment. When I demanded one of the vacant places on the strength of his former assurances the bishop tried his best for a while to dodge the issue, but at length gracefully yielded to pressure and assured me that my coming was providential, as he was just wondering whom he should send to Raywick; and I returned to Bowling Green with the following letter:

LOUISVILLE, 2 Sept., 1887.

REV. JOHN CULLETON,
Dear Rev. Father,

You are hereby appointed Pastor of St. Francis' Church, Raywick, and trust your zeal will make the congregation all that your bishop could wish it to be.

Yours faithfully,
WM. GEO. MCCLOSKEY,
Bishop of Louisville.

Before I give up the Franklin mission for good I want to say that one of my predecessors there was a drunkard, another was charged with the paternity of a child by the man who should have occupied the responsible position of father in the case, and three of those who came after me were drunkards, one of them having been found "laid out" in ecclesiastical state in the Russellville church. Sandwiched in between these two collections of choice spirits for more than four years, I feel safe in saying that I left there in the full enjoyment of the respect and good will of Catholics and Protestants alike.

CHAPTER VI.

RAYWICK.

A CATHOLIC church was dedicated at Raywick as far back as 1840. It was formerly attended from St. Mary's College, six miles away, but since the war has generally had a resident priest. Marion County is part of a region largely settled by Catholics in the early days of Kentucky history, and at present they constitute at least half of its population; but formerly the Protestants far outnumbered the Catholics in that part of it in which Raywick is situated. Association, intermarriage, and relationship have left intact the wall of separation between the two antagonistic religions, but Protestants have gradually left and given place to Catholics until now the former are but a small minority in the surrounding country, and where forty years ago the Methodists had regular Sunday services while the Catholics assembled but once a month, now the Catholics meet weekly and the Methodists monthly. The Catholics thereabouts are almost all Kentuckians by long descent, an Irishman and a Belgian being the only foreigners when I left in a congregation of more than eight hundred people. A long succession of priests have ministered to the religious wants of the people there, and out of the whole number I believe only one of those who preceded me was a native American. As a natural result, the priests did not understand the people nor the people the priests, and priests came and went in quick succession. During the twenty-two years before I took charge there were eleven pastors. As it took me about two years to get fairly acquainted with the congregation, it is not surpris-

ing that the congregation financially and otherwise was not in the best condition when I took hold.

Raywick is a village of about 150 inhabitants, picturesquely situated among the hills on the Rolling Fork; and the country round about during the greater part of the year is a delight to the eyes that can see and the mind that can appreciate nature's charms. The church, priest's house, and schoolhouse are close together on an elevation, and for eight months out of the twelve the view from them is a feast for a soul in the slightest degree poetic and not too much enamored of the strife and din of the madding crowd. If, therefore, the eagerness with which the priests sent there generally tried to get away be accepted as a criterion of sacerdotal taste, the average priest is very deficient in some of those higher qualities without which this workaday world would soon sink to the level of a pigsty. Religion and nature are so very much akin, the one seeking and finding its ideal perfection in the other, that it has always seemed strange to me that the priests of nature's God should so regularly prefer to his choicest handiwork the brick and mortar constructions of men,—to the grassy lanes and clear streams of the country the foul alleys and sloppy gutters of the town. After much painful meditation I can find no explanation of this anomaly, unless it be—which Heaven forbid!—that the green and gold of Uncle Sam outshine the gold and green of nature and blur the reflection of heaven she presents to those consecrated eyes that should be ever fixed in rapture not on the golden dollars, but on the Golden Gates.

The people of the surrounding country are very fair specimens of rural humanity. Hard-headed and unprogressive, they sink or swim with the corn crop, as their grandfathers did; and the grimmest goblin that sick fancy ever conjures up for them from dreadful nightmare's deeps is called Tax. Its very shadow from afar is more inflammatory to their eyes

than red rag to bull's. They have their share of the virtues and vices common to farming communities; and nowhere have I seen in more striking contrast the effects of ignorance and education.

Time is a cunning workman whose welded links are hard to break, and there will always be a tender spot in my heart for many of my old parishioners whose rugged honesty and manliness I can never forget; and I fondly cherish the notion that even the prejudices I know human nature too well to expect them to be free from will not wholly root out the kind feeling many of them had for me, until we all meet again in a land where theology is at a discount and love reigns supreme, where religion and hate are never synonymous terms. To the few who mistakenly or maliciously did what they could to make my work and life among them unpleasant I wish from my heart whichever blessing they most need, broader minds or better hearts. But whether its denizens and its frequenters love or hate me, I shall sometimes take pleasure in picturing to myself the Raywick I used to know,—its hills and valleys; its swiftly rising, swiftly falling river; its colt show; its wet-day loafers, who sometimes pretended to deplore the rain; its public pump that caught the village epidemic, that "tired feeling" that prevents work; its post office that more than supplied the place of newspapers, whence no postal card went forth unscanned; its wiseacres who would gather in solemn conclave over the digging of a posthole; its storekeeper, ready in all but qualifications to undertake the job of supervising the universe; its other enterprising and intrusive hogs; the little coterie of ugly old hags who unselfishly devoted the unbought and worthless remnant of their lives to other people's affairs, and went from prayer to lying without turning a hair; and all the thousand trifles that would be unnoticed in a larger place, but were the life and excitement of that charming village.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHURCH.

WHEN the bishop appointed me pastor of Raywick he said the new church there was ready to be plastered, and made no mention of any debt; and I was, to put it mildly, a little surprised—which was exceedingly foolish in me—to find a church building with unfinished floor, a leaky roof, no pews, no doors, no windows, no money, and a debt the amount of which the retiring pastor could not tell, as his accounts had been very badly unkept. He was a native of Ireland, imported as a student from one of the priest factories of that country. Like most Catholic priests, he was utterly innocent of business methods and experience, and was entirely incompetent to carry to a successful conclusion such a work as had been imposed on him. All things considered, there is nothing more miraculous than the fact that once in a great while a Catholic church does actually get out of debt.

The people were very much discouraged at the situation as they understood it, but it was much worse than they suspected; and I was strongly inclined to throw up my new charge in disgust when one of the leading men of the congregation (J. A. Bickett) informed me that the old church had once been sold for debt and some of the workmen on it had never been paid. Meanwhile the congregation were worshiping in a schoolhouse entirely too small for the purpose, the old church having been unwisely torn down before the new one was built, in the hope that the people would be driven thereby to make more liberal contributions to the

building fund. Added to all this, the crops were a failure that year and two-thirds of the people were barely existing. I had never before undertaken such a contract, but I soon secured the people's co-operation in a plan which would enable us to borrow enough money to pay the most pressing debts and put the church in condition for use. My only source of trouble in putting it in execution was the bishop, who, having put me in a hole, was disposed, according to his usual practice in such cases, to roof the hole over and leave me there; but by one talk and two letters I put him in a deeper hole, and he granted all that I asked. On ample security I obtained $1,500 from the German Bank, of Louisville, and on Christmas day, 1887, the people worshiped in the new church for the first time.

The next thing to be done was to make arrangements for the gradual payment of the indebtedness. Finding an annual picnic one of the established methods of raising revenue, I reluctantly yielded to custom and necessity and in the spring of 1888 began preparations for a picnic by writing for the bishop's permission. I give my letter and the bishop's reply:

RAYWICK, KY., May 11, 1888.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP,

I write to ask your permission for the giving of a picnic for the church here this summer. Picnics seem to be the great resource hereabouts, and we will certainly not be able to make much of a breach in the debt this year without one.

Sincerely,

JOHN CULLETON.

As soon as the Very Rev. Vicar General notifies me that you have handed in your quota for St. Cecilia's, or reported favorably thereon to him, I will be happy to let you have a picnic.

+W. G., Bp. Louisville.

St. Cecilia's Church in Louisville had by wretched mismanagement been sunk almost hopelessly in debt, and the priests of the diocese had been called to Louisville the year before to devise a plan to lift the debt, or rather to approve one already devised by the bishop. It was a great scheme. The congregations of the diocese were assessed so much each as a loan to St. Cecilia's Church, the loans to be repaid later by the profits of a lottery, the tickets for which were to be sold to the members of the different congregations in numbers proportioned to the amount of their respective loans. A very short reflection on the reader's part will convince him that this was one of the greatest performances in ecclesiastical finance since the assignment of Judas Iscariot and the dissolution of the firm of Ananias and Sapphira. Jesse James never conceived anything better; the people, without any voice in the matter, having been compelled to hand over through their priests so much of their money, were then graciously permitted to repay themselves out of their own pockets by buying lottery tickets. I doubt very much whether all the loans were repaid or ever intended to be; it was simply episcopal highway robbery under the forms of hocus-pocus. In the Catholic Church the interests of the people, who pay the fiddler without selecting the tune, are seldom allowed by the priests, who themselves are the bishop's puppets, to stand in the way of their compliance with an episcopal command, however arbitrary or unjust; and many of the priests pledged their congregations for the amount demanded, among them my predecessor at Raywick, whose assessment was $45. I wrote back to the bishop, refusing to pay the money on the grounds that people unable to pay their own debts could not justly be required to pay those of other people, and that I could not conscientiously give away what was not mine. I told the people what I had done and why, and said to them that they might if they chose

have a picnic on their own account and apply the proceeds to the payment of the church debt. I also failed to sell any tickets for the lottery. Six weeks later I attended the St. Joseph's College commencement and there met the bishop, who withdrew his prohibition of the picnic and tried to extract from me a promise to pay the $45. Knowing that some had refused, I asked him if all the other priests of the diocese had paid their assessments, and he solemnly assured me that they had with but one exception, and that his sympathy for that man was so great that rather than see him fail he would pay his assessment out of his own episcopal pocket. In the following August Vicar General Bouchet sent out a circular statement of the St. Cecilia business which I preserved as a precious memento, and it contained a list of *thirty-four* congregations that in whole or in part had not paid their assessments; which to a man up a tree, with only a theoretical knowledge of bishops, would have seemed queer, to say the least. After that little experience I held my picnics without asking the bishop's consent.

Prosperity attended our efforts, and at the time previously set for its payment not only had the church debt been wiped out, but many substantial improvements, costing in the aggregate over $1,300, had been made and paid for. The bishop was good enough to express himself on the result of my management in the following letter:

BISHOP'S HOUSE,
1307 Brook Street,
Louisville, March 1, 1891.

DEAR REV. FATHER,

With great pleasure I grant you the permission you ask—to-wit: to spend one thousand dollars on your house in the manner stated.

I leave the matter to your own judgment and good taste, satisfied that when the house is finished it will be in every way suitable for a priest's residence.

I congratulate you on your successful management of the debt of the church; I confess it was a surprise to me that in so short a time you should have been able to accomplish so much.

Whenever you are ready for confirmation I would like to give myself the pleasure of a visit to see your improvements.

I hope your school is working satisfactorily.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. McCLOSKEY, Bp.

REV. JOHN CULLETON.

I intended to avail myself the year following of the bishop's permission to improve the priest's house, which was in very bad condition, but with 1892 came a change of mind which caused me to leave that matter to my successor.

Besides the success of our extra efforts to pay the debt and improve the church, the regular revenue of the church went up the first year to an amount never before reached and increased so steadily that in my last year we were able to dispense altogether with picnics, festivals, and other such sources of income. And I had the satisfaction of being repeatedly told by old church members that I talked less about money than any previous pastor. My success in this respect I attribute to the fact that I understood the people better than my predecessors, had no secrets from them, used persuasion instead of dictation, and made them feel that they could always rely implicitly on my word without any danger of ever finding themselves mistaken. I kept them regularly and exactly informed of the congregation's financial condition, and to that end from time to time published statements like the one here given. The following statement covers the whole period of my pastorate, and shows exactly in what condition I left the affairs of the congregation:

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH, RAYWICK, KY.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1887—JANUARY 18, 1893.

Debt, September 1, 1887	$1,537 80	Pew Rent	$3,381 84
Interest on Debt	199 18	Individual Contributions	1,479 47
Building and Church Furniture	1,184 29	Picnics and Festivals	2,477 70
Fencing	122 52	Brick, Lumber, etc., sold	372 83
Insurance	71 50	Collections	384 43
Heating the Church	137 28	Altar Society	320 69
Sanctuary Expenses	355 03	Cemetery	139 25
Expenses of Forty Hours	76 50	State School Fund (White)	1,305 98
Sundry Expenses	103 20	School Bills Collected	468 75
Collections sent to Vicar General	218 67	Pastor's Gift to White School	246 28
Cathedraticum (Bishop's salary)	109 35	State School Fund (Colored)	873 58
White School (4½ years)	2,156 99		
Colored School (4 years)	871 82		
Pastor's Salary (5 yrs., 4 mos., 18 days)	4,306 67		
	$11,450 80		$11,450 80

No debt. Insurance on Church Property ($7,150—"Royal") expires February 18, 1894.

J. A. BICKETT, } Vouchers.
E. M. HUGHES, }

JOHN CULLETON, Pastor.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SISTERS.

THE school at Raywick was for five months in the year a parochial school under the exclusive control of the priest, and for the other five a free school under the control of the trustees. Nearly all the children were Catholics; two out of three trustees when I went there, and all three when I left, were Catholics; and the schoolhouse was church property. Of course, under these circumstances the priest was at all times an important factor in school matters.

When I took charge there was no school. The Sisters of Loretto, who had been teaching at Raywick for years, had been rather summarily dismissed the preceding winter by my predecessor, Rev. Richard Davis. He told me he had obtained the bishop's approval before he sent away the Sisters, and his statement is borne out by his letter of dismissal, a copy of which was sent me from Loretto:

LORETTO, KY., March 29, 1888.

DEAR FATHER CULLETON,—

Copy of Father Davis' letter—

"RAYWICK, KY., Jan. 9, '86.

REV. DEAR MOTHER,—

I am authorized by the Rt. Rev. Bishop to get other teachers for our schools here and to notify you of the fact.

There are some things here I believe belonging to you and I wish to have an understanding about them; if you kindly appoint a day and send some one over I will endeavor to make everything right.

Yours sincerely,

R. DAVIS.

Regards to Srs. Augusta, Magdalen, etc."

FRANCIS WUYTS.

P. S.—The copy is literatim. You will notice the year he dates his letter—1886, but it ought to be 1887.

What would be very strange to one unacquainted with the episcopal style of doing things, the bishop had asked me to find out for him from Loretto and from Father Davis the reasons why the Sisters had been sent away. The above letter was Loretto's reply; Father Davis answered as follows:

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, Bardstown, Ky.,
Mar. 28, '88.

DEAR CULLETON,

Your postals and letter were duly received. I am studying so very closely that you must please excuse my delay in answering. Cully dear, there is no use hiding the fact—the College is the best place to study. Hayes is learning every day and is a professor kat-ex-o-kain. As for myself, I had almost forgotten the little I knew, but now I am picking up right smart. There is scarcely a priest in the diocese who is able to study on the mission. You are able to do it, but you are an exception in many things. Few indeed are so highly gifted that they can give their minds to missionary work and the books at the same time. It is like hunting two hares for a man. He leaves one and loses the other.

Now Cully, why didn't you give me a better throw for Charley? You should have given me 18 untied. I hope your raffle was a success.

Tell Mrs. Clark I am sorry to hear of the death of Mary. I hope the dear child is gone to a better world.

The insurance policy is for $2,000 on your house and the Sisters'. It is in the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bp. and lasts for five years.

The bishop should have remembered the cause or causes which led to the Sisters leaving Raywick. It is foolish to think I acted on my own responsibility, or that I had no reason for asking to have the school closed. If I wished to have other teachers and gave my reasons I do not know why others should interfere. It was my own affair. Before I left Raywick I told you all about their leaving and I do not care to enter on the subject again. You know the cause, the bishop knows it, and the Sisters themselves ought to know it from their own conduct, and also from the explanation I gave one of them in my room at Raywick. *Nunc ergo transeat.*

I burned some of the Sisters' coal for which I am willing to make compensation. If you could find out from Johnny or Teresa how long I used the coal it would not be so very hard to guess at the amount. Please ask them what month my own coal gave out and what month

they began to take the Sisters'. As far as I remember I had enough to run the house until April, of my own. I know nothing of the 250 bushels the Sisters claim. I do not believe they had that amount.

The "gang" laughed heartily at your postals. They kindly ask you to come over soon and let them have a look at you. Give my regards to Teresa, and believe me yours truly,

R. DAVIS.

Fearing that he might think I was unnecessarily interfering in a settled matter, while I was only formally obeying the bishop without believing one word the bishop said on the subject, I replied as follows:—

RAYWICK, KY., March 30, 1888.

MY DEAR DAVIS,—

If I knew with certainty you were coming over next week, I would wait till you came to clear up a misconception you appear to be laboring under. You will doubtless remember that last September you advised me, as the best thing I could do for the school, to get the Sisters of Loretto back. I saw the Mother, and was told that they were willing to come with the bishop's approval, but could not come before July. I intended writing the bishop to ask his approval of their returning, but, meeting him at Loretto last week, I spoke to him about the matter there. He asked me at once why they left, and intimated that officially I could know nothing of the causes which led to their disappearance from this sylvan scene. Of course I pleaded not guilty to the awful crime of officiality in any degree, while I admitted that as a high private I had some knowledge of the matter. He told me then to write to you and tell you that he wanted you to "give him in writing the reasons why the Sisters left," and told me also to give him in writing over my solemn autograf signature the reasons why I wanted them back. And, so help me Moses! I have done that very thing, or rather them very things. I wrote you last Sunday, as per instructions from the Commander-in-chief, "by the grace of God, etc., W. G. Episc. Ludovic.," and last Thursday I wrote to him that I had written to you, as per instructions, etc. There you have the whole matter in a large-sized and beautifully ornamented nutshell. Two sides of the proposed triangle are in beautiful shape, and if the third side fails to connect it is not the fault of yours truly. There has been no meddling with your preserves in any way by anybody, as far as I know.

Of course you know why the Sisters left, and, taking into account your unsullied reputation for veracity, it is to be presumed that the bishop and I know. The Sisters say they have a letter of yours, written in January, 1887, simply informing them that you were "authorized by the Rt. Rev. Bishop to get other teachers." Up to that time, they say, they had never heard a word of complaint from you or from the Sisters here, and of course they were exceedingly a-stonished!

The nub of the matter is this. The bishop calls for light, and will have nothing but the latest Davis incandescent light. And shall I stand in the way of the bishop's getting light? May the roof of my head cleave to the back of my mouth first!

In re coal, Teresa thinks you are right about the time you began using the Sisters'. (Mr. Vancleave has been fired.) That would make you owe for about five months' coal-consumption. I used it in the kitchen stove for two months, and am willing to pay for fifty or sixty bushels, as one can hardly burn much less than twenty-five bushels a month. I am told the coal cost them fifteen cents a bushel. So you can set the mathematical faculty to work on the problem or figure it out to suit yourself.

Peramanter et permanenter,

JOHN CULLETON.

For the school year ending June 30, 1888, no free-school had been taught in the Raywick district. I controlled the schoolhouse. One Catholic trustee (Thomas Cambron) was in favor of a Catholic candidate for the school (C. W. Cook), the other two trustees, one a Catholic (L. P. Bickett) and the other a Methodist (H. B. Peterson), were in favor of a Protestant candidate (J. B. Kerr); but all were agreed to take the Sisters if I could get them. On my part I agreed that, failing the Sisters, I would turn over the schoolhouse to the candidate chosen by the majority of the trustees. I found I could not get the Sisters back before July, and wrote the bishop for permission to let Mr. Kerr teach. He did not answer, and I wrote again. He then wrote me as follows (Dec. 19, 1887): "As regards the school I leave the matter to your judgment. You know the circumstances and feelings of the people." The school was given to Mr. Kerr.

In July, 1888, the Sisters of Loretto returned to teach the schools both parochial and free, under the following agreement:

LORETTO CONVENT, Ky.,
June 13, 1888.

REV. JOHN CULLETON.

Respected Father,—

Yours of the 8th received. We will teach your two schools for ten months for $600, you to furnish fuel for the schools and stoves if needed. Or we will teach your white school for $400 and you furnish the fuel for the same.

Trusting this will be satisfactory, I am, Rev. Father,

Very Respectfully,

SISTER ANN JOSEPH, SUP.

I could not at the time get the trustees of the colored school to accept a Sister for teacher, and therefore the Sisters took charge only of the white school, with Sr. M. Noema as superior and Sr. M. Blanche as teacher of the higher classes, with the understanding that a Sister for the colored school would be forthcoming when wanted.

From that time till January, 1890, the Sisters conducted the school, so far as I know, to the general satisfaction of its patrons, and certainly to mine. About that time I brought the colored trustees round to my way of thinking, and thought of a plan by which I could provide them with a schoolhouse without cost to them, as soon as the school should be put under my control; but Loretto just then had no Sister to spare for the school. Chance or Providence had made me acquainted with Miss Anna Culliton, an Ohio teacher with several years' experience in the public schools of that state, who desired a situation as teacher in Kentucky because she had found that the Kentucky climate agreed better with her health than that of Ohio. Anxious to build the colored schoolhouse and get that school under the control of the Sisters, I engaged her to teach with the Sisters until a

Sister should be sent from Loretto to take her place, and one of the Sisters from the white school took temporary charge of the colored school. I at once built a schoolhouse for the colored people with my own money, taking chances on getting it back. Bad weather interfering, the new house could not be got ready in time to fully meet the requirements of the school law, and for two or three weeks the colored children, seven or less in number, were taught in an unused room of the white schoolhouse, in which at the time the Sisters were teaching, not the free, but the parochial session; things being so arranged that at no time would the white and colored children come in contact with each other. There was no other house procurable for the purpose but a dilapidated log house in which I did not think it safe for a sick Sister to teach in the depth of winter. This action of mine made a few people angry for the moment and gave a few others, whose influence and importance in the community had diminished since I came to Raywick, a long-desired chance to make trouble; which they were in such a hurry to do that they went off half-cocked, with deadly effect at the wrong end, and spoiled a nice legislative scheme they had carefully planned. So it came to pass that they who were at first angry were afterwards glad, and they who rejoiced at first afterwards went into mourning. The Louisville Times of February 11, 1890, contained the following item, sent in by a Raywick jack-of-all-trades with journalistic aspirations:

A SCHOOL SENSATION.

CATHOLIC WHITES AND BLACKS ABOUT TO CLASH AT RAYWICK.

RAYWICK, KY., Feb. 11.—(Special.)—Rev. John Culleton, the priest in charge of St. Francis Xavier's Church, here, created a perfect sensation yesterday by ordering the negro scholars to take charge of one-half of St. Martha's schoolhouse this morning. A thin partition is all

that separates the whites and blacks. The order will entirely break up the white school. All day yesterday groups of whites were on the streets discussing the matter. Much excitement prevailed, and we look for it to breed trouble.

The item was copied in the Courier-Journal of next day, where I saw it. I sent in a correction, which appeared in the Times of the 14th:

A STATEMENT FROM FATHER CULLETON.

Father John Culleton, of Raywick, Ky., sends the following to the Times: "Wednesday's paper had a news item from this place which was not quite correct. Your correspondent says I created a 'perfect sensation' last Sunday. Perhaps; but a strange dog in town would do that. The fact is that not 'half the white schoolhouse,' but one unused room, was given to the colored people for a schoolroom for a few weeks while their schoolhouse is building. The prediction that my action would break up the white school has failed already, as that school is going on as usual, albeit to the great grief of a few kickers who now, very likely, wish they hadn't been so previous. Excuse me for troubling you about a very small matter, but if it was big enough to get into the Times, it is big enough to tell the truth about."

The bishop, who happened to be in winter quarters at the Florida end of the diocese, wrote me from Punta Gorda under date of February 15, inquiring about the matter. I replied, giving him the exact situation as detailed above, and received the following letter in reply:

WINDSOR HOTEL,
Winter Resort,
Jacksonville, Fla.

EQUINOX HOUSE,
Summer Resort,
Manchester, Vt.

F. H. ORVIS,

Dogs Not Taken.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., 27 Feb., 1890.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

Your explanation of the ugly paragraph which I read in the Courier-Journal some time ago is quite satisfactory. Catholics often meet with scant courtesy from the C.-J.

Yours faithfully,
W. G. MCCLOSKEY, Bp.

REV. J. CULLETON.

That closed the incident; the schools went on smoothly and there was no further trouble. But this little affair was afterwards used as a pretext to hide what was really an attempt by some Protestants of Marion County to take revenge on all the Catholics for an insult offered them by Rev. P. Defraine, Catholic priest at Lebanon. A ludicrous newspaper controversy on the school question between that priest and Rev. J. T. Cherry, a Methodist minister, in which the English language and grammar received no quarter from either side, had culminated in an agreement for a joint debate *off* the subject, at Lebanon in August, 1889, between the two champions; but when the day came Father Defraine perpetrated what he perhaps considered a practical joke, and turned the debate—which those who did not know any better expected to be something wonderful—into a farce by putting forward a negro as his representative. Though this substitution may have really been an improvement on the original program, the Protestants, who had gathered from far and near to hear the discussion, were with reason filled with fury, and only waited a chance to uncork their wrath in an effective way. Such Catholics as were unaware of Father Defraine's incapacity to debate the question felt themselves disgraced and humiliated. Having vainly tried to stop a discussion which I knew must terminate ridiculously, I stayed at home that day and laughed when some indignant Raywickites brought home the news of the fiasco. Bad blood remained, and fate, as the next chapter will show, by some curious oversight visited the consequences on me, the most innocent person in that neck of the woods.

After teaching the colored school a short time Sr. Noema, who had been in bad health for some time, broke down completely. Sister Blanche, as the only teacher then remaining who had a certificate, took charge of the colored school;

Miss Culliton took her place as head teacher in the white school; and Loretto sent to teach the little ones a Sister of the crank variety who, Father Wuyts himself told me, had been unable to get along anywhere for ten years before. All of which had unforeseen results that I will tell you about later.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KNOTT EPISODE.

ABOUT the beginning of 1890, H. D. Rodman, a Catholic, resigned the office of county superintendent of common schools and the vacancy was filled by the appointment of W. T. Knott, a Protestant, who also became a candidate for the next term. Not many weeks after Mr. Knott's appointment and before the Times correspondent's "perfect sensation" had died of old age, a Raywick Protestant who had been very angry over the Defraine insult, and who was the precinct member of the Democratic county committee, remarked that Mr. Knott had said he would compel every district in the county to own its schoolhouse before long. After telling one or two members of my congregation of it, I mentally laid away for future reference this threat, which meant a heavy and useless expense to the taxpayers of Raywick, St. Mary's, Chicago, and perhaps other places in the county. In these places, which were almost solidly Catholic, good schoolhouses had been built by subscription and their use cost the State nothing; but they were church property and not likely to be alienated. Soon after getting this hint of Mr. Knott's intentions, I called on him at his office in Lebanon, to discuss the black and white affair narrated in the last chapter, my part in which had been grossly misrepresented by interested parties; and in the course of our conversation Mr. Knott told me that the Legislature would soon pass a law requiring each district to own its schoolhouse. This conversation naturally lingered in my memory, as I had

begun by this time to smell a large-sized rat, while Mr. Knott just as naturally forgot all about it. On the 9th of April Mr. Knott wrote the Raywick trustees a letter which was virtually a command to erect a new schoolhouse which they should own, and showed that he interpreted the law as it then stood to require that. On April 12 I wrote to Mr. Cooper, Marion County's representative at Frankfort, telling him what Mr. Knott had told me. He replied as follows:

FRANKFORT, April 14, 1890.

REV. JOHN CULLETON,
Raywick, Ky.

Dear Sir:—Replying to your favor of the 12th inst., will say that I have no knowledge of such a bill as is referred to by yourself. The origination of such a measure may be contemplated by some committee, but it has never been introduced, and should it be I shall endeavor to protect the interest of the County of Marion, and I thank you for calling my attention to it.

Yours most respectfully,
HUGH P. COOPER.

The Louisville Times of May 24, 1890, told how Mr. Cooper had just defeated an important school law by a very sensational performance in the House. That law, it seems, had snugly stowed away in its little insides just such a provision as Mr. Knott had foretold; and a few days after its defeat a Raywick Protestant, who was then a school trustee, remarked in my hearing that he was "about tired voting for Hugh Cooper." Which was a little queer, wasn't it?

I wrote also to the Superintendent of Public Instruction for his interpretation of the existing law, and after some delay received the following reply:

FRANKFORT, June 5, 1890.

REV. JOHN CULLETON,
Raywick, Ky.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your important inquiry:

1. It is presumed that, in a common school system, every common school district should have a common schoolhouse; but the law does

not, *ad literam*, demand it, as you will readily see by referring to the *Common School Laws*, Official Edition:

1. Art. VII., Sec. 7.
2. Art. IX., Sec. 7.
3. Art. VI., Sec. 12.
4. Art. VII., Sec. 23.

The State Board of Education could not decide that *every* Common School District *must* own a common schoolhouse, but would readily render a decision in any given case on an agreed statement of facts by both parties to the case. The Superintendent of Public Instruction would, under similar conditions, render an opinion.

Very respectfully,

JOS. DESHA PICKETT,
Supt. Pub. Instruction.

I thought it my duty to make these facts known to my congregation, and as a result a strong opposition sprang up over the county against Mr. Knott, eighty Democrats in the Raywick precinct alone pledging themselves to vote for a Republican against him. Mr. Knott deemed it necessary to make a public statement in the Lebanon Enterprise of July 12, 1890, in which he so restated his position as to make it appear that somebody had been grievously misrepresenting him. As I was generally known to be the author of those reports, his card led to an exchange of letters in the Enterprise, which I subjoin entire to make the record of my life at Raywick more complete, as "the interest of religion" henceforth requires that every past word and act of mine should be piously falsified. Before giving the correspondence, however, I want to say that many of those good, timid creatures who always deprecate anything like a rumpus, though entirely willing to share in the results, found fault with me after the war was over for forcing Mr. Knott's hand. Rev. P. Fermont is one of the timid kind himself; wherefore all such will derive great satisfaction from the perusal of the following note, written by Father Fermont, June 30, 1890:

DEAR FATHER CULLETON,—I send you a communication I received this morning. Please examine it closely and let me know your conclusions. I think, if we want to fight Knott, his letter to Dr. Peterson must be in the public prints this very week. Our documents for dissatisfaction must compel the Knott party to confess or to retract.

R. y.

P. F.

Did you ever?

[Lebanon Enterprise, July 19, 1890.]

KNOTT VS. KNOTT.

MR. KNOTT'S CARD.

I have been informed that it is reported in certain school districts in the county that I was several days in Frankfort during the last session of the Legislature endeavoring to have the school laws changed to the prejudice of a certain patron of our common schools, and deem it my duty to myself, as well as to my fellow-citizens, to say that there is not one word of truth in any such statement or insinuation. While in Frankfort I never discussed the common school laws, or anything connected therewith, with any member of the Legislature or anyone else I was not in the hall of either House of the General Assembly while there, and do not know what change, if any, may have been suggested or proposed to the school laws.

I understand, moreover, that it is being circulated in several of the districts that it is my intention to do away with the schoolhouses in these districts and have others built, but such a rumor must have resulted from a total misapprehension of my views on the subject. I have been pretty well known by most of the men of my own age in this county since my boyhood, and I think they will bear me witness that if I have been noted for any one thing more than another during my entire manhood it has been for my unvarying opposition to the imposition of any burden upon any class of my fellow-citizens when it could possibly be avoided.

I have never been a beneficiary of the common school system and never expect to be. In its administration, so far as I am concerned, I have no personal end to subserve and no prejudices to gratify. My only desire is that it shall be so conducted here in my native county as to promote peace and harmony among those whom I have known all my life, and to secure equal and exact justice to all classes, irrespective of

politics, religion, race or color. To that end I have held, and still maintain, that houses in which common schools are taught—let them belong to whom they may—should be under the control of common school trustees whom the people have elected, during the time the school is being taught, as the law contemplates.

W. T. KNOTT.

I am sorry to be compelled to take issue with Mr. W. T. Knott about questions of fact concerning which neither of us ought to make a mistake, but the publication of the above card in last week's papers leaves me no alternative but silence, and silence would be a suppression of the truth.

In the beginning of his card, Mr. Knott defends himself against a charge with which I have nothing to do. It is a fact, however, that the rheumatism which prevented his coming to Raywick did not prevent his going to Frankfort. This, taken in connection with the fact that he did know as far back as last February that an attempt was making to so change the school laws as to compel several districts in this county, without regard to the wishes of the people of those districts, to build schoolhouses that are not needed, looks suspicious. That's all there is of that.

But he also denies all knowledge of the proposed change in the school laws. Now that is an unfortunate statement which a little cudgeling of his memory may enable him to rectify. Last February an attempt was made by a few persons at Raywick—and one of them told me at the time that Mr. Knott was with them—to get the trustees of the district to levy a tax for the erection of a district schoolhouse. The attempt failed because a majority of the trustees and a majority of the people were against it. I was one of those who opposed it, and had occasion to talk the matter over with Mr. Knott in his office in the Marion National Bank building. He then and there advised me not to try to prevent the building of a new schoolhouse, *because* (he said) *an amendment to the school laws would soon pass which would render it necessary for every district to own its schoolhouse.* Why he told me this I can't say, for his telling me led to the defeat of the proposed amendment, which he certainly did not desire, as will be seen later on. I reckon it must have slipped. Our Representative, Mr. Cooper,—according to his letter, which I have—knew nothing of the proposed change, but promised to take care of the interests of Marion county should it come up. And in May, a few days before the end of the session, such a bill did make its appearance in the

Legislature and an attempt was made to sneak it through, which failed, owing to the prompt and vigorous action of Mr. Cooper. Mr. Knott then predicted in February what took place in May, except that he was a little too sanguine as to results. All prophets fail sometimes, but Mr. Knott certainly had early and correct information as to what was going on at Frankfort—or somewhere else, with Frankfort in the background—*against the interests of a great many people of Marion county.*

So much for his first paragraph; now for the second. He says the "rumor" that it is his "intention to do away with the schoolhouses in these districts, and have others built, must have resulted from a total misapprehension of his views on that subject." Did it? Here are exact copies of two letters written by Mr. Knott, the originals being in possession of Dr. Peterson, at Raywick.

LEBANON, April 9, 1890.—Dr. H. B. Peterson—Dear Sir: Enclosed with this you will please find an official communication to your board of school trustees, which please lay before them at your earliest convenience. I am sorry that I have not been able on account of my old ailment *rheumatism*, to go to your district and meet your board in person as I had hoped to do. I expect to visit during the year every school district in the county, *and expect to see at no distant day a good house in every district* OWNED *and controlled by the trustees, as the law contemplates.*

Yours truly, W. T. KNOTT.

LEBANON, KY., April 9, 1890.—T. W. Cambron, J. H. Vowels, Dr. H. B. Peterson, Trustees of School District No. 6, Raywick, Ky.: The common school law contemplates that each school district in the State shall be provided with a good and comfortable schoolhouse, OWNED and controlled by the trustees of the district. The reason for such a law is at once apparent to all. If the ownership or control of any house, in which it is proposed to teach a school, should for any reason or whim of his own, forbid a common school to be taught in his house, the district would be cut off from all the benefits of the school, at least until another house could be secured. And such being the case in your district (No. 6), *I hope and desire that you will at once look to this matter, and cause to be erected a suitable house in your district,* AS THE LAW PRESCRIBES, *which shall be under your exclusive control as trustees, and to your successors.*

W. T. KNOTT, Supt. Com. Schools, Marion Co., Ky.

Besides the letters, which are strong enough as to Mr. Knott's intentions, I have Dr. Peterson's word—and he is a friend and supporter of

Mr. Knott—that Mr. Knott assured him privately that he would make the trustees build a new schoolhouse or bring them to account for it. And all this against the will of a majority of the trustees and at least a two-thirds majority of the voters and taxpayers, and in face of the fact—which he could have easily ascertained, as I did, by writing to the Superintendent of Public Instruction—that the present law *does not prescribe* what he proposes to make the trustees and people do in spite of themselves! Mr. Knott is running as a Democratic candidate, but though his hands may be covered with Democratic wool for election purposes, his voice is the voice of the high and mighty autocrat of Marion county, who cries "wigwag," and the poor and lowly taxpayer, however numerous he may be, must tremble and be silent—until election day, when he will be allowed to walk up boldly and vote for Mr. Knott and more taxes, for the ultimate satisfaction of a few persons who seem to want the earth and the fullness thereof.

And it may be that there are enough of the sort of people in Marion county who don't realize that they are kicked until it is well rubbed in to elect Mr. Knott and give him full swing for four years, because he is the Democratic nominee. However, unless Mr. Knott's recent repentance and promises to be a good boy in the future, vouched for by the briny tears of Mr. Sam T. Spalding, are very genuine indeed, his election may prove a very serious joke on many taxpayers of the county. The poor taxpayer, who carries water for the stall-fed animals in Lebanon, generally does his howling when it is too late, because when it was time to act he was sucking his thumb and looking silly and "voting for the nominee."

The concluding paragraph of Mr. Knott's card, in the light of what has been already written, calls for no reply. He declares himself for harmony, but his unnecessary interference in purely local matters has already knocked harmony endways in several districts. His last words are merely an unsuccessful attempt to shift his position on the schoolhouse question, and they do not accord with his previous expressions on that subject.

I stand ready to make oath to the correctness of what I have stated about Mr. Knott's conversation with me last February, and that his letters, as given above, are an exact transcript from the originals, without addition, suppression, or alteration.

Now that the facts are before them, if the men who pay the fiddler like Mr. Knott's music, let them dance to it.

JOHN CULLETON.

RAYWICK, July 16, 1890.

[Lebanon Enterprise, July 26, 1890.]

REPLY TO REV. JOHN CULLETON.

On the 9th day of the present month I published in the Standard and Times a brief card, which was reprinted in the Enterprise of the following Saturday, with the view of correcting certain erroneous rumors with regard to myself, which I felt satisfied must have resulted from an honest misconception of my views, as I could not persuade myself that they could have been conceived in deliberate malice. I would probably have not noticed them at all but for the fact that I was informed that they were most actively being circulated in the neighborhood in which I was born and raised, and were perhaps circulated to excite a prejudice against me in the minds of some whose friendship and confidence I have enjoyed through life.

In that card there was not a syllable that could wound the feelings of the most sensitive. I alluded to no one personally, I assailed no man's honor, impugned no one's motives. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that I read in the last issue of the Enterprise a gratuitous assault upon my character for veracity and candor by Rev. John Culleton, pastor of the Catholic congregation at Raywick, which embraces many of my earlier associates and friends, as well as a number of my near blood relations. Why he should have volunteered to make such an unprovoked attack upon me, or whether his publication either in tone or spirit is consistent with his sacred calling, I leave to his own conscience and the judgment of all just persons, without regard to political associations or religious preferences.

I have too much respect for myself, for his vocation and for the good people to whom he ministers to be drawn into a vituperative controversy with him upon that or any other subject whatever. I have only to deal with facts.

Father Culleton says in his communication referred to above: "He (Knott) declares himself for harmony, but his unnecessary interference in purely local affairs has already knocked harmony endways in several districts." But let the facts tell who it was that destroyed the harmony in the district to which he alludes. I will not say, as he does of myself, that he assumes the role of "the high and mighty autocrat," but I do say that early in last February he undertook to control both the white and colored districts in Raywick in defiance of the school law and without the consent of the trustees. He thrust the colored pupils of one district into the front room of the house in which the white children of

another district were being taught, while the house formerly occupied by the colored school stood just across the street.

In consequence of this act of usurpation and violation of the common school law, the trustees of the white district (No. 6) met on the 15th day of February, and passed an order for the building of a schoolhouse, and also a tax to pay for same to continue for three years, and appointed a collector thereof as prescribed by law. Not content with these peaceable and perfectly legal steps taken by the trustees to restore harmony and good feeling among the patrons of the white school in district No. 6, Father Culleton used his influence to have them all set aside, which was done on the 19th of same month, when the discontent among some of the white parents in the district became as active as it had been before the orders above referred to were passed. With all this I had nothing whatever to do; in fact knew nothing of the facts until after they had transpired. I leave it therefore to an unprejudiced public to say who it was that "knocked harmony endways" in those districts—Father Culleton or myself.

Under the circumstances above stated, some of the patrons and one trustee reported the facts and appealed to me as County Superintendent for advice in the premises. And on the 9th of April following, as the only full and final solution of the difficulty occurring to me, I wrote the letters copied by Father Culleton in his communication, in which it will be observed that I assumed to make no order, nor to control the action of the trustees with regard to building a schoolhouse in any way whatever. I simply expressed the hope and desire, solely in the interest of harmony among neighbors, that they would cause to be erected a suitable house in their district, which should be under the exclusive control of the trustees and their successors. The suggestion then made was entirely consistent with the intendment of the common school law, for obvious reasons. I stated in my letter to the trustees that if the person owning or controlling "a house in which it is proposed to teach a common school should for any reason or whim of his own forbid a common school to be taught in his house, the district would be cut off from the benefits of a school, at least until another could be procured." I said also in a private note to one of the trustees, copied by Father Culleton and italicised by him with marked vehemence, that "I expected to see at no distant day a good schoolhouse in every district owned and controlled by the trustees, as the law contemplates," and so I suppose does every other intelligent person who has observed the increasing population and growing prosperity of our Commonwealth; but surely nothing

but an over-excited imagination could detect in such an expression any disposition whatever to interfere unduly with the actions of the trustees of the district, or the will of the people whose officers they are. "The very head and front of my offending hath this extent—no more."

If it is right that the houses in which our common schools are taught should be subject to the dominion and caprice of a private individual, and not under the control of the trustees chosen by the people, who are entitled to the benefits of the common school fund irrespective of race, party or sect, then I was wrong in the opinion expressed in my letter to the trustees, which seems to have excited so much alarm in the mind of Father Culleton. Which is right I leave to the calm judgment of all sensible and unprejudiced people. But this is not all. On the 3d instant the trustees published notice, prepared, I am told, by Father Culleton, that the common school would be opened in district No. 6, on the 14th following. On the latter day they found a school opened in the building previously occupied by the common school, and immediately notified the principal teacher that they had "selected no teacher for the district. On the 17th the board met and passed an order requesting Rev. Father Culleton to write publicly to the patrons of the school to meet at the schoolhouse on the Sunday evening following and make known their preferences for teacher," but "the meeting agreed upon for the patrons to make known their preference for teacher was not held because Father Culleton objected, saying the school had to go just as it had commenced."

In stating these facts, which I quote literally from a certified copy of the official record of the Board of Trustees, now before me, I would not be understood as uttering a syllable against the competency or efficiency of the teachers of the school thus opened. On the contrary, they are as far as I know or believe, cultivated, Christian ladies, and if it is the intention of themselves and Father Culleton to conduct it as a private school, I sincerely wish them the heartiest "God speed," and would gladly promote its success by all honorable means in my power. But if it is Father Culleton's design to have it run as the "common school" of the district he should understand that the law provides that the trustees, and not he, shall select the teachers. But I have referred to these facts in official words of the trustees themselves, to show who is responsible for the want of harmony in that district. Certainly it is not myself, for I have done nothing more than to suggest the only method of avoiding any such trouble.

The insinuation which the Reverend Father has seen proper to make,

that I would do after the election what I would not frankly avow before it, will be received by all who know me, as it has been by myself, with the contempt it deserves. But what must be his opinion of his own candor when he reads over his piece and finds himself warning the people that a vote for me would be a vote for "more taxes," which he knew to be untrue; because in the very same paragraph after having falsely accused me of intending "to make the trustees build a schoolhouse against the will of a majority of the trustees and at least a two-thirds majority of the voters and taxpayers," he said he had ascertained "by writing to the Superintendent of Public Instruction that the present law does not prescribe what he (Knott) proposed to make the trustees and people do in spite of themselves."

Father Culleton should remember that the people of Marion county are not such fools as to suppose that I would have the power, if elected, to compel any of them to do anything which the law does not prescribe—even if I were fool enough myself to attempt it.

It is true that I am a Democrat, and that without any solicitation of my own, I have been nominated by my party for the position I now occupy. I have been a Democrat all my life, and in common of that great party of equal rights and exact justice to all men, I was defending with my voice and my vote the political freedom of the venerable church of which he is an ordained minister, at a time when he was too young to appreciate the dangers which menaced it, and in the fellowship of that party I expect to live and die. Nevertheless, I concede to my Republican friends the same freedom of political opinion I claim for myself, and have never so far forgotten the proprieties of true manhood as to deride or insult them because their views differ from my own, and with the politics of Father Culleton I have nothing to do. However much his supercilious scorn may be deprecated by the Democracy of Marion county—whom he describes as a set of trembling, cowardly, besotted miscreants, carrying "water for the stall-fed animals of Lebanon," sucking their thumbs and looking silly and voting for the nominee—they are perfectly willing that he shall belong to whatsoever party, and vote for whatsoever candidate he may prefer, and would perhaps feel degraded in their own estimation if they should deride him for exercising his free choice as an American citizen at the polls. But he will find himself mistaken if he supposes that they are to be stript of their manhood and driven from the discharge of what they consider their duty by even *his* contemptuous ridicule.

I have but one thing more to add—Father Culleton states that I said

to him in my office in the Marion National Bank that "an amendment to the school law would soon pass which would render it necessary for every district to own its own schoolhouse." It may, perhaps, be disagreeable to him, but fidelity to truth as well as justice to myself compels me to say that in this instance his memory is totally at fault. I said no such thing. I had not heard nor even imagined that such an amendment would be proposed by any one. His avowed readiness to swear to his statement, which he caused to be printed in italics, can add nothing to its credibility. The word of a really good man is worth as much as his oath, and that of a minister of the gospel should always be; and as a wise judge once said, "a voluntary offer to swear to a statement, especially before its truth is challenged by any one, always excites a suspicion of its correctness." I will not be so uncharitable as to accuse him of a wilful perversion of the truth. I prefer to hope that the excitement of his imagination has interfered with the integrity of his memory.

W. T. KNOTT.

[Lebanon Enterprise, August 2, 1890.]

A KNOTT HOLE.

Mr. W. T. Knott's two-column word structure certainly proves him to be a man of considerable ingenuity in making out the worse to be the better cause, but I think his readers will agree with me that he has most signally failed to pull himself out of the hole in which he has put himself. It is very easy to fall back on one's dignity with a look of holy horror and a great display of virtuous indignation when one is confronted with disagreeable facts, but such a course is not likely to carry conviction to any but young and tender minds. Disregarding, therefore, Mr. Knott's rather long and unnecessary outpouring of platitudinous twaddle about "candor and veracity," "conscience," etc., I shall at once proceed to facts and shall be noway stingy with them.

I did not attack Mr. Knott, but cheerfully allowed him to demolish himself. His card, so much at variance with his official acts and private utterances, required an answer, and that answer, *coming in his own words*, was so effectual that he has ventured to deny but one out of several damaging statements contained in it. One of the beauties of a letter like his last, full of irrelevant matter and politic piousness, is that it is calculated to befog matters and to keep the reader from seeing how carefully he has evaded the question. But the fog can be lifted.

Mr. Knott has not denied the genuineness of the letters I published, and it is idle to attempt to explain them away. Nor has he denied his threat, for which his friend and supporter, Dr. Peterson, vouches, that he would make the trustees bend to his will in a case where his will was against that of the majority of the people interested, not to speak of the law, which, as interpreted by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, did not and does not require what he insisted on. The one thing he did deny I herein reassert as solemnly as I know how. Mr. Knott *did* tell me in his office at Lebanon, some two months or more before it appeared publicly in the Legislature, that an amendment to the school laws would soon be adopted which would require every district to own its schoolhouse, and this he gave as a reason why I should not oppose an attempt then being made by a few persons at Raywick to build an unnecessary schoolhouse against the known wishes of a large majority of the taxpayers (sworn to). I do not swear to this because I have any doubt that those who know me will take my word for it, but because Mr. Knott, relying on a memory which has certainly deceived him this time, has chosen to deny it. The fact is certain, and if by chance Mr. Cooper should yet possess the letter I wrote him last April, it will be found that in it I gave Mr. Knott as my authority, while the conversation was yet quite fresh in my mind. In fact, I never heard of the projected amendment *from anybody but Mr. Knott*, until the newspapers gave an account of its failure to pass.

Now, although it is entirely beside the question, I will take up Mr. Knott's onslaught on my humble self. From September, 1887, to July, 1890, there never was at any time any contest between any board of school trustees and myself about any free school whatever, and I never "undertook to control both the white and colored districts at Raywick in defiance of the school law and without the consent of the trustees;" and I hereby denounce any statement to the contrary, from whatever source it comes, as unqualifiedly false. At the time Mr. Knott refers to, last February, the white public school for the year ending June 30, 1890, had been already taught (it ended in December, 1889), and no other could begin till July of this year. The white school at that time going on was a parochial school entirely under my control. My action at the time—prompted by consideration for the woman who was teaching the colored school, who was in precarious health—was at once sustained by nearly all the patrons of the white school, whose prejudice against the colored people was not great enough to make them forget the teachings of Christianity. It was afterwards sustained by a majority of the white

trustees, as Mr. Knott virtually admits, and finally by the voters of the district in June, when Mr. J. A. Bickett was elected school trustee, *on the issue raised in February*, by a vote of *forty-eight to nothing*. These are the facts in that case, and Mr. Knott might have avoided writing his boomerang letters and his misstatement of the case in last week's Enterprise, if he had accepted my urgent invitation to come to Raywick at the time and investigate for himself. As it is, he is entitled to the honor of the very original discovery of my "usurpation and violation of the common school law." These be dreadful words, but in this case they are only wind to raise a dust. Mr. Knott might at least try to be consistent, and recollect what he said in the last paragraph of his former card on the subject of the control of trustees over schoolhouses. I am willing to believe Mr. Knott when he says, "With all this I had nothing to do;" for if he had had, he would possibly know more about it and not misstate facts so egregiously. He should get his Raywick news from more trustworthy sources. The whole thing was simply a nice little scheme to unload a town lot on the district without the people's consent, and those who undertook it looked for Mr. Knott's support, and, I am sorry to say, got it.

Mr. Knott devotes about half a column to a recent disagreement of the trustees at Raywick, for which I am not responsible. The school, as published by the trustees, was opened by them in my absence on July 14. One of the trustees has since told me that at the time there was a disagreement in which two sided against one. Two of the trustees assured me in private conversation that they were satisfied with the school, but one of them in the meetings of the board refused to vote as he had talked. This trustee, who has before tried to make the district do what it didn't want to, is very anxious to see Mr. Knott elected. In the light of what he has said I can understand what he has done only on the theory that he thought a muddle here, which he was in a position to cause or prevent, might be beneficial to Mr. Knott in his race. And that theory seems to be confirmed by Mr. Knott's letter. At any rate, I am not the keeper of the board of trustees and can't make them be consistent and straightforward, if they don't happen to be built that way. All I can say is that the school is as good now as it has been for the last two terms, when Dr. Rodman declared it the best in the county, and I am afraid that one of the trustees, in his anxiety to give his friend Knott a lift, has stepped in up to the neck himself. But such is life, and it's his funeral.

But all this has nothing to do with the main question, and I can hardly see why Mr. Knott lugged it in. For an attempt by him to make an innocent young fellow like me a scapegoat for his sins, must seem comical even to himself, unless he has lost all sense of humor. I have been at Raywick nearly three years, and he has been in office scarcely more than six months. *In those six months all the troubles have occurred*, and they are by no means confined to Raywick. If I am the disturber of the peace, why didn't my wickedness crop out sooner? Go to, Mr. Knott, as Uncle Billy says; it won't do. The people, hereabouts at least, know better, and more than eighty of the straightest Democrats in the county, many of them grown gray in "voting for the nominee," have pledged themselves in this precinct to vote for a Republican this time in spite of the "Force Bill" bugaboo, or rather because they are against Mr. Knott's style of forcing things in Marion county.

Mr. Knott has slipped a cog somewhere. I am not running for office nor making fantastic attempts to dodge the effect of my own undeniable sayings and doings. If I were I'd grease my tongue and take the raging stump, instead of wasting good lead pencil in this prodigal way. The question is not whether Father Culleton is a burglar or horse-thief or an incendiary (to save a trial I'll plead guilty to anything in reason), but whether Mr. W. T. Knott, with the record he has made and can't get away from, ought to be elected to the office he seeks because he used to be a good boy a long time ago. That back-action argument is a queer one anyway. John Smith stole a horse last week, but he used to put money in the missionary box twenty years ago, therefore we must all vote for the nominee. There are some great heads in this world, and the nominee gets the benefit.

Now that we have circumnavigated the stump with Mr. Knott, let us recapitulate.

1. Mr. Knott's policy, set down in the plainest words in his letters, is to make every district which does not *own* a schoolhouse, build one, though it may already have the use of one rent free.

2. When the trustees, and the people back of them, are unwilling to do this, he threatens to make them do it. (Inquire of Dr. Peterson.)

3. He declares that the law prescribes this, when he knows or should know that it does not; but—begging his pardon for insisting on the correctness of my memory—at the same time he expects that such a law will soon come before the Legislature and will pass. (See sworn statement.)

4. The law turns up as predicted, and an attempt is made to smuggle

it through the Legislature, which fails. (Inquire of Mr. Cooper.)

5. Mr. Knott's friends say "he didn't go for to do it and won't be naughty any more." (See Rodman and Spalding.)

6. And Mr. Knott says, "I never done it, nohow."

There's the hole, and a beautiful, large-sized hole it is. That head and those hands look like Mr. Knott's. He seems to be struggling to get out. Gentle reader, if you have ever been in a hole you know how it is yourself. The undersigned, who is in no way responsible for the hole or its contents, declares himself to be entirely free from personal feeling against Mr. Knott. He declares, moreover, that he is sorry Mr. Knott dug the hole and got in it, and that he tried to prevent it, but could not. And now, with the assurance that even the hole has his sympathy, he begs leave to retire to private life, after whispering in the reader's ear a little bit of true history, which he trusts will be more or less pleasant to all concerned, and which touchingly illustrates the amenities of Marion county politics.

One Saturday, a few weeks back, I received a note from Dr. H. D. Rodman, asking me to meet himself and Mr. Wm. R. Spalding at Father Fermont's house, near St. Mary's, the next afternoon. I went, and in due time the two gentlemen arrived. I found that Dr. Rodman had got into his head the erroneous notion that Father Fermont or I, or both of us, could smother up the opposition to Mr. Knott, and that the object of the delegation was to persuade us to do it. After duly impressing us with the irresistible power of the money and influence back of Mr. Knott and giving many other reasons why it would be impolitic to oppose him, Dr. Rodman, who seemed to be a confidential friend of Mr. Knott, came out with his clincher, which was *that if the fight went on till election day the supporters of Mr. Knott would make it a religious fight and would assail the private characters of priests and nuns to gain their end.* And Mr. Spalding agreed with him. At the same time they both knew that it was the earnest desire and expectation of those opposing Mr. Knott that the Republicans would nominate Mr. Geo. Newbolt, a Protestant, for the office, as they were fighting Mr. Knott not on religious grounds, but on account of his arbitrary and off-hand way of making laws without the assistance of the Legislature. Dr. Rodman and Mr. Spalding may have misrepresented their political associates, *but they ought to know their own crowd.* And I have since been credibly informed that false reports are circulating where they will do the most good, which are calculated to make the impression that Mr. Knott is being opposed on religious grounds. *These reports are bald-headed lies.*

Politics makes strange bedfellows, but if the Democrats and Republicans of Marion county can stand that sort of politics, every decent man in both parties ought to make a vow of Mugwumpery at once!

JOHN CULLETON.

This day came Rev. J. T. Culleton and upon oath states that the foregoing statement marked (sworn to) is absolutely true.

This July 28, 1890. J. B. WILLIAMS, J. P., M. C.

[Lebanon Enterprise, August 16, 1890.]

A CARD.

We are sorry that Father Culleton saw fit in his letter published last week in the Enterprise, to refer to a private conversation that we had with him. But this would not have been so bad had he not misconstrued the object of our meeting and misunderstood us. We went to see him as *his* friends, and try to persuade him to use his influence to stop the opposition to Mr. Knott that was showing itself in his section. None of the Messrs. Knott knew of the proposed meeting and Mr. W. T. Knott got his first information of it from Father Culleton's published letter, therefore "Dr. Rodman could not have been his confidential representative." Father Culleton's memory leads him into error when he quotes either of us as making any statement about the money power back of Mr. Knott; neither of us said that "the supporters of Mr. Knott would make a religious fight," nor did we say that they "would assail the private character of nuns to gain their end." We emphatically deny making any such statements. We went to see the reverend gentleman solely in the interest of harmony and regret exceedingly that he has failed to understand our motives, and hence, has placed us in a wrong light before the public. We intended to have this card published last week in the Enterprise, but were prevented by Mr. Spalding's absence.

H. D. RODMAN.
W. R. SPALDING.

"WE ARE SORRY."

I thought this cruel war was over; but I see that two of the light infantry are still bushwhacking, as is indicated by a card in the Standard and Times, beginning very appropriately with the words above quoted. After many days and much sadness of spirit, with a pathos worthy of Mrs. Sairey Gamp, they "denige." If the readers of the Enterprise

think it worth while, by comparing my former statement with the card, they will find in the latter a certain verbal legerdemain which, if it indicates uneasiness of conscience, leaves us room to hope that our two Dromios are not entirely lost yet. Their friends have probably been twitting them about their great political strategy and they naturally feel sore over the publication of their little game of bluff. While almost willing to plead guilty of cruelty to diplomats in publishing what I did of that "private conversation," our two "sorry" and unaccredited negotiators—who, in spite of their unrepresentative character, undertook on that occasion to prophesy the whole course of Mr. Knott's future conduct in the position to which he has since been elected—should remember that I did not give away *all* of that entertaining conversation. Some of the juiciest parts were kept back, and it would be hardly fair to publish them now, as another strain like the last might completely unhinge two consciences already heavily taxed by philanthropic efforts to disseminate the blessings of life insurance and cheap clothing among the multitude. "In the interest of harmony," therefore, and that their present case of denial may not become chronic and incurable, I'll charge the trifling inaccuracies scattered through their card to defective bumps and unconscious cerebration. It is enough, to quote them once again, that they "are sorry." And it grieves me that they should be.

And now, brethren, while we agree so well and the air is full of harmony, let us unite in prayer.

JOHN CULLETON.

RAYWICK, KY., August 14, 1890.

Mr. Knott did not reply to my second letter, and I heard no further from the two "mutual friends" who made such a mess of it. Various influences prevented the opposition from getting out a suitable candidate, and Mr. Knott was elected; but work had not begun on the new schoolhouses up to the date of my departure from Raywick. When the freshness wore off and he quit grinding other people's axes, Mr. Knott made a good enough county superintendent. We afterwards shook hands over the bloody chasm, and nothing but the desire to make the record complete caused me to include our letters in this book. Of course nothing was further from my thoughts than an attack on our free school system, which

I believed in then as I do now; I was merely upholding the principle of home rule for each district and protesting against an attempt of the tail to wag the dog. Nevertheless, after the battle, I received from a clerical friend, who wears his hair almost as long as his sermons and is a thirty-third degree crank on the school question, the following letter:

PEWEE VALLEY, KY.,
Aug. 9th, '90.

REV. AND DEAR FRIEND,

I have read the Lebanon Enterprise lately, and was heart and soul with you in the fight you made. I would like to have your opinion as to results. At this distance I think you have done more to educate the people of Marion on the school question than has been done in any ten years before. Certainly they can see the absurdity of making education a matter of politics and leaving it to the control of politicians, if they can see anything.

Does Knott maintain the point that he has the right to forbid the teaching of Catechism after school hours? or has he been made to back down from that position? If you would write to Pickett on that subject you would get a letter that would make him back down.

Let me hear from you at your leisure. Yours respectfully,

EDWIN DRURY.

CHAPTER X.

A NUN'S JEALOUSY.

THE parochial session of the white school which closed in June, 1890, was followed by a free school which began in July. The school was to be taught by the Sisters as before, under a standing agreement between the trustees, the Sisters, and myself. Not even a whisper of dissatisfaction had reached me from the trustees or people, and so little did I anticipate trouble on this occasion that on the day set for the opening of the school I went to Louisville on a short trip. At my friend Raffo's I received a telegram from J. A. Bickett, asking me to return at once to Raywick. Though Mr. Bickett was one of the trustees, no thought of the school entered my head and I thought the message was a sick-call till I reached home, where I found a curious state of affairs. The Sisters had begun and were conducting the school under the old agreement, but the trustees had got into a tangle and were at loggerheads. Mr. Bickett, whom I always found to be a man of high principle and strict truthfulness—qualities not any too plentiful at Raywick, or elsewhere, told me that when the trustees met at the schoolhouse on the day of opening a difference of opinion manifested itself, but that two of the trustees expressed themselves as willing to let the school go on as it had begun. Nothing, however, was definitely settled till I should return. Both Catholic trustees told me privately that they, as well as the people, preferred Miss Culliton to any of the Sisters as principal teacher in the school; and one of them would have Miss Culliton or noth-

ing. The third trustee, a Protestant and an ardent supporter of Mr. Knott, seemed to face both ways in conversation, but would not act decidedly either way as trustee, showing a disposition to let the Catholics fight it out while he enjoyed the performance,—though he was one of the parties to the original agreement under which the Sisters came to Raywick. After a rapid investigation which showed me that both trustees and people were strongly in favor of Miss Culliton, who had in no way contributed to the disturbance except by having during the preceding five months demonstrated her superiority to the Sisters as a teacher, I took my stand positively in favor of the Sisters and the school as it stood, considering that the change demanded would be deemed by them an insult and would result in their departure from Raywick. Miss Culliton, who had it in her power to make a great deal of trouble were she so disposed, so conducted herself throughout the whole affair as to win my admiration and respect and to compel a comparison between herself and the Sisters which finally resulted in a material change of my views as to the superior sanctity of the women in black; and after a few weeks of hard work with the stubborn Catholic trustee, the Sisters' school was recognized as the public school and things went on as before. I congratulated myself on the result and looked for no further trouble, as Miss Culliton at the close of the session was to return to Ohio for good. The ill feeling that evidently existed between at least one of the Sisters and her on account of what had happened I did my best to remove by exhorting both sides to act with prudence and charity, hoping that time would do the rest. But I was fated to get a lesson in female jealousy and duplicity that was a trial of my faith in religion and humanity and upset all my calculations. Two green-eyed devils had taken up their abode in one nun.

It was a Sunday afternoon in August, some weeks after

the school question had been settled in favor of the Sisters. The day before we had held a picnic for the benefit of the church, and my house was temporarily filled with its boxed-up remains. The church services were over for the day, and Miss Culliton and I were standing in the hall discussing the picnic and contemplating the emptiness of some ginger ale bottles when George Mitchell, a little colored boy I kept to assist the housekeeper, came up to us and handed my companion a letter addressed to her. When asked where he got it, he said he found it sticking out from under the front door of the church. Miss Culliton opened and read it in my presence, and I observed that her countenance changed and her eyes filled with tears. I then demanded the letter, and found it to be a vile attack on her written in a disguised hand, as follows:

RAYWICK KY.
Aug 30 1890

MISS ANA CULLERTEN.

Please take the advice uf a frind who knows whot peple think uf you. I am sure that you wuldnt Sta hear long if you did no. Your past histry is no credit to yerself. It is wel knone why you left Ohio and why you have to come hear to teach niggers. We dont see how sisters who have enny respec for therselfs can assoheate with one so low. you seem to thinck that ever boddy likes you but you are treted with comun decency bekos you are under father Cullertons roof and for no uther reson If you stay hear till yer scol is out whot will happen to whot you left in ohio.

If I wus you I wuld go wher I wante none and change my name to boot I have heared good peple say these things about you and I tell you as a frund

ther must be sum fire wher ther is so much smocke
even the nigres will be glad to get shet uf you.

Miss Culliton's society was much sought by the young men of the neighborhood, and, knowing the utter falsity of the insinuations in the letter, I laughed the matter off as a piece of spitework by some wounded village maiden, but pocketed

the letter. Whether the letter was originally intended to fall into Miss Culliton's hands and make her few remaining months at Raywick miserable, or into mine and fill me with distrust of her, or to be picked up and read by one of the village gossips—the worst of whom frequently went to church on week days—who would scatter its contents far and wide with variations and improvements of her own, I never knew; but, whatever the intention, as its victim was a stranger among people whose chief amusement—and the business of a certain number—was gossip, it was a devilish piece of work to be done on Sunday in church by a nun.

Very little consideration convinced me that there was no reason to suspect any of the young women of the neighborhood, who had been lavish in their friendliness toward Miss Culliton; and there remained only two persons who could have any conceivable motive for writing such a letter, that young woman herself and one of the Sisters. Something about the writing suggested the Sister, but I refused at first to entertain the thought and began my investigation on the other track. After a long and careful comparison of Miss Culliton's writing with that of the anonymous letter I was compelled to admit to myself that that young woman could not have written it, as there was not the faintest resemblance between her writing and the unknown's. Any unprejudiced person would have reached the right conclusion much sooner, but the Sister in question stood very high in my esteem. We were mutually fond of each other's company and spent as much of our time together as circumstances permitted, even at the risk of overworking the prurient imaginations of all the neighborhood's guardians of other people's goodness. Thinking very much of her, but with absolute purity of intention, and believing that she felt in the same way towards me, I had been indulging for some time in the very honestest but very hottest kind of platonic affection, recking not at all

of possible variations of temperature that might produce cyclonic conditions in the party of the other part. And I never dreamt at the time that she could have any motive to dislike Miss Culliton for any other reason than the people's preference for the latter as a teacher. It was therefore with the greatest reluctance that I faced the only remaining alternative, and when a careful comparison of handwritings that lasted till after midnight turned suspicion to certainty and left no reasonable doubt of the Sister's guilt, the knowledge came with a shock such as I hope never to experience again. There are some things that cannot be expressed in words, and the feeling of mingled astonishment, sorrow, and disgust that came over me then is one of them; and the reader's capacity to understand it, even if I could describe it, would depend almost altogether on his or her mental and moral make-up. Miss Culliton, I learned long afterward, by some feminine process guessed the letter's authorship at once, but said nothing to me about it, as she considered it impossible to shake my good opinion of Sister B . . . . . , and I gave her not even a hint of my discovery. The only person who got an inkling of what I thought and felt at the time was a Sister of another community with whom I was in regular correspondence; though I spoke even to her in riddles.

The next afternoon after school was dismissed I met Sister B . . . . . in her classroom, and accused her of writing the letter. She dramatically fell on her knees, lifted her eyes and hands to heaven, and swore she was innocent. And there I was. On the one hand the evidence of the handwriting against her, on the other the most solemn assertion of her innocence by a woman I had always respected and believed up to this, a woman devoted to religion and a communicant two or three times a week. In the face of what seemed two impossibilities I was silent, my reason condemning her but my will acquitting. Some of the school-girls, she said, had

learned to closely imitate her writing, and perhaps one of them was the guilty person. Though on such a supposition there seemed no sufficient motive for the letter, I gladly received the suggestion, as I would have received any other which tended to establish the Sister's innocence. She promised, and procured next day, specimens of their writing, and she and I went through the desks together after school in search of other evidence. In one of the desks we found a long composition, dated several months back and with the signature of one of the girls attached (Jessie Graves); the writing of which was so much like the Sister's that I could not tell the difference, and I admitted that whoever wrote the composition could have written the anonymous letter. I made up my mind to treat Sister B . . . . . as if she were innocent and to try to think her so, put the composition away for future reference, and waited for time and chance to clear up the mystery. I said nothing at the time to Miss Graves, not being able to discover any grounds for a dislike to Miss Culliton on her part. Even Sister B . . . . . did not seem to think the Graves girl guilty, but showed an inclination to throw suspicion on Teresa Vowels, a girl who had often and openly shown her dislike for Sister B . . . . . and her preference for Miss Culliton as a teacher, and the daughter of the trustee who had tried so hard to put that young woman at the head of the school. This was another impossibility, though the girl had acquired a knack of writing like the Sister. The friendly relations existing between the Sister and myself continued outwardly the same as before, so much so that Miss Culliton, who lived in my house and was treated as a dear friend, did not discover till long afterward that I had accused or even suspected Sister B . . . . . of writing the anonymous letter, which was seldom alluded to by either of us; and the other Sisters were left in ignorance of the whole affair.

When her school closed in December Miss Culliton returned to her home in Ohio, but she and I, whom the similarity of our names had first curiously brought together, had concluded after an intimate association for ten months that if we were not kin we ought to be, and we resolved to be cousins to each other and to keep up our friendship by a regular correspondence. A month or two after her departure I was away from home several days, returning on a Friday. I was expecting a letter from Miss Culliton and, not finding it in my mail, I asked the housekeeper if no more letters had come while I was away. She said, "Yesterday when George was passing the kitchen door with the mail he said, 'There's a letter from Miss Annie,' and when he went up stairs Sister B . . . . . was there, and she looked over the mail." That looked strange, but I told the housekeeper George must have been mistaken, and waited several days in the hope that it would turn out so. I then wrote to Miss Culliton and learned that she had written and mailed me a letter that should have reached Raywick about the time that George, who knew her writing, had said that there was "a letter from Miss Annie." This recalled the almost forgotten anonymous letter, and I naturally thought that a woman who would do the one would do the other. Still I could not imagine why she stole the letter, as Miss Culliton was gone for good and the Sisters, through my efforts solely, were in undisputed possession of the school. The reader will doubtless give me credit for great stupidity in not suspecting that I was all the time the "nigger in the woodpile." Never having been in love myself since the puppy period, I knew not even how it went with men and was totally ignorant of all its female symptoms except outspoken jealously, a case of which I had seen and treated effectively two years before. But I could no longer respect Sister B . . . . . ., and her company became as hateful to me as it had before been acceptable. Seeing some-

thing of this through the outwardly unchanged demeanor I tried to keep up as a matter of policy when I found that I had to deal with a dangerous and consummate hypocrite, she told me one day that she had for some time noticed a change in my manner toward her, and asked the cause of it. Her audacity made me forget all about policy, and I bluntly said, "You stole a letter from this room." She once more vehemently protested her innocence, but I had had enough of her protestations and no longer believed anything she said. One day, some time after the letter was stolen, Miss Jessie Graves happened into my room and I thought of the composition. I showed it to her and asked if that was her writing. She replied, "No; that's a composition Sister B . . . . . wrote for me." That settled it, and I determined to get rid of Sister B . . . . . as soon as possible,—and she suspected my purpose.

Snuff-dipping is not yet a lost art in Marion County, and my housekeeper was a dipper and a consumptive. I had preached against the practice and was trying to get the girls of the congregation who were addicted to it to give it up; and having failed to persuade my housekeeper to quit for her health's sake, I finally gave her strict orders not to dip snuff in my house. The Sisters knew of this. One day as I reached the church gate on my return from a walk I espied Sister B . . . . . making her way from the Sisters' house to the back entrance of the church. Shortly after, on the church steps, just where the anonymous letter had been placed the year before, was found the following note written in Sister B . . . . . 's hand slightly disguised:

MY DEAR FATHER CULLITON,

we think that you had better not let Tess Vowels go too your house and dip snuff with your housekeeper every day. if you are goin to turn people of why dont you turn them of.

I immediately told the housekeeper of finding the note, and took her to task for snuff-dipping in my house and encouraging others in the practice. She acknowledged her guilt, and forthwith began to berate Sister B . . . . . (whom I had not even remotely hinted at) for writing the note, declaring that, except the dippers, she was the only person who knew what had taken place in my absence. That settled it some more; and I had a conversation with the Sister in which I accused her of all her misdoings that I knew of and told her she must leave Raywick. For the last time she tried her old game of lying out of it with brazen assurance, but finding that I no longer had the least doubt of her guilt and had sufficient evidence to convince any one else of it, she broke down and confessed everything. She admitted it was best that she should go, promised amendment for the future, and secured my pledge to get her removed without damaging her reputation in the Loretto community. She afterwards sent me the following note, which revealed the motive of her strange actions:

J. M. J.

ST. XAVIER'S SCHOOL,
Wednesday A. M.

MY DEAR FATHER CULLETON:—I wish to ask only one more favor of you, and I trust you will not refuse to grant it. I cannot leave Raywick without telling you everything. I love you more than I can express—yet I love my soul more; hence I wish to make a general confession of my whole life—at least of my life at Raywick. Will you hear me this P. M. at 6:30? I shall try my best to make preparation and I shall be willing to perform any penance you think proper to enjoin. From this moment I am ready to begin a new life. Do you think it is too late? Do not, I beg of you, dearest Father, treat me with so much coldness—lest I fail to do what I have now made up my mind to do. Be assured that my motive is a pure one in this. I am tired of this life. I did not make

so many sacrifices for the sake of selling my soul to the devil and I am not going to do it. God is good—I trust in his mercy. I shall make my confession to you the same as if it were to be my last—I am determined to do this if it kills me. Dearest Father, do not judge me too severely, but as you would be judged. Do not think that I am going to make my confession to gain your favor. No; I have long since despaired of that. It is to gain the friendship of God and Him alone.

Please to let me know soon whether you will comply with my request.

Your sad child,

S. B.

I think the reader will agree with me that that letter carries with it an appearance of sincerity, and yet I had the best of reasons for believing afterwards that not only it, but also the consequent sacramental confession, was the rankest hypocrisy.

A Sister of another community, to whom I made known some of these things, advised me to expose her; but that Sister and I were also very warm friends, and I mistrusted her judicial impartiality in that case. A priest whom I consulted seemed to approve my plan of giving her another chance elsewhere; and I decided not to betray her to her superiors, even though the result should be the withdrawal of the Sisters of Loretto. In case they should leave, it was my purpose to replace them by the Sisters of Nazareth, a community with less irrational rules and therefore not quite so likely to produce cranks. That such was my intention the following letter—in reply to one from me, wherein I found fault with the Loretto Sisters for failing to furnish a teacher for my colored school, and asked his permission to replace them by the Nazareth Sisters in a certain contingency—from the bishop, who was then "pontificating" at French Lick Springs, written less than four months before the Loretto Sisters left Raywick, clearly shows:

FRENCH LICK,
March 19, 1891.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

I fear it would look bad to have the Nazareth Sisters coming right under the shadow of Loretto's new academy; nor do I think the Sisters of Nazareth would themselves fancy it.

Make another application; and you might mention the suggestion which I make above.

It is better in every way that your schools should be carried on by the Loretto Sisters—better for you also, for, say what you might, the impression would get abroad that in some way you had managed to get rid of them, and this rumor would do your schools no good, considering the extensive kinship which the society enjoys.

I am sure they will be able to find you a good teacher, or if they have none at home, they can recall one from the western missions. I have ever felt it my duty to impress on the various sisterhoods here that charity begins at home, be the material gain in other quarters what it may.

Do press on with the matter of making your schools good and efficient through good and efficient teachers.

Having spent last Summer in the city, I have felt the necessity of coming here to drink the waters. I shall be home on Saturday. Please to let me know how you succeed, for if necessary, I will do what you ask. I remain

Yours faithfully,
WM. GEO. MCCLOSKEY, Bp.

REV. J. CULLETON.

Though I had the bishop's assent to a change of Sisters under certain circumstances, I did my best, in endeavoring to get Sister B . . . . . removed, to carry out the bishop's suggestion and retain, if possible, the Sisters of Loretto, as the following correspondence will show. The bishop, as the sequel proved, was better acquainted than I with nuns and their skill at "getting an impression abroad," regardless of facts:

RAYWICK, KY., May 10, 1891.

DEAR MOTHER DAFROSA,—

Sister Isabella told me on her return from her last visit to Loretto that you had decided to send us a teacher for the colored school in July; so I suppose that matter is settled.

But two other changes will be necessary in July. After consulting with the trustees [I had seen Messrs. Bickett and Hughes, who were a majority of the incoming board; to the retiring trustee and Dr. Peterson, a Protestant, I said nothing, for obvious reasons], I have come to the conclusion that it would be best for the school that another Sister should take Sr. M. B . . . . . 's place as teacher of the more advanced pupils. Of course we will expect a Sister capable of getting a first-class certificate. And it seems to me that the principal teacher ought also to be the superior. The present arrangement is working very badly, and cannot do otherwise as long as Sr. Isabella and Sr. Gabriel retain their present relative positions. Sr. M. Gabriel has given entire satisfaction.

I would be glad to be assured as early as possible of the certainty of the changes above proposed, as I consider them indispensable to the success of the school, for which I am bound to look out. [Sr. Gabriel had told me that it would be impossible for her and Sr. Isabella to get along together; Sr. G. was an efficient and popular teacher, while Sr. I. was perfectly useless to the school.]

I once before suggested Sr. B . . . . . 's removal for her own sake, and still think it would be good for her; but whether it would or not, circumstances not altogether within her control would render a further connection with the school injurious to herself and to it.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN CULLETON.

LORETTO CONVENT, KY.,
May 11, '91.

REV. JOHN CULLETON,—

Some days have elapsed since the receiving of your letter. But I have been considering what answer circumstances would permit me to make. Yes, we have a Sister preparing for your school in July. Whether she will be capable of getting a certificate or not, we do not know till she is examined. I am much surprised at your request for the removal of Sister B . . . . . I had always been given to understand that she suited your school and had given satisfaction to the people. [Which was true till Miss C. came and gave better satisfaction, which brought out the Sister's true inwardness.] Now you want a Sister who could be capable of getting a first-class certificate, and would suit as superior. Owing to the fact that our number has been greatly diminished by ill-health and death, we *could not* make you the promise to supply your school with such a person. Certainly we would wish to oblige you if we saw the probability of complying with such a promise.

To supply your school with a new force of teachers in July [which I had not asked] to me seems utterly impossible, for the grave reason that we have them *not*. To break up other schools to supply that, would bring us into considerable trouble. Now, with the best will, and even anxious to comply with your request, I cannot see how it can be done, for reasons that I have already given. Regretting that I cannot return you a more satisfactory answer, and wishing you success in your zealous exertions for your school,

Yours in Our Lord,
SISTER DAFROSA, Supr.

Things looked unpromising in the Loretto direction, and I was very doubtful about getting the Nazarenes to come in right on the heels of the others; wherefore I wrote to Miss Culliton to engage her services in case we should be left without Sisters for a year, knowing that she would be entirely satisfactory to the trustees and people. Then I wrote again to Loretto:

RAYWICK, KY., May 30, 1891.

DEAR MOTHER DAFROSA,—

When I wrote you before, asking you to make certain changes in the school here, I only gave expression to the wishes of the Sisters here, as well as I could make them out. Sr. Isabella some time ago told me she did not want to continue in her present position, and Sr. Gabriel does not want to be anywhere with Sr. Isabella as superior. When I learned this state of affairs I promised them both to write to you and try to get things arranged differently when you should get home again. Sr. B . . . . . , independently of the others, also expressed a desire to go this summer.

As things stand, the present arrangement would not work satisfactorily at all, and matters would only get worse in time.

Rather than risk the consequences to the school when three, if not all four, of the Sisters are certain to be discontented, I will trust to luck for the coming year, and must ask you to consider our present contract at an end with this session of school.

I feel sure you would have made the changes I asked if you could, and I wish to thank you for the good humor with which you have endured all the bother that at various times I've been compelled to give you.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN CULLETON.

Miss Culliton wrote that she would come if we wanted her, but would much prefer that I should get the Nazareth Sisters, as she could have her choice of several schools and did not relish the idea of succeeding the Sisters at Raywick. I went to Nazareth, learned that I could not get the Sisters that year, but got a promise of them for 1892 through my friend Sister Estelle, and thereupon definitely engaged Miss Culliton. Meanwhile Sister Gabriel, that one of my teachers that I did not want to lose, discovered what was in the wind and came to tell me that personally she liked me and her work at Raywick, and as a young Sister would hate to be sent away from her first mission. I assured her the liking was mutual and that I would hate to part with the Sisters, told her what had been done up to date, including the engagement of Miss Culliton for the coming year; in fact, took her completely into my confidence about Sister B . . . . . 's misconduct and my determination to get her removed. When she learned how things stood she offered her services to go to Loretto and do everything she could without injury to her erring but pretendedly repentant Sister to effect an arrangement by which the Sisters would remain. I gladly accepted her offer and she went, and I have no doubt she did her best to accomplish what we both desired; but she came back discouraged, and told me that the Loretto authorities seemed strongly prejudiced against me from some source. Then came this from Loretto:

LORETTO CONVENT, KY.,
June 16, '91.

REV. JOHN CULLETON.

Reverend Father,

I have delayed writing to you, as I was waiting for an answer from the Rt. Rev. Bishop, to whom I had referred the matter.

It came to-day, and is this, that he authorizes us to accept your offer that "at the close of this session we may consider our contract at an end."

This result is from the fact that we are unable to supply you with such as you require. Wishing you success in the zealous exertions for your school, and hoping that we may still consider you among the number of our friends,

Yours in Our Lord,

SISTER DAFROSA, Supr.

Sister Gabriel's report and this letter caused me to go to Loretto and have a talk with the Mother, during which she remarked that "things might have been arranged if Sr. B..... were to stay." Though I earnestly desired her removal and was very doubtful of her future conduct should she stay, things had come to such a pass that I decided to run a great risk rather than see the Sisters leave, perhaps under a wrong impression. When I got back home, therefore, I talked matters over with Sisters Gabriel and B....., and then wrote the following letter:

RAYWICK, KY., June 19, 1891.

TO THE COUNCIL,—

I write this letter in the hope that it may serve to remove some possible false impressions, if it produces no other result. While I have and express (too freely, perhaps) opinions about religious communities as well as other things, I try not to be unduly governed by them in matters of business, especially when I am acting more for others than for myself. In selecting teachers for the school here I consider myself simply an agent bound to act honestly for the best, and, as such, for what seem to me good reasons, I prefer—other things being equal—Loretto Sisters to any other teachers whatsoever for the Raywick school. The state of affairs which compels me to ask for a new teacher for the white school cannot fairly be laid to the charge of any one person, but was the unforeseen and unwished-for result of your failure to provide a teacher for the colored school last year and of the means I took to start that school. And you will admit that I tried often enough to get a teacher [from Loretto] before I engaged anyone else. The one who came proved a surprise to such an extent that the trustees insisted on placing her at the head of the white school last summer. But while I could not help recognizing her excellence as a teacher, I refused my consent because I thought that to give it would be a breach of faith with the Sisters. With a good deal of difficulty I carried my point, but trus-

tees, parents, and children were against me, and Sr. B . . . . . lost that control and influence over the pupils, without which the best of teaching is of little avail. She cannot help this now, nor can I. But she is anxious that, if it can be avoided, the school shall not be broken up; and so am I. Hence she volunteers, as she did once before, to teach the colored school for the coming year; and I could expect no better teacher. I have been unwilling for her to do this, lest the thoughtless talk of those who might misunderstand the situation should make the work unpleasant for her; but she is willing to take the risk and I am willing to do all I can to lessen it. [I was myself taking a terrible risk in order to keep the Sisters.] Sr. Gabriel I would hate to part with as a teacher of the little ones, as I've already told Mother Dafrosa, since she has given general satisfaction. These two and Sister Irene are disposed to get along together and do not want to leave if it is possible to arrange matters satisfactorily. As for Sr. Isabella, she is doing practically nothing at the music and would hardly object to being relieved of her burden as superior. She is full of suspicion and lacking in judgment, which are faults of the head that spoil the best intentions. She is without doubt a good Sister, but will never make a good superior as long as there is any human nature left. The other three Sisters would get along much better in a headless condition for a year than with a head that always thinks wrong. If you could risk leaving them together for a year with either Sr. B . . . . . or Sr. Gabriel at the head, I don't think any harm would come of it, and then it might be possible to do what you can't do now. Or, still finding it impossible to supply a suitable teacher for the higher classes who might also be superior, you could give me notice a month or two before the year expired, and withdraw the Sisters entirely of your own accord. The situation over here, which you possibly may not understand, may, if the Sisters go now, give things an appearance I would not like them to have. It was this consideration that led Sr. Gabriel, with my approval, to go to Loretto and lay the matter before you.

I have taken up so much of your time because a remark made by Mother Dafrosa in conversation with me to-day, that things might have been arranged "if Sr. B . . . . . were to stay," suggested that there might be yet a possibility of reconsideration. Hopefulness is not a bad thing anyway, and if your final decision is to withdraw the Sisters, I want to feel that I have done my best to remove from your minds any mistaken notions that may have been caused by the reports of Sisters who are not as skillful mind readers as they think, by suggesting an arrangement that requires no new Sisters for a year and will give you that much time to provide a capable teacher.

I shall be over Monday evening, prepared to accept the best or the worst, but anxious for the best—which means the retention of the Sisters. Sincerely,

JOHN CULLETON.

I added a postscript, which I did not copy, in which I said that if I knew what to say in order to retain the Sisters I would say it. I often said to members of my congregation afterward that I would never take as much trouble about anything again as I did to keep the Sisters. But it was all in vain. They left, and—as the bishop had predicted—false reports at once went out from Loretto and were persistently repeated at Raywick by the few malignant mischief-makers whose counterparts are, I fear, to be found in every community.

Miss Culliton took charge of the school and conducted it with great success, and to the satisfaction of both trustees and people. The following, from the Lebanon Enterprise of December 4, 1891, which was not "sent in," was the simple truth: "Miss Annie Culliton will close the free school session at Raywick next Friday. It goes without saying that Miss Culliton has rendered more general satisfaction than any other teacher of the free schools who has ever taught in that town." But one man flocked by himself and was unanimously discontented. A certain Ashley Edelen, who took it ill that I conducted my affairs as pastor without letting him know all about them, began to circulate lies about something of which he knew absolutely nothing, and tried to get signers to a petition for the return of the Sisters, on the assumption that I had sent them away in favor of Miss Culliton; which, if it were true, would have been a transaction advantageous to Raywick, as her teaching stood on its merits and her religion was not chiefly black serge. Mr. L. P. Bickett, whom I always found a gentleman, as I did every man of that name around Raywick, refused to sign the petition when it was

presented to him by a man who should have known better, and told me of its existence. I at once went to Louisville and had a talk with the bishop, in which I told him that, going as they did, the Sisters of Loretto could never return to Raywick as long as I should be pastor there, and the next Sunday I read the following statement from the altar:

Patience sometimes ceases to be a virtue. I do not claim to be a regular Job or to have more patience than one man ought to have, but I have borne with some things about long enough. It has come to my knowledge that a certain petition is quietly circulating among the congregation, its professed object being to get the Sisters of Loretto back in the spring. I have reason to believe that Mr. Ashley Edelen is at the bottom of it.

I thought I had said enough in explanation of the Sisters' leaving, but it seems that I was mistaken. Now I am speaking in public and have weighed every word I am going to say. Whoever says that I caused the Sisters to leave here is a liar; and what I say I can prove whenever it may become necessary. I have remained silent this long not out of enmity, but out of friendship, to the Sisters. Mr. Edelen has allowed himself to be made the dupe of an unscrupulous woman who was wicked enough to try to make mischief by deceiving him, and perhaps others, when she knew that she alone was to blame, and when my mouth was closed solely out of consideration for her future as a Sister. If this statement of facts should do her injury now, no one is to blame for it but herself and her injudicious champion, whom I warned not to act so as to compel me to say more in public than I wished. But he has recklessly persisted in his foolish course, and he and she must take the consequences and make the best of them.

As for the petition itself, it is entirely useless; and it is hardly wise for any member of the congregation to put his name to a paper which can accomplish no good result. The Sisters of Loretto cannot come back here without my consent as long as I am pastor, and they will not try to, for they are not quite so foolish as some of their would-be friends. After I leave, what my successor may do is none of my business. He may, if he likes, turn over the church and school to Mr. Edelen and let him run them in connection with his other business. But he probably will not, as all the wisdom in this world is not situated just behind Mr. Edelen's spectacles.

I told the bishop last Wednesday that I would not take back the Loretto Sisters and that other Sisters might not be obtainable. I therefore asked him to put some one else in my place here, in order that the Loretto Sisters might return if the new pastor wanted them. He took the matter under consideration, and I suppose he will act when he gets ready. So the matter stands, and so it will stand until I get ready to go.

I must confess that I was a little surprised to find that one man, knowing what he does, should have anything to do with that petition. The petition itself will yet return to plague its inventors. But if getting it up gives them any pleasure, I would hate to spoil their fun. It would be cruel to prevent a child from enjoying his rattle or playing with his little toes. And these wise men will be wiser, perhaps, after they have bumped their heads.

As for the persons who are responsible for the circulation of certain cowardly lies concerning myself, they will get their just deserts in some other world if not in this; and they may get more than they bargain for in this if I can get enough of the right sort of evidence to bring them into court.

That settled Mr. Edelen and the petition, but he remained my malignant enemy and tried to do me harm in every way that a small-minded man can, his last attempt that I heard of being a cowardly anonymous letter in the Lebanon Enterprise after I left Raywick, which I answered in a way that effectually silenced one of the two most contemptible human beings I have ever known, and that must have pleased all the decent people of Raywick, to whom he has been a sore infliction for years.

When Miss Culliton took charge of the Raywick school her acceptance involved the refusal of ten or twelve other offers, one of them a very flattering one from Lebanon, contained in the following letter:

MARION NATIONAL BANK,
LEBANON, KY., June 22, 1891.

MISS ANNIE CULLITON,
Wapakoneta, Ohio.

DEAR MISS CULLITON,—

I have just been elected trustee of our school district and am, in connection with my colleagues, on the hunt for suit-

able teachers for our school. You have been highly recommended by my father, the county superintendent.

Can you entertain a proposition from us? We will have a ten months school and will pay teachers monthly. Our Institute begins the first Monday in July, which you are of course aware you will have to attend if you teach in the county.

An early reply will oblige

Yours sincerely,

J. M. KNOTT.

She was not in Ohio when the letter got there, but on a visit to her uncle in Nelson County, Ky., and before she got it she had promised to teach at Raywick. Notwithstanding this, when she went to the institute Mr. Knott tendered her the position of principal of the Lebanon public school, a position usually filled by a man and never before (I believe) offered to a Catholic. He asked me to release her from her Raywick contract, but I refused, being a pretty good judge of a bargain myself.

At the end of the school year the Nazareth Mother just elected decided that the Nazareth Sisters should not undergo examination for certificates to teach in the public schools,—a change of opinion and practice that closed their school at St. Charles's, Marion County, and made them impossible at Raywick. But that mattered little, as the trustees were more than content with the teacher they had, and she remained in charge of the school till December, 1892. Before she left for her home then two of the trustees (J. A. Bickett and E. M. Hughes) offered her the school for the coming year and urged her to come back, but for reasons of her own she declined.

CHAPTER XI.

I IMITATE SILAS WEGG.

DURING my first year at Raywick I found time hang rather heavy on my hands, and when the long nights of winter came I made up my mind to enter upon a combined study of Scripture and languages, having a good supply of texts and lexicons, and being a good Latinist, with a smattering of Greek and a bare foundation for Hebrew. I began at the beginning, and after laboriously wrestling with the first two verses of Genesis an impulse seized me to versify the account of creation. In a moment of weakness I yielded to the tempter, and a rage for versifying took hold of me which lasted all that winter and recurred at intervals afterward, till love—which, when genuine, is poetry in its sweetest and highest form—came and exorcised the rhyming devil. Occasionally I relapsed into prose. Nearly all that I wrote appeared in the Louisville Catholic Advocate, over the pen-name of "Y. W. Craik." I republish both prose and verse, good and bad—if any is good, not so much to crowd Homer, Shakespeare, and the other fellows who have distinguished themselves in this line, as to show the reader more fully—for the lines contain character if not poetry—what sort of fellow I was, and how I spent the leisure time so generally devoted by priests to artistically coloring their pipes and their noses. And I cultivated a meerschaum also, nor did I entirely neglect Kentucky's great remedy, the Extract of Corn; for the priest who does not smoke and drink with vim and vigor is not "in the swim."

THE DAYS AND WORKS.

Eternal, throned in filled infinity,
Alone, self-centered, self-existent,—God!

Goes forth the word, the act creative,—Be!

Lo! space and time begin, and Chaos dim
Looms darkly vast where now was naught,—
A universe of things, a gloomy deep,
Abysmal, formless, lifeless, void, inert.

God's spirit moves upon the waters, and
The mass is dimly rayed with goodly light;
The darkness slowly yields; to night succeeds
A dawn. 'Twas eve, 'tis morn—one day of God's.

The dawn beheld a watery mass of all
Things fused; but now swells out an ambient arch
Above, below. The firmament within
Their ordered places take the waters, forced
Apart. Another eve to brighter morn
Gives way—God's second day.

The deeps are shored,
Upheaves the land; no longer mixed, but earth
And seas distinct. The land brings forth its garb
Of green; upspring the seeded plants, in kinds
And number numberless; and fruitful trees
Their laden brances show. A day of seeds
And buds and flowers and fruits—God's third.

The light
Pervading all is ordered now and ranked.
Two shining orbs in turn invade the sky,
The day from night divide, and signalize
The changing, changeless march of time, the days
And seasons;—nor shall e'er again the Earth
In lightless gloom be sunk. The greater orb
Illumes the day; the night the Moon adorns
With gentler beams, while mightier stars attend
In distance-dimmed magnificence. A day
Of worlds—God's fourth.

God's fifth the seas
With life pregnates. The ocean breeds, and from
Its swelling womb come forth strange creeping things,
The fishes all and monstrous whales, and birds
That skim the waves and fly; their kinds by law
Of life increasing evermore.

God's sixth
With silent-crawling things the land o'erspreads
And fills with sounds of many kinds,—with howls
And roars of prowling beasts, with reptile hiss,
And whir of wings, and airy songs; all Earth
The stir of noisy life beholds. And yet
A void, in rhythmic time though myriad worlds
In splendor roll and starry radiance gilds
The utmost murky bounds of space. Though life
And motion crowd the universe, 'tis naught,
As 'twas before, or yet not more than some
Fantastic sport of Deity, a sight
For angels' wonder,—should there be no Mind
But His who changed the Might-be to the Is,
To prove and know the wisdom of it all,
And in it see the Maker.

Day is yet,
And Man appears, of heaven and earth compound;
Of things the last, but greatest, highest, best,—
Creation's crown and lord. To him alone
The Worker speaks: "For thee these days divine
Of universal birth! Go forth; increase
And rule!"

And all God made he saw was good.

The good he wrought his best undid. Alas!

December 15, 1887.

STABAT MATER SPECIOSA.

[A Translation.]

The beauteous mother Mary stood
Beside the lowly manger's wood
The while it held her boy.
Whose gladdened soul, with love aheat
And lost in rapt devotion sweet,
Was pierced with heavenly joy.

What raptures wild its throbs confest,
That stainless mother's heaving breast,
To see her first-born son!
Her soul from him drinks in delight;
Her eyes, with love-lit radiance bright,
His features feed upon.

What man in coldness might behold
The joys divine, supreme, untold,
Swept Mary's soul away?
Or who unmoved could contemplate
Christ's mother as, with heart elate,
She gave her feelings play?

And yet she felt his plight forlorn,—
The Christ for sin 'mid cattle born,
Through man's unkind neglect.
She saw the Lord who rules the spheres
His weakness show by childish tears
In stable hay abject!

But hark, angelic voices sing!
"Rejoice, ye men! He's born, your King!"
The sky with light's ablaze!—
The maid and spouse in silence heard,
Nor broke the stillness by a word,—
Their souls in deep amaze.

. . . . . .

Dear mother mine, Love's fairest shrine,
With ardor's flame, with heat from thine,
O make my heart aglow!

Immerse me in thy burning heart,
That I may feel some little part
Of thy love's overflow!

O blessed lady, hear my prayer:
The Savior's wounds that I may bear,
Impress them on my heart;
In his dread pains, whose life as man
Within that humble grot began,
A sinner's share impart.

Intoxicate me with the bliss
Thou didst receive from Jesus' kiss,
As long as life shall last;
My soul illume with heavenly fire
That Jesus only can inspire,
Until this exile's past.

O virgin of all virgins best,
Frown not upon my fond request,
But grant me his embrace!
O let my arms enfold the boy
Whose blood, that he might death destroy,
Was shed for all our race!

O let my soul plunge in the tide
That streams adown from Jesus' side,
And there exultant swim
Until, with seraphs' fire inflamed,
My base and sensual passions tamed,
I spurn all else for him!

. . . . . .

Now let us, like the shepherds, keep
A cheerful vigil, scorning sleep
Till dawn dispels the night.
And may Christ's mighty grace direct
The wandering feet of his elect
Straight onward to the Light!

May Jesus dear my guardian be;
His gracious words embolden me
That I may swiftly run.
And when death's angel bids me hence,
May Mary give the recompense,
The victor's crown—her Son!

December 29, 1887.

SENECTUS MUNDI.

The world is waxing old; its wrinkled face
In every line the deep imprint betrays
Of Time that slowly creeps, yet not delays,
But changeless changes all, its steady pace
Relentless keeping ever. Now we trace
Its path by empty tombs and buried ways,
The sad remains of what in vanished days
Were works and monuments of men whose race
Is long since run. In vain their pride uprose
In death's defiance, vainly strove to climb
To heights immortal; nor can aught oppose
Destroying Time, whose sway no limit knows.
Old Earth itself, like all its works sublime,
Must fall before the swinging scythe of Time!

February 2, 1888.

SOLITUDE.

How lonely to the helpless wight who wends
His solitary way across its sands,
Or, in its vastness lost, bewildered stands,
Spreads out the mighty Desert! What forefends
From him the gloomy thought, whose home and friends
Are far away, who comrade findeth not?

Yet lorner he and sadder far his lot,
Who dwells alone amid the crowd and spends
His days in seeking 'mong the motley throng
A comrade soul, and seeks in vain. Within

A loneliness of heart, and yearning strong
Of like for like that hopeless lingers long;
Without, the multitude's mad rush and din—
A million souls; to his no soul akin!
February 16, 1888.

WHAT AILED HIM?

On a wagon one day I took a ride.
As I seated me by the driver's side,
He said with will—
The road was downhill,
"Get up!"

As we traveled along I told him a tale,
All its words filled with woe and sorrow and wail.
A tear he shed;
We turned—as he said,
"Haw! haw!"

When at last to our journey's end we got
And I showed him a bottle of something hot,
With joyous look,
He said, as he took,
"Whoa! whoa!"
March 1, 1888.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Old Grandfather Time, the bony old man,
Still keepeth abreast of the caravan,
While his greedy keen eyes restlessly scan
The faces of those who've about filled their span;
For tirelessly now as when he began
He swingeth his death-dealing scythe.

The work that he doeth is done up brown;
In palace and hut, in country and town,
Impartial he showeth his one-locked crown,

Nor stoppeth at all for any man's frown;
But little and great he cutteth them down,
As swingeth remorseless his scythe.

The cute little elf whose life is all play,
The girl in her bud whose heart's gone away,
The youth in his vigor that laughs at decay,
And the crooked old wretch in wickedness gray,—
He bendeth his arm; they vanish away
At touch of his magical scythe.

The sharp-witted man who labored to win
A favoring look from his idol of "Tin;"
The blue-blooded dame whose pale parchment skin
Is puckered with pride and wrinkled with sin,
Whose eyes look out boldly, but fear to look in!—
They fall at his touch, as he grinneth a grin,
And gleefully swingeth his scythe.

The days and the years, unheeded they glide,
A playground of fools, a record to hide;
But the sands in the glass that unceasingly slide
Obliterate fast the footprints of pride,
And those who have made them in Hades abide!
Its blade's strong and sharp, and its sweep very wide,
That terrible, all-mowing scythe.

March 1, 1888.

THE DISTURBING ANGEL.

Bethsaida's sleepy, stagnant pool
In sluggish stillness lay;
Its ripples gave no outward sign
To those that passed that way,
Until its guardian angel came
To give its virtue play.

Its little deep now stirred throughout
And troubled from above,
The restless waters turbidly

In stormy wavelets move,
And motion gives them sudden strength
To do the deed of love.

So when some soul is by the weight
Of dull inaction pressed,
It gives no outward sign of life
Until, from sleep unblest
Aroused, it wakes to know itself,
And stirs with deep unrest.

Unrest! thou messenger of love,
By heavenly wisdom sent
To stir the waters of the pool,—
The stagnant pool, Content,—
Thou wonder-worker, quick descend,
Before the day is spent!

March 8, 1888.

THE ENCHANTED KNIGHT.

Upon a day long passed away—
So runs the simple story—
In him no dread of battle red
Or slaughter dire and gory,
A valiant knight, in armor bright,
Went forth in search of glory.

His strong-limbed steed with headlong speed
The brave knight onward bore,
And faster flew, as fewer grew
The leagues that lay before.
No thought of rest disturbed the breast
Of rider or of steed;
Each longed to feel the shock of steel
And share the gallant deed;
Although the sun, his day's work done,
Had gently sunk to rest,
And shed a blaze of golden rays
O'er all the beauteous west.

And when the night its gloomy mantle spread
O'er sky and land and sea,
Still went the steadfast, earnest knight ahead,
Nor thought of halt had he;
When lo! entrancing strains of music sweet
Fall faintly on his ear,
And check his charger's swiftly flying feet.
Now louder and more clear
It rises, swells,—and softly dies away,
But leaves a charm behind,
Like rose-leaves crushed, or day's last lingering ray,
A charm of wondrous kind,
That gives him strange delight, yet stirs within
A weird foreboding drear
Of wild and wicked things, of guile and sin,
Of danger drawing near!

With eager eyes he looks on every side,
And through the trees he spies
A stately castle with its holdings wide,
Encircling groves and lands
In spring's green vesture decked, and bright
With flowers of many skies;
The air is filled with fragrance, and delight
His every sense expands;—
A scene too fair, in more than pale moonlight,
For work of mortal hands.

A sudden rapture holds him fast;
A longing for he scarce knows what
His soul besets, his manful past
And future hopes well nigh forgot;
Unbidden thoughts his mind alarm
Of life and death, an awful stake!
Awake he dreams, and feels a charm
His spell-bound will's too weak to break.

He turns him to the open portals and
The Circe's guest becomes. The brazen gate

With noisy movement fast is shut. He halts,
He thinks, he fears,—and rushes on his fate!

Within those walls he slept that night,
Nor sought again the fray;
While rusty grew his armor bright,
His knighthood cast away,
There stayed the knight in woeful plight
For ever and a day.

As when some false enchantress
Of olden legend wild
By spells some hero dauntless
From duty's path beguiled,
Till, nobler thoughts forsaking,
He seeks but base delight,
Until the spell in breaking
Restores his reason's light,—
So earth holds out alluring
Enticements to withdraw
From rugged paths enduring
And hedged by thorny law.
Its magic strains enthralling
The weak and wilful lure,
By evermore recalling
The burdens they endure
Who spurn the specious seeming
For glory's true estate,—
Until from fatal dreaming
They wake, alas! too late.

To him who braves the darkness,
Nor turns him from the way,
Who heeds no voice of siren
That softly sings delay,
But pushes on unresting,
In gladness comes the day!

March 15, 1888.

WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?

The world, you say, forbids; you fear its frown,
And dare not truly voice the self within.
You fear the world and fence the real in
With outward show and seeming, keep it down
Through sham humility, and wear the gown
Of prim pretense and grim propriety;—
You dread the awful "oh!" the sly "te-he!"

The world! And what's the world, that you should crown
It king to bend the limber knee before?
The very tombstones grin to see it pass
In puny pride and pomp. Its mighty roar
In moaning dies before the iron door
Of death; its sneers become "ah me! alas!"
The world forsooth! Go to! the world's an ass!

March 22, 1888.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

The Janus gates are shut; the censer swings
Its odorous worship to the goddess Peace
Through all fair Europe's realms. Yet boding things
Disturb the seekers of the golden fleece,
And every breeze a direful portent brings.
From England's chalky cliffs to farthest Greece
All voices pipe of peace, but fierce distrust
Portentous looms,—base fruit of empire's lust.

The Vulcan forge is glowing; grimy arms
Unresting hammers swing, whose dismal clang
Death's anvil chorus is and war's alarms.
The iron monster grows, whose flying fang
Will hiss its fiery doom through serried swarms
And bring to countless hearts the mourner's pang.
The Ætna smoke ascends, o'erclouds the day;
The molten lava's there,—'twill force its way.

And why does Mars the trembling peoples fright?
Why roll the thunderclouds in Europe's sky?
Why dread the mighty ones of earth the fight?—
The crime-stained past cries out and tells us why
The nations all are marshaling their might.
Ambition's victims loud for vengeance cry
From hapless Poland, Ireland, Afric, Ind;—
They reap the whirlwind who have sown the wind!

No prophet voice, no timely "Woe!" is heard.
The prophet speaks of God. "And who is God?"
A stiff-necked generation asks, unstirred
By sterile faiths outworn. Who? His rod
Shall tell them; they shall hear his word!
The widows' woe, the thousands battle-trod,
The leaden hail, the cannon's roaring flame,—
Shall wail and moan and hiss and shriek his name!

March 29, 1888.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

[A Translation.]

The grieving mother Mary stood
In tears dissolved beside the rood
The while her son did hang.
Her groaning, sorrow-laden soul
Of sadness or of cruel dole
The sword did spare no pang.

O, then, how sad and sore distrest
Was she, the virgin-mother blest
Of God's one only Son!
Whose tender heart by tears would fain,
And mother's love, embrace the pain
Of that most glorious One.

What man so cold who could have seen,
Nor wept, Christ's mother, Heaven's Queen,
In woe so great, so lone?
Who would not catch contagious grief
From sight of her, whose sole relief—
To die with Him, her own?

She saw the sins of all mankind
Her Jesus to the pillar bind,
While bloody scourge they wield.
She saw her dearest, sweetest son
In shameful death the cross upon
His tortured spirit yield.

. . . . . .

O, fairest mother, fount of love,
Teach thou my soul thy grief to prove,—
O make me mourn with thee,
And fill me with devotion sweet,
That, prostrate at my Savior's feet,
My tears may pleasing be!

O, holy mother, I implore,
Impress me with the wounds he bore;
Engrave them on my heart!
Of thy Son's pains, whose flesh all torn
His cross in love for me has borne,
O, let me feel a part!

Along with thee I wish to weep;
His feet in love-born tears to steep
Shall be my life's delight.
I long to stand with thee alone,
And there, with thee, in plaintive moan
Beneath the cross unite.

O, fairest, best, of virgins blest,
Deny me not this one request,
That I thy griefs partake!

O, teach me how Christ's death to bear,
His passion's bitterness to share,
His hurts mine own to make!

Transfix my heart with all his wounds,
And make me love beyond all bounds
His cross, his blood, his way.
Lest angry flames my soul enfold,
O virgin blest, my cause uphold
In judgment's awful day!

O Christ, when hence I'm called to go,
Let her, thy mother,—mine, bestow
The crown of victory bright;
That when this flesh shall waste and die
My soul may dwell for e'er on high,
Where shines supernal Light!

April 5, 1888.

THE FUNERAL.

Now the hearse is slowly coming—
Toll the bell!
And the Judge has done his summing—
Toll the bell!

There's a sound of mournful sobbing
In the aisle;
And a dirge the organ's throbbing
For a while.

But the tears are unavailing
Ne'ertheless;
Vain the weeping and the wailing
And distress.

Now the solemn rites are saying
O'er the clay,
While the mourners sad are praying—
Well they may!

Now the coffin out they're taking—
Toll the bell!
And some loving heart is breaking—
Toll the bell!

Now the clods are harshly falling
On the lid;
'Mid a stillness hearts appalling
It is hid,

And the dead is fitly rotting
With the dead;
But the living to its lotting
Far has sped!

Is it woe or is it blessing
It befell?
Vain conjecturing and guessing—
Who can tell?

But a hope there is remaining—
Let it stay!
And a faith the hope explaining—
Let us pray!

April 12, 1888.

SONNETS TO THE LATE MR. BOONE.

O mighty hunter, famed in border war
And skilled to dodge the Redskin's tomahawk,
Does yet thy bold and daring spirit walk
In disembodied state, from realms afar
Returning now and then—a "shooting star,"
To see the Dark and Bloody Ground, and talk
With kindred shades of when the deer did stalk
Amid the brakes and when the prowling b'ar
The forest roved; when neither nimble feet
Thy nimbler messengers outsped nor bruin
Outwrestled thee,—both doomed to be thy meat?—
O Dan'l, who hast wrought the Red man's ruin,
What thinks thy spirit of the red-eye's ravage,
The dread avenger of the red-dyed savage?

The gloomy demon of the forest lurks
No more behind the treacherous tree in grim
Red-painted hideousness; you've done for him!
Your fatal "shooters" paralyzed his works
And knocked him stark and stiff; his goose is cooked!—
But look you, Dan'l, at yon stylish, trim,
And limber dude, whose waist and legs are slim—
And eke his pocketbook, who's rashly booked
Himself to wrestle with and down the bar
That opes its greedy mouth in every street,
And streak his nose with fiery, gleaming red,
And paint the town in lurid hues of war.
His feet unsteady run to sure defeat;—
You killed your b'ar, but his will swell his head!

When in the vast primeval wilderness
You carved you out a path through death and dangers
And led so oft to fight your hardy rangers,
That by their blood and sweat and sore distress
They might to far posterity a fame
Undying leave, and for its uses tame
A wild and savage land to gentleness;
When, by the camp fire stretched in dreamy slumber,
You sought a blessed rest from toil and fear,—
You dreamt not then, O brave old pioneer,
That yet in cities thronged, which far outnumber
The vanished race, the Red-nosed tribe would steer
Their course in single file, like Indian prowler,—
You never dreamt, O Boone, they'd rush the growler!

April 19, 1888.

IN THE SPRINGTIME.

O'er the earth yet cold and dead,
All its olden glory fled,
Dead and buried with the year,
Swing the heavy-hanging clouds,
With the dismalness of shrouds
Falling dark upon its bier;

While to dreary numbness chilled,
All its life and beauty killed
By the winter's cruel doom,
Long it lies a torpid thing,
And lamenting breezes sing
Wailing dirges round its tomb;

Till the elemental tear
Brings consolatory cheer,
Healing balm for nature's woe,
And the weeping skies give birth
To the gladness and the mirth
That the springtime overflow.

Now the resurrection's come,
And the voices that were dumb
In a joyful chorus blend,
And their songs in unison,
From the dawn till day is done,
In sweet cadences ascend.

So from tears shall come the joy
That shall know no grief's alloy;
For the frost that chills our breath
Shall be loosened in the spring
Of our glad Awakening;
Life shall blossom out of death!

April 26, 1888.

AN UNEXPECTED CALL.

The door-bell sharply rang. There stood without
A man in seedy black, with weary air
Of one tired out by overwork. The stare
That coldly met him as he turned about
Had put a less experienced caller out.
He only smiled, and asked in accents fair
And soft, if Mrs. So-and-so lived there?
An icy "Yes" came slowly back. "No doubt
I'm looked for then, for now the hour long fixed
Is come when I should call to take her riding."

The lady now, her wrath no longer hiding,
Bechid him for his impudence unmixed.
His card he handed her. She gasped for breath;
Her heat was turned to cold. The name was—Death.
May 3, 1888.

DIES IRÆ.

[A Translation.]

Day of anger, day of dooming!
Day to ashes Earth consuming!
Day the prophets' visions glooming!

What a fear shall set us trembling
When the Judge, mankind assembling,
Lifts the vail that hides dissembling!

When, the trump their slumbers breaking,
All the dead to life are waking,
Round the Throne their places taking,—

Death and Nature both surprising
By the wonder of their rising
For that solemn last assizing;

And the Book is brought whose pages
Record hold of all the ages,
Whence the world shall know its wages!

When that Court shall hold its session
All the world must make confession,
All its wrongs meet stern repression!

Where shall I seek consolation,—
What my saving invocation,
When the just will dread damnation?

Mighty King in glory gleaming,
Once a world for love redeeming,
Shield me by thy mercy's beaming!

Hear, dear Jesus, my petition,
Who in part did cause thy mission;
Doom me not then to perdition!

Seeking me with feet untiring,
Life thou gavest by expiring:—
Make not vain thy long desiring!

Stay thy righteous rod's uplifting,
Me with pardon once more gifting
Ere that day of dread heart-sitting!

Conscious guilt repentance groaning,
Shameful deeds in sorrow owning,
Supplicates a God's condoning!

Sinful Mary's fruitful weeping,
Pardon to the thief outleaping,—
Still my soul in hope are keeping.

Though my prayers merit spurning,
Thou, for evil good returning,
Yet wilt save me from the burning!

Save me from the goats' repining,
'Mong thy sheep a place assigning
In thy right-hand's army shining!

When the wicked thou art sending
Into flames that burn unending,
Grant my soul a glad ascending!

Hear me now in suppliance bending,
Deep-felt grief for sin upsending;—
Be my shield when life is ending!—

Day of sorrow, fateful looming,
When shall come the disentombing
Of a world to meet its dooming!

May 10, 1888.

"THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD."

Is the tribe of "ordinary mortals" extinct? The oratorical and newspaper canonizers of the dead are furnishing us with a tremendous list of defunct celebrities of that class which the future historian will be sure to find altogether "too numerous to mention." The grave, it would seem, hungereth most ravenously in these days for the good and the great, and will be satisfied with nothing less than heroes or saints. Verily, if this thing goes on much longer the gates of death will get so high and mighty that they will condescend to swing only for the very uppermost crust—the supereminently eminent—of humanity; and when that delectable state of things comes to pass, either we shall all be saints and heroes—or the men of common mold will have put on immortality even here below. In either case rejoice, ye common trash!

Indeed, we die very seldom now. For where will we find record of the dead bishop who was not a model shepherd, bearing his golden crook with the utmost straightness, ruling with mild and fruitful zeal over the sheep intrusted (by a wonderful combination of circumstances) to his tender mercies? We must go back as far as the last century at least; for nowadays Perfection sits like monumental Patience, waiting to claim them indiscriminately for her own—at the tomb. Where is the dead priest that was not overwhelmingly pious, who overspread not the groaning land with wobbly churches and adhesive debts, who dragged not after him, comet-wise, a streaky radiance of all things beautiful?

Great is Panegyric of the Americans, and horrible the fate of him who must, without even the consolation of a grin, lie silent below the railing while the Rev. Pius N. Gass, the high-priest of Panegyric, lies vociferously above.

Will nobody take pity on the poor dead man and hearken to the voice that cries from out the silence, *Da mihi requiem!* This rage for beslobbering the dead with ridiculous praises cannot surely be pleasing to the pious souls who have gone with fear and trembling into the presence of God; and for the living it is at best a wretched business, sometimes an impious, hollow mockery, a brazen sound and cymbal-tinkling in the very shadow of Doom. In the name, then, of the disgusted dead and of the long-suffering living, ye slobberers, give them and us a rest! Your fulsomeness adds a new terror to death and a new misery to life.

May 11, 1888.

NOTE.—The Advocate liked that little piece so well that by letter of May 22, 1888, I was made a paid-up subscriber for life. But the paper has quit coming, and when I meet its owner on the street now the sight of me seems to give him a pain somewhere.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

Swift afar the light is flying
And in dusky dimness dying;
Soft the evening breeze is sighing
For the day that's dead and gone.
Now the shades are downward falling,
And the darkness stealthy, crawling,
With its crape the sky is palling,
While the Earth rolls swiftly on.

Through the vaulted gloom are breaking
The successors of the day-king,
Their appointed places taking
In the passes of the sky;
Where, a faithful sentry keeping
With a vigilance unsleeping,
Into every nook they're peeping,
As in ether's deeps they fly.

And their number keeps increasing,
To our wonder's never ceasing,
Till the thought, the soul releasing
From the body, gives it flight—
Dwindling Earth behind it leaving,
With its joyance and its grieving
And the web of fate it's weaving—
Into regions of the Night,—

Into regions vast, unending,
Where still other worlds are wending
By a law divine unbending,—
Till it reach the Finite's shore;
Till it reach the realm where Seeming
Fades away before the beaming
Of the glories brighter gleaming
In the land of Evermore.

Passing where the sound of wailing
And of curses, God assailing
With a hatred unavailing,
Tells the bitterness of Hell;

And where mercy's flame is burning,
Hay and wood and stubble turning
Into gold,—its prisoners learning
That where love is all is well!

Till at last its flight upwinging
It is ever nearer bringing
To the harping and the singing
Of the Angels and the Saints;
And its fancy's bold dissembling,
With a dread but rapturous trembling,
In a faint, far-off resembling
The Eternal Glory paints.

. . . . . .

But the stars are fewer growing
And a paler light are throwing,
And the rosy dawn is glowing,
As it ushers in the day.
And the soul that morn is greeting
With a sense of sad retreating,—
Be it brave in perils meeting
That may tempt its feet to stray,—
Till the east with Light be streaming
That shall dissipate this Seeming
And awake us from our dreaming,
And the Night shall pass away!

May 17, 1888.

TWILIGHT.

The fleecy mountains of the radiant west
Uplift their silvery crests against a sky
That glows with day's departing splendors, and
The purple mists o'erspread the golden sea
That lies 'tween day and night.

Another realm
Invading now, the morning sun attacks
And breaks the ranks of midnight's gloomy hosts
That hold the far antipodes, while throng
The trooping shades across the darkening east,
In readiness th' empyrean steep to climb,
Until from zenith to horizon all
The heavens shall own their sway.

From out the sky
A sudden stillness falls upon the earth,
And wraps us in its silken folds that dull
The irksome noisiness of toiling life
Into a murmurous hum that whispers peace,
Forgetfulness, and rest.

Each ugliness
That mars the scene beneath the noontide glare
Is softened into beauty by the haze
That's neither night nor day, but blends
Them both into the twilight's gloaming, when
The first faint stars are twinkling into sight.

It is the blissful hour of calm delight,
That stills the inner strife and soothes the heart,
That stirs the sluggish thought to flights sublime,
That smooths away the ruggedness of life,
And colors all things with ideal light
Whose rays are harmonies of day and night.

June 7, 1888.

AN UNSUNG HERO.

Who has not heard of the Man with the Eagle Eye and the Man with the Iron Hand? Every cyclopedia puzzles itself and its readers over the Man in the Iron Mask. A novel has been written about the Man with the Broken Ear. City walls and country fences are perennially aflame with the glories of the Man with the Iron Jaw; and the Wandering Jew—what mountains and seas of literature he has traveled over!

And yet there has lived and lives and will live, at least until further, a modest hero who has done more wonders than they. What a mighty

vacuum would be left by his sudden disappearance from this mundane sphere! But his praises the poets and the bill-posters have left unsung.

It is more than likely, from certain historic fragments, that he built and captained the Ark. There is good reason to believe that he laid the foundations of Babylon,—for was not Babylon's builder a mighty hunter? It was his misfortune to preside at Belshazzar's feast. Later on, with his Macedonian legions, he made the world too small for his ambition. Later still, he played a brilliant but somewhat checkered role as Emperor of Rome; and when Paganism went down before Christianity he was not long in forcing himself to the front under the new order of things,—for his modesty is chiefly connected with and bounded by his name. More than once has he sat in the chair of Peter and made old "*Urbi et Orbi*" tremble. He has been prominent in all the great councils of the Church. The College of Cardinals never meets without him. Soon after the time of the Apostles he became visible among the bishops, and he has conspicuously adorned the purple ever since. Even in the humble ranks of the priesthood he has not been unknown to fame in the solid, substantial sense of "getting there:" for who but he has filled the fattest places with his unction? Alas! even as a heretic he has worked his way to the front. By his able work on both sides he brought about the Reformation in Germany and in England, and no man has more fearlessly resisted the encroachments of Popery or subscribed more liberally for the conversion of the heathen than he. The manly art has always found in him its greatest expositor.

He is a man of infinite variety and capacity, shining equally as a buccaneer or a bishop. On the throne and at the council board, in the camp and in the senate (not to speak of the House of Representatives), on the red field of battle and on the raging stump,—always and everywhere he has made himself felt. He has killed treason and scattered mobs by the fiery breath of his eloquence. He has sublimely glowed in poetry, and fiercely gleamed in history, and gently beamed in the low places of life. He has been found unequal to no occasion, and has never failed to catch the slippery tail of opportunity just in the nick of time.

He is the headlight of history, a blazing beacon on the hilltop of Time illuminating the ages, the veritable ubiquitous and sempiternal man of destiny! Where would the pale-faced esthete with the alabaster brow be now,—where would religion and civilization be, without the Man with the Luminiferous Nose?

August 1, 1888.

THE STAR OF LOVE.

On the earth 'tis as bleak and as dreary
As 'twas in that first Christmas time,
And our footsteps are slack, as aweary
We toilsomely struggle to climb.

Ever shorter the day grows and darkens;
The night cometh onward apace;
And the ear is affrighted and hearkens,
As neareth the end of the race.

Fiercer rages the conflict around us;
The legions more numerous throng,
While the noises of battle confound us,
And dread fills the hearts of the strong.

And the issue, in doubtfulness hidden
While darkness still wrestled with light,
Shakes the soul with a terror forbidden
As dismally day takes its flight.

But the rift of a broadening glimmer
Divideth the dark from afar,
And rejoicingly Faith greets the shimmer
Of Bethlehem's life-beaming Star!

And it knows that Beyond a day brightens
In glories unfearing a gloom,
And our Hope hails the Morn ere it lightens,
And Love scorns the threat of the tomb!

December 20, 1888

JOSEPH DE VRIES.

For two and thirty years he lived a priest,
Inviting all unto the heavenly feast
With words importunate.
Intent upon the Master's work, nor back
He turned nor ever grew in purpose slack,
But made his furrows straight.

Unswerving, brave, upright, he knew to fight
Where fight was needed to uphold the right,
Whoe'er might be the foe;
Yet gentle was, with heart that truly beat
And deeply felt, and hand its calls to meet
Not niggardly nor slow.

To friendship true, he graced the social board,
Nor ever learnt the storing art; to hoard
He ne'er, e'en late, began.
In mind not narrow, in judgment not severe,
He left a memory all may more revere
As time extends its span.
Let grief give place to holier hope, the staff
Of love, and truth the simple epitaph
Indite: He was a Man!

September 19, 1889.

CHRISTMAS.

On Juda's land and Galilee
The midnight's darkness lies;
No stir of life on earth or sea,
No light but in the skies.

The very stars that coldly beam
Far in the azure deep,
Awinking with unsteady gleam,
Seem sinking into sleep.

No token in the slumbrous sky,
No sign upon the earth,
While countless spirits from on high
Descend to grace the Birth!

No sign,—though Hell with fear is filled,
And Limbo's souls are stirred
With hope, and Nature's self is thrilled,
As comes the Incarnate Word!

. . . . . .

'Tis done;—the sordid world sleeps on,
But Heaven acclaims the deed,
And hails as King the lowly One,
The primal woman's seed!

"To God the highest glory be!"
Bursts from the Angel throng;
"And peace all men who wish it see!"
Triumphant swells the song.

Some drowsing shepherds hear, and haste
To greet the new-born King,—
The first of all His flock to taste
His gentle shepherding.

. . . . . .

On ages' night now breaks the day
In mildness but in might,
As Juda hails the dawning ray
That all the world shall light!

Awake, ye sleepers, and arise!
Now death and Hell are naught!
Awake, and join the choral skies,
To praise what God hath wrought!

December 19, 1889.

THOUGHTS.

The nosering and the earring are equally barbaric.

Some very dreadful smash-ups have been caused by failing to allow a few minutes for variation of watches.

There are some persons so much opposed to revolution that they would stop the revolution of the earth if they could.

Coat of arms for the age: an exposition rampant, on a field of brass, with an army couchant, and a horn blowing in every quarter.

The most abused and most blessed thing in modern history is the French Revolution. The abomination of desolation was standing in the holy place;—it is there yet, but much tamer.

Everybody pokes fun at the bustle; but is it any more ridiculous than the stovepipe hat? The fat woman with a big bustle and the stovepipe hat with a little man are two glorious spectacles.

One healthy "crank" is worth a regiment of "our solid men." The solid men of to-day are engaged in building monuments to the cranks of yesterday. Without an occasional crank to turn it, the world would soon come to a standstill.

Perhaps the oldest ecclesiastical chestnut is *Nolo episcopari*, which, being interpreted, runs thus:—

I want to be a bishop
And with the bishops stand,
A miter on my forehead,
A crosier in my hand.

Oportet episcopum esse doctorem, non superbum, non iracundum, non litigiosum, is a humorous remark of St. Paul's, although he probably did not mean to be funny at the time. It was fortunate for him that he wrote before the Index was heard of. Nowadays he would have to be more sparing of his sarcasm or go to press without an *imprimatur*.

Faith is the sun that dissipates the shadows of the present, the electric force that keeps the world's wheels in motion. Doubt is the wolf that muddies the stream, the mud that clogs the wheels of progress. Faith led Columbus to the discovery of a new world and the enlargement of human possibilities. Doubt led Darwin to the discovery that man is an improved monkey,—a discovery that did not benefit even the monkey.

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

Hear the bell up in the lofty steeple,
As it summons all the proper people
With its vibrant voice and nervous
To come unto the calm
And soul-uplifting service
Of the great god Sham!

Well-bred sinners all, a hearty greeting!
Join decorously the pious meeting,
All your worldliness forgetting,
As soundingly the psalm
Floats through the Gothic fretting
To the great god Sham!

Hither hasten, hurry, hither hurry,
And bid conscience cease its gnawing worry!
Though your sins be red as scarlet,
Be sure I'll never damn—
Except some vulgar varlet,
Says the great god Sham!

For ye know the preacher's fierce descanting
After all's a rhetorician's ranting,
Like a lawyer's, without malice.
Just take each pulpit slam
As meant—*cum grano salis*,
For he preaches—Sham!

Then, your heavy-burdened hearts uplifting,
Not too closely their dark contents sifting,—
While your souls feel hope's caressing,
Your breasts its soothing balm,—
My children, take the blessing
Of your great god Sham!

December 26, 1889.

CREATION'S VOICE.

When sordid selfishness and sin
Slack their accustomed sway,
And cease the turbulence and din
That rule the busy day,
Then comes a still small voice within
To wake the fancy's play.

When rest on silent hill and dale
The starlight's tender beams,

And midnight's all-encircling vail
With myriad brilliance gleams,
Then deep-born thoughts the mind assail,
And waking yet it dreams.

The mystic music of the spheres,
The chorus of the sky,
Then sweetly falls on listening ears,
Each softest, faintest sigh
Athrill with vastest hopes and fears,—
Creation's symphony!

Then circling star sings unto star
From out those regions dim,
Each syllable re-echoed far
From space's rim to rim,
Each shining voice a perfect bar,—
The Universe a hymn

That tells the praise of Him who was,
And is, and is to be,
Who gives the blazing orbs their laws
And makes their harmony,—
The self-sufficing primal Cause
From — to — eternity!

Himself the Singer and the Song,
The Poet and the Rhyme,
That ceaseless hails the heedless throng
And fills with voice sublime
The ages as they roll along
This momentary Time!

Alas! the souls that slumber through
The watches of the night!
Alas! the tuneless ears untrue
That hear without delight
That time-old song, but ever new,
The worlds sing in their flight!

December 4, 1890.

OUR LIFE.

Our life is like a doubtful day,
When sun and storm contend,
And each in turn awhile holds sway,
Or both confounded blend;
At last the shining lances rest,—
The day-god's won the fight,
Whose golden streamers in the west
Proclaim the peaceful night.

When every sweet holds bitterness,
And every smile a tear,—
When hidden grief taints every bliss,
And ever hope's a fear,—
When threatening clouds fill all the sky
And loudest thunders boom,
Then most of all should hope spring high,
When light itself is gloom.

Then faith serene should hold its course
And scorn each murky doubt,
For soon the storm will spend its force,
The light again shine out;
And sweeter peace shall rest the soul
For that it knew the strife,
And grander seem, as looms the goal,
This wondrous human life.

December 11, 1890.

TO MARY IMMACULATE.

Hail, Mary, full of grace!
Who crushed the wily Serpent with thy feet,
And turned his cruel triumph to defeat!
Hail, glory of our race!

We sinners lift our voice,
With Adam and the Patriarchs unite,
To praise thee, who to darkness gave the Light,
And bade the world rejoice!

To thee we turn our eyes,
As did God's olden Prophets in their woe;
To thee for guidance, storm-tost to and fro,
We pray with hope's uprise!

To thee we greeting send,
Whom white-robed Virgins own their spotless Queen,
That thou mayest from all dangers hid and seen
Us innocent defend!

To thee we bend the head,
As bow the Glorious Army's blood-won crowns,
Who bore death's pains amid hate's futile frowns,
And live, though they be dead!

With all the Heavenly Choir,
From great archangel to the last and least
Who sits in glory at the Father's feast,
We sing; and fain, with fire

From Seraphs' burning love
Outblazing and from glorious Cherubim,
Would make acceptable our joyful hymn
To thee enthroned above!

Thy name we celebrate,
By God's eterne decree the Chosen One,
The Spirit's Spouse, the Mother of the Son,
Our Queen Immaculate!

December 18, 1890.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

O, Babe of Bethlehem,
Who came from Heaven to stem
Sin's mighty torrent;
Who took upon Thee then
The wickedness of men,
To God abhorrent;

Who, made in human form,
Encountered all the storm
Of wrath supernal,
That Thine own death might free
Us from the dread decree
Of death eternal:—
Look down, we pray, in love
From Thy bright throne above
With eyes benignant!
Though sin still chains us down
And merit we the frown
Of wrath indignant;
Though oft we lie supine,
Preferring husks of swine
To Thy sweet table;
Though, wilfully perverse,
We often choose the worse,
In good unstable;—
Yet we Thy children are,
But wandering oft afar
From Thy right guiding,
Like silly sheep that stray
From shepherd's care away,
Nor heed his chiding!
Still stretch to us Thy hand,
And teach us how to stand
And walk untripping,
Till, strong with strength from Thee,
Our feet unclogged and free
Shall know no slipping;
That, led by faith and hope,
Our love may climb the slope
To life immortal,
And, conquering death and hate,
May pass with joy elate
The Heavenly portal!
We hail Thy great birthnight
With gladness and delight,
Our hearts uplifting
To bring Thee back to earth,—

That through a mystic birth,
With life new gifting,
We yet Thy crown may gem,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!

December 25, 1890.

WINTER.

Now bare and ugly lie the fields,
With life erstwhile so gay,
And beauteous nature tribute yields
To withering grim decay.

Now bleak and dreary lean the hills
Against a scowling sky,
And sternly glooming sadness fills
The prospect far and nigh.

Now shrilly wails the biting breeze
And coldly beats the rain,
And sing the limbs of leafless trees
A mournful, wild refrain.

For now the frozen reign of death
O'er all its sway has spread;
Before December's icy breath
All loveliness is fled.

But for awhile! Not winter's tomb
Can hold in bondage long
The frailest flower that lifts its bloom
Amid the spring's sweet throng;

For life again will break the spell
Malignly round it cast,
And bind once more within his hell
The frosty demon fast.

January 8, 1891.

CRY AND WOOL.

When the hurly-burly's over
And the eyes are tired for sleep,
And we reckon up the harvest
That we strove so hard to reap,
Oft, amazed, we find it stubble,
Worthless stalk and empty chaff.—
Till reflection routs amazement
With a philosophic laugh.

For the world, with all its bother
And its far-resounding tread,
When it thinks it's striding onward
Is but marking time instead,—
All its hurry, noise, and bustle,
So important in its eye,
Serving but to mark the moments
As away they swiftly fly.

In the silence and the stillness
Sinks the seed into the soil,
Vain to urge it or to kill it
All the busy world's turmoil;
In the stillness and the silence
Breaks it softly through the earth,
While the shouting hosts of progress
Are unconscious of its birth.

In the silence and the stillness,
As it slowly upward shoots,
Buds the promise in its flowers
Of a coming time of fruits;
In the stillness and the silence
Spread its branches o'er the lands,
Till the nations and the peoples
Pluck its spoils with thankless hands.

While the workers and the moilers
Fill the hour with crash and din,
In the stillness sit the poets
And the golden ages spin,

And the idle hands of thinkers
In the silence turn the wheels;—
'Tis the dreamer makes the motion
That the strutting actor feels.

For the one, as for the many,
Fruitless dies the noisy fray;
'Tis the seed that's sown in quiet
Will the reapers most repay.
Strife to us and those around us
Never nearer brings the goal,
But the peaceful, precious silence
Is the workshop of the soul.

January 15, 1891.

SUNDAY SCHOOL VERSES.

Ye hopeful lads and maidens fair,
Come listen to my rhyme,
Which teaches how to do and dare
And make the best of time.

This funny world's a puppet show
"For man's illusion" made;
The glooms and gleams that come and go
Are tricks of light and shade.

"It shines for all," the mimic sun
That gilds the tawdry stage;
From wisdom seek but "how it's done,"
And you'll be "all the rage."

By turn the players and the "played,"
The "world" are in the cast;
No reason, then, to be dismayed,
At critic shades aghast.

The thief by thief is easiest "caught,"
And humbug's all the game;
A daub will do, the picture's naught
If skill is in the frame.

Then boldly act, nor fear to miss
The gaping throng's applause;
And safely scorn the honest hiss
That points some solemn pause.

The crowd is yours, who long have made
Of truth a thing apart
From life, and know their stock in trade
Is "art for sake of art."

But strive to please the fleshly eye
With tinsel's gaudy shine,
And willing ears to ready lie
Will gratefully incline.

With gentle words and oily tongue
Conceal the heart untrue;
Enchanted fools, though serpent-stung,
Will drink in honey-dew.

Be fair and false, but smug and smooth,
And take the scenic crown;
The finished, rounded, wise untruth
Will bring the plaudits down.

What though the preacher's Sunday face
With studied frowns condemn!—
'Tis week-day art adds unctuous grace
To pulpit "haw" and "hem."

What though, when all the play is done,
A specter walks the stage,
And mocks with grim, sepulchral fun
Your tragic rant and rage!

What though, when all the lights are low,
Behind the scenes there be
A sudden change that shifts the show
From farce to tragedy!

The curtain falls to stamping feet
And clapping hands, my son;
You "play" the crowd and gain their meet
And sounding praise—"Well done!"

October 8, 1891.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A land there is the sleeping infant sights,
And smiles to see;—where flowers fill all the vales,
And myriad perfumes weight the balmy gales
That sweep the grassy plains or kiss the heights;
Where joyous golden days and silver nights
Give faithful promise of uncloying sweets;
Where springtime's deathless verdure fondly greets
The soul and lures to ever new delights;
Where gallant youths and rustic maidens fair
Make merry sport by golden-sanded streams,
And picture pleasures free from guile and care!—
Alas! who seeks that blissful region, where
The fair Ideal more than real seems,
Must sail in fancy's bark the sea of dreams!

October 22, 1891.

A GRAVE PHILOSOPHER.

In philosophic lore
I claim to be adept, more skilled than most—
Or, rather, all—who bore
The sage's name, whose fame the ages boast.

On Socrates I've fed,
And Plato, Aristotle, and the rest
In ancient times who led
The world of thought at logic's stern behest.

Spinoza too, and Locke,
Descartes, and Hobbes, and Bacon, Stuart Mill,
And all the learned flock
Whose tomes are in demand at bookstores still,

I've tasted, and dived deep
In mighty Darwin, who has told his kind
How by an agile leap
The monkey left his hair and tail behind.

In anatomic skill,
However, and experimental art,
I only fill the bill,
And make the only scientific start.

No mystery is man
To me, for I have studied him, and learned,
On wisdom's only plan,
Whatever may by science be discerned.

I've dwelt beneath the dome
Of thought, and found that intellect is naught
But emptiness or loam,
No matter what philosophers have taught.

I've gone through fancy's halls,
And found no fair imaginations there;
And saw on memory's walls
No pictures of the past, but space to spare.

I've looked in beauty's eyes,
And they are dull and lusterless; no sight,
No sparkle, no surprise,
No trace of speculation's misty light.

I've probed the human heart
Unto its deepest depths, and it is still;
No pulse, no throb, no start
At sudden pain, at pleasure's touch no thrill.

I've sought in every tongue
For parts of speech, and find it must be said

That Homer never sung,
And that all languages but mine are dead.

No scientist before
Has had such opportunities as I;
None ever did explore
Mankind with half so cool a scrutiny;

And strict induction proves
The only universal law is—Squirm;
The only thing that moves,
And lives, and knows, am I, the Graveyard Worm.

October 29, 1891.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

Ceaseless slide the shuttles to and fro,
Combining warp and woof in one,
Intertwisting, as they come and go,
The threads that whirling time has spun;
Warp of olden days and woof of now
Enfolding there in strict embrace,
Mingling strangely, heedless why or how,
The filaments of will and grace.

Under, over, in and out, they speed
With purpose that seems only chance,
Blending wisdom's thought with folly's deed
In mazy web of circumstance;
Till at last, the pulsing frame all filled
With mighty roll of varied hue,
Life's enigma, now the loom is stilled,
Unfold's itself to wondering view.

Best it shows where least endeavor wrought,
And worst where labor most was spent,
Beauties by ambitious toil unsought,
But woven in by good intent,
Faults enlarging where the weaver plied
His trade with deep mechanic skill,—
Humbling both to dust the vaulting pride
That worked athwart the higher will.

More and less than sculptor's plastic thought
The finished statue brings to light;
Pigments other than the painter brought
Completed canvas holds to sight;
Fancy's words, though aptest art indite,
Reveal not that the poet dreamed;—
And unliker oft than day to night
Is life summed-up to what it seemed.

November 5, 1891.

MASKED.

A smiling shore may bound a scowling sea,
And blackest clouds drink up the sunset's gold,
A sorry casket priceless gems enfold,
Nor lightest laugh from wrinkled grief be free.

A dewy screen may hide the raging fire
That melts the rocks beneath the verdant crust;
And mind that's deep o'erlaid with dulling rust
May burn to brightness in a flameless fire.

No puzzle like to man, whose steady face
A thousand contradictions overmasks;
Whose heart, both when it gives and when it asks,
Is mystery's hold and riddle's hiding place.

LOOKING FORWARD.

The glories of the Past
Are oversung;
Around its splendors vast,
In cloudy dimness massed,
A halo's flung
That awes the eye and heart,
And makes the fancy start
In grim surprise,
As shades gigantic throw
Themselves across the view,

Belittling all we know—
The modern and the new,
And make a mighty show
By their great size.

But if the pygmy Now
Uplift a space
From out the dust its brow,
What magic doth endow
Its modest face!
How fade before its gaze
The phantoms of old days,
Whose forms uncouth
The present overgloom,
Whose miasmatic breath
Would fain from out the tomb
Send forth a blast of death
To wither, ere its bloom,
The budding truth!

And when with hopeful face
It looks afar,
It finds no darkest place
In all the realms of space
But there a star
Shines out, and points the way
To where a bolder ray
Reveals a blaze
Whose brilliance turns to night
The brightness of dead years,
And drives our dawn in flight
Before its gleaming spears,
That prophesy the Light
Of Future Days!

April 1, 1892.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT MANNER OF MAN I WAS.

I FIRST set foot in Raywick on a Saturday evening in September. The next morning I said the first mass in the schoolhouse, then used as a church. After mass one of my most intelligent female parishioners, I was afterwards told, went home and reported that "the new priest was the most pious one she had ever seen." The second mass was said by the retiring pastor. It was a very warm day and the schoolhouse was crowded, and I wished to leave Father Davis free from the possible embarrassment of my presence; I therefore remained outside and made the acquaintance of a number of my new parishioners, chatting and jesting with them after a very informal fashion. I had neglected to take any "medicine" with me to Raywick, Father Davis had consumed the last of his supplies before I arrived, and the well was nearly dry; so that by ten o'clock Sunday morning I was almost dry enough for kindling wood and had accumulated a first-class thirst for a strictly temperate man. Yet a young man, who perhaps had never seen a priest act naturally in public before, went home from that gathering and reported that "the new priest was drunk." This little story shows my versatility, and illustrates the ancient and modern Raywickian custom of jumping to conclusions without much of anything to jump from. Drunkenness and visible piety are two things I always carefully avoided, but I was accused of both before I was twenty-four hours in my new charge.

Along with some of the best people I have ever seen I found at Raywick a very large percentage of that class the breath of whose nostrils is gossip, whose knowledge of other people's business is equaled in extent only by its inaccuracy, and whose bump of criticism can only be compared in size with their abnormal ignorance. The woman who was housekeeper when I went there told me that former priests had lived in mortal terror of the people's tongues, and a stay of more than five years convinced me that the average priest would find it a very hard place to get along unless he were a wooden man or a mummy. I determined from the start to be an exception to the rule, and during all that time I went my own gait and recked not a continental for the old cat across the way and the other old cats of the vicinity who made it the business of their lives to formulate and express "public opinion." Gossip I showed my contempt for by challenging it in every possible way on every possible occasion, and talebearers from the enemy's camp, the devil's own mischief-makers, were made to feel very much "not at home" when they came to my house. To one such, in the early days of my warfare, I said after she had unloaded her cargo of valuable information, "Mrs. . . . . , you should not believe half that you hear, especially if you say it yourself." She did not call again for a long time. Resolved to do as I liked so long as my own conscience was undisturbed, and confiding more in my own judgment than in that of any witches' sabbat of brainless hags, I went my way serenely, eating and drinking according to the quality and quantity of my hunger and thirst, treating women young and old—with a slight partiality for the more modern—as if I were not afraid either of them or of myself, and at all times and places saying with great unreserve what I thought about all sorts of persons and things, from the Pope and his toe down to the bishop and his character. Being this sort of person in that sort of place,

I retained for five years the good will and esteem of those for whose good will and esteem I cared, and I am proud to be able to record the fact that when I left the best people there were getting up a petition, without my knowledge or consent, whose object was to keep me there.

Perhaps on the principle of holding a burn near the fire to lessen the pain, most priests drink whisky to deaden the pains of celibacy; but most of them, in sweet forgetfulness of the looking glass, try to take their liquid consolation "on the quiet," and many of them can on occasion preach powerful sermons in favor of total abstinence. A great many of this class seldom get drunk because they are hardly ever perfectly sober; but they suffer with considerable regularity from "vertigo," "heart trouble," and "sunstroke." What I took to the injury of my liver and the support of Uncle Sam's treasury I bought by the barrel and kept in the parlor, and when the bishop came I showed my confidence in him by putting him in there with it by himself; and I hereby certify with pleasure that he never abused my trust. My friends and I managed to surround about three barrels while I was at Raywick; and we all belonged to the "moderate" party.

Many "American" priests are foreigners and remain aliens all their lives, not caring enough for American citizenship to take out naturalization papers. A large proportion of those who hail from the continent of Europe are monarchists, and hardly conceal their contempt for republicanism and popular government. Being not only a Democrat but a democrat, I made it a rule to vote—not necessarily for the nominee—at least once at every election, and was downright sorry sometimes that I could not vote oftener,—that is, not at more elections, but more times at the same election; and I believe, with the late Ben Butler, who embraced more things in his line of vision than most men, that there should

be a penalty for not voting as regularly and as often as the law permits.

Born and brought up in Kentucky, I think I know something of the depth and stubbornness of the white man's dislike for his brothers in yellow and black, which makes a color line in religion as in business, politics, and society; but, aside from a natural disposition which made my course easier, I thought it my duty as pastor of a mixed congregation to ignore the color line altogether; and I feel that I can bear competent testimony to the good effect of this policy on the blacks and, as an object lesson, on the whites. In the old church at Raywick the blacks were fenced off to themselves, and some of the whites were displeased that the new building did not have a separate entrance for the negroes, and were solicitous that I should set apart a particular section of the church for them. This I declined to do, leaving the blacks free to rent and occupy whatever pews they liked; and, as I was sure they would, they flocked together of their own volition, without being publicly insulted in church for their color. It is a source of great satisfaction to me that I have always treated negroes with politeness and consideration, and I have found among them—all things considered—at least as much appreciation of such treatment as I have among whites.

CHAPTER XIII.

WOMEN.

THE pious reader who is given to groaning in church and the graceless scamp of riotous imagination are hereby rebuked for taking this chapter out of its regular turn; and it will serve them right if they do not find what they are looking for. If this were a work of fiction for which characters and incidents could be made to order and (un)dressed up in the latest literary style, I would begin this chapter, whose title is so suggestive of all sorts of things of every shade between good and bad, except the indifferent, with less fear of not coming up to the reader's expectations; but this is a simple narrative of facts without a single touch of fancy, by an unpracticed hand in artless language told, and the reader will have to take things as he finds them because that is the way they were. I only wish I were more competent to handle the materials that real life has furnished me so as to present the truth adequately; but here goes, anyway!

Before I came to man's estate it would have been an insult to tell me that women would ever get mixed up with me or I with them, for words are not withering enough to express the sublime contempt I felt for the whole sex as I knew it in the girl-state. Women I knew not at all, except one or two married ones, and an old maid who talked politics and was a Republican; whose company I liked and sought because they seemed to have on hand a number of ideas that were in no way connected with anything "cut bias," "trimmed," "frilled," or "shirred." I really do not understand how I

ever survived the many severe pains I suffered from being compelled to listen to girls' talk; but I discovered later that women and girls are quite different varieties of the same species, and came in time to like woman full-blown almost as much as I had disliked her in the bud. A somewhat intimate acquaintance with the Sisters in Bowling Green worked a revolution in my mind on the woman question, and changed me from a cold and critical observer with sarcastic tendencies to an interested and sympathetic student of those wonderfully complex and labyrinthine entities, the female mind and heart; and in the course of my amateur exploration of those mysterious regions, prompted by an inborn thirst for knowledge at whatever cost, I made some remarkable discoveries. And not even old Ulysses found navigation more risky—and frisky—between Scylla and Charybdis than I did between passion and platonic love amid the alluring strains of sirens in black, who sing none the worse for being in a cage, and are only the more dangerous and fascinating because of their demureness and professional aloofness from the world, the flesh, and the devil. And when the sacerdotal masher goes afield with shiny face and solemn raiment, that same flexible-vow cage, whose disordered wires can be readily straightened by absolution from another who knows how it is himself, and that same professional aloofness from subcelestial things, which is generally not more than clothes-deep, help him most materially in the accumulation of long-haired honors for the lodge-pole of his solitary wigwam.

My first housekeeper at Raywick, a hold-over from the former administration, had been a teaching Sister of Nazareth whom heart-complications with a priest in Louisville, followed by what she considered injustice from her superiors in that community, led to abandon that sisterhood and return to the outside world. After teaching for awhile she secured the position of housekeeper with my predecessor, who rec-

ommended her to me. (He, by the way, was not the priest who caused her to leave the sisterhood, though he knew her when a nun. And, also by the way, I was compelled on an occasion when he was my guest to knock him down in self-defense, on account of an almost insane ebullition of temper that could have had no cause but jealousy.) She had a fair education, was intensely sympathetic, and there was that something in her make-up that men instinctively like. Thrown upon her to a great extent for company and converse, I grew to enjoy her society very much, a compliment that I believe was fully returned in kind. She was a thoroughly good and virtuous woman, and no harm was meant or done on either side that balsamic time would not effectually heal, but when the Sisters came to Raywick and broke up our mutual monopoly her jealousy betrayed itself in so many ways and made things so unpleasant that after a few months I judged it best to get another housekeeper. When she left we parted as warm friends, and she left what money she had in my keeping till she should send for it. She went west and soon married. I received several letters from her afterward, the last of which I give almost entire, omitting only some trivial details or repetitions:

. . . . . , ..., July 28, '91.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—

Some time has elapsed since the arrival of your most welcome letter. I never again expected to hear from you, and were it not for overwhelming sorrow I would have written to some one long ago to know whether you were dead, as I feared you were, or what had become of you.

Now for the cause of my great grief: we have lost our lovely boy. He died Good Friday night and was buried Easter Sunday. I have never been myself since, and I fear I never will. I well know he has gone to Heaven, for my little darling was baptized when he was only one week old. He was three months and five days when he left us, and had grown to be a big boy and was pronounced by all that saw him a lovely child. He was only sick a short time and the doctor did not think him danger-

ous, but he left us and I am so broken-hearted. We would have written and sent you a paper, but I really thought you were not there. You too have had your sorrow; you have lost your dear, good mother. From the depths of my broken heart, Father, I offer you my most heartfelt sympathy. I know this was a severe blow for you, for according to the depth of our love is our sorrow felt when the object of our love is snatched away from us forever. God be with the dear ones that have gone, and prepare us to join them some day in our eternal Home.

I am happy to see from your letter that you are flourishing. May you ever continue to prosper, is my earnest wish. I do not forget, Father; my thoughts often float back to dear old Raywick and my poor heart vainly yearns to see once more dear, *familiar* faces. I think my likes and dislikes are somewhat moderated and that I am much more of a woman. I have not, however, forgotten that I did not like Sister Blanche.

You must write to us occasionally, dear Father; for with all our trouble, we never forget you. My husband often said, "I do wonder what has become of Fr. C." . . . . . .

Please pray for me, dear Father, and do not think that I can ever forget *good* friends. . . . . .

I will send you the little piece I tried to write for my little child; don't laugh at it,—I am half crazy, anyway. How we would love to see you come out here to the "wild, wooly west" and make us a little visit. Can't you steal away sometime and make us a little visit? I think I would grow ten years younger if I heard you give one of your big, hearty laughs again.

I have never seen Fr. L . . . . . since I came out here, but I heard he was doing well. I have not seen Fr. C . . . . . for a long time or heard of him either, as I have gone no place since the child died except to church on Sunday.

It is supper time and I must close. Mc. joins me in warmest regards to you.

Ever yours most sincerely,

. . . . . .

P. S.—I fear you will not be able to read this letter. I am shaking like a leaf. I am a wreck at last. Farewell. . . . . .

Being very busy preparing for a picnic when the letter came, I put it aside and forgot all about it until I was ashamed to write, and the correspondence ceased.

One of the first letters I got after my arrival at Raywick was from a nun who had known me from childhood. That letter led to a weekly correspondence for more than five years, which would fill about ten such volumes as this; and one end of it at least would make entertaining reading, as my correspondent was and is a very intelligent woman, and—with a frankness and freedom that would give old Conventionality the blind staggers and perhaps make even Propriety, if in one of her prudish moods, blink a little now and then—we discussed everything and certain other things,—books, burglars, and bishops,—priests, piety, and politics,—crime, criminals, and cranks,—love in all its varieties, from polar coolness to the equatorial blaze that sends the heart up to 212 in the shade and endangers the boiler,—orthodoxy, heresy, and poetry,—governors, wardens, and nuns,—ourselves, other people, and the Pope. If anything or anybody was neglected, it was because we did not happen to think of him, her, or it. Platonic love was the electric wire that brought us in communication, and in spite of the best intentions it got so hot occasionally that I had to turn the hose on. I found reading and replying to her letters a very pleasant occupation, and the correspondence was kept up until I left the Church and—married, when I immediately dropped about eleven thousand feet in my dear friend's estimation; which is very strange, seeing that I know how to load and shoot an epistle as well as I ever did! I present a few rather tame specimens from the hither and yon ends of our correspondence. (Please consider me blushing at the proper places.)

....., Ky., Oct. 5th, 1887.

Dear Father Culleton,

I received a most beautiful surprise last Saturday, and I cannot get rid of the thought that you are the author of it. I do not know whether to be greatly pleased or very much hurt: probably there is a mixture of both. If your aim is merely to be "even

with me," I am not very much pleased, no matter how much I would otherwise prize a gift from you; but I will be good natured this time and believe there is no feeling in the sending of that beautiful pearl and silver crucifix but what I would wish,—so suggestive of the reward we gain by bearing with Christian resignation the various crosses incident to our passage through life. Behold a display of the most delicately refined poetic taste [Woe is me that that "poetic taste" has fled!]; and from one who pronounces himself—well, who abuses himself most unsparingly and in a thousand ways does himself an injustice before the world, that is, the world in which he moves, through, pardon the liberty, a false pride rarely met with,—a fear of having it discovered that he is the possessor of thoughts and feelings and capabilities of which others would be inordinately proud. [O say, can it be?] Be sure you are even with me now, and far beyond my power to reach you. I shall keep that crucifix always (it hangs in my desk before me), and when crosses come I shall endeavor to turn them into pearl and silver to flash in the light of God's presence in our Heavenly Home where sorrow and mourning shall be no more.

I shall weary you with my letters, I know,—but could you fancy for a moment that I "got" completely spoiled last year? and that you did the spoiling? I enjoyed, so much, your coming down with the papers and discussing, or reading for us the many interesting items you came across. I miss now, exceedingly, that interchange of thought on different topics, and when I read, hear or see anything new or interesting, my first impulse is a desire to tell Father Culleton. If your ear were convenient at this moment I would ask you much and discuss many points I have seen in the Standard. I wrote you a long, lugubrious letter last week, and after I sent it I was half sorry; however, I do not mind if I did show a little of the inner man. I was fearfully blue and I am sure my letter was well colored all through. I will mend with the help of God. You would be shocked if you knew the pretty titles I apply to myself sometimes for feeling as I do. I miss people who, perhaps, never waste a thought on me.

By the way, I heard Barnes last night. He lectures in the courthouse, which is so close that when the windows are raised we can hear every word. He says "law and penalty were united by the devil," that there is no justice in penalty, etc., etc.; you know to what that doctrine leads. He has a most peculiar way of striking the palm of his hand with his fist to give weight to his words. There is a something in his whole delivery that would make one listen, although what he says is

unsound and disconnected. He talks well but he reasons badly. I must listen again to-night. I can look from my bedroom window right into the courthouse. Mother is not aware of the danger to which she is exposing me. Barnes preached in the Penitentiary last Sunday, and several of our Catholic men went to hear him. I did not blame the poor fellows; besides we were late, as we had to visit a sick girl in the women's apartment before going to *hold services* for the men. We had to prepare the girl for baptism. We went yesterday again to see her, and whilst we were there in the infirmary we met one of the worst characters unhung; I guess Mde. "Pipelet" was a saint compared with her,—a murderess "in" for killing her husband and helping her paramour to kill his wife and children, so that she might marry him. He was hung, she is "in." It happened in Henderson. She has a little child about two years of age with her, the offspring of her guilty alliance. I was petting the little one, and this creature came slowly up, placed a chair for Sr. Elvie, and stood by whilst I was talking to the sick girl. I studied her face, and it is horrible in expression. She is of medium size, very pale, with low forehead, large mouth, thin and closely compressed lips, and steel-gray eyes, worse than steel in expression. I could not read beneath the surface of those eyes. What do you think of the company I keep? I need watching. You want anti-fat? I think if you follow Father Y . . . . 's example with regard to October devotions you will get thin. He has beads and benediction every night, and he is choir and officiating priest all in one. He cannot have his organist during the week, and he does all. I was very much amused the first night. He sings and answers himself, fixes the incense, etc. What do you think of that? and it lasts a month.

Will you write and tell me about your trip to B. G.? Why did you not put your name in with that lovely little crucifix? it was a lonesome way to send it. A thousand, thousand thanks for it.

The papers are here (6th), and the Sisters enjoyed Mr. Bowser. They would not listen to Henry George or anything in a political line. That woman was saucy to go to Bishop C. for help. I wonder if it is so.

Wishing you all kinds of good luck and success and hoping for a speedy reply, believe me ever

Your most sincere friend,

SISTER A . . . . . .

....., Ky., Oct. 22d, 1887.

O Father most dear,
'Tis with trembling and fear
That I take up my pen to respond
To a missive so bright
With genius's light,
And so far my scant powers beyond.

Yet may friendship's kind heart
And our distance apart
Sweet clemency lend to your mind,
And may you o'erlook
('Tis not rhyme as in book)
The flaws and shortcomings you'll find.

Your lines were a "treat,"
A most wonderful feat,
Too, of humor and pathos combined.
How ingeniously wound
The grotesque and profound,
With strong touches of thought most refined!

What words can I find
For favors most kind
To thank one so thoughtful and true,
Who sends me in rhyme
At just the right time
Something cheering and pleasing and new.

Your words of the dove,
And of outings and love,
Are sweet balm to a heart tried and sore:
With the love of the best
May you ever be blest,
And great joys fill your life evermore!

You say naught can *you*
Of sweet poesy do.—
Now what must I think of your letter?
Could Byron or Bulwer,
Ben Jonson or Fuller,
Concoct from his brain a much better?

Out my book you have prest
Whate'er you found best,
And in rhyme kindly sent unto me.
It pleases me much
That you found the book such
As to make you with poetry free.

Let not *once* be the time
That only you rhyme,
But frequently try the great power;
And mind you will see,
Believe it from me,
That above many others you'll tower.

But this strain I must stop,
Or off you will pop
To a tirade 'gainst vanity's "maw;"
I will hear then how sad
And how really bad
'Tis to surfeit humility's craw.

Not to laugh you must try,—
Do not heave a deep sigh,
Or the "tumor" of horse-fancy you'll burst,
And then not great Peg,
Or your sulky old nag,
But unfortunate me will be curst;

And I'll be the cause
Of some unholy clause
Which my "hey-diddle" lines have drawn forth;
Hence my warning to you,
Be your mirth not undue,
How trifling soever their worth.

My time is run out
And my paper about;
So farewell I must unto you say.

Sweet Mother of Love,
Look down from Above,
And guard My dear Friend now and aye!
Ever yours truly,
S. A.,
St. J . . . . . 's Academy.

. . . . . , KY., March 6, 1888.

DEAR FATHER CULLETON,—

I send you the inclosed scapulars for Mary Ann's boy. All she has to do is to put them on him. The Pope has granted indulgences to this form of devotion to St. Joseph, and I know Mary Ann will be glad to have anything pious for her boy. She is more piously inclined than her little Brother. Do not forget to take the scapulars along when you go to B. G. I hadn't them ready when you were here. Tell her I sent them.

I want to remind you, also, not to fail to write me on Sunday and tell me of the rest of your trip. I feel so much better since you were here. I intend to do everything you told me to do, especially in regard to Father Y . . . . , and I will make myself more at home with the Sisters. They are really kind to me. Sister C . . . . . left a lot of copying to be done, all last year's business to be posted and transferred to the large cash-book, and you know that gives me additional *writing*. Fr. Y . . . . can see me at my desk, from the sacristy door. I will tell him some time or other what I am writing there. My letters, etc., I write in my classroom.

Did you deliver that message to our little friend? [The "little friend" was the housekeeper who wrote a preceding letter.] I had a more elaborate and poetic one in my mind, but I feared it would be too hard on over-wrought sensibility. It was this: that you were so closely enfolded and caressed in my heart that the outward manifestation suggested by her would be only a mockery of the reality there, and would spoil its beauty and "simplicity." I guess you saw it; I conceal nothing from you, and there is nothing in my friendship for you, notwithstanding its truth and fervor, that will not bear a celestial glow. Presumption. Altho' you call yourself bad names, there is something in you that draws me as does the innocent babe that I can caress with such a full-swelling heart. A revelation, isn't it? Truth, tho'. Don't say aught against it —it is not your fault that I feel this; you would try to make me *au contraire*. You'll say, "By gum!!"

I send you L. . . . . 's letter. He repeats his invitation, and seems determined that I apply to him for items. I have not the least desire to hear the sort of news he would love to tell.

I send you the inclosed lines as the beginning of a thought I wish to elaborate. Tell me what you think of it. The second stanza does not suit me at all, but I will work the thought out the best I can first, then, as you do, revise and mend. Excuse this penmanship.

Give my love to Mary Ann and all your folks, and to the Sisters. I hated to see you leave that morning. You need not return L. . . . . 's document; burn it.

Father, I feel *so* differently, so much more natural, since I saw you and talked things over with you. It does me good, you see, to have an opportunity to be myself with some one. It has satisfied me in more ways than a few to have seen you.

Good-bye for the present. Pray for me.

Yours affectionately,

SISTER A. . . . . .

P. S.—Father, some one will no doubt ask many questions; do not mention anything that I say of the Sisters at F. . . . . , good or bad. She knows them, and you never know what opportunities may turn up. Excuse me for this caution. I am going to say what I please to you; may I? and the less I say around here of particulars, the better, I see more and more."

. . . . . , KY., Oct. 3, 1888.

DEAR FATHER CULLETON,

Your letter arrived yesterday "on time," and it brought comfort and the very counsel I needed. If you had been inspired by your angel or mine, you could not have given more healthy and opportune advice; and who knows but they *did* whisper in your ear there in the solitude of your chamber last Sunday night, and tell you the needs of my soul, etc.; your letter reached me on their day, the 2nd,—my day too, as Father H. . . . . told me to take the Guardian Angels for my patrons, when he gave me . . . . . You are right; I should not have mentioned my dissatisfaction to Father . . . . . , as I find out from his answer to my letter; nor did I for the sake of asking advice. It was in this way: I had not written to Father since June, and for want of other matter I told him how pleased Fr. Y. . . . was with his trip to B. G., with the new altar, the church, Kate's fresh vegetables, the *shower bath*, etc.; and then I spoke of the changes among the

Sisters, that I had some also, and that the new ones were delighted with . . . . . ., and that I thought they had reason to be, as it possessed everything a religious ought to desire; but that with it all I am still a stranger, I cannot conquer my dislike for it—told him I regarded the feeling in the light of a temptation, and asked him to pray that I might get over my foolishness, as I found it easy to manage things, the children studious and docile, etc. Now that was everything I said of dissatisfaction, and you can judge for yourself whether or not it called for the reply I received. I inclose you Father . . . . . 's letters. I was going to keep them and show them to you if there would be any hope of your running this way, but you tell me you cannot come. You see I puzzle Father Y . . . . and displease him by not speaking of myself to him or the Sisters here. He is exceedingly pleasant with me and I am cordial with him, and speak freely to him of the school and I never undertake anything new without consulting him. I would not use that chart for the physiology without asking his opinion, and when I saw he hesitated as to the usefulness of its general employment in the school I did not urge the matter, and I use it only for the large girls. I wanted to teach the others the formation of the body, the names of its parts, nature of the skin, etc., etc., and the necessity of cleanliness and how to take care of themselves, but I will wait and talk the matter over again with Father. I have not had an opportunity yet to show him the chart. I would scare him and some of the Sisters too if I brought it out before them all when he is in the Sisters' room.

You will see from Father . . . . . 's letter what Father Y . . . . thinks of me; "Even your Sisters feel it,"—he should not have said Sisters, because there is but one Sister here who speaks of me to Father Y . . . ., Sr. . . . . ., a half sister of Sister . . . . . She is a great talker, with little or no judgment, and *no* prudence or reflection as to consequences. She might say a thing now, and in ten minutes be ready to deny she ever said it. No matter what is proposed she will agree to it and express her opinions of me or any one else recklessly. She is always having little private talks with Father Y . . . ., and from what she lets leak out now and then I find I have been *sur le tapis*. We all know her here and pay no attention to her, but Father Y . . . . does not understand her so well and sets value upon her remarks. She has often told me when she has seen me looking pale or ill that something in F . . . . . worried me; I was not happy in it. I tried to laugh it off and say that it was an easy place and a very comfortable home, etc. She has talked to Father Y . . . . of me, and of course when he asked her what was the

cause she told him of my reticence. She is the Sisters—and no others. I'd like to see myself telling my troubles to the Sisters—the little I did speak of my sentiments regarding my change when I first came up here *was returned to me in a letter from Mother during the Retreat.* My being secret is the safest course; and as to direction, all I have to do is to attend to my duties and try to bear patiently the trials God is sending me. I have nothing to tell Father Y . . . . in confession but the sin I commit. I never had the habit of taking anything else into the confessional, and I am not scrupulous enough to have many doubts as to when a thing is sinful. Father Y . . . . is entitled to no more than that, and if I tried my very hardest I could not bring myself to speak to him of any more, either in the "box" or out of it, respecting my own individuality. It is a little humiliating to have him handle me so freely to others; however, it is a free country, and I will not quarrel with him for expressing his opinion, but he must be generous and allow me to "belong" to myself as much as I choose. "You should have no secrets" —we had better do away with auricular confession then. I answered Fr. . . . . and convinced him, I think, that I ought to have secrets if I want to, and that it would be a little better for myself if I had put a few more in my secret box, as far as the folks here are concerned. I told him I would make no explanations to Fr. Y . . . ., as I had no burdens he could lighten, and that I was never in the habit of speaking of my inwardness to any but special and interested friends; that with those I knew cared for me I was not secret, on the contrary I was "more than open" with them. I said I thought I did not suit Fr. . . . ., that I would like to please him, etc., but as things are now I would be no more open with him regarding myself. I thanked him sincerely for his friendly warnings, and [said] that I would go more among the people and be more cordial with his cousin.

It vexes Father Y . . . . for any one to show dislike of this place, and I, knowing that, have made an effort not to show my discontent, without saying I was *charmed* when I wasn't. I certainly give the establishment its due and try to inspire the others with love for it. This place has a past, and Father Y . . . . probably fancies I have items connected with that past working in my cranium, and he would be pleased to learn what they are. He is mistaken. I care nothing at all for the past because I would not believe at this distance what might be said of it. My dissatisfaction arises from the motives I believe Mother had in sending me here, and the most of my *secret* troubles are connected with her treatment of me. How could Father Y . . . . or the Sisters remedy that?

They certainly (some of them) would help me to carry my burden—*but where would they carry it for me?*

You are right, Father Culleton; it is the Father most likely, and not the Mother, that has sent me here to remove the dross that was heaping up rapidly. I was spoiled in my younger days by the other Mothers and the oldest members of the community, and now I feel too keenly the cold handling of Mother C . . . . . I am really grateful to Fr. . . . . for his friendliness, but I will never mention the matter to him again. I had no idea he would notice it at all in his reply to me, altho' I was afraid a little he might worry Father Y . . . . with it.

I will follow your advice and put the idea of asking for a change out of my mind. Mother, I believe, would have been glad last vacation if she had drawn from me a wish for removal; she said considerable about this mission in the letter I got from her during the Retreat. I received a very kind one from her yesterday, telling me I might take a trip to Cincinnati and visit the Exposition, but not to write of it ("this little privilege") to the other houses. I was thunderstruck, as I never dreamed of taking in the Cin. Ex. I will start Friday morning and be back next Monday. She bade me pay particular attention to the educational department. I'll write you of all I see. My sister is in Newport and I will have the advantage of her company and experience in sight-seeing. I was inclined not to go, but I concluded it would add to my little store of knowledge and experience and wake me up. By the time this will reach you I'll be either in Cin. or Newport. Mother is improving—but nearly all the other superiors have gotten that trip. I think Sr. E . . . . . went up last week.

Yes, Father Culleton, Sister P . . . . . is too much afraid of what superiors will think, tho' not for herself;—she is very independent with them, and tells them what she thinks very plainly when her friends are touched. She would rather I'd say certain things to Mother directly than to have them get to her second-handed,—and, you know, she deems it her right and title to manage me. I would prefer, also, to speak my mind to Mother than to have the folks here to do it, either through mistaken kindness or a spirit of *manifestation of conscience.* Mother knows exactly how I feel—I have not been secret with her—the style and tone of my letters are enough. She told Sr. P . . . . . what she thought, etc. She is very much pleased, they tell me, that I have been *so secret,* at least, as not to give Sr. . . . . ., my own sister, the faintest idea of my dislike for F . . . . . She told some of the Sisters that she was delighted that "Sister . . . . . did not tell Sister . . . . . she dis-

likes F . . . . . ." I have not expressed my opinion of F . . . . . to Mother, but my not saying I *liked* it and the strictly business character of my letters to her speak volumes. She knows that when I am pleased I show it, and that it would crop out all over my letters to the Sisters at Home, if not to her. I would tell Sr. P . . . . . we are in a free country and I believe in speaking or not speaking as we choose (provided we injure not our neighbor). Father Culleton, can you tell me why it is that all my life long so much importance has been attached to my words, and the least of them, to my looks and actions? Here I am wondered at because I appear thoughtful frequently and do not say why, whereas the one before me was reticence itself, and some others here scarcely ever speak their mind to any one, and least of all to Fr. Y . . . . . I will just go along and do what I think is right and let tongues and the world wag as they will, and be as mysterious as I like. I do not spill unmeaning nothings out on them, pretend I am charmed and then come away and do as the worldly lady when her company leaves. What a world! My friend in Massachusetts advises prudence, Sr. P . . . . . is in constant fear of my being too outspoken, and lo and behold now, here in the C . . . . . I am pronounced mysterious and secret, and the C . . . . . people are correct as far as their experience goes with me, and I will remain so except where duty, justice or charity compel me to speak. They say "the least said is soonest mended," and my secrets are my own to give or keep. They ought to see my letters to you once. Suppose I had expressed to them my inwardness as I have to you—would I be any the less mysterious to them? If I had said to them the plain things I have to you—would they understand the spirit in which I uttered them—would they not pronounce it a lack of modesty or of the right sort of squeamishness, and talk me over to this and that and the other friend as something beyond comprehension? There is not one thought in my heart that I could not tell you and without the slightest fear that you do not understand me, or if you find any hitches that you will not let me know. You have been plain with me, and I cannot give you any idea how thoroughly grateful I am for it and how much I appreciate it; and you have done me a world of good in a moral point of view and in the line of knowledge, worldly lore. I see now the advantage of extensive and exhaustive reading. If some folks had read outside of their Latin theology, they would see into character better and take in the proper way the varieties they meet with. Your "sojourn" in Franklin may have been, after all, the making of you, and I begin to think that my experience here will come in good stead one of these fine days, and before H. George's Utopia.

I read Uncle Remus in the Sisters' room, and you should have heard the laughing—Daddy Jack's courtship is fine. Sister U . . . . . picked out the "lessons" as I read the different stories, and they contain good ones as well as the fun. Mr. Rabbit was no "slouch," any more than Cicero. I sent the book yesterday to Massachusetts. I see you are bent on that squeeze—I wish I could tell sister D . . . . . what you said, and that I could be "jealous of her if I wanted to!" No, no, I am not in the least disposed to be jealous of her; I know her worth too well and that she is a true friend, nor would she be a summer friend. She has suffered so much in her brief existence that I would consider it the *height* of the *lowest* jealousy to envy her what I know would give her satisfaction, and your caring for her certainly would, because she likes you. You are only now discovering your power of pleasing, and that if you were to try you could make sad havoc among the weaker sex. [Geewhilikins!] I have a little pet theory of my own and it is this, that too much trying to win affection is generally a failure. [Young men, take warning, and don't try so hard; try the nun's theory.] Your charm may consist, in a great measure, in your not making any effort [that lets me out, dear reader; you can see for yourself that I was not guilty]; but it springs mainly from a kindly feeling within you and brightness and cheerfulness. I like you for a big combination of things, but not for your good looks. I really never considered you *particularly handsome*, beg pardon for the liberty; in fact I passed the outward man by altogether when I met you. One glance, and I was with the superior fellow within. [Thanks awfully!] There is nothing deep in that "goose." You opened your other letter with "dear Goose," and I just was wondering whether I am that or the "dear odd exception." Don't go back on me, but if you are compelled to by any one of the many superior "critters" you'll meet,—well I'll have to drop that into the cup too, but I hardly think I will dub the feeling that will come over me "jealousy." I told you before jealousy implies claim—I am glad and thankful to have your friendship, and should you withdraw it, the light of that gladness would be gone out—don't you see? I assure you I would be very far from allowing my friendship for you to interfere with your comfort. I was exceedingly annoyed at the folly of T . . . . . using my name in a threat; but my not answering her other bit of information will prevent her writing to me. Should a letter come I will send it to you unopened. She is to be pitied indeed. If she could only control herself and behave she would have a quiet home there: however, I have wanted her away from your house from the very first, simply on account of the disposition I heard she had. If she should

not leave you, just keep her afraid and she will be all right and cease to meddle. Are you a mystery too, that people cannot make any calculations on you? I suppose T . . . . . is completely nonplused at the strangeness of our friendship—it stands, no matter what is aimed at it, and we say what we please to each other and it is only the stronger. We don't know how to pout.

You say you are "incapable of that thing they call love,"—will you tell me what love is as you use it in that sentence? I would like to examine myself and find out whether or not I have ever felt it, or if I have the correct idea of it. You are capable of honest and true friendship—now I always looked upon that as the most perfect type of love: and does not Bacon say friendship outlives what is generally called love?

You would be right to put me (or the "other one") in your catalogue of geese if I allowed jealousy to run away with me, or to expect of you what you have not to give. I shall not, however, create in my imagination some gifted being who will blot me out of your mind entirely; I will be satisfied and happy with what you can and do give, sincere friendship and true kindness—and when you meet one that will make a black speck of me, I hope she will be as honest and warm a friend of yours as I am.

Do you remember my telling you in —. —. that you had it in your power to do a great deal of good or harm on account of the influence you can have over others? We were speaking of the little boys there, and I told you how they quoted Father Culleton as their standard of what was right. Have you discovered wherein lies your power to please and win? and do you know whether the affection you awaken is durable or only a flash? You say that if you would condescend to make the effort you could do some strong tickling; if you were to try—now I differ with you. I believe if you were to *try* to win you would lose much of your charm; too much effort to win affection is usually a failure, is my notion of the matter. I believe your attraction for most persons lies in your innate kindliness of feeling, sympathy for your race, and your pleasant, sunny nature. [What a good fellow I *was*, to be sure!] Of course you are what the world calls good-looking, and that draws the butterflies in dresses as the light attracts the moth. I suppose the majority are first caught by your good looks, and held for a time at least when they have not sense enough to see any more in you. If they have sense, intellect say, without *certain other qualities* superadded, there would be repulsion in the highest degree, and you would be the force to send them whizzing into a sphere congenial to unadorned intellect.

I have been studying my "like" for you, and I find it difficult to put into English the combination which holds me firmly bound. The story in the Princeton had a striking sentence in it—Camille's reply to her boastful suitor when he asked why she would not marry him: "You done sude me," etc. Now, "I like you because you 'sude me,'" expresses my case exactly. You suit me; I feel "sure" of you; I am perfectly at home with you; it never occurs to me to hesitate to let you have my thoughts on any subject, even of the most delicate nature; and the plainer you talk to me or write to me, the [better] I like it, let it be praise or blame; in a word, I feel that you can comprehend and take in the right spirit every turn of thought or affection of the heart I may put before you, and that you are an honest friend to me as well as being an honest, straightforward man with all your fellow-creatures; and all my love for you has for its foundation genuine respect, arising from that unwavering belief in your integrity. [I doff my hat, while I remark that the "integrity" is all there yet; if anything, I am a little "samer" than I was.] I see in you many, many things to like, and all lit up by your intellect and "purity of heart." [Both still doing business at the old stand.] "French range" notwithstanding. You have plenty of faults too, but they are lost in the rest. You see the force of attraction in your direction for me is all-powerful and detaining, and I remain as naturally and calmly as the rock in the bosom of Mother Earth. Love is a very general term, and I am sure my regard for you is one of its varieties. It is the sort that can bear the closest scrutiny without blush or shrinking on the part of the possessor (myself), that could bear the eyes of angels or pass through the hands of Our Lady without disapproval. I suppose it is true friendship, but it is warm and strong and with a lively touch of the tender, such as we feel for innocent children. Its beginning dates from your childhood (which partly accounts for the tender), was kept alive by talking of you and hearing of you from Mary Ann and your other friends, boys at the school with you, etc., and was fully developed by the meetings at the Henry George Club, and strengthened and intensified by your kindness, and patience and forbearance with my weaknesses and too human yieldings to feeling since my arrival in . . . . . You see from the time of its growth that it must be, "must have body;" add to that my "mysterious" nature and you have my "like" for you. Now, Father Culleton, there is my heart laid out for you; judge it and tell me what name my affection ought to bear. Remember that with it all I would not sacrifice the least principle of honor or virtue to please you, or refrain from doing or saying what

might be for your good in the noblest sense of good, no matter how much I might anger or alienate you. No shade of exaggeration in all I said, or the slightest touch of imagination, but solid truth poorly expressed, let it be worth much or little.

Father Y . . . . finds me secret—and I am to him, but I have never said one thing and thought another,—I have simply been prudent and silent because he does not "sude" me, and I have nothing to reveal that he could remedy. His school is being well attended to. I undertake nothing without his approbation concerning the school or people, and I try to make the Sisters happy and permit them to do any little services he wishes done about the church, etc. He has been very nice with me since you were here; not one disagreeable occurrence has taken place. He likes these manifestations—I am not up in pious manifestations of conscience.

I start for Cin. to-morrow with the little daughter of that murderess in the Pen. She is being sent to the Orphan Asylum in Cov., and I offered to take her. Father Y . . . .'s housekeeper is to go with me, at his request, to see the sights.

Pray for me and be "very plain." I appreciate it. I never did shrink from a friend's plainness. I'll have lots to tell you on my return—on Monday next. I enjoyed your letter unusually this week. Thank you for it.

With an immeasurable quantity of honest and true friendship,

SISTER . . . . . .

P. S.—I inclose the virtues I drew this month. Read that chapter in the Fol. of Christ.

That letter, written by a woman of brains and long experience, coming from the inside, and dictated by the most unreserved frankness, is worth many volumes by outsiders on the beauties and bickerings, the sweet tranquility and burning discontent of that fool's paradise, the "religious life," and contains more correct information on the subject for those who can read between the lines than a ton of the sugary rot prepared for the consumption of novices and the seduction of silly girls from the vanities of a world that is indeed vain enough, but in which the highest and best feelings are not

necessarily stifled, to the still more insubstantial vanities of the nunnery. The religious life, so-called, is after all only a feeble pantomimic copy of the real life outside, wherein the virtues and vices both are dwarfed because the place of love, the mainspring of healthy human life and the natural feeder and safety-valve of the emotions, is taken by an abstraction which sucks the very life-juice out of its victims and, having emptied them of life, proclaims them full of virtue. In very truth, of the human soul it "makes a solitude and calls it peace;" and were it not for the thousands of cases like this Sister's in which the inhabitants of that desert munch their platonic half-loaf in secret, that "tired feeling" and longing — which are fallaciously explained in their spiritual books, but correctly in the second chapter of Genesis—would fearfully increase the number, already large, of cranks and lunatics in "religious" communities. No reader of this book will doubt that I have had considerable experience with Sisters and fair opportunities to study them, and I feel fully justified in saying that outsiders have very exaggerated notions of cloistered peace and happiness; that virtue and vice are there mixed in about the usual proportions, and if the vice is mostly varioloid the virtue is chiefly oroide; that the best nun would be none the worse if she were anchored alongside a good man; and that the very worst monk, though he should lose forever the odor of sanctity and dirt, might be vastly improved by daily contact with a woman whom he could rightfully call his own.

The following are the last letters I received, the correspondence coming to an abrupt termination with my reply to her last, though I am now better qualified to continue it than ever before:

. . . . . , Ky., Dec. 24, 1892.

DEAR FATHER CULLETON,

I wish you a merry Xmastide and a happy New Year, and the Sisters bade me do the same for them.

I suppose you had a most glorious time on your Ohio trip, and came home all braced up for the work ahead of you.

We dismissed at noon on Thursday with song, hymn, and a dance, and a beautiful present to Father . . . . . from the school. It was a surprise to him. A little eight-year-old boy made the speech on the occasion, and Father had him and another little fellow to link arms with him and march to music to the chair (the gift) and seat him in it. It raised a chorus of laughter from the school. The chair is grand,—a leather-covered, revolving rocker; one that screws up and down. It was selected by my girls, and the whole school paid for it. They had a glorious time over it. We will surely enjoy the holidays after all the hard work we have been doing lately, and the rest will build us up for the coming strife. We were hoping you would come up this way during Christmas week as we will be free to have fun then, but we will be delighted to have you any time.

I had a letter from Sister . . . . . last week, with the astonishing news that Sister . . . . . has been transferred to the . . . . . Academy, Louisville. All are gone now of the H. G. Club but Sr. P.; she is the nest-egg, and I suppose she will end her days there. She is invaluable to that place. She told me that Mary Ann was charmed with your appearance when you were in B. G. last, and you know she was no less so herself.

Have you heard that Dr. McGlynn is to be reinstated by Satolli! I hope the report is not like so many others on the same subject; it is dreadful for Father McGlynn to remain excommunicated so long. What if he should die in his present condition! I feel so sorry for him.

I enjoyed the Free Press unusually well this week, as the burden was lifted from my mind by the opening of the holidays and it was at liberty to take in fun, and we are all having just plenty of it, Father . . . . . at the head of it. I couldn't tell you how nice and kind he is to all the Sisters, and how perfectly he makes himself at home with us. It reminds me of the olden time and yourself in B. Green. The changes have bettered things for us, all but giving up Sr. . . . . ; we do miss her. Sr. . . . . was sick so much that we feel relieved to have her where she can rest from labor when she is ailing. I know both of them are wishing they could spend the Xmas week with us.

The weather is cold enough to be healthy and to fit the notion of a Xmas season. It tried several times to snow but failed, and ended in mere threatenings. How is it among the Raywick hills?

You will feel awfully lonesome without Miss Culliton until your school begins again. I suppose the other teacher is gone, too. Don't get the blues.

When you write to Mary Ann, please to send her my warmest Xmas greetings, and ask her to send me little Fred's picture.

Sisters . . . . . and . . . . . wish to be particularly remembered to you, and express a wish that you come up soon.

With all the compliments of the season and more,

Ever fondly yours,

S. A . . . .

. . . . . , KY., Jan. 7th, 1893.

MY DEAR FILOSOFER,—

I see there is no improvement in your fondness for the great ones in the Church, and Father . . . . . is not a shade behind you. He is a strong Satolli man, and he says that Satolli and the Pope are republicans. No, I am not afraid that the priests will be blessed with more *efficient* housekeepers,—I only fear irremovable ones because I know they will be sure to pick out cranks unawares. I do not like the idea of the encumbered Greek priests coming to the United States to spoil it. I cannot see why the Poles and Germans, etc., should be humored in keeping up their foreign ways and tongues; they have as much right to fall into line as the Irishman. It is almost a violation of the "Monroe Doctrine" and it may yet lead to political trouble. Many priests are opposed to ultra-Germanism, and I think they are correct, but they ought to give no quarter whatever to the ultra-Greek business. Come to the C . . . . . to argue the point further; you will find able abettors of your views in Fathers . . . . . and . . . . . .

I was to finish this letter on Sunday, but a severe cold in the head and bones sent me to bed and kept me unfit for anything until to-day. I feared another attack of la grippe, but I believe now it is merely a heavy cold.

Have you seen the hot passage at newspaper articles between archbishops Ireland and Corrigan? Father . . . . . brought the Cin. Enquirer over last evening and had me to read a terrible set of articles in it exposing a "Conspiracy" on the part of Bp. Corrigan against Ireland, etc. It is shameful for whichever one is in fault. Satolli is fast becoming re-

nowned throughout the United States, and I hope it is a good renown. Father McGlynn's being received into the church again without retracting aught for which he was suspended has unearthed much latent sentiment for and against his opposers, and roused the thinking Catholics all over the country. Wont the papers have a feast of indefinite length! It is just awful for bishops and priests to be wrangling so and accusing one another of such awful things. It will do no good. It may be that Bishop Corrigan is falsely accused all through and that secret enemies are at work. If Satolli is blundering in his policy with regard to church matters here and that Bp. Ireland is the cause, why do not the other bishops take the proper steps to stop the evil and let the chicanery through the press alone? Let them quietly lay matters before the Pope and have him to call the delinquents to account. Their having recourse to any other means is certainly not in their favor. Right need not take to lanes and byways to assert itself when physical force is not arrayed against it. I deplore the scandal that will be the outcome of the whole dirty business; however, I suppose in this case too, "it must be that scandal cometh, but woe to him that gives it" *in this case too.*

Satolli is the burden of conversation now when the pastor visits us, and to help him on he had Father J . . . s last night. He is just *horrific.* The only way to check him is to agree with him in everything, even the most extravagant.

What do you think of this weather? Isn't it enough to cool Satolliism or any other highly animated element? It snows a little every night to keep up the supply, it looks like. This morning was the coldest I've felt for years, unless I ought to ascribe the sensation to the disordered condition of my system.

You will miss your fine teacher, will you not? There are plenty more in the market, and My Filosofer knows how to select, I presume.

Father Fermont's move surprised us. Sr. A . . . . . wants to know what has become of "Brother Felix,"—I think that is the name she said. We were transferring you to St. Charles,—who is there? Father F . . . . . will go to Belgium and spend the rest of his days pining for America, like our good Father Y . . . . . I tell you, Father Culleton, this is a sadly queer world of ours, all things considered. If we could but set our circulators only on the next!

All the Sisters send best love and compliments. Do pray for us. We are still wasting time on that Chicago work. It is an awful draw upon the children's class hours, and what will be the utility of it?

Thanks for the papers. With warmest mwy [which being interpreted

means "luv;" we had a little cipher], in spite of frost and snow,

Yours ever,

S. A. . . . . .

. . . . . ., KY., Jan. 15th, 1893.

MY DEAR FILOSOFER,—

Don't you think that Jack Frost is having a high old time these days? It has been frightfully cold all morning in spite of the bright sunshine. As I was going in to Mass a Protestant lady stopped me and said: "Sister, please ask some one to throw a covering over that poor horse," pointing to a lean, hairy-looking animal hitched to a tree in front of the church door; and sure enough it needed shelter. Its head and heels were nearly drawn together with the cold. Its owner was inside, I suppose, praying devoutly and getting warm after a long drive from the country to come to Mass; but I was not Quixotic enough to search for him among the congregation. If we had no thermometer the attitude of that horse would indicate the state of the weather. It is fearfully cold. The sleigh-bells are jingling and fun-lovers are out e'en to-day sailing along merrily in their new sleighs. The Ky. River is frozen over with ice six (?) inches thick, and folks are using it for a footpath and filling their ice-houses. It seems odd here to see people walking across the river. They are consulting the oldest inhabitant as to the intensity of the cold.

It is a blessing that you have no sick-calls now,—the health in this section also is good, I believe.

It seems that Satolli has succeeded in obtaining a permanent "Legate" for the United States, himself for a time at least; and he has found it necessary to answer the attacks made upon him by the "Conspiracy" through the press. He is, indeed, making things hum. We have had fun over Satolli, all unbeknownst to his honored self; his ears ought to burn. . . . . .

I have just gotten, in my reading of the Advocate, to the notice of your giving up Raywick. Is it true, and what is the matter? You might have told me something of it. Why do you not come up to . . . . . ? I have been wondering and uneasy, although I would not say so to you. I know now why Miss Culliton will not return to Raywick. I shall not write any more this time,—you do not deserve this much.

Affectionately,

S. A.

I promptly answered that letter, as a good and faithful correspondent should, and the curtain fell, with what sort of a thud I never learned. I did learn though that my virtuous correspondent, in a fit of temporary forgetfulness, wrote some silly stuff to my sister "all on account of" my marriage. This is indeed a "queer world," and among the queerest of the queer are priests and nuns who think it no harm to love like a volcano, but horrible to marry. For particulars inquire of any priest or at any convent, but take a kodak along to catch the "horror and amazement" with which they will lie out of it "for the good of religion."

After the Sisters of Loretto came to Raywick to teach, and during the three years they remained, I usually visited them at their evening hour of recreation, endeavoring as best I could to make their stay at Raywick pleasant, and deriving from social converse with them very much enjoyment and benefit. This daily association with the Sisters was from beginning to end entirely free from evil intentions or actions on my part, and was apparently as innocent on the other side; but our intercourse, marked by breezy and exhilarating informality from the start, grew day by day more intimate and unconventional, and was occasionally what the newspapers call "halcyon and vociferous," if that descriptive combination means anything within the bounds of moderation. One of the Sisters, who has already been mentioned in a preceding chapter, was in brains and education far ahead of the others. She was not at all handsome, but showed herself (to me at least) always amiable, agreeable, and ready to oblige, and seemed the very perfection of unstudied good nature and artlessness. This paragon of nuns made her way insensibly but rapidly to the confines of my cardiac region, captured the outposts one after another almost without resistance, and at last laid siege in deadly and dangerous ear-

nest to the citadel itself. I must confess I liked the process and did not strengthen the garrison, but trusted implicitly for final salvation to our bomb-proof vows and our guileless innocence. The shade of old Father Nerinckx must have been profoundly astonished, if he has not reformed "over there," at the limberness and flexibility we discovered in his cast-iron rules as we successively initiated ourselves under their protection into every degree of platonic love except the one forbidden by our consciences and the statutes of Kentucky. And yet I never even dreamt of drawing the woman aside from the path of virtue, nor so much as suspected the fiery passion that burned within her, until it broke out in a reckless shamelessness that can not be fully described in this or any other book suitable for children and likely to be tolerated by Uncle Sam. She became the villain of this over-true story, and opened my eyes to the depth of depravity that can exist in a woman's heart, even though that woman be clothed in the garb of sanctity and pass her days in the very shadow of the altar. She deceived not only me but the Sisters of her little community who were daily and nightly united with her in the closest intimacy. Some of her doings are indescribable, and some have been already told. I will now add a few of her letters, written after she left Raywick where, just before leaving, she circulated malicious lies about me through Don Quixote Edelen and others. Her letters would most likely be coming yet if I had not directly and indirectly ordered them discontinued.

J. M. J.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION BUILDING,
LEBANON, KY., Friday.

MY DEAR FATHER:—

Undoubtedly, you will be surprised to rec. a few lines

written by your *bad, bad girl.* You need not be, as I have thought of you constantly and visited dear old Raywick in my dreams—many times since my departure. Mother and all the Sisters gave me a very cordial reception on my return home. If Mother has heard anything she did not acquaint me of the fact; however, there is time "enuff" yet. All my acc'ts, both good and bad, will be settled during the Aug. Retreat. I did not go to confession to Father L . . . . this week—no; I did not have the courage. I should have gone to you before leaving, but I did not know what I was doing for several days before I went home. Yesterday morning I was at Father Spalding's mass. He gave Holy Communion to the Community, of course. The whole thing lasted 1 hr. & 15 min. I was almost dead. You should hear Father Finn say mass. I think he finished in about 20 min.; and to hear him say those prayers afterwards! You would conclude that the B. V. M. was in the sacristy or behind the altar and he was yelling to her to help him. Ha! ha! There is no one who can say mass and prayers like dear Father Culleton. Really I can't get up a speck of devotion since I left you. Emma Carrico, Gabe, and Sister Kathleen are here at work; I am dying to help them, but I promised Mr. Knott that I would be a good little girl and just sit here and not say anything to anyone. I trust that the Sisters will do *credit* to themselves. I don't quite understand all of this business. Why is Mother having so many Sisters to get certificates when we have only one school in the county? Wonder if she is going to take another any place! They are going to have three Sisters in the white school at Chicago next year. Please to say a little prayer that I may not go there. After leaving *you* Ky. has no more charms for me. I asked Mother why she wished me to attend the Institute, and she said, just to show off *my smartness.* [This passage has set me wondering whether the Mother may not have been in collusion with Edelen and his forlorn little band of petitioners, whose exploits have been already narrated.] I expect to attend, but Mr. K. said he would not require me to take part. He is a "gem," and don't you forget it! All the Sisters have "institute" on the brain. Several of them at Loretto are just crazy to attend. As for myself, I would prefer to go "West." I don't think that I shall stop at Chicago, altho' Sister Corona will not be able to return—unfortunately it is she instead of the other one. There is a host of teachers here—most of them as ugly as sin. Mr. Newbolt is the third examiner. I don't think I will come back this afternoon, as I am *so tired.* The Sisters are all very much astonished at my appetite! You should see me eat! I would like so much to remain in Lebanon—one of the jolliest

communities in the Society! Really we are having a genuine "jollification" ever since we arrived yesterday. The superior is a particular friend of mine. I suppose you mailed my "piety" to Loretto. I will get it when I return. Many thanks to you for all your kindness. I shall not forget you for a single moment. I owe you everything—even tho' I haven't proven it by my actions. [This is a good place for E. A. E. to stop and quietly kick himself, if no one is looking.] You know that I still . . . . you more than all the world. I shall be glad to see you at any time. I know you must have thought strange of the way I acted the morning I bade farewell to R[aywick]. I assure you that my heart contained "volumes," but I was unable to say one single *word*. I would like so much to have a talk with you, if it could be managed. I have so many things to say to you. Wish I could make your altar breads and send them to you. What a pleasure it would be for me. Every morning I go back in spirit to that dear old Sacristy and fix everything for Mass. Do I haunt you—or do you cease to think of me? No doubt you would like to erase everything from your mind and heart that has any reference to me, but you will never be able to do that. As for myself, you have played a great part in the "theater of my life" and I shall *never* forget *you*. Please to pray for me—as I shall pray for you daily. Do not think me bad for taking this opportunity of writing to you. You know I wanted to return your "Q. B."

Now as I want to write a few lines to Mother, I will bid you a sweet good-morning. I trust that everything is going on nicely at R. and that those who had cause to rejoice—are still rejoicing, and those who sincerely expressed their regrets are now reconciled to their lot. As for yourself, I have no reason to doubt anything that you said on the subject, altho' I heard the *contrary* from many persons. [As I have elsewhere remarked, there were always "many persons" about Raywick who knew more about my mind than I did myself.] I shall stand by you and for you at Loretto and all other places as long as I exist, and don't you forget it! Once more, ... , pray for your erring child and let me see you as soon as convenient. Please to excuse this writing with a pencil, I had no other here.

Yours ever,

S. B.

That letter was written on Friday, July 3, 1891. The next day she wrote again, as follows:

ST. AUGUSTINE'S,
SATURDAY P. M.

FATHER:—

I forgot to put the book in the letter I mailed you last eve,—hence I send the same with Emma. I am proud of her. I think if she gets justice she will be the possessor of a 1 class cer. Your girl from the Junction [Miss Kate Cummings, for whom I had secured a school] came at 10 yesterday and went to work. With best wishes to you and yours, I am, gratefully, S. B.

P. S.—The first day of the examination I was almost besieged by persons I had never met,—"Are you Sister B . . . . . ?"—"I have heard Father Culleton speak of you."—"He thinks you are such an excellent teacher."—"I would like a seat near you," etc., etc., etc.

I have many reasons to think that you have always spoken well of me—please to accept my sincere thanks. Would like to see you soon. I shall remain here till Sat. Sisters Laurentia, Olivia, and Syrin will go to Loretto next Monday to make the Retreat. Sisters Donata, Stella, Oswin, Gabe, Kathleen and I will remain here. Look out for a jolly time! If you come up, be sure to call. Bye! Bye!

She joined with Sr. M. Gabriel in sending me a message of congratulation for my birthday, the first of August; and early in August wrote me the following letter:

J. M. J.

LORETTO CONVENT,
Wednesday A. M.

MY DEAR FATHER CULLETON:—

Your brief but much appreciated letter received. 'Tis needless to record that I was delighted to hear from you and to know that you did reasonably well with your picnic, notwithstanding, of course, "*the cussedness of the weather.*" Sister Gabriel and I thought of you many times during the day and did not forget to breathe a fervent prayer for your success. Sister is now at that noted city—Chicago [Marion county, Ky.], while I am still enjoying the "much needed rest" at "loved Loretto." I assure you that I have enjoyed the vacation. I will go into retreat to-morrow P.M. Please, dear Father, to remember me in your good prayers—that I may make it well. I never felt more

anxious to make one. You know the necessity. Mother has not given me what F. G. [Father Gabe] terms "minor orders" yet, hence I do not know my future destiny. I only know that it will not be Chicago, as you imagined. But I must not take up too much of your precious time. Mother wishes me to extend to you her sincere thanks for the check and to tell you that we shall be pleased to see you at Loretto whenever convenient. I do not know how long I will be here after the 15th, but trust I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again before my departure.

Please to accept kind regards from Mother Superior and all the Sisters who have had the happiness of forming your acquaintance.

With best wishes for your future happiness, I remain

Yours sincerely,

SISTER M. B . . . . . .

That letter was written with the knowledge of the Mother and had to run the gauntlet of convent inspection. About the same time, or shortly before, she tried (I have the word of a Loretto Sister for it) to smuggle out a long letter to me, but failed. As she and others, working "for the good of religion," have made this book, in my judgment, necessary, it is a pity I did not get that letter. She was soon after sent South, and I occasionally heard from her for a year. Once she sent me a copy of "Puck" scribbled all over in pencil in spite of the vigilance of Uncle Sam's hirelings, and another time she sent me the following pathetic verses with a characteristic string to them, which I publish, string and all, for the benefit of posterity and "the good of religion."

THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.

The last link is broken
That binds me to thee,
And the words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free.
That bright glance misleading
On others may shine;
Those eyes smiled, unheeding,
When tears burst from mine.

If *my love was deemed boldness,*
That error is o'er;
I've witnessed thy coldness
And prize thee no more.
I have not loved lightly;
I'll think on thee yet;
I'll pray for thee—nightly
Till life's sun has set.

The heart thou hast broken
Once doted on thee,
And the words I have spoken
Proved sorrow to me.
Oh hadst thou then treasured
My thoughts spoken free,
Thou couldst not have measured
Thine own love to me.

But oh! thou hast sorrowed
The heart that was (almost) thine;
I'll return to thee—borrowed—
The one I thought mine.
I *have not loved lightly;*
I'll think on thee yet;
I'll pray *for thee* nightly
Till life's sun has set.
Amin!

My! this is poetry, isn't it? 'Tis all a lie except the last two lines. I pray for you daily.

The following letter is from the editor of the Louisville Catholic Advocate, and contained a "poem" written at me in that Sister's hand. Although the verses would indicate an inside case of "Limberger cheese" or worse, I publish the lines that she may have the pleasure of seeing them in print and that "religion" may be benefited.

LOUISVILLE, KY.,
April 14, 1892.

MY DEAR FR. CULLETON,

The enclosed came by this afternoon's mail to the Advocate. It was unsigned. It was not posted in Kentucky. Mr. Bell hopes that the Limberger cheese suggestion is a foul libel. Neither he nor I could appreciate you with such moral and physical turpitude. I suppose you will guess who the poetaster is. The "alone by himself" which I have bounded in pencil is a redundancy rarely met with out of my native land. It is Keltic idiom done literally into English.

Why are you silent as far as the Advocate is concerned?

My dear Father Culleton,
Yours very truly,
W. FFRENCH HENDERSON.

"A GRAVE PHILOSOPHER."

BY R. A. WYCK.

(Original.)

The philosopher about whom I wish to tell
Is learned and wise and fond of books;
His words are cheerful, voice like a bell,—
Is noted for good qualities as well as good looks.

He sits in his sanctum and reads and reads,—
We wonder he does not break his brain;
To all, all who oppose him he does not take heed,
But continues his course on the same life-train.

The clock on the mantel with its mellow chime
Reminds him by striking the midnight hour,
But still he continues with his prose or rhyme
Till hold open his eyes is beyond his power.

In the morning he is sleepy, and gives only a yawn
In answer to those who attempt to awake;
There he remains in his bed till long after dawn,
When he rises at last his breakfast to take.

He breakfasts at ten, alone by himself,—
Bread and cheese is his diet the year around;
Then down with his books from off of the shelf,—
Absorbed in his reading, he hears not a sound.

His sanctum's so small, only twenty by ten,
With books from the ceiling down to the floor,
With only a corner for table and pen;
He is completely surrounded by "mystical lore."

His companions are books of various kinds,
History and novels and poetry too;
In knowledge of the latter he's not far behind,
As his recent productions will prove to you.

He writes and he reads, he reads and he writes;
His productions are good and show a broad mind.
Each one, it is true, is prepared with a might
Shown only by philosophers or men of that kind.

Truthful and just to the letter is he,
With his flock, so faithful and true,—
His heart's like a woman's, so tender and free,—
Each act with its kindness imbued.

His love for retirement caused him to choose
The life of a minister of God's laws divine,
A vocation well suited, as all things prove,
A person possessing so enlightened a mind.

He is pious and holy,—always ready to please
The ones who do right and pay for their pews;
He is noted for his love of "Limberger cheese"
And the "daily" which contains the funniest news.

The cheese gives him strength his duties to do,
The daily enlightens his "luminous mind;"
You will wonder, perhaps, how this can be true,
But philosophers' tastes are always that kind.

He excels in amusements, especially cards,
As most of his "brother companions" well know;

No scheme has been able his steps to retard,—
In this art above others he gives them the "go."

Altho' some call him selfish and some call him proud,
'Tis only by those whose judgment is sick;
His genuine nobleness can be seen through a cloud,
Tho' it be a *nimbus* or *stratus* or *cumulo*, so thick.

Please to pardon the numerous mistakes you will find
In this my description of a most worthy "Crank."
Of all the good people who make up mankind
This philosopher is certainly head in his rank.

Those who think they know something of this woman's character from what has gone before may now try their skill at psychologizing on this letter, which for some inscrutable reason was sent to me:

J. M. J.

M . . . . . , Ala.,
St. M . . . 's Academy,
Sunday A. M., 7—19—'92.

MY DEARLY LOVED PARENTS:—

I will attempt to write you a few lines this beautiful Sunday A. M. to let you know that your bad child is still living and to tell you how anxious I am about you all. Three months have elapsed since I received a line from my dear ones at home. What can be the matter? I have almost come to the sad conclusion that you had forgotten me entirely. Yesterday I heard one of the children singing the old but familiar song, "Do they think of me at home," and I soon found the dewdrops falling from my eyes. I only wish to know whether you are all well and if you are getting on nicely. You never let me know when any one of the family is sick; hence I have good reason when I don't hear from you for a long time to be uneasy about you. I know I am not always so very prompt myself, but you know it is not always convenient for me to write. I wrote to you after . . . . . '. . . . . came to see me, and have waited in vain for an answer.

Please to pardon me for doing such a "stack of grumbling." I did not mean to say so much, but you know, "woman-like," I forget the stopping place when I am once started. How are you all this A. M.? How I would like to be wafted by the southern breezes to the sweet home of my childhood and see again my loved parents, brothers, sisters and all who are so dear to me. The church bell is pealing for the late mass—finished eating my breakfast, and now I find myself seated by the desk chatting to you. I received Holy Communion and offered our dear Lord *all for you* and each member of our family. I feel confident that He will shower His blessings on all who are so very dear to me. What kind of weather are you having? "Enuff" of rain, I imagine, since I hear the Mississippi valley has overflowed and its people are in a suffering condition. It rained here every blessed day last week and oh it was so gloomy. However, the "Sunny South" is in all its scorching splendor again. Oh, the *blessed heat!!!* For the life of you, while you keep your *five senses*, don't go south to live. Sweet memory recalls the time in my childhood when I dreamed of "the Land of Flowers" and I longed to find myself in the "Sweet Sunny South." But alas, "time's pinions" have wafted me here and as the perspiration stands in big drops on my brow, caused by the intense heat, I find that all the poetry of my childhood dreams is "knocked to the bottom of the ocean of life" and my air-castles, once so bright and beautiful, are realized only at the sight of black and treacherous-looking Africans, who are much more numerous here than the "fragrant flowers" I dreamed about, because the scorching heat kills the latter while it assists the former to thrive. The sun was never too hot for an African.

I know you are already beginning to wonder what kind of a mood I am in this morning! Well, I have never told you much about this place, and as this is a good time I thought I would commence. About two-thirds of the population is "Colored" There is one Catholic among the number and she is *our cook*. This is quite a Protestant place, or I may say *bigoted* place,—only one small Catholic church. This city has a population of more than 30,000. A great many Jews have settled here. We had one Jewess in our Academy last year, and I must say that she was the most perfect lady in her behavior, manners, and deportment, I ever met. Still, those "Godless Jews!" It really made the cold chills creep over me sometimes to think how basely ignorant they are on the subject of religion and what a sad condition their souls are in. This city contains several colleges, public and private schools; we have a splendid school, a community of fifteen Sisters, and all the work that we can do.

We teach, besides the Young Ladies' Academy, the boys' school across the street. Both "closing exercises" were grand. They took place on the 21 and 22 of June. Dear Papa, I thought of you many times during the boys' exhibition and would have given everything could you have been present at the "military drill." A very efficient Prof. offered to train them for Sister and of course the boys did their best. There were about fifty in number—some of whom were not longer than your arm,—and the way they did handle the wooden guns was astonishing. Well, I think I have written "*enuf*" on this subject. I know you are wishing that I would quit—but just wait. I was about to ask about Bro. —, but I think I had better give him the benefit of a whole sheet. How are .... and ..... getting along and what school did ..... attend last year? They never write to me any more. Is .... still in ....? I am so uneasy about her—I know not why—but she is constantly on my mind. How is .....? I think if she had only a grain of love for her absent sister she would write to me occasionally. I should be very glad to hear from her. And my dear bad Bro. ..... Oh, how I would like to see him. Can't you persuade him to come to see me? How is Bro. .....? I wish I had something nice to send to him—but I am as poor as "Job's turkey," and you know it had only one feather in its tail. Who are your neighbors now? That is, who occupies ....'s, ...'s, and ....'s houses? How many, many changes have taken place since I left my dear old Home! I fear I would not be able to recognize it were I to go back again. How are Mr. and Mrs. .... and family? Also Uncle ....'s, ...'s, ...', etc.? Has ..... entirely recovered? Do not forget to remember me kindly to them all. I shall never forget them. My dear Mamma, your birthday is next month, and for fear I should not write again before that noted event I will send you the little poem I composed in your honor, that is, if you will promise to never show it to any one. And Papa, do you know what I have been thinking about? Well, 'tis this: just listen! I want you to come to see me. Don't think this very strange that after an absence of more than six years, I should make such a request. But I am very sincere in what I am saying. I am just obliged to see you. I would ask for Ma also, but know she would not be able for the trip. You are traveling all the time anyhow—so you might as well come to see your bad girl, and see how hot it is down here. I have special business with you. Won't you come? My paper is full and I must leave you. Please to write to me the very minute you get this, and remember me in your good prayers. I shall be so glad to hear from you again. Wishing you and each dear

one at home all the blessings of the season, I am, as ever, your devoted child. S. M. B.

The following was written while she was leading a life of hideous hypocrisy and sacrilege, if indeed she ever led any other:

'TIS MIDNIGHT'S HOLY HOUR.

"All things in a woman combine to make her mighty in persuasion." How much I would like to persuade you to believe me when I tell you that I have tried so hard to take your advice during my stay here. Father, I have felt for a long time that you have been displeased with me about something. However, there is only *one* thing that I can recall and feel that I did against your wishes, and that is my correspondence with "W . . . . . " I have regretted it 1,000 times, for I am sure that my own dear Papa would not have permitted me to write to him under the existing circumstances. I admit that you have never given me any but *good advice.* My heart sinks within me whenever I think that you believe that I should for *one moment* refuse to do *your wishes*, whatever they may be. With regard to T . . . , I don't understand you in the least. Perhaps you are under the impression that she is my informant. If such is the case, I beg you to believe me when I tell you that she has never mentioned A. C.'s name to me since the day you brought her to the Sisters' room and proved her a "x. g. er" and only a few times before. I am ready to tell you where I received my information whenever you choose to ask me. I did not feel as I do now even before A. C. left, and when she refused to speak to me I always saluted her—if not her, at least her guardian angel. She said publicly that she *never* intended to speak to me again. Well, what is the difference, after all, whether she does or not. Perhaps her intentions are good.

I cannot tell why I have been feeling so much "animosity" yesterday and to-day, unless it is the thought that she is coming back to seek revenge. Forgive me if I have guessed wrong. The circumstances were so aggravating during her stay here that I shrink from a repetition of anything similar again. Before I leave this subject, allow me to tell you all I have said in my letters to W. concerning her. He asked me if she was still my assistant, and I said, "No; she is teaching the colored school." No more and no less. This I am sure I did not do at the time with any bad intention, for I told him all about my teaching the

school. As you know, I am not ashamed of it. Mother Superior has my application now for the next session. Are you willing? My dear Father, I will tell you now very candidly that this is the first time in my life that I have ever felt a dislike for anyone—at least a *dislike* that lasted more than a few minutes. Perhaps this is the reason that I have acted foolishly to-day. Besides, you know that women are not naturally silent sufferers, but are exquisitely alive to everything in which the feelings are concerned. However, I am feeling better this evening—I mean at this late hour, but still my optics are unmanageable, I am unable to close them.

Sister Gabriel advised me to say a certain no. of prayers for A. C. till I felt better. I have said three pairs of beads and will continue till I feel like I can receive our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament without committing a sacrilege. Do you approve of this? I am willing to do anything, for it is not pleasant to feel this way. I don't think I will be able to receive Holy Communion this A. M.,—I feel sick; I am so sorry, as I already have two to make up. Please to pray for me.

I trust that you will not doubt anything I have written. I am certainly very sincere,—as much so as I expect to be on my death bed. I have just read the following: "A highly principled woman is so eager to be on the side of what is right, that suspension of judgment is most difficult for her." However, I don't think that you give me the above title; at least I once had reason to doubt that you did.

You will certainly admit that with regard to disposition I am *independent*. I don't think that I am proud; if I were I would not admit that I care for your opinion of me.

This one thing has a great influence: I think, without exaggeration that if I could be convinced that you "esteemed" me as you did the first year of my stay and that you believed without doubting the truth of the assertions I make, I would certainly be restored to health,—yes, perfect health. You know yourself that half of my sickness is caused by these little unpleasant things that are constantly taking place at Raywick.

But why should I write more? As soon as I feel like receiving Holy Communion I shall go to you and make my confession. In the meantime please to pray for me. Do not think for a moment that I have any desire to go to any other, *never again*, I trust, unless, of course, you refuse positively. Please do not judge me *too severely*, but as you would be judged.

Your bad girl,

B.

This woman posed as an invalid while I knew her, but I have since had reason to think that her sickness—consumption, with both lungs affected—was more artificial than real. The succeeding letter, written in January, 1892, about a year later than the foregoing, contains printed evidence that her correspondence with "W . . . . . (a man excommunicated by the Catholic Church for marrying again while his divorced wife was living), which her "own dear Papa" would not have allowed, still continued; and I have not the least doubt that it continues yet. It came with some "pious" verses on the death of a Sister whom I have not a little reason to believe the verse-writer drove almost crazy for her own selfish purposes.

[Confidential.]

MY DEAR FATHER:—

The death of our dear Sister N . . . . prompts me to steal this opportunity of writing you a line to tell you, because this was her last request of me, viz., that no difference where I was when I heard of her death I would let you know immediately and ask you to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of her soul. I had not heard from her since I came south, hence her death was quite a shock. The sad intelligence reached me last Friday noon. I was unable to teach in the evening. Dear, good, kind, patient, humble Sister, I cannot but envy her, because I feel confident that she is already in possession of her reward. I shall never forget her, and while I love her as a mother I revere her as a saint. She died of a hemorrhage.

I am getting on superfine; have a class of sixteen interesting young ladies, all of whom are bright and intelligent. I teach eight and one-half hrs. a day and am with the pupils nine hrs. a day, with the exception of ten or fifteen min. I spend at dinner table. Oh, my! I have not read a book since I came here. (God forgive me—beg a thousand pardons—'tis not meself you wish to hear about, I am sure.) I think of you every other minute. When you see G. give her a "four-lettered word" for me. Enclosed you will find the poem I wrote last Friday about Sr. N. It is just as I penned it, without correction; hence 'tis very original. Do not forget to pray for her, and put in an occasional petition for your bad—but repentant—child, remembering ever that I am *yours*, B.

And now I dismiss her from these pages, having striven—though I fear vainly, for some things must be seen to be believed, and in this case even seeing was not understanding—to give the reader a picture not in the least overdrawn of the strangest woman I have known,—a liar, a thief, a slanderer, and, at last accounts, a Sister of Loretto. Not in malice but self-defense did I write what I have written, for I have endured much misrepresentation for her sake during the last two years, and left a better woman undefended against misunderstanding of a situation brought about solely by this Sister's incomprehensible wickedness. Even now, though deeming it necessary and just that I should forestall and forever discredit the spiteful efforts of "religious" malice to do me hurt for daring to withdraw from a Church in whose doctrines and practices I no longer had faith by the publication of the damaging facts contained in this book, whose undeviating truthfulness is perhaps its only merit—even now I trust that this publication will do her the least possible harm; but I am hewing to the line, and have no time to invent a chip-preventer.

At last the right woman came. She was not a facing-both-ways nun nor a black-garbed she-devil cloaking the deepest villainy with the most frightful mockery of religion, but a simple, straightforward young woman, educated in the "godless" and "worthless" public schools, a better teacher than any Sister whose work in that line I have had a fair opportunity to judge, with just about enough religion for every-day life and nothing extra for parade on Sunday, who looked every man and woman squarely in the eye and said her say with directness, truth, and force. She was a revelation of genuineness even in what seemed to me her faults, and after observing her closely for three years without finding a shadow of change, I decided, with her consent, on a consoli-

dation of interests and a joint-stock company. If all my late brethren of the Great Ecclesiastical Machine for the Prevention of Progress would discard their black, white, brown, purple, and red Mother Hubbards and other female habiliments and make a public and "honorable" Declaration of Manhood, they would lead healthier, cleaner, and happier lives,—and religion would not perish from the face of the earth. Perhaps the old ecclesiastical saying that "Hell is paved with priests' heads"—presumably filled with good intentions that went wrong—might lose some of its point!

And now, having treated of women in particular, I wish to say a final word of women in general. My own personal experience, confirmed by a large amount of information derived from the experience of others, has convinced me that the average priest can be on as confidential terms as he likes with the average woman. (The fair reader is, of course, above the average.) The wall of celibacy that hedges him round only makes him more alluring, and the very fact that none of his fair acquaintances can ever hope to claim him exclusively for her own makes his partial conquests all the easier, and gives to both parties a feeling of perfect security in going lengths and taking risks they would never dream—or only dream!—of otherwise. The young city priest who has not already found this out for himself must be frightfully ugly or just ordained, and in either case he is entitled to the sympathy of the outside world. In another chapter will be found the names of several young priests of the Louisville diocese who, having been more favorably situated than I to acquire opportunities and their consequences, could relate things, of which they were part, much more interesting and instructive than anything contained in this book.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY CLERICAL NEIGHBORS.

RAYWICK is on the edge of one of the most strongly Catholic regions in the State. Six miles away is St. Mary's College, one of the oldest schools of Kentucky. The president in my time was a man of learning and "piety" who must have got mixed in the borning, unless nature is to be held responsible for that psychological monstrosity, a giddy old maid in breeches. A somewhat prudish exterior conceals a rather tricksy and frolicsome spirit which breaks out now and then in a sudden attempt to flirt, as divers competent witnesses of the proper persuasion have testified; but, when not suffering from periodic piety or other troubles, I always found him a good fellow. The vice-president was also a man of ability, with well-regulated facial muscles that never disobeyed orders when a particular smile or laugh was called for, and a smoothness that extended from the top of his head all the way down and was a shining manifestation of the inner man. Him I also found a good fellow and—worth studying. The faculty in general were capable teachers. Most of them were occasional, and some of them frequent, visitors of mine at Raywick, where they were always welcome; and I spent many pleasant hours at the college, enjoying their hospitality and unconsciously gathering material for this book. It therefore affords me great pleasure to be able to make their good qualities and the merits of the college better and more generally known.

A few years back the college and the bishop had a lively tilt over an old agreement. After a great deal of preliminary sparring for advantage, the college imported a champion from Rome, with a name which should have been seized by the United States customs officers, and turned him loose on the bishop. The college's representative went at the bishop, by way of the Galt House, in true diplomatic style and with great expectations; but the latter, who had learned that trade himself, bowed and scraped and promised, by way of French Lick, the man with the name clean out of the country. Then the college brought in a slugger from Canada, who told the bishop one day that unless their little business was satisfactorily settled before noon the whole matter would be ventilated in the evening papers; whereupon the bishop threw up the sponge and everything else, and went into bondage for twenty years. And Bardstown has ever since sat in sackcloth and ashes bewailing her departed college, and the sound of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth has never died out at the house of the Shriek of the Village.

About two miles from the college is St. Charles's Church, whose pastor in those days was a pious old Belgian who never fully realized how far he was away from home, and could never be made to see the protrusive fact that morals are all the better in America for their freer ventilation. With him, for a young man and woman to ride together in a buggy, even to church, was a mortal sin; and parties were criminal at night, though tolerated in the daytime with the blinds down. Such foolishness, notwithstanding (or because of) the almost innumerable confessions and communions made to order in that church every year, produced its natural and inevitable consequences. Though he had a very large and well-to-do congregation, whenever he spoke of his difficulties in collecting his salary the trickling of tears could be

distinctly heard in his voice. He has since retired to his large landed estate in the neighborhood.

Ten miles from Raywick is Lebanon, the county seat, which has one of the largest congregations in the diocese. The pastor, a Frenchman of piety and not much else, cannot very successfully speak or write the English language, and one or two of his assistants in my time could not speak any language without mangling it. He is a rabid enemy of the public schools, and in his celebrated controversy with Cherry he attributed the right of affirmation in our courts to the lack of respect for oaths caused by our demoralizing public schools, blissfully ignoring the Quakers and the Constitution. His lack of breadth has done much to bring Catholicism into contempt in that region,—which is well or ill, according to the point of view.

Five miles from Raywick is Chicago, and the church there was in charge of a priest who had been a member of the Passionist order. Ex-monks are not very noted for their success as secular priests, and the monastic life is calculated to develop in all but the strongest characters deceitfulness, servility, and other traits inconsistent with true manliness. The ex-monk of Chicago was anything but a strong character, and worked his devious way by flattering those around him (the women especially), cringing to his superiors in authority, and endeavoring to belittle those of his fellow priests whose mental or moral superiority he felt. With an excessive affectation of piety before the people, he displayed to his clerical brethren—only priests know priests—characteristics that made him contemptible in their eyes. His near neighbor and frequent visitor, the pastor of New Hope at that time, once assured me that he would not believe him under oath. During my stay at Raywick I had occasion more than once to defend him against the talk of those who passed for his friends, and once I vainly endeavored to keep

him from drinking too much in my own house when he and some other priests were my guests, for which he soberly, if not sincerely, thanked me afterwards. In return he sought to injure me, until at last I refused to visit or have anything to do with him. A collection of his letters to the bishop would show how charmingly a man can crawl.

His neighbor of New Hope was an Irishman of much more brains and force of character, warm faced and warmer tempered, who succeeded admirably in the management of his church's finances. We were on neighborly terms for five years, and though rumors reached me from time to time of his troubles with the bishop and the congregation I never had curiosity enough to inquire the particulars. He has since been transferred to a charge of quite another color.

Five miles from Chicago, on the other side from Raywick, is Holy Cross, one of the pioneer Catholic settlements in Kentucky. This congregation changed pastors so rapidly that it averaged about one a year while I was at Raywick. The first said mass very irregularly on account of sickness and so forth, and died somewhat mysteriously in Cincinnati. His successor, after a stormy time with a faction in his congregation who accused him to the bishop of drunkenness, resigned Holy Cross and accepted another charge. From what I know of it, I am inclined to think that Holy Cross—perhaps because the knob air is too "bracing"—is an unhealthy place for priests, especially "unhealthy" priests.

The large congregation at New Haven, in Nelson County, is in charge of Rev. A. Viala, who, whatever may be his shortcomings, is lacking neither in brains nor in courage. He was one of the "immortal five" who defeated the bishop in a famous case at Rome previously mentioned in this book. Father Viala is about half the bishop's size, and one of his best stories is of how on one occasion he placed his back to the door and held the bishop captive in a room until he prom-

ised what Father Viala wanted in a certain case, and how the bishop, as soon as he reached the safe distance of Louisville, broke his parole and went back on his promise. The bishop has a very retentive memory—for some things, and it was only after another appeal to Rome that Father Viala could get permission to build a new church which the congregation badly needed, though the late Silvester Johnson stood security for the funds; which was all the more strange because the bishop has more than once forced the building of churches in places where it would take a search warrant to find a Catholic. Bear witness, Bonnieville and Glasgow, and the eloquent voice that is stilled in Gethsemane's silence!

Father Lynch, of Calvary, is a first-rate fellow with an amiable susceptibility to "taffy," and more hair on his head to the square inch than any other man in Kentucky; and the heavy swell beyond him, whose footsteps are in the wilderness, is also a good fellow, with a natural talent for breaking the girls' hearts and getting soft Sisters into scrapes.

This ends the list of my clerical neighbors. The few things that I have pickled for posterity in this chapter, like nearly everything else in this book, are well enough known in certain circles and certain localities, but the oral tradition of them might perish, to the great and, perchance, irreparable loss of ecclesiastical history. Little facts like these narrated here, with which the "real life" of the church is crowded, are too much neglected in that branch of fiction called church history.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BISHOP AND THE PRIESTS.

THE bishop of the diocese, not unlike many other American bishops in this respect, is a natural curiosity that deserves careful study by a commission of experts. First a lawyer, he went over to the church, and his subsequent career is hard to account for unless on the theory that in his former capacity—if indeed capacity can in any way be charged to him—he took a retainer from him who is popularly supposed to be the patron saint of lawyers and has since been trying his best to earn a large contingent fee. But the church's loss was the world's gain; it escaped a more imposing Ward McAllister.

He was first sent out of the country to fill the ornamental position of President of the American College at Rome, but after a few years the Pope sent him back as Bishop of Louisville. It is said that when an ecclesiastic in office at Rome disseminates too much of "that tired feeling" or turns out a misfit, the custom is to give him a promotion—as far away from Rome as possible. However that may be, God does indeed "work in a mysterious way his wonders to perform" if "the grace of God" conspired with the ironical "favor of the Apostolic See" to bring the episcopate within this man's reach. For twenty-five years he has "governed" the diocese, and if there is any man living, including himself, who knows what condition it is in and is not afraid to make a clean breast of it, he is respectfully invited to the front to be applauded for his nerve. In that time many thousands of

dollars have been collected for various purposes, and no rational or clear account of their expenditure or disappearance has ever been given to the "shorn lambs" of the diocese. Churches have been built where they were not needed and where the only logical result could be the establishment of a progressive debt, while permission to build has been extracted with great pain where the church was a pressing necessity and the money pledged beforehand for the work. This is a curious inconsistency, but a Louisville priest who claimed to know assured me that the bishop is a large stockholder in a Louisville bank, which gets most of the diocesan business. Priests have been promoted for no other evident reason than their artistic skill at what is called among themselves "pulling the bishop's leg," and the city of Louisville especially, where the brains of the diocese should certainly be in evidence, has been carefully and systematically stocked with a lot of mental and moral cripples whose antics in and out of the pulpit, which occasionally become public property, are calculated to promote mirth and hilarity among their "separated brethren" and bring the church they represent into disesteem. As a reason for the bishop's policy of keeping the abler priests out of the city, it has been hinted among the priests that he considers brains in his immediate neighborhood a sort of reflection on himself.

Truthophobia seems to be a constitutional complaint with him, and among the clergy his episcopal word is considered of no value whatever unless his episcopal signature is attached. To this charge and every other I have brought against the bishop a hundred silent priests bear witness in their consciences, and if they had the courage to say openly what they have thought and often said privately, a hundred competent witnesses might be produced in solemn attestation of the truth of every word of this description; but for satisfactory reasons they let "I dare not" overrule "I would," and

golden silence takes the place of speech that profiteth not in this world of ecclesiastical and other shams. In fact, though the spirit irresistibly impels me to bear witness to the truth, I am one of the "immortal few" that, looking on both as equally humiliating, kept aloof from both his favors and his kicks; and my feeling in his regard, which I never concealed when I was under his authority, is simply that profound disgust that patent and obtrusive humbug, "sticking out (as Bill Nye would say) into space like a sore toe," must produce in every honest mind.

In the light of truth thus faintly turned on it, that serio-comic performance in two acts at the Louisville Auditorium and Cathedral (May 24 and 25, 1893), with its well-trained walking gentlemen and its splendid costumes of purple and fine linen, was a curious and instructive illustration of Puck's immortal words, "What fools these mortals be!" The serious business at the Auditorium was most fitly intrusted to a lawyer, whose profession forbids him to look his client too close in the mouth; and the Cathedral comedy was all the funnier from the fact, well-known to many present and at least two not present, that the reverend orator had "many a time and oft" privately denounced in unmeasured terms the man he lauded in public to the great edification of the pious throng who went home to cherish as a splendid recollection that Tartuffian spectacle, which was to the initiated more radically immoral and more far-reaching in its demoralizing influence than a thousand performances of the Black Crook. But such is life and its moral standard under the "successors of the Apostles."

William J. Dunn, who knew from long experience behind the scenes the hollow mockery of the thing, gracefully avoided participation in that solemn humbug by burying himself in the Abbey of Gethsemane just before the date for which it was billed. Be it recorded forever to his credit!

The following dispatch, that appeared on the second page of the Courier-Journal of May 29, 1893, tells a tale which with very little variation might be told of nearly every diocese in the United States:

OMAHA, May 28.—Matters have come to a focus in the affairs of the Catholic diocese of Lincoln, and evidence in support of formal charges against Bishop Bonacum has been forwarded to Mgr. Satolli for his information before passing final judgment. The offending bishop is charged with tyranny, incompetence, disobedience, and violation of the Baltimore decrees. His tyranny is alleged to be the result of arbitrary suspension of parish priests, notably Father Corbett, of Palmyra, and his disobedience lies in ignoring Mgr. Satolli's order to reinstate Father Corbett. The hearing was held before Bishop Scannell, of Omaha. Other charges are pending against Bishop Bonacum, brought by Father Walsh, of Lincoln.

The real cause of these and such-like evils is the undemocratic form of government in the Church of Rome, and they can be permanently cured only by a radical reformation which the head will not and the members cannot bring about; and Monsignor Satolli's coming to America has only taken the rags off an incurable sore which would be impossible outside the Papal flock, to whose humbler members is permitted only the passive function of being sheared—without even bleating.

In the Roman Catholic Church the bishops are the slaves of the Pope, the priests the slaves of the bishops, and the people the slaves of all three. This is strictly true of all religious matters, and of all things else that by the most liberal and skillful use of ecclesiastical legerdemain can be "logically" brought under the head of religion; but pious euphony substitutes for "slavery" various fairer-sounding equivalents. The priests are therefore such men as such a system is likely to develop, and they can be classified for all dioceses under certain general heads. The reader can easily

with the unassisted eye discover in his own city or diocese representatives of every class below enumerated.

There is the ignorant, uncouth, overbearing fellow, adorned with all the slovenliness of solitary life and guiltless of those politer graces produced by the daily friction of equal against equal, who—and for the same reason—carries the priesthood as he would carry the hod. Of necessity there are many of this kind, since men of finer grain are not attracted to the priesthood in sufficient numbers; and it holds out to such as these an easier and more dignified existence than they could otherwise hope for.

There is the pious, narrow-minded man who (perhaps justly) doubts his own reasoning powers, sees all things through the latest style of pontifical spectacles, and would cheerfully certify to the absolute blackness of alabaster or the snowy whiteness of pitch on command of his ecclesiastical superiors. This is one of the wheelhorses of the Church.

There is the able and ambitious man who goes to the front by betraying principle and pocketing his conscience, and is eventually clothed in purple and surrounded by the adulation of his similars and the multitude of unable ones who would fain follow in his footsteps. Unhappy his lot when his ambition misses connection with its object, for he is then made the butt of scoff and jibe by his critical compeers who know of the aching void within him.

There is the man whose appetite overcomes his conscience, and who walks the earth a shell of red-faced piety ready to burst with its load of rum and other combustibles. These flaming guideposts to heaven are very numerous and can be seen annually in squads at such places as French Lick Springs cooling their hot boilers and staving off for a little while the inevitable breakdown. This class has of late years filled several graves in the Louisville diocese and thus con-

tributed greatly to bring about that scarcity of priests that has forced the bishop to bring to the front his retired list of unreliables.

There is the "medium," six of one and half a dozen of another, neither superlatively good nor distressingly bad, who manages with reasonable steadiness to keep in the middle of the road, obeying the orders of his superiors and looking out for himself with the same moderate and commendable regularity. He is the other wheelhorse, and not a bad fellow; and his name is legion.

Finally, there is the man who is honest at least with himself and his intimate friends, and who sees and condemns the shams and hypocrisies that surround him on every side and brave heaven with brazen front. His soul is filled with loathing and contempt for the inner workings of the Holy Universal Humbug that bestrides a gaping world of innocents like a Colossus of Rogues; but to give utterance to his knowledge and his feelings means to face life-long persecution and the Giant's threat of ecclesiastical and social ostracism here and a special supply of hot pitch hereafter. He is pretty numerous, but he generally bottles himself up as far as the public is concerned and goes down to the grave uncorked, to learn that the Giant's jurisdiction is more limited than he had supposed and that he might as well have been honest. This last, who I hope, after seeing himself here as in a looking-glass, will not forthwith forget what manner of man he is, has my sympathy, as I have been through all his experiences except final perseverance and everlasting astonishment. I could not stay corked!

A little incident occurs to me which must not be omitted, and it shall be related here for want of a better place. Perhaps to the reader of mental agility it may not seem utterly inappropriate or unsuggestive. A solemn religious function was in progress at the Cathedral and the chancel was full of

priests more or less interested in the proceedings. In one corner where the "less" prevailed the priests began to indulge in "asides," which after a while became noisy enough to be a disturbance worthy of rebuke and suppression. A master of ceremonies, the literary "saint" of the diocese, was sent to stop the talk. He approached the offenders against decorum with that preternaturally sanctified air of his and said in his deepest guttural, "Silentium!" [Silence.] To which one of the reverend participators in that solemn ceremony promptly responded without taking the trouble to translate it into Latin,—"Go to hell!" Behind the scenes, and even on the stage, the spectacle is very different from what it seems from the benches. "There is lots of fun" on occasions that are professedly more serious than even "Finnegan's wake." But only among the actors!

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW I STOOD.

THIS will be a chapter of letters, ordinary, everyday letters from priests, nuns and others, selected from the few I have left out of a very large collection I might have had. Except in a few cases where they throw additional light on other parts of this narrative, they have no special significance; but they are just the sort of letters that show that up to the very date of my leaving the Catholic Church my clerical brethren who knew me most intimately considered me, in every sense of the words, "all right." Those who skip not, however, may find pickings.

This is from the Loretto Sister whom I have already mentioned as being taken into my confidence on a certain occasion. Whatever opinion religious foolishness compels her to hold of me at present, I found her a lady worthy of a sensibler occupation than consorting with cranks, and my esteem for her has not lessened in the least.

SANTA CLARA'S SCHOOL,
Sep. 28, 1891.

DEAR FATHER CULLETON,

Mother Sophronia is now at Cairo, Ill., Sup. She wants the address and name of the charts at Raywick. Please to be so kind as to send it to me, and I will forward it to her. Sr. Blanche was sent to Montgomery, Ala. As the diphtheria is so bad, we have closed school for this week.

Next week is Fair week at Owensboro. I send to you and your corps of teachers a most cordial invitation. Be sure to stop at my mother's home, Mrs. S . . . . . B . . . . . She does not keep hotel, but nevertheless

you *all* would be most welcome, as the house is very large, and you would get plenty to eat. I do trust you will go. I know you will have a delightful visit, as the people are very nice and sociable. I know Miss Culliton would enjoy it very much, and she can see that my people are not *cold-hearted*, as she thinks, and perhaps has a right to think, that *I am*.

Now Father, I would not have asked you to go if I were . . . with you. But I know you would enjoy the visit, and my mother would be delighted to see you because you are a friend, I think, of mine. Let me know if you can go and when, and I will write to my brother to meet you, etc., at the depot and to show you all the attentions and kindness possible. I have not seen any of my people for over two years. Excuse bad pen where I began this note, and all other errors. Answer, or call, immediately and oblige your friend

Sr. M. G . . . . . .

From a Sister of Nazareth:

ST. COLUMBA'S ACADEMY., Jan. 23, '91.

REV. J. CULLETON.

Dear Father,—

The receipt of your favor of the 15th, with poetry inclosed, would have been acknowledged ere this but for adverse circumstances. I like "Cry and Wool" very much, and think it can fearlessly run the gauntlet of criticism both for beauty of sentiment and originality of expression. Its chief charm lies in the fact that there is as much *truth* as *poetry* in it. It pleases me particularly because in it we catch a glimpse of the better side of your nature which to most persons is a sealed book, "the more's the pity."

Why do you not let your light shine before men, so that others may profit by the *good* that is in you? In my humble opinion it is a duty you owe to your fellowmen, to yourself and to God. (Please pardon my boldness. I did not intend to lecture.) We were sorry to see the rain the day you left, but are glad you suffered no serious consequences. Sr. Salome's hepatical organ seems to be in good condition.

Sincerely yours,

Sister M. de L . . . . . .

Again from the Loretto Sister who knew why the Sisters left Raywick:

SANTA CLARA'S SCHOOL,
CHICAGO, KY., Jan. 23, '92.

REV. J. CULLETON.

My dear Father,

A notice just received from Edina, Mo., stating that Sister Noema O'Bryan died Jan. 19th of hemorrhage. I know your kind heart will prompt you to say Mass for the repose of her soul. Oh! how sweet must death be,—to quit this land of sorrow, trouble, etc., as we hope after death to enjoy heaven and its delights seasoned with peace, *provided* we save our soul.

By the way, what was your idea in writing "The Grave Philosopher"? Did you intend it to be personal? I would like to know for a certain reason, so please give me a direct answer. Yes, if you would be so kind I would like to read the "Response to The Grave Philosopher," also a copy of "The Grave Philosopher," etc., etc., etc. Sr. Theodosia, our kind superior, told me to write you to pay us a nice visit real soon, so I will expect you before the little violets bloom again.

We begin teaching Feb. 1st for the spring school. Who is teaching your colored school? When will the white one begin? When you come over bring Miss Culliton. We would be glad to see her. Dear Father, do you still intend to leave Raywick, and when?

Father McHenry's health is very poor. I don't think he is long for this world. He has all kinds of aches, from the gout to the earache. Don't you, dear Father, think you had better compromise before the *angels* come and take him away; you will feel better, don't you think? I must not forget to ask how is your *liver*. If that is all right I know you are well.

Father, I want a truthful answer; I know that you can tell the truth. Do you *miss us?* I must acknowledge I miss you, as I found you a just and easy person to deal with. Please to answer soon, and pray for your true friend,

Sr. M. G . . . . . .

From a Louisville priest:

LOU., KY., Jan. 7, '92.

MY DEAR CULLETON,

Yours received. I expected you on Sunday or Monday, and am sorry you were prevented from coming. All I can write is some news? Father Harnist is expected to die at any moment. All hope given up. Father Deppen is a little better and is getting out of danger. All the others who have been sick are convalescing.

Confidential.—The Bishop has at last taken charge of the Stuckenborg case. Tell you all about it when I see you again. Don't care to write it. Fr. D . . . 's in the infirmary again, same old trouble. Martin still hangs fire, hasn't heard anything from the B. yet.

Yours sincerely,

Raffo.

When I wrote to that man, with whom I had long been on terms of intimacy, announcing my departure from the Church, which I had often foreshadowed in conversation with him and other priests, religious bigotry kept him from answering the letter. But I heard that he found time to write a letter of "consolation" to my sister that did no particular good to any one.

From a Loretto sister:

C . . . . . , KY., Feb. 17, 1892.

MY DEAR FATHER,

A . . . . . tells me you were quite sick Sunday. What a delicate *little jumbo* you are. I trust you are well ere this, as I know how very sick you can get. Some folks think *fat* people should never get ill, but they get the sickest I think.

Haven't the grip microbes been scared away by the use of asafetida? Please don't *die* before you pay that promised visit; but if you should die before the promise is fulfilled I will release you from such an engagement, because I don't want you to be coming back to me after you leave this world to pay such a visit and to scare me so dreadfully. Why, if you were not released from such a debt I would be afraid to go up-stairs to make the fire, fearing some dark night that you might appear and oh then! etc.!

I suppose by the time you get over the grip you will be afraid to come to C . . . . . , afraid you will catch the measles, as that is the next on the program. I live in hopes that you will recover and that you will fill your promise when the balmy days of spring return, accompanied by singing birds and blooming flowers and health for you, my dear Father Culleton.

I came from L . . . . . Jan. 27th, a cold and rough day, "all done up," as the saying is, for I had sat that day about six hours in the dentist's chair and the doctor was making money by hurting me and giving me pain—such is life. When I got back to St. . . . . 's I was very nervous, trembling like a leaf on a windy day, sick with neuralgia,—felt like

some one more dead than alive: but lo! Sister handed me your budget. It was so very welcome,—acted like a soothing balm. It could not have been received in a better time. The first time I read it I called a *boss* letter a holy letter. I could not quite see the *point*, but when it was reread I saw my mistake. To tell you the truth, it was a boss letter, to use your expression; but I did not know exactly under what class of literature to place it, as parts of the budget or journal were comic, serious, burlesque, poetical, conundrum, etc., and seasoned highly with taffy. I don't see *why* you would want me to do penance for such a *boss letter*, unless you stole the time from dreamland. Say, send over the penance and I will see what I can do with it.

Me don't understand the following: "Just ask the question in the singular number and I'll say yes every time, but I won't promise to tell you *why*, or you might get 'stuck.'" [The "question" was,—"Do you miss *us*?"] I can't imagine what you mean, and I don't see the reason you can't answer *why*.

And so you miss *us*. You can't imagine the void I have felt. It is always painful for me to think of the time I left Raywick. You were right in saying that I didn't want to go; but you know that now I am not my own boss, but must go where sent, through obedience. I could have left very easy if affairs had not been so crooked, although I liked very much the children, etc. In some things I don't ever expect to be as well pleased as I was at Raywick. I still think Miss Annie and I could have gotten along nicely, although we had been queer stangers. Remember me kindly to her. Don't you know my mind is sometimes full of *whys* and I can't answer them. Perhaps when I get old I can solve them, but now they are mysteries to me.

My friendship for you is not based on your being such a *hard case*, but on that honest, truthful, and straightforward business character of yours. That is one of the reasons I hated to see the sisters leave Raywick, for it is not often they find one to take the same interest and as easy to get along with, as you. Yes, I still believe you wanted to keep our Sisters if the proper arrangement could have been made. The reason I believe this is because I think you are truthful. Although some say you were *glad* to get *rid* of *us*. 'Tis true you had some reasons; but I think if they could have been rectified you would have been glad to have the Sisters of Loretto teaching in your school, etc. I thank you very much for the extra trouble you took to fix things up for me.

By the Response I meant the poetry Sr. B. sent you. I understood you to say that she had written a letter of poetry to you; of course if it

was private I did not want to see it. Inclosed you will find that document. Yes, it was pretty severe; not any good in it for anybody, not even for us. And so you won't have and don't want the Sisters of Loretto. I am sorry you said that,—but—. I regret very much that affairs came to such a point that you could have an opportunity to speak in such a way. I don't think you would have done so, if—. But *all* do not agree with me on this point. I am really glad it has become a private document and trust it will stay as such. Yes, what a mess is crookedness. Well, my dear Fr., I fear you will not be able to read such scratching and will want to increase the penance. Fr. McH., I expect, will do that in the morning when I go to confession, etc. I have more to say, but I think (and I suppose you do too) I had better stop, or else I will get too large a budget for the envelope and some kind friend might say it is a .... letter. Sr. T..... is very thankful for the promised prayers for her dear sister. My brother has been to see me. He is such a good boy. I told him of you He told me to tell you whenever you wanted to visit O..... to let him know, and he would meet you at the train and would do all he could to make the visit enjoyed, etc. So you must go. Now Fr. Jumbo, please often say a prayer for your loving friend in the S. H.,

Sr. M. G.....

P. S.—How a man can *answer* questions.

The "document" referred to is the statement given elsewhere that I read in church for the benefit of Mr. Edelen and a few others, which I had sent to the Sister at her request.

From the pastor of Campbellsville, undated but postmarked May 23, 1892:

DEAR FATHER CULLETON,—

I have been expecting to hear from you. The day of dedication is fast approaching—will you be on hand? I beg to suggest that in order to get here in time you will have to come to C—ville on Monday evening. You will meet Fr. Jno. White on train. His L—ship would not allow Fr. Thos. White to preach and he will not therefore attend. N. B.—You better come if you want your money for those statues. Going to have a big collection on that day.

Trusting you will not disappoint us, I remain

Fraternally,

WM. L. GABE.

CAMPBELLSVILLE, Monday morning.

From a Louisville priest:

LOU., KY., July 21,'92.

MY DEAR CULLY,

Yours just received. I'd about come to the conclusion you'd busted. Was about to write to you yesterday, but was prevented by sick call. White and myself are about to go to an outing—all men in the crowd, however. Passionists and students out at Merten's to-day. I am sorry you allow yourself to get possessed so readily. French Lick is just the place for you. You can rest assured by this time that your gizzard is crooked and needs a burnishing, and from all I have heard of F. L. it is immense for cases like yours. Horrigan and myself were thinking about taking it in. Can't we all get sublimated about the same time? In all events, if you conclude to go let me know in time, and I'll make every effort to go with you, *liver* or no *livor*.

—Scratches from Episcopal Knee.—

Hart gone to Colesburg; Holleran got the g. b. out of the diocese.

Conniff goes to B. Green (present situation may be changed, as C. wants to remain at St. Pat's).

Crane D. goes to St. Pat's.

Dunn is at the Bishop's Chapel.

James O'Connor goes to Nolin; Dillon is at Gethsemane.

—Later.—

White and myself just returned from picnic. Am sore from ball-playing, etc.

Martin is going to have a picnic at Leitchfield. He has been here making arrangements. He looks well and is enthused. Holleran will be at Cathedral until he finds a bishop. He says mass at Good Shepherd's, Bank St., for Bachman (Bach. on a vacation). I understand McSherry's in a box; is it so? If you have not heard don't say anything, and see if true. More anon. Yours, RAFFO.

Not wishing to get into bad company, I did not go to French Lick. Gethsemane, by the way, is where the Keeley cure is administed to such priestly invalids of the Louisville diocese as can be persuaded to sacrifice their "sacred thirst."

From the pastor of Bowling Green:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., July 29, 1892.

MY DEAR CULLY:—

Next Monday, as you are aware, will be a day that

should not be lightly passed over by you and your humble servant. It recalls an incident in our existence that claims its full share of interest in every clime and amongst every people.

Thirty-four years ago, dear John, two *purty* little bundles of humanity made their first appearance in this mundane sphere and seem to have gotten along tolerably well in their career ever since. So we must not let the occasion pass without a little gathering of our friends. I intend to invite Davis, Jno. White, and Raffo. We will have a little dinner here on Tuesday, for that will be a more suitable day, and moreover we want to hitch on to our celebration the anniversary of Father Hart's ordination, which takes place on Tuesday next. So I compromised with Hart by having the dinner on Tuesday.

Write me at once if this arrangement pleases you and if you will be on hand without fail.

Yours fraternally,

THOS. J. HAYES.

From a Louisville priest:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Aug. 27, 1892.

MY DEAR CULLETON,—

Yours received. I did not answer soon, as I hoped to be able to get off for a few days and go out, but it won't work. I was down in Tennessee at the battle week before last and am in no condition to go away now, after being with those miners.

The Dunn affair was a horrible piece of ingratitude. The reporter who wrote him up has received more favors from Bill than he could ever repay, and thus it goes.

The Bax piece was prompted by a remark made in the caucus meeting held at his place by the Louisville delegates to the C. K. of A. convention. It was one time that he was caught napping, as there were among the delegates members of the C. K. and L. of A. I think from the way the piece "winds up" he had a hen on and it failed to hatch, and he couldn't bear to see a hatch elsewhere. How's that?

There are some rumors afloat about moves, etc.; but I haven't got 'em straight yet and will not mention them at this writing. Bill's at Gethsemane. It's true he lacks b . . . bone, but I'll tell you, John, the man is being driven crazy. More anon. CHAS. [RAFFO].

I suppose you will be in Tuesday for John White's "blow-out."

From another:

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH,
14th St. and Broadway,
LOUISVILLE, KY., Aug. 26th, 1892.

DEAR CULL,—

Please be here for dinner on Tuesday next, the 30th. Time, 12:30 p. m. Raffo, Hayes, Hart, Taylor, Diabolus, Walsh and yourself are the only ones to be here. Yours, JOHN [P. WHITE.]

I will spend a whole week with you when school opens and things are in proper running order.

From a Loretto Sister:

SANTA C . . . .'S SCHOOL, C . . . . . , KY.,
Sept. 24, 1892.

REV. JOHN CULLETON.

My Dear Father,

Will you please to be so kind and accommodating as to let me have your Stillwell's Practical Question Book and any other book that you have that relates to examinations, etc. Please to give them to A . . . . . tomorrow and he will bring them to me Monday. I will try to take good care of them and will return them. What was the key to your great success last summer? I suppose your *level head*, etc.

What question book do you think the best, and also which does Miss Culliton think the best? Let me know, as Sr. is going to get one. What is the address and cost of Stillwell's?

I trust you will come to see us again soon. Suppose you and Miss Culliton drive over Sunday P. M. or some time in the near future; as such a drive this fine weather would be beneficial to both, and most agreeable and pleasing to me, as you know.

Don't forget, when you want to go to O . . . . . , that you have a standing invitation from my home, and my brother said he would provide you with a conveyance to go where and when you wanted to go. So you could take Fr. Abell with you and have a grand time enjoying Daviess county hospitality, etc.

You can't imagine how much I enjoyed that long letter last winter. I suppose I am *never* to have another one, oh! etc.

Really I am glad that the ocean that has rolled between C . . . . . and Raywick has gone dry. I was as glad to see you visit Father's house as

to see you myself. My coz., the monk, stopped here this A. M. He is out on business for the day. If you ever go to the Abbey of Gethsemane again call for Bro. J . . . . . , and you will see the only American with final vows in the order. It does me good to see him, as he seems so happy, etc. Miss H . . . . . and I agree that the picture you were so kind as to bring me was not as good as it could have been; *why*, because you can't be seen. So its perfection is impaired by want of your visible appearance. Now, dear Father, please to be so kind as to let me have the books, etc. Often pray for your friend, Sr. M. G . . . . . , as you know I need them. Remembrance to Miss Culliton.

This is from my predecessor at Raywick, and contains a touching reference to Father McCarthy, known among his fellow-students as "Shylock" and the "living liar":

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,
FAIRFIELD, KY., Sep. 6, '92.

DEAR CULLETON:

I am looking for a housekeeper and have been for the last six months. Doesn't it beat the world? I cannot get one. Would you please ask one of the M . . . . . girls to come for the present and give me a couple of months to seek further for some one that will fill the bill here? Hayes worked B. G. for me but failed. Paddy Walsh worked Louisville, and as a last refuge I have to fall back on old Raywick. If one of the M . . . . . comes I'll pay her way here and back and give her ten dollars a month while she remains. The one I have is from McCarthy's congregation,—a Daviess county clip. He (Mc) advised me to give her a trial, and sure I could have no luck in doing as he said. She is going on Sep. 15th.

How are you, Cull, and how is Raywick? In a month or so I am going to St. Mary's and will give you a call. Till then yours with great, strong love,

R. DAVIS.

From Louisville:

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH,
14th St. and Broadway,
LOUISVILLE, KY., Sept. 23, 1892.

MY DEAR CULLY,

Raffo and his girl will be out on Tuesday morning's train to St. Mary's, going on the mail wagon to Y. W. Craik's house, where they hope to find you in good trim.

Yours truly,
J. P. WHITE, Sec'y.

From a young country priest, whose name I suppress for his own sake:

. . . . . , KY., Sept. 30, '92.

DEAR CULLY:—

. . . . . has just sent me the inclosed check for masses that I was supposed to have said some three months ago. Will you please say them for my intention, and thereby oblige me.

I am still on the hunt for a housekeeper and have no idea when I shall get one. The money matter I spoke to you about has been arranged by our common friend . . . . ., and now I am feeling as a happy as a lark.

I was at Nazareth last night and I there learned that Melody had been appointed to the chaplaincy of St. Catherine's Convent. In the meantime no one has been sent out to do the work he was doing. Then too Dom. O'Connor has been changed to Bachman's place, but where the Dutchman is I cannot say. These are but rumors, except as far as Melody is concerned.

Now that the *Right Reverend Bishop*, whose record for lightning changes is enough to make any actor of the stage green with jealousy, is to be at Raywick shortly, I presume that we shall not get a glimpse of your darling face for many a moon. How's the liver? Poor dear, when will the obstreperous animile let up on you? Please give my sweetest and loveliest to Miss Culliton, and for yourself take a few warm embraces from Your sincere friend, ...

The following, which got mixed and is therefore belated, will do as well here as anywhere. The "Long Hungry Ryan" mentioned is a priest not unknown to fame in Nelson County and is the same called by my friend White in a foregoing letter "Diabolus," from a most remarkable likeness he bears to pictures of his namesake, Old Nick. This priest has immortalized himself by discovering that Confucius was a Greek, that St. Ephrem of Edessa wrote the life of St. Thomas of Villanova, and that a sick Sister had "nothing but mensuration." When on his travels in Europe a few years back he wrote some remarkable letters which I am extremely sorry I cannot include in this collection.

Sept. 4th, '91.

DEAR JOHN,

Dunn goes to Lebanon to-morrow. Finn called to Louisville for some reason; guess you know. "Long Hungry" Ryan refuses to take charge of Disney's place while away, because Disney refuses to plank up the "*shekels.*" Didn't get a good chance at Dunn, hence could find nothing out about Glasgow. No report here from Martin's case. A "rumor" floats that there will be about four changes in about a week. Don't let anyone know where you got the news above. Just want to keep you posted Yours, RAFFO.

From Louisville:

ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH,
14th St. and Broadway,
LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 1st, 1892.

DEAR JOHN,

You will have to excuse me for disappointing you last Monday. Raffo was out of town, and as five of my best members were sick I could not leave. Three of them are not expected to live. Now, like a good fellow, don't get excited. I intend to visit you, "rain or shine," as soon as Raffo will be able to take my sick-calls. I want to trade with you for the encyclopedia. Tell that young lady not to "sour" too much. Say the enclosed at your convenience. Yours, etc., WHITE.

P. S.—Cardinal Gibbons has received me. So too has Bp. Ryan of Alton. I have decided on going to the Cardinal. I cannot leave here until Leeson sends me a letter first, permitting me to do so. Then the Cardinal will make it all right with England. Unless I get Leeson's letter this afternoon or a telegram equivalent to the same, I will leave on the afternoon train to-morrow for Baltimore. So you see how I stand. Nobody knows a bit about my intended movements, except Raffo, Hogarty, Dan. Sullivan, Dom. Crane and yourself. I intend to leave quietly. The Bishop here does not know a bit about it; neither will I tell him before I have Leeson's permission to leave. That once in my possession, I will put in a whole week with you. WHITE.

LOU., KY., Oct. 9th, '92.

MY DEAR JOHN,

How's your bowels? I do declare, what is the matter with you? Eh! Oh! you are asking the same question. John, if you had

gone through what I have gone through in the last month you'd be grey,—pardon? White made an engagement with you for us to go to Raywick, but everything took a tumble and left us on deck. This Columbian celebration is a peck of unnecessary complication of Irish and German Kilkenny business. I am between the bull and the bear, and there it is. Dunn is at the Chapel and attends Glasgow. James O'Connor at Good Shepherd's, Bank St. Bachman at St. Catherine's, near Springfield. Dillon at Hardinsburg. Love to all. Yours, RAFFO.

From a Lebanon lawyer:

LEBANON, KY., Oct. 12, 1892.

REV. JOHN CULLETON,
Raywick, Ky.

My Dear Father Culleton,

The Y. M. I. of the town will give a literary entertainment here next Tuesday night, consisting of speeches, music, etc., and we want you to deliver a 15 or 20 minute speech, subject "Our Library." We want the audience impressed with the good a library would do in such a society, where the members could come and read and take books home with them. As yet we have no library, but a committee has been appointed to solicit books and funds to begin a library which we mean to establish and remain the property of the society, and, should the society ever dissolve, then to be the property of St. Augustine's Church. We have a permanent hall where the library can remain and be stationary. Now let us know by return mail, so as we can get your name on the programme; and I hope you can accommodate us, as we think our cause a good one and it and the entertainment are approved by Father Defraine, who will make the closing remarks of the evening. I send you a couple of books, that you may know the nature of our order; but you need not let its religious products [?] in any way restrain any wit or fun you may wish to intersperse your address with, as it is a combined civic and religious entertainment. There will be a speech on "the Society," one on "Columbus," a "welcome address," also one other speech, some music, and some other literary amusements, nothing however to interfere with the lecture on "Our Library." Doctor Bickett is a member and will be apt to come up with you. I will be glad to entertain you whilst here. Most sincerely,

SAM T. SPALDING.

From a neighboring priest:

CHICAGO, KY., Nov. 21, '92.

DEAR FATHER CULLETON,

The Bishop will be here Wednesday to give confirmation. Please come over to dinner. Yours sincerely,

A. MCHENRY.

I took dinner at home that day. The following is undated, but postmarked "Nov. 18, 1892."

DEAR JOHN,

Shake! I suppose "I told you so" about the election. I am just dropping in on you to give you an item or two, some little tips, *sub rosa* however.

Rev. Louis G. Deppen has been appointed Chancellor and from the latest "bulletins" has accepted. Rev. Gambon is behaving so admirably quiet—except his break last Sunday "from Owensboro to the Vatican." See Advocate.

Catch on. The Bishop is going to ensnare poor, "unsophisticated" Deppen to the Chapel and drop Gambon supremely and benignly at Holy Name; or all signs have failed. Either that or something equivalent.

White may be with us for six months yet. Complications, you know.

The "Clique" held a quiet meeting at Lawler's on Tuesday, to take precedence in the jubilee celebration for the Bishop. Why a secret meeting is not known. "Caucusing," I guess. Let's watch the cat jump. Eh? The thermometer indicates Bouchet at Blood heat and positively maintaining his own so far against the Dean's advancing on his books. Rev. C. J. broke out in the Cathedral at a funeral yesterday —the usual rafter-spliting and lung-testing.

These communications are not for publication yet. Love to the household. Yours, RAFFO.

The "unsophisticated" was probably meant to recall to my memory a conversation some time before at Father Raffo's house, during which Father Deppen, in his most pathetic and pity-extracting manner, told the several priests present how the bishop had wickedly "roped him in" when he made

him pastor of the Holy Name parish, and then left him high and dry right plumb in the middle of a d—d bad fix, as the ungodly would say. It was very sad, that tale of how the ex-lawyer buncoed the ex-drummer. "Gambon" is—Gambon, the only one of the kind ever caught and put on exhibition. The "C. J." who "broke out" is Orator O'Connell, of Bardstown, whose praises, both in prose and song, are to be found elsewhere in this book. All the returns are not yet in, but it is generally supposed that he is the most yellful, long-winded, and incoherent speaker that ever lived. The whole letter given above shows how tenderly the priests, especially the different "cliques" in Louisville, love each other when their sentiments are "not for publication." What a pity the sheep cannot hear the private conversations or look over the mail of their shepherds!

From the pastor of Bowling Green:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., Nov. 16, 1892.

MY DEAR CULLY:—

You are most pressingly invited to be present at the erection of the new stations of the cross. The ceremony will take place on Friday evening, the 25th inst. I expect the following clergy to attend, Hogarty, Hart, McSherry, and Paddy Walsh. It seems to me that you might well take an occasional rest from the duties of the pedagogue.

Hurrah for Cleveland!!!! I am a convert at last to democracy pure and undefiled. My conversion, I wish you to mark well, was prior to the overwhelming defeat administered to the Republicans. In fact, I was so enthusiastic on this occasion for the success of the democrats, that I had my naturalization papers made out and fully intended to vote but failed to register at the proper time. I have had a strong leaning to democratic principles for some time, but constantly struggled against it as a tendency to evil, until at last by observation of the current news and some little reflection on the state of affairs, I lowered my bloody-shirt colors and took a berth in the grand and great ship of Tariff Reform. Try and be with us, if you can. Yours sincerely,

T. J. HAYES.

From the late pastor of St. Patrick's, at whose house the "Clique" met to concoct that jubilee celebration which was a triumph of hypocrisy and insincerity:

LOUISVILLE, January 2, 1893.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

I take the liberty to call your attention to the circular of November 16th, 1892, concerning the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of our Right Rev. Bishop. The meeting suggested for that purpose will take place in my school rooms on Wednesday, January 11, 1893, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Hoping that you will assist at the meeting, I remain yours sincerely,

M. D. LAWLER,
Rector of St. Patrick's Church.

Sixteen days later I left the Church. I did not attend that meeting, nor would I have done so if I had intended to remain a Catholic; because I could not get the consent of my conscience (as so many others could) to declare publicly my love and respect for a man whom I (and they) inwardly despised. If there is kept above or below a Register of Hypocrites, many names that figured in that Jubilee celebration should be "writ large" in it. But everything goes, if we must hold our nose, "for the good of religion." Ye gods! bring on the lime and the carbolic acid!

CHAPTER XVII.

MY CHANGE OF BELIEF.

MOST of my readers will have discovered for themselves scattered through the preceding chapters traces of the fact that I was somewhat out of place in the Roman Catholic Church as it exists at the present day, whether its theory or practice be chiefly considered; and between theory and practice in that church there is a vast difference. The seed of unbelief in the more irrational doctrines of that church was in me from the beginning, but my environment was naturally unfavorable to its rapid growth and development. As a boy I refused to practice some things that are universally practiced in the Catholic Church. As a student I found the stock answers to the objections to some Catholic doctrines very unsatisfactory to my mind, and our professor of dogmatic theology at the seminary more than once was irritated by my pertinacity in holding out against his solutions of my difficulties. As a priest, from the very first I found myself unable to preach or encourage the practice of many things universally preached and practiced in the Church, and in conversation with my clerical associates, especially during the last few years, I was very outspoken in my dislike of clerical celibacy, of the present constitution of the Church, of the infallibility of the Pope, and of the Papal claim to supreme authority in the domains of science and politics; so much so that those of them who knew me best could not have been very greatly surprised at my openly acting on principles I have so often and so earnestly maintained in private. But, not-

withstanding all this, hindsight is so much clearer than foresight that even for me it is much easier to see now that what is was to be than it was to foresee a little while back that it would be.

I was always fond of reading, and could never for any length of time, except with the greatest difficulty, confine myself to the little garden patch of forced and dwarfed literature that the church has thoughtfully fenced in with ecclesiastical barbed wire for the benefit of true believers. At the risk of scratching myself and catching my death of heresy and excommunication, I occasionally picked the Index lock and stole out into that great unfenced field where, spite of the weeds, truth and literature both flourish luxuriantly in God's free air and sunlight; and then, in utter forgetfulness of metes and bounds, I reveled and rolled and tumbled about to my heart's and mind's complete satisfaction. Finally I ceased altogether to believe that moral death is or can be the penalty of mental freedom, a satanic doctrine that has done more harm to the world than all the devils that ever did or did not exist. During the five years I spent at Raywick I read 465 books, ranging from "As in a Looking Glass" to the "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature." I traveled to Africa with Haggard, to Guiana with Sir Walter Raleigh, and to the Moon with Lucian. I swallowed with equal relish "The Twelve Cæsars," spiritualism, Irish politics, theosophy, and socialism; and they all agreed with me. After voyaging with the "Frozen Pirate," I made a "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," and tried to get something out of "Wilhelm Meister" on my may back. "Sappho," the "Dunciad," "The Quick or the Dead," or "The Leviathan;" it was all the same. I sat up "Nights with Uncle Remus" "Behind Closed Doors," and struggled with Milton and Kant and "Robert Elsmere," not without "Looking Backward" now and then with a sigh to Bill Nye, Spoopendyke, and the Old Settler. I went with

undiminished hunger from "Baled Hay" to "Blades of Grass", and when I had all I wanted of the "Present Condition of European Politics," the "Analogy of Religion" and "Prison Life in Siberia," I went in for a high old time with "Helen's Babies." "Allan's Wife" and "Nana's Daughter" went off together "Speaking of Ellen" and "Rhoda Fleming." Gautier and Rawlinson, Kipling and Newman, Tasso and Heine, Carlyle and Ignatius Donnelly, Renan and Mallock, Lecky and—yes, but only once—Gunter,—everything "went;" and I still live to tell the tale, and to be glad that it all happened just as it did.

Some years ago the arguments of the evolutionists made an impression on me that I never could get rid of, though well enough inclined to shake it off at the time. The people in general believe what they are told, and most educated men believe what they want to; but now and then you find a man who believes whatever appeals convincingly to his reason at the time, and is ready to "flop" not once but many times, without much regard to "consistency" or the crowd. That is my predicament, and I could not get over, under, or around Lecky's "Rationalism in Europe" nor "The Pope and the Council," which I read in November, 1891, and January, 1892. The reading in March, 1892, of James Freeman Clarke's "Life and Times of Jesus," which I ran across in a Louisville bookstore, and bought because its titular ascription to Thomas Didymus promised something unusual, led me to write a letter of inquiry to Rev. C. J. K. Jones, the able Louisville Unitarian, who replied as follows:

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 25, 1892.

REV. JOHN CULLETON,
St. Francis Xavier's Church,
Raywick, Marion Co., Ky.

Dear Sir:

It is impossible to answer your question which is the best book on "Unitarianism." As we have no defining creed, we do not rec-

ognize any one book as authority, or as giving a complete and final statement of the things which are commonly believed among us. Truth is our authority whenever and wherever it comes to us, and whencesoever it comes. Our communion embraces all shades of religious belief from the mildly orthodox to those who are called radical Unitarians. We accord to everyone the right and the liberty of following his own religious convictions. I send you herewith a pamphlet of views by one of our men. Notice the intellectual character of our fellowship at end. A good book of the conservative school of Unitarians is "Orthodoxy; its Truths and its Errors," by James Freeman Clarke, published by Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

If you will send your name and address to Rev. Grindall Reynolds, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., and ask for a copy of Channing's works, I think he will send them to you. You can mention my name in this connection. The Am. Unitarian Association, of which Mr. Reynolds is Secretary, publish many tracts, etc., for free circulation. If I can be of any service to you at any time please call on me without hesitation. I am, Sir, Cordially yours,

C. J. K. JONES.

In the course of the following summer I read Renan's "Life of Jesus," "The Apostles" and "St. Paul," which caused me to unlearn many things that I wasted a great deal of time in learning. Then followed Clarke's "Orthodoxy" and "Ten Great Religions," Lenormant's "Beginnings of History," Clarke's "Ideas of the Apostle Paul," and Henry George's annihilation of Pope Leo the Thirteenth's encyclical on the "Condition of Labor." Dogmatic insanity had gradually yielded to treatment, and now the cure was complete. I knew well enough what I had to expect from my late associates and friends in the Roman Church, and, while not concealing from my clerical friends my disbelief in some of the leading doctrines of the Church, for self-protection I kept to myself what I purposed doing; but I put off the final step no longer than was necessary to enable me to close up the year's accounts and leave the congregation's affairs in good order at Raywick.

The clearest account I can give myself of my gradual

change of belief is that it was a natural growth, at times retarded and at times accelerated by circumstances; and, not foreseeing the conclusion, I took but little note of its various stages. Though I cannot exactly describe every mental turn on the route I traveled nor set down with the precision of a chart every place I felt a jolt, it is enough for me that, starting with an ardent love of truth which I feel that time and study and thought have only increased, I have reached my present point on the road of eternal progress; and I am glad that I did not stand still. Mental and moral stagnation, on all sides and in all churches visible to the naked eye, would, as far as I am concerned, make life not worth living. With truth for the end and reason for the guide, there is satisfaction even in going wrong, and there is certainly as great a chance of going right as there is in traveling blindfold at the end of a rope held at the other end by one equally ignorant of the route, but labeled by fallible men "Infallible." A label is all very well in its way, but it is the stuff in the bottle that finally counts. Truth has often been labeled "heresy," and the love of truth, which is the very elixir of life, the philosopher's stone that transmutes for its possessor the basest metals into purest gold, has a thousand times been labeled "poison." And many fools, frightened by the skull and crossbones, let the great gifts escape them. The doctrine of the Papal Fetish is,—"Hold fast to the coat-tails of your ancestors, who knew less of everything else, but more about religious truth, than you; try nothing new, or your soul is eternally lost!" But the great apostate from "infallible" Judaism, who established the Christian Church, says,—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good!" I took my choice; the reader can do the same. And if he is unwilling to be led heavenward or some-otherward by the nose, and too lazy to seek for truth with his eyes open, there still remains the philosophy pond in which he may fish for frogs to his heart's content!

CHAPTER XVIII.

I LEAVE THE CHURCH.

HAVING wound up my affairs at Raywick and put them in the condition shown by the statement at the end of the seventh chapter, I carried out the resolution I had come to some time before by writing the following letter:

RAYWICK, KY., Jan. 13, 1893.

RT. REV. BISHOP,—

I hereby resign the charge of St. Francis Xavier's Church, to take effect the eighteenth of this month.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN CULLETON.

Rt. Rev. W. G. McCloskey.

On the appointed day I started for Louisville, which I intended making my home for a time at least. That day I received the following letter from the bishop:

LOUISVILLE, 17 Jan., '93.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

Your letter of Jan. 13th stating simply that you "hereby resign the charge of St. Francis Xavier's Church, to take effect the 18th of this month," without assigning any reason for the act, is received.

May I ask what those reasons are. I remain

Yours faithfully,
W. G. MCCLOSKEY,
Bishop of Louisville.

Rev. John Culleton,
Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, Raywick.

I reached Louisville that same day, and on the 20th replied to the bishop as follows:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 20, 1893.

RT. REV. BISHOP,—

I resigned because I no longer believe in some of the doctrines and practices of the Church.

The inclosed statement will show that I have done my best to leave things at Raywick in good condition for my successor.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN CULLETON.

The Catholic Church always tries to make it appear when a priest abandons her faith that he had for cause incurred the displeasure of his ecclesiastical superiors, and was practically, if not formally, expelled. Being at the time I left the Church, and always before, in good standing, I acted quietly and suddenly, to forestall any action which the bishop, had he known my purpose, might have taken to put me in a false position before the public. On the 19th I was married in Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, and the next day I wrote to my sister and two Louisville priests with whom I had been very intimate, informing them of what I had done. The priests were silent, but my sister—who had married at the mature age of eighteen—was furious. Without comment, I submit the following letters and telegram to the reader's judgment. The two first letters were written just before my withdrawal from the Catholic Church, the telegram and the other letter just after it:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., January 11, 1893.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I must not wait any longer to thank you for your beautiful present, for which I am very grateful; and I must compliment you for displaying such excellent taste in the selection of such an odd and beautiful picture. Freddie is delighted with his book and wishes me to thank you for him. He enjoys looking at the pictures, which I think are lovely, and makes me read the explanation of them to him.

By the way, poor little Fred is having a hard time of it for the last three days with the earache and toothache. His face is terribly swollen and he has been quite sick from them.

I should have written long ago and told you how we came out in the sale. Well, with the $2,000 cash we paid off the F. T. and S. V. Co. of Louisville, and we had the $1,500 in notes cashed right away and have paid off Mrs. McDonough, and all we owe to amount to anything is Mrs. Hogan's $800, the interest of which is paid up until April, which I think we will be able to meet then,—at least I trust we will.

I have felt like a different person since we have nearly paid our debts—I tell you it is a great relief. The great worry on me now is Pa, as he is getting worse every day. He does the most outlandish things you ever heard of.

Father Hayes has been in Louisville since Monday, and I don't think he has returned yet. Phil. Beauchamp is tearing those places down and going to make one storeroom of it and fit and fix it up nicely: it will be an improvement to this end of town.

Fr. Hart came to B. G. on a visit week before last and took quite sick whilst here of pneumonia, and had to stay over Sunday. He went home last Thursday. All the folks are quite well, and all join me in sending much love to you. When do you think you will turn your footsteps in the direction of Bowling Green? Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

Your loving sister,

Mary A. Keune.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., January 20th, 1893.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—

You have not answered my last letter as yet, but I am just so anxious to hear of your "resignation," notice of which I saw in yesterday's Louisville Post, that I thought I would write you a few lines, to find out when and why it happened. I know that you had applied for another place, but I did not know you were thinking of resigning. [She was mistaken; I had not applied for another place.] I hope nothing disagreeable has happened, and also hope you will get a place where you will be more contented and satisfied, and pray God to direct you for the best. I have been so uneasy all day and hope I will soon hear from you. I know the Raywick congregation will reluctantly give you up, for I think you have made them a good and faithful pastor. The piece in the Post was *very* complimentary to you.

How is the weather up about Raywick? It is outlandishly cold down here, colder than it has been for years.

All the family are very well, and all join me in sending much love to you. Hoping to receive an early reply, I remain

Your loving sister,
MARY KEUNE.

I wrote the same day to tell her of my marriage, and am sorry I am unable to give my letter here, but I kept no copy. The next day she sent the following telegram and letter:

BOWLING GREEN, KY., Jan. 21, 1893.

TO JOHN CULLETON,
Hotel Victoria, Louisville:

If information conveyed in your letter is correct I never wish to see your face. MARY ANN.

BOWLING GREEN, KY,, Jan. 21, 1893.

Well, Johnnie, your letter has broken my heart. I would rather see you dead this morning than think you have done such a thing, and don't think I will ever be ready or want to see your face again after such a horrible disgrace as you have brought on me; and if you have been so crazy as to do such a thing, why don't you go to the other end of the world? I hope God will open your eyes and make you repent, but I am afraid you have lost all grace with God long ere this.

The deeds, as you know, are all in your name. Write me immediately what you intend to do about them; but I never care to see you under any circumstances. It is the most horrible thing I ever heard of. You certainly have lost your mind and all respect of God and man.

Your sister,
MARY A. KEUNE.

I felt very sorry for her, and wrote her a very kindly letter in return. But the allusion to the property which belonged to us jointly and was all in my name showed the real seat of trouble; instead of dying of a broken heart, she and her husband soon after brought a suit on utterly false grounds, by which they sought to rob me of that portion of the property which is justly mine; which suit is still pending.

The Louisville Catholic Advocate of January 19, 1893, contained the following notice of my resignation:

Rev. John Culleton has resigned his pastoral duty at Raywick. This zealous and energetic young priest in every way endeared himself to his parishoners there. No previous pastor ever put the financial affairs of that congregation in a more desirable shape. It is not known where he will be assigned, but, wherever that may be, the love and prayers of his Raywick friends, irrespective of creed, will follow him. His successor is not yet known.

The Raywick correspondent of the New Haven Echo wrote thus of me:

The saddest misfortune that has befallen the Catholics here is the resignation of their beloved pastor, the Rev. John Culleton. For more than five years he has labored in their midst with a fidelity, courage, and ability that has endeared him to every one, irrespective of creed. He not only paid off the church debts but put the financial affairs of the congregation in the best shape they have ever been. During his pastorate he received and disbursed $11,450.80. A friend to education, he gave to the white school $246.28. He was also beneficent in many ways to the colored school. It is not known where he will be assigned, but, wherever that may be, the love and prayers of his friends here will attend him. His successor is not yet known.

I had never sought newspaper praise, but had requested the Raywick correspondent and the editor of the Advocate to say as little as possible in that way about me, as I did not care to lower myself to the level of those priests who were constantly after newspaper puffs. My marriage got into the papers by way of Bowling Green, without any connivance of mine; and all the Louisville papers spoke of me in very complimentary terms. The only discordant note came from the Lebanon Enterprise, edited and perhaps mainly supported by Catholics. Inspired by a personal enemy of mine, it uttered some disparaging remarks of me and published an anonymous attack on me; for which the editor afterward, in

a private letter to me, disclaimed all responsibilty. The paper also publicly acknowledged that it had gone too far, published a stinging reply from me to the anonymous calumniator, and declared my article the last on the subject that should be admitted to its columns.

On Sunday, January 29, by invitation of Rev. C. J. K. Jones, I preached at the Church of the Messiah a sermon on "The Religion of Christ," in which I did not say one hard word of the church I had left or of any individual in it. I then settled down to a private life of enforced idleness caused by the unjust lawsuit already mentioned. Tiring of this after a while, I wrote a lecture on "The Church of Rome and American Ideas," which on April 27th I delivered at Macauley's Theater to a large and intelligent audience. The lecture was entirely free from personalities, and was a dignified attempt to prove that certain Roman Catholic doctrines are in conflict with ideas that underlie our American institutions and are necessary to their perpetuation. That the lecture succeeded in its object is amply proven by letters I afterwards received from men of high character who heard it and who were fully competent to judge of its merits. That it was true, and therefore unanswerable, is sufficiently shown by the unanimous silence of the usually pugnacious Catholic Advocate and the multitudinous champions of Rome, who are valiant enough when there is any chance of success. But that lecture hurt, and as it could not be refuted by facts or arguments, Rome's most effective weapon — slander — was turned against the unlucky man who told the truth in such a way that no public and straightforward answer was possible. The lecture was delivered on Thursday, and on the following Monday a foul slander against me found its way to the Commercial office and was carried in regular succession during the next few days to several other papers. The papers, after investigating the matter and finding the report false,

were of course silent. From Luther down, the private character of every priest who has left the Roman Church has been assailed by the choice lot of "Christians" he has abandoned, and that they attacked me secretly instead of openly, trying to get the secular papers to do their villainous work while they kept in the background, was in my favor with thinking people and was not calculated to increase in the public estimation the "holiness" of the Holy Roman Church, which was already somewhat putrid. Deeming it necessary to settle once for all the slander and the slanderers, as thinking people are not any too numerous, I accepted the challenge of my Roman Christian friends and met them on fairer terms than they offered me. They had in secret causelessly, maliciously, and untruthfully assailed my private character, using the thousand venomous tongues of rumor for their cowardly work; I determined for good cause, truthfully and without malice, to meet the issue publicly in the only effective way I knew of. Besides defending myself, for the enemy's more lasting benefit I concluded to carry the war into Africa; for which purpose I engaged Macauley's Theater for Friday night, May 12, 1893, when to more than seven hundred people I preached a sermon from the text: "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." After this there was a mighty silence in the enemy's camp! The lecture and sermon are given in full in the two succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHURCH OF ROME AND AMERICAN IDEAS.

THE following introduction to the lecture is taken from the Louisville Commercial of April 28, 1893:

A large audience assembled in Macauley's Theater last night to hear Rev. John Culleton, the reformed priest who forsook the priesthood and married, lecture on "The Church of Rome and American Ideas." Rev. Culleton is a gentleman of pleasant appearance, convincing, straightforward manner, and speaks in a clear voice. When first coming on the platform he asked if some gentlemen who understood and could read Latin at a glance would come upon the stage. Rev. T. T. Eaton responded, and a young gentleman from the Baptist Theological Seminary. These gentlemen, during the lecture, followed the Latin text while Rev. Culleton gave the translation of the laws and guidances which are in the Roman Catholic creed. Rev. Culleton then began:

I at first intended to say nothing whatever about myself, but, on maturer consideration, I thought a few words by way of preface to the lecture would not be out of place. I shall therefore introduce myself.

I was born of pious Catholic parents and brought up a strict Catholic, and I believe I was considered a good boy in Bowling Green, where my boyhood was spent. In due time symptoms of a religious vocation set in and I studied for the priesthood. Although from childhood there was in my composition a certain amount of internal rebellion against some things in the Roman Catholic Church, which from time to time manifested itself outwardly, I persevered in my course, relying on that divine authority claimed by the Church, which to those who believe in it serves as an extinguisher of all independent thought and as an answer to all objections. After completing the required course of studies, my character and attainments being found up to the mark—and, I truly hope, somewhat above it—I was ordained priest here in Louisville in 1882. From that time until the day I left the Church no fault was ever found by my ecclesiastical superiors with my work as a priest or my character

as a man. And up to the present moment, so far as I know, no one who knows me, and whose word by virtue of his position or character is entitled to the slightest consideration, has ventured to publicly find fault with my record as a priest.

And yet all the time I must admit I was not a good Catholic in the ordinary sense. I was repeatedly guilty of one of the most serious sins in the whole catalogue—the unpardonable crime itself, and I could not keep from relapsing, no matter how hard I tried. I could not help looking at both sides of things, and my mind would persist—contrary to the rules and regulations made and provided in such cases—in thinking for itself; and I found it impossible to keep it always orthodox when orthodoxy and reason were in conflict. So, one fall leading to another (as authorities on conscience tell us), I gradually slid away from the state of ignorance and grace until at last the very spirit of churchianity died out within me and, with nothing but Christianity left, I found myself on the outside of the fold; and now I wonder why I did not break out sooner. In fact, the only personal grievance I have as yet against the Catholic Church is that for so many years it caused me to believe and to help others to believe so many things that are not true.

So you see before you are a victim of the bad habit of thinking,—not drinking, which does not interfere with orthodoxy at all. You see a monster of iniquity, on his way headlong to the dogs (as a charitable friend of mine is reported to have prophesied), a man damned before he is dead by the earthly dispensers of salvation and damnation, excommunicated *ipso facto* because he could not pass the rest of his days as a liar and a hypocrite; and you will all please take warning by my example.

Excommunicated! That's a dreadful word, and most of you perhaps may not fully comprehend its meaning. I will therefore tell you what it means. It means cut off from the sheep and thrown among the goats by those who claim to own the sheepfold. It means the everlasting cold shoulder from two hundred millions of people who either literally or figuratively wear the Roman collar. It means that your former friends, who know that you are an honest and truthful man, must pretend that they do not know it,—must keep that fact to themselves if it kills them. It means that the man who says mass on Sunday and gets drunk on Monday may thank God with uplifted eyes that he is not as you are. It means that the fellow with a microscopic mind who used to greet you with a smile that hid his ears must duck his head when he meets you now, lest looking you straight in the face might contaminate his insignificant soul. It means a life-long battle with ignorance and proscription

and lies. But, for the right sort of man, it means also a greater knowledge of humanity, an intenser contempt for humbug and hypocrisy, an increased self-respect, a stronger love of truth, a wider sympathy with his fellowmen, and a profounder reverence for all goodness and its creator—God.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, I pledge you my word that in what I have to say to you to-night I will not consciously deviate by a hair's breadth from the truth; and I challenge contradiction, whether it come from the altar or the gutter. My object is not to stir up passion or prejudice, but to arouse thought; and I ask your patient attention while I endeavor to picture for you the Church of Rome in one of its aspects which, it seems to me, merits the most serious consideration from those without as well as those within its pale.

THE LECTURE.

Three hundred years after the death of its founder Christianity came out of the catacombs into the light of day, a triumphant religion. The decaying civilization of Pagan Rome, which by long-unquestioned sway had deeply stamped its imperial impress upon the minds of men wherever the Roman legions had carried its laws, its customs, and its thoughts, had revolted at the leveling doctrines of this obscure Jewish sect which scoffed at the great gods of Rome, set at naught the distinctions of wealth and rank, and seemed to mock and defy the authority of the divine Emperors themselves by appealing from their judgment to the judgment of a higher, invisible tribunal. The result was three centuries of bloody persecution on the one side, greater or less in degree at different times and places, according as the progress of the new religion made itself more or less obnoxious to the government, which was church and state in one; on the other side, three centuries of unceasing underground propaganda, built on imperishable ideas which gradually forced their way into the most unwilling minds, and sustained by an emotional

and spiritual life which colored all things with a Heavenly tinge, and lifted those who felt it—as it still lifts those who feel it now—out of the real into the ideal. The end of it all was Constantine the Great. Without being in any true sense a Christian, if history paints him aright, he was a bold and politic statesman, of clear sight and determined action. He saw that the war of physical force waged by Paganism against the moral force of Christianity was doomed to failure, had in fact already failed, and he went over with his immense influence to the winning side. Paganism ceased to be the state religion, and Christianity unfortunately took its place. I say "unfortunately," because in religion as well as in politics the ins are seldom quite as virtuous as the outs; and if human nature was then anything like what we find it to be now, it is more than likely that after the triumph of Christianity some of the very best Christians were Pagans, who stood by the old cause and went down with their colors flying.

Then and there was the beginning of that union of church and state, the joint product of statecraft and priestcraft, which has everywhere and always been a curse to both state and church. Christ indeed had said, "My kingdom is not of this world," but the wit of man is ever quick to find a new interpretation for an old text when there is anything to be gained by it; and the Church soon developed a remarkable faculty for looking both ways at once, a faculty which it has never since allowed to fall into disuse. Simplicity took flight with poverty and persecution. In falling heir to the place and power of Paganism, Christianity also inherited its circumstance and pomp; and the religion of the Galilean, whose simplicity was its grandeur, the religion that dwelling in the holes of earth had captivated the minds and hearts of men, decked itself out in the finery of a despised and defeated heathenism, multiplying forms and ceremonies until vital religion was so buried beneath them that practical religion

became for the most part what it has since remained, a thing of outward seeming instead of inward conviction, a matter of pious routine regulated by occasion, instead of an ever-present indwelling spiritual life, manifesting itself in a steady growth of character onward and upward.

History and tradition ascribe the foundation of the Church at Rome to the Apostles Peter and Paul. This fact gave the bishops of Rome great influence in the early Church, an influence enhanced by Rome's position as the seat of empire and the world's metropolis. Favored thus by circumstances, the patriarchal see of Rome soon overshadowed every other in Christendom, although its pretensions were never fully acknowledged in the East. When the Empire of the West fell before the onslaughts of the Barbarians in the fifth century, the only Roman institution that survived the wreck of empire was the Roman Church. And now, surrounded by dangers and difficulties, the invincible spirit of Christianity asserted itself, and rebuilt society from its ruins. Vigorously exercising the great powers it claimed, the sole possessor of knowledge and the only competent interpreter of Roman law, the Church of Rome reduced the Barbarian babel to order, and ere long exerted a greater mastery over the rude minds of the conquerors than it had ever attained to before. The fall of the Western Empire having practically cut off the churches of the East from anything but a nominal connection with those of the West, Rome was left to pursue its course of aggrandizement and centralization without an effectual protest.

Then came the Saracens, burning with zeal for the cause of the Prophet, who swallowed up the greater part of the Empire of the East, and with it went the influence of the Eastern Church, Rome's only powerful rival in the Christian world. But the followers of Mohammed laid violent hands on the West too, and there ensued a life and death struggle

between the two religions and the two civilizations, known in history as the Crusades, which ended only with the exhaustion of both sides. During all that stormy period fraught with such mighty consequences to modern society, Rome was the natural leader and head of Christendom, and right nobly did she accept and perform the duties of leadership,—but never without an eye to the main chance. For the downfall of the Western Empire leaving the Emperor of the East the nominal sovereign of both East and West, when the perils that threatened at home practically nullified his authority in the West, which he was powerless to help or to hurt, the Roman Pontiff, as the representative of antiquity, of civilization, and of religion, placed the crown of the Cæsars on the brow of a Barbarian. The Pope was justified in so doing by the necessities and equities of the situation; but Charlemagne and his successors were not ungrateful, and the *quid pro quo* was the Roman State with the Pope as sovereign, the beginning of the Temporal Power of the Popes. And now the "Vicars" of that Christ whose kingdom is not of this world, having added to their unlimited spiritual power a temporal principality, were not content. The Pope, already bishop of bishops, aspired to be not merely a king, but the king of kings. In the persons of Gregory the Seventh and Innocent the Third he obtained his desire, and lorded it over Christendom with a haughtiness not surpassed by anything we read of in the histories of Oriental despotism. The Popes have never since laid aside the triple crown, and a vision of universal empire, temporal as well as spiritual, still haunts their dreams.

In the thirteenth century the Papacy reached the apex of its greatness; the powers of the earth did humble reverence to it, and there were none to gainsay it. But where was Christianity? The most perfect ecclesiastical machine the world has ever seen was there; a magnificent system of doc-

trine had been laboriously built up and syllogistically welded together, having just received the finishing touches from the greatest of the schoolmen, Thomas Aquinas; all the peoples of Western Europe were united in belief and in the outward practice of religion, and the Inquisition had just been established to keep them so; but the Church, weighted down by its temporal interests, had really very little time to devote to men's internal needs, and Christianity, the vital and spiritual religion of Jesus, was compelled literally to take to the woods, where it showed itself from time to time under the forms of discontent, rebellion, and heresy. It began to protest, feebly at first, but more and more loudly as time wore on, against the corruptions of the Roman Church. The ecclesiastical machine met its protests with the potent arguments supplied by its Inquisitors,—the cell, the torture, and the stake, and sometimes the crusade of extermination; and went on serenely as before, gathering in the loaves and fishes, reveling in the secure possession of the earth and the fullness thereof, and letting the world that looked to it for guidance sink into a midnight gloom of ignorance and superstition.

But the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and when things are at their worst they are apt to improve. Somebody stumbled on the art of printing with movable types, and somebody else started the fashion of reading the long-neglected authors of ancient Greece and Rome. The study of the classics became a sort of craze, which the Popes encouraged for diversion's sake; and so from the tombs of dead and buried Paganism knowledge was resurrected to rouse a sleeping Christendom to new life. With knowledge came unrest and a desire to investigate all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the consequent mental ferment produced that huge religious upheaval we call the Reformation, which divided the Christian world permanently

into two hostile camps. On the one side were ranged authority, tradition, and a popular ignorance filled with blind hatred of innovation; on the other, liberty, Scripture, and a general intelligence never satisfied with yesterday or to-day, but impatiently awaiting the morrow. For four hundred years the conflict has lasted, and the end is not in sight; for the Church of Rome, though no longer omnipotent, is still a mighty factor in the world, and looks forward with confidence to the time when the nations will again call her mistress.

In these latter days the apologists of Rome are doing their best to bring about a popular reversal of history's verdict against her, while still asserting dogmatically all her former claims to religious supremacy. Everything ugly in her past is deftly smoothed over in the sugar-coated books published in the vernacular languages and intended for popular consumption, while in the authoritative books for the use of the clergy her worst misdeeds in the past are boldly justified on principle. When Rome is blamed for the immorality of the times when she held universal sway over the minds and consciences of men, her writers plead in extenuation the political disorders of the times, ignoring the important fact that the Church in those days was as supreme in politics and society as it was in the domain of doctrine. When she is accused of having persecuted men to the death for opinion's sake, they blandly point to the fact that Protestants persecuted too, and lay it all to the spirit of the age. But the incontestable fact remains, that when Protestants persecuted they did so in direct violation of their cardinal doctrine of the right of private judgment, a doctrine that inevitably leads in the long run to the broadest toleration and the completest religious freedom; while Rome's persecutions were in strict logical accordance with principles and doctrines she has never ceased to teach, but maintains as earnestly at the close of the nineteenth cen-

tury as she did in any preceding age. Quite recently, in a book entitled "What Catholics have done for Science," a Roman Catholic writer cited Galileo as a sample Catholic scientist; although every one knows, or ought to know, what the Roman Church did for Galileo.

Now I maintain, and I shall proceed to show from unquestionable authorities, that whatever Rome has done in the past that was bad and cruel, against human rights and contrary to the gentle spirit of Christianity, she stands not merely ready and willing, but pledged by logical consistency, to do again when occasion offers and circumstances are propitious.

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

So it is with the church of Rome. When she cannot carry out her policy she puts on the pleasantest possible face and says, "I never thought of such a thing." But give her a chance!

I am not going to depict in frightful colors the horrors of the confessional, as do so many lecturers against the Roman Church, for the reason that I believe those horrors exist chiefly in the lecturers' imaginations, and I am not here for the purpose of telling lies. Abuses there may be now and then, due to the frailties of human nature, from which no man in or out of that Church is exempt; but experience and observation lead me to believe that the main objection to the practice of auricular confession is that it has a tendency to weaken and destroy that firmness, independence, and decision of character which is the best basis and guarantee of sound morals. The confessional makes men careless by apparently enabling them to get from man that pardon which God only can give.

Nor shall I assail the purity of the priesthood, because I believe they are not the moral monsters that some opponents of the Roman Church, whose zeal outruns their knowledge, would make them out to be. On the contrary, I believe that for the most part, in the English-speaking countries at least, they practice what they preach in this respect. In fact, the commonest sin among the Roman clergy in this country is not impurity, but intemperance; and its chief cause is celibacy, which drives them for social companionship to the bottle. I have always believed that the simple truth is the best weapon against error of any kind, and I think it foolish as well as wrong to make a false charge for the sake of scoring a point or to gain popular applause.

The worst features of the Church of Rome are not those that lie on the surface. The evil in it is radical and fundamental, and consists of doctrinal principles to which all Roman Catholics must give adherence, which, if Rome could apply them practically, would destroy civil and religious liberty root and branch, would strangle literature and annihilate science, would take away from the individual man all freedom of thought and action and make him a mere automaton,—would, in a word, wipe out of existence everything that is fairest and loveliest in our modern world, everything that makes the present delightful as compared with bygone ages, and the future glorious with promise of greater blessings yet to be.

I now ask you to give me your closest attention, and to weigh well the evidence I am going to produce.

The Inquisition, as I have already said, was established six hundred years ago for the purpose of compelling men to remain Catholics and of exterminating heretics. With the history of its cruelties all are more or less familiar, and I shall not go into it; but most persons think that the Inquisition has been abolished forever and is altogether a thing of

the dead past. The Roman Inquisition, of which the Spanish and other national inquisitions were only subordinate branches, and which includes *in posse* any number of future national inquisitions, still exists in the year 1893, with all its olden rights and powers. It does not exercise them as of yore, it is true, because, with the world divided as it is on religious questions, persecution would not be good policy just now, even if the prevalent notions of man's civil and religious rights were not in the way. I have here a work on canon law, written by an Italian bishop as a text-book for students and published at Rome in the present century, from which I will read some carefully translated passages, to show what and why the Roman inquisition is, and what it can do when the times permit:

"The integrity of faith and morals would not seem sufficiently cared for if association with those who differ from Catholic truth were merely prevented and their books kept out of the hands of Catholics, unless there were also magistrates to look after and punish the corrupters of the faith, and to remove at once those evils which might injure society everywhere. For should not the safety and health of the ecclesiastical community—which depend especially on the integrity of faith and morals—be diligently guarded, and this care and solicitude pertain to him who is set over that community.

"Therefore it is one of the first duties of the Supreme Pontiff, to whom the whole Catholic Church is committed, to take care that faith be sound, that errors be removed, and that inquiry be made into those who corrupt the faith and disturb the state of the ecclesiastical community. For this reason was established a tribunal, which is called the Inquisition because it is its office *to inquire* into the errors which may contaminate the minds of Catholics and draw them away from the wholesome pastures of doctrine. At first each bishop in his diocese, or several bishops in provincial council assembled, inquired into those errors which arose in the diocese or province; but they always referred the more serious cases to the Apostolic See, and then the bishop or the provincial council put in effect the decision of the Apostolic See.

"Afterwards, when graver evil seemed to demand it, the Popes found it necessary to send into those countries in which heresy had crept far

and wide Legates, who might join forces with the bishops, that so the audacity of lost men might be more easily coerced, and Christians deterred from strange and wicked doctrines. But as new errors broke out every day, and the number of heretics might increase while the legates could not always be on the spot nor always make use of a remedy fit for the evil, it was decided to appoint perpetual magistrates, who might always be at hand and always in every country look after the integrity of the faith and repress and repel all errors at their very birth. Thus were instituted the Inquisitors, men of approved piety and doctrine, chiefly Dominicans or Franciscans, who vicariously did the work of the Apostolic See in averting and removing errors and preserving the faith sound and safe.

"But that in these Inquisitors, in a matter so important as the integrity of the faith, there may be such union and agreement of their minds and judgments with the Apostolic See and center of unity as is meet, the Popes established at Rome a committee or congregation of cardinals presided over by the Pope himself, which, besides its officers, has several consultors of known integrity and learning, whose labor and advice the cardinals make use of for the clearer and more diligent expediting of difficult matters. This congregation is set over all the Inquisitors in the world, and to it they refer the more difficult cases, that they may be settled by its authority and judgment. Which is rightly and wisely done, and belongs to the office and power of the Pope." (Devoti, vol. 2, pages 295-299.)

Defenders of Rome have strained every nerve to make it appear that the Roman and Spanish inquisitions were altogether different and disconnected things, and, as you see, along with their nerve they have badly strained the truth. The trail of the Pope was over them all. I return to the book:

"There always were and are now some not fond of the tribunal of Inquisition."

The author seems to think that people ought to fall violently in love with the rack and thumbscrew and the other allurements of the Inquisition.

"And these charge the Inquisition with cruelty, as if many had been dreadfully put to death by its command. But by secular judges and the

laws of princes, not by churchmen, was punishment inflicted on those convicted of heresy." (Page 301.)

What a quibble! The Roman Church by its teachings and influence procures a civil law punishing heresy with death; then takes a poor fellow with a mind of his own and an inclination to express it, convicts him of heresy, turns him over to the executioners, and dances an ecclesiastical jig around the stake while the fire burns; and then, after all is over and burning at the stake has become unpopular, turns round with childlike innocence and lays it all on the other fellow! The Baptists are, I believe, the largest religious body in Kentucky. Let us suppose, then, that ninety-nine hundredths of the people of Kentucky were Baptists and the same predominance had been maintained for centuries; that all the members of every legislature were zealous Baptists strongly influenced by the teachings of their church; that such a legislature passed a law declaring heresy—in this case, dissent from Baptist doctrine—a crime punishable by death, leaving the trial to the preachers but the execution to the State; that the Baptist Church held such trials and condemned men for heresy, turning them over to the State for execution; and that the Baptist Church could at any time, at any moment, have stopped all this, but never tried to do it. Now, in such a state of things, which would be responsible for the cruelty, the persecution, and the consequent deaths by torture and the stake,—the State of Kentucky or the Baptist Church? I leave the answer to any honest and intelligent man. For Kentucky substitute Europe, and for the Baptist Church the Catholic Church, and you have the situation as it was.

"To the tribunal of the Inquisition all who know of them are bound to bring and accuse heresies and heretics, or those suspected of heresy."

"Even infamous persons are accepted as accusers and witnesses, since every means must be used to put down a crime so grave, which attacks God himself and his religion." (Page 305.)

"The names of the accuser and witnesses are not divulged, and an oath of secrecy is imposed on all."

Comment is hardly necessary; but what a splendid chance the accused has to be convicted, guilty or not guilty!

Finally, the Inquisition—

"Is to have jurisdiction over all Catholics who are convicted of crime against religion, except princes, cardinals, and bishops, whose crimes are to be referred by the inquisitors to the Pope. Jews and all persons born and brought up in heresy or schism, *and* tolerated in that country, are not subject to the judgment of the inquisitors, *provided they do nothing against the Catholic religion.*"

"But not only against heretics and all who have fallen away from the faith does the tribunal of Inquisition pass sentence, but also against those who have committed any crime that savors of open heresy. This includes divining, fortune-telling, heretical blasphemy, simultaneous polygamy, abuse of the sacraments, and insulting sacred images; which crimes attack God and Catholic truth and induce a grave suspicion of heresy. Likewise those who read condemned books or sell them, or who contrary to the precepts of the Church eat forbidden food, bring on themselves a suspicion of error or bad will." (Page 308.)

All this is from a book for students of canon law, canon law as it exists right now and as it will be put in practice when the Church is able to do it; for not a word of it has ever been revoked, not a clause abrogated by the Roman Church. What an interesting time we would have in this world if we all belonged to the "faith of our fathers," and we should happen to draw a breath or two the wrong way! And to show that the Inquisition at this present moment is not a myth, but a menace, I will now read the names of its chief officers from the Catholic Directory for 1892, page 26:

"Congregation of the Holy Office, or of the Roman and Universal Inquisition: for the examination and repression of heretical and depraved doctrines and offences, etc. Prefect: His Holiness, the Pope. Secretary: His Eminence, Raphael, Cardinal La Valetta. Assessor: Mgr. S. Cretoni. Office: Palace of the Holy Office."

Another Roman institution is the Congregation of the Index, whose business it is to tell Catholics all over the world what books they may or may not read, or even keep in their possession. It publishes a list of condemned books, called the Index Expurgatorius. I have here a copy of it brought down to 1882, and I will read you some of the rules made by Popes to protect us from the danger of knowing too much:

"All books not in this Index, but condemned by Popes or general councils before the year 1515, are to be considered condemned as before."

"The books of heresiarchs, both of those who after the aforesaid year invented or revived heresies and of those who are or were heads or leaders of heretics, such as Luther, Zwingli, Calvin, Balthasar Pacimontanus, Schwenckfeld, and such like, under whatever name, title, or reason they exist, are absolutely prohibited. The books of other heretics, treating expressly of religion, are absolutely condemned."

"Since experience shows that if the Bible in the vulgar tongue be permitted everywhere without discrimination, on account of men's rashness more hurt than benefit comes of it, it is left to the judgment of the bishop or inquisitor, with the advice of the parish priest or confessor, to permit the reading of Bibles translated into the vulgar tongue by Catholic writers to those who they know will not receive injury but an increase of faith and piety from such reading; which permission they must have in writing. But whoever without such permission presumes to read or keep them, cannot be absolved of his sins. Booksellers, moreover, who without the aforesaid permission have sold Bibles written in the vulgar tongue, or let them out in any manner whatever, must lose the value of the books, to be converted to pious uses by the bishop, and must undergo other punishments to be imposed by the bishop according to the greatness of their fault."

"Books in the vulgar tongue treating of controversies between Catholics and heretics of our day are not to be permitted indiscriminately; but let the same rule be applied to them as to Bibles written in the vulgar tongue."

Rule X. is long, and lays down a number of regulations about the publication of books; but contains one important paragraph, which takes away all liberty of publication:

"Bishops and inquisitors-general are free, according to the authority which they have, to prohibit those books also which seem to be permitted by these rules, if in their kingdoms, provinces, or dioceses they judge it expedient." The Talmud and other wicked Hebrew books are prohibited altogether, and Hebrew prayer-books are permitted only in the Hebrew language. "Those who in reading find anything deserving of condemnation must notify the bishop or inquisitor, giving chapter and page." And every country is to have a national Index of its own.

When books are expurgated, here are some of the things to be expunged:—

"Propositions that are heretical, erroneous, savoring of heresy, scandalous, offensive to pious ears, rash, schismatic, seditious, and blasphemous." "Those which introduce any novelty contrary to the sacramental rites and ceremonies and the received usage and custom of the holy Roman Church." "Profane novelties in words, invented by heretics and intended to mislead." "Doubtful and ambiguous words, which may lead the readers' minds away from the right and Catholic sense to nefarious opinions." "Honorable epithets and everything else said in praise of heretics." "Those things that hurt the reputation of our neighbors, especially churchmen and princes." Lastly, "printers and booksellers must swear before the bishop or inquisitor that they will do their duty as sincere and faithful Catholics, and obey the decrees and rules of the Index and the edicts of bishops and inquisitors relating to their trades, and that they will not knowingly permit to work with them anyone stained with heresy."

There is more of it, but this is enough. The rules of the Index are not very rigidly enforced now because they cannot be, and to enforce them would spoil the part of injured innocent that Rome is playing at present. For the same reasons we have no national Index in the United States; but everything is ready for the future, and the spirit is willing.

Here are the names of a few writers, some or all of whose works are on the Index:—Bacon, Balzac, Draper, Erasmus, Hallam, Heine, Hobbes, Hugo, Hume, Locke, Milton, Montaigne. Rome seems dreadfully, but I am inclined to think needlessly, afraid that people will hurt themselves reading

"Paradise Lost," "The Leviathan," the "Essay on the Human Understanding," and the "Constitutional History of England." How would you like to live under such a censorship, or for your children's children to live under it? This system was not invented by the Czar of Russia, but by the Pope of Rome, It has been practiced, and will be practiced again if Rome ever regains her old-time power.

We believe in the freedom of the press in this country. Well, the Roman Church in the United States is doing right now what it can against it by muzzling Catholic writers and gagging the Catholic press. I will now read an extract from the "Acts and Decrees" of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, held in 1885, and presided over by Cardinal Gibbons. The whole chapter "on books and periodicals" is worth reading, but too long to quote entire:

"Wherefore if any persons hereafter, either clergymen or laymen, whether themselves or by their associates or others instigated by them, in any newspaper whatever or published books, shall by injurious words, reproaches, or rebukes attack ecclesiastics, especially dignitaries; much more if they presume in such papers or books to criticize and condemn the policy of a bishop in governing and administering his diocese; we declare both the writers themselves and those partaking in and those encouraging this pernicious abuse to be disturbers of order, despisers and enemies of ecclesiastical authority, guilty of the gravest scandal, and worthy, on sufficient proof of their fault, of being punished by canonical censures." (Page 129.)

All these hard names and threats for daring to criticise a bishop! The Catholic papers are not allowed to give their readers the truth or anything like the truth about church matters. As a natural consequence of this dark-lantern style of church government, not only Catholics but outsiders are kept in almost complete ignorance of the doings and intentions of the Catholic hierarchy. Such information as they do get is more likely to be false than true.

In this country we also profess to believe in freedom of speech; but some very recent occurrences in neighboring states show that, while a man may safely assail in public speech the national and state governments and every officer of them from the least to the greatest, and while he may freely state his objections to any form of Protestantism or even to Christianity itself, if he ventures to attack or to criticize the Roman Church he is likely to be very forcibly impressed with the fact that freedom of speech has one great limitation. The Roman Church is so far above criticism that a very large class of its members consider riot and murder its best refutation; and that church, though it often and loudly boasts of its love for law and order, seems entirely unable to restrain this form of religious enthusiasm among its followers.

The simple truth is that the spirit of religious intolerance is as much alive in the Church of Rome now as it ever was in her palmiest days, and that it has plenty of meat to feed on I will now proceed to prove by reading you a few propositions condemned by the Roman Church as false. They are taken from Koning's "Moral Theology," a text-book in American seminaries, the one I studied myself here in Louisville a few years ago:

1. "It would be an abuse of the Church's authority to carry it beyond the bounds of doctrine and morals and extend it to external things, and to exact by force that which depends on persuasion and the heart; much less has it a right to compel obedience to its decrees by external force."

Condemned; which means that the Roman Church asserts a right to regulate not only our belief but our external acts, and to force us to obey its decrees.

2. "Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion which, led by the light of reason, he thinks to be true."

Condemned; which means that you must be a Roman Catholic even against the dictates of your reason, that you must prefer lunacy to heresy.

3. "The church should be separated from the state, and the state from the church."

Condemned; which means that the Roman Church is flatly against one of the best provisions in the American Constitution, and prefers a union of church and state, And its notion of what the terms of union should be is very like the lion's idea of union with the lamb.

4. "It is lawful to withdraw obedience from legitimate princes, and to rebel."

Condemned; which means that the American Revolution was unjust, and that all rebellion is wrong if the ruler succeeded to power in the usual way. What a pleasant doctrine for tyrants!

5. "In this age it is no longer expedient for the Catholic religion to be the only state religion to the exclusion of all others."

Condemned; which means that the leopard has not changed its spots, and that the Roman Church allows freedom of worship—wherever it cannot prevent it.

6. "Hence the law in some Catholic countries granting freedom of worship to immigrants is praiseworthy."

Condemned; which means that the Roman Church is unalterably opposed to freedom of worship in Catholic countries, though full of hunger and thirst for it in Protestant lands.

7. "Liberty of conscience and worship is a right belonging to every man, which ought to be proclaimed and asserted by law in every rightly constituted community; and citizens have a right, not to be restricted by ecclesiastial or civil power, to publish and declare all their ideas."

Condemned; which means that the Roman Church does not believe in religious liberty as it is understood in every free country.

The propositions I have just read, *which are essentially embodied in our institutions*, were not condemned by some benighted Pope of the dark ages. Every one of them but the first was condemned in his famous "Syllabus," or afterward, by Pius the Ninth, the immediate predecessor of the present Pope; and that first proposition is practically the same as one condemned in the Syllabus. Catholic dogmatic theologians declare the Syllabus an infallible document, irrevocable, and binding the consciences of Catholics forever; and it is a clear and unequivocal declaration of war by the Church of Rome against our ideas and institutions.

With one more translation I will conclude the evidence. I have here the spring part of the Roman Breviary, one of four volumes from which every priest in the world reads his daily office. The thirtieth of May is in some places the feast of St. Ferdinand the Third, King of Castile and Leon. Here is a part of his praise in the Breviary, which every priest who reads his office must read: "Ferdinand the Third, King of Castile and Leon, to whom churchmen and laymen have already for four centuries given the title of Saint, gave such proof of wisdom while still a youth that his mother Berengaria, Queen of Castile, by whom he was very piously brought up, abdicated in his favor. In him after assuming the cares of royalty, the royal virtues shone forth,—magnanimity, clemency, justice, and above all zeal for the Catholic faith and a burning desire to protect and spread its religious worship. He proved it especially by persecuting heretics, whom he allowed to remain nowhere in his kingdoms; and he himself with his own hands carried wood to burn those condemned to the stake." This is from the authorized Breviary of Pope Leo the Thirteenth, the same that

I read myself till I quit, the same that every priest reads daily. You will not find anything like it in nice little books like the "Faith of Our Fathers;" but every priest who has not forgotten how to read Latin knows that his Church does not believe nor permit its members to believe in religious liberty *as Americans understand it.* What the Church means by liberty, civil or religious, is this: You may do exactly as you like, provided you like to do exactly what the Church tells you to do.

This lecture might possibly have been more interesting to some if I had dwelt more on history and facts and less on doctrines and principles, but by so doing my object would not have been accomplished to the satisfaction of an intelligent and critical audience, nor to my own. The apologists of Rome calmly relegate the unpleasant facts of history to the lumber room of things inconsequential, skillfully explaining away their true significance by ascribing them to urgent political necessity, to the disorders of the times, to the spirit of the age, or to the individual character of the persons who were the chief actors in them; and thus, ignoring the philosophy of history, shift all responsibility from the Church. Therefore, to make good my position, it was necessary to exhibit the Church of Rome not as prejudiced or hostile historians may have represented it, but as it really is right now in the dawn of the twentieth century of the Christian era, Popes, councils, official books, and Roman Catholic authorities on theology and canon law, being the only witnesses; and every one knows the course of history is not a mere chapter of accidents, but a grand demonstration of the law of cause and effect, and that under like conditions history will most surely repeat itself. Whatever in the Roman Church has chiefly a private bearing I have left untouched, and confined myself to those principles of doctrine and of action that have a wide outreach and are calcu-

lated to exert a far-reaching influence on the affairs of humanity. And I have honestly endeavored to lay before you the naked truth, without malice, and without falsifying, suppressing, or altering anything. I undertook to prove that whatever crimes against the spirit of Christianity, human liberty, and the rights of man Rome has been charged with committing in the past, those very things she is guilty of in theory at the present moment, and is ready to reduce theory to practice whenever circumstances permit. Whether the evidence adduced—evidence that defies contradiction—bears me out in my assertion, I must leave to your individual judgments; and for this reason I sought an intelligent audience, able to reason for themselves and to draw their own conclusions. One thing, however, which should be the starting point of every deduction from the evidence presented, I did not undertake to prove, taking it for granted that every one here present knows it,—which is that the Roman Church claims to be the infallible oracle of God on all questions of doctrine and morals, and on all questions of philosophy, science, politics, and whatsoever else may be included in the range of human knowledge, as far as they impinge on the field of doctrine and morals.

I think I have clearly shown that the Roman Church holds, and compels its members to accept and be prepared to act upon, certain well-defined principles and doctrines, past recall or modification since the definition of the dogma of Papal infallibility in 1870, which are diametrically opposed to the basic principles of modern progressive civilization, and which would necessarily compel a popular majority honestly professing them to subvert the free institutions of America, in favor of an ecclesiastical despotism embracing within the scope of its jurisdiction doctrine, morals, art, science, literature, politics, philosophy, everything in the heavens and on the earth that interests and employs the minds of men. The

most enlightened nations of to-day concede man's right to be guided by reason in matters of belief, and Rome denies that right. They believe in the separation of Church and state, while Rome believes in their union. Modern enlightenment has banished ecclesiasticism from politics, while Rome would make government a subordinate branch of theology. We believe in the freedom of the newspaper press and of general literature; Rome would exercise a rigid censorship over both. We believe in the utmost freedom of theory and speculation in science, being convinced that the true will remain and the false be exploded in due time; while Rome would absolutely forbid, as she did in the case of Galileo, every scientific utterance that did not from the very start square with the accepted theological interpretation of some obscure text of Scripture. All this is surely enough to show that, as night follows day, as certainly would the overthrow of our liberties follow logically from the perfect application of Roman Catholic principles. Rome is nothing if not logical, and however often she may shift her course whenever the winds are inconstant or unfavorable, she is steadily and hopefully steering for the harbor of Universal Supremacy, which only a mutiny among the crew kept her from making four hundred years ago.

What the world would be like with Rome for Dictator we may at least conjecture from our knowledge of Oriental despotism, from the unhappy state of Russia and Turkey, and from the present condition of Spain, Italy, Mexico, and the so-called republics of South America,—in spite of their contact with higher civilizations. Four hundred years ago Spain was the foremost nation in Europe; to-day the schoolboy comes across its name in the geography and the newspaper reader sees it occasionally mentioned in connection with bull-fights or Carmencita; but the great world scarcely notes its existence. Why? The Inquisition did its perfect work in Spain; free thought was stifled, the mind was fettered as

Rome would fetter it everywhere, progress became heretical innovation, and Spain,—the land of poetry, romance, and heroic adventure, that begot Cervantes and adopted Columbus,—became and remains an inglorious straggler in the rear.

Look now at another picture. England in four centuries has broken all records, ancient or modern. She has not only conquered liberty for herself, but planted its fruitful seeds in the soil of five continents besides. Her flag is on every sea, and her language on every shore. Her ideas, wherever they took hold, have blossomed into beauty and borne the fruit of order and freedom, power and prosperity, energy and progress; and, herself still young and vigorous, she beholds in one of her offspring the greatest and freest nation of earth, the hope of the oppressed and the prophet of universal deliverance, the predestined leader of humanity in the coming age. And why? It would be difficult indeed to give a better reason than the simple fact that English and American civilization is based and built on the very ideas I have quoted to you as propositions condemned as false thirty years ago by the Pope of Rome, and forbidden under pain of eternal damnation to be held by any Catholic throughout the world.

Is not the contrast striking enough to make us pause and consider the value of what we have and the danger of losing it, to weigh well the claims that our country and mankind have to our services in the impending conflict between religious despotism and modern liberty? For indeed the issue is in no way to be avoided, since the Roman Pontiff has declared in so many words that there cannot and ought not to be any reconciliation and peace between Rome on the one hand and progress, liberalism, and modern civilization on the other. This papal declaration of undying war is no laughing matter, but one of very serious import indeed. It is not the single voice of a feeble old man whose head is wool-

gathering in the past, but the battle-cry of a vast and powerful organization, the accordant shout of the two hundred millions that give obedience to Rome. Nor is it a cry that will die away and leave no echo, but it will be reverberated in perhaps still louder tones by the Roman legions yet unborn. It is not wise to despise it, nor safe to ignore it. The Pope, filled with the fancy of divine inspiration and guidance, is in deadly earnest, and if all his followers were equally so the outlook would be black indeed. Most American Catholics are prejudiced in favor of liberty and in blissful ignorance as to where their faith is leading them, and much is to be hoped from the wider spread of education among them. Yet, however good a citizen he may be, and however unconscious of his opposition to American institutions, the individual Catholic passes away and the system remains, and the leaven of infallibility may one day leaven the whole lump with a singleness of purpose that can produce only the most deplorable results. The Roman-American question, embracing, as it does, a conflict of fundamental ideas, is of vastly greater moment, and the manner in which it is settled will exert a mightier influence on the future of our country, than the majority of intelligent Americans seem to think. Their present attitude toward it may be illustrated by a story of a near-sighted lover that my mother used to tell. The young man, wishing to conceal his defect from his beloved, one day that he called on her secretly stuck a pin in the door of her father's stable, which was some distance from the house. Afterwards he casually asked her if "she saw that pin in the stable door." She said she did not, and, to show her how good his eyes were, he started to the stable to get the pin. On his way he fell over a cow that was lying in the road. He did not see the cow. Make the application to suit yourselves.

The Roman Church would recast the minds of all men in a

single contracted mold, do violence to the divinely ordered variety of nature by making all men think, feel, and act in mute accordance with the decrees of one infallible man, and instill into them a devotion as stupid, blind, and unreasoning as that of the victims of Juggernaut. Ignorance is the source of its power. In Europe and America, wherever Roman influence is dominant, there we find the densest ignorance and the least progressive movement. With ignorance in the ranks in serried columns, with thousands of skilled subordinate officers whose only hope of promotion is blind obedience, and a commander-in-chief more audacious and more autocratic than any ruler that ever sat on the throne of St. Petersburg, the Roman army of reaction marches on to the accomplishment of its aims with mighty momentum, two hundred millions strong; and though its batteries are masked and its watchwords plausibly misleading, it is always and everywhere, not accidentally but on principle, the deadly enemy of human liberty, of human progress, of the highest human aspiration. And as ignorance is the source and secret of Rome's strength, universal enlightenment is the spear that will prove fatal to this mighty Achilles who sulks at progress and refuses to take part with humanity in its efforts after higher and better things. With a little knowledge among its masses will come a desire for more, one by one its thralls will unshackle themselves, and at last this hideous spiritual incubus that has been humanity's nightmare since superstition's midnight evoked its form from the Plutonian shore "will fade like an insubstantial pageant and leave not a wrack behind."

Rome indeed loudly professes to be the friend of education in America, but it wants a biased education, and of all kinds of ignorance false knowledge is the worst. Hence the supreme necessity of keeping the education of the young, the future's hope, free from every ecclesiastical trammel,—and

hence the tremendous efforts of the Roman Church to save itself from impending doom in the United States by burglarizing our public schools. After fighting our school system with might and main for many years, after denouncing it with true ecclesiastical bitterness as godless and destructive of all good, now, finding the old plan ineffectual, Rome suddenly changes her tactics—so suddenly that even her own well-disciplined forces are thrown into confusion for the moment—and coolly proposes to make her parochial schools public schools,—for a consideration and on her own terms.

If there is any country on earth where the Divine Goodness has given man a fair opportunity to work out a glorious destiny, unhampered by the consequences of past mistakes embodied in customs and institutions, that country is the United States. It has no deadly history, no soul-enslaving traditions, no misplaced reverence for antiquated evils and vested wrongs; and its people are free to go onward to newer and greater triumphs, to scale still loftier heights of achievement, under the divine promptings of enlightened reason and the emancipated spirit of humanity. They have a mighty mission to accomplish for the betterment of the race and the demonstration of God's goodness in the noblest of his earthly creations—which should image Him in its height, its breadth, its depth, and its freedom—the godlike mind of man, human reason free and unfettered! Not by looking backward to the errors of the past, nor—seduced by short-sighted political hopes and fears—by temporizing with present dangers, can they fulfill that destiny, but by putting their hands to the plow and making their furrows straight where the sunlight of reason leads the way. As Lowell beautifully says—

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

CHAPTER XX.

"THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW STONES."

[Sermon preached at Macauley's Theater, May 12, 1893.]

Before beginning the regular exercises, I wish to read a little editorial from this morning's Commercial:

> Mr. John Culleton, who recently abandoned the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church and got married, seems inclined to utilize the notoriety he has gained in order to make some money. He invites the public to hear him make exposures, and, as he elegantly expresses it, "to see the cat skinned." Mr. Culleton, if he wants to find lecturing on that line profitable, ought to make his appointments in places where the American Protective Association has got a strong foothold. Ex-priests and ex-nuns who have taken the lecture platform heretofore have not commended themselves to the confidence or respect of intelligent people, especially when they began to make exposures.

I am very much obliged to the editor of the Commercial if this crowd is an evidence of its influence in this community. The man who wrote that article either knew me or he did not know me. If he knew me, it seems to me that he is a liar. If he did not know me, he ought not to have written such a thing unless he knew it to be so. I have not lectured in this city at any time for the purpose of making money.

I announced that I should speak to-night from the text, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." A sermon, you know, sometimes rambles off from the text; still I hope that before I am through you will all be satisfied that the text has been at least fairly exemplified.

This is my third appearance before the people of the city of Louisville. Some who are here to-night were present on the first occasion when I addressed a Louisville audience, and every one who was there must bear testimony to the fact that I did not say a single unkind word of the church I had left. A great many probably gathered on that occasion expecting that I would do so, but I announced in the beginning that I had no such intention; nor did I have for a long time afterward. The second occasion was on the 27th of April, when I addressed a good-sized audience here in Macauley's Theater, not for the purpose of making money but for the purpose of making a reputation with intelligent people; and I think I accomplished my object. I delivered a lecture on a subject concerning which I made use of arguments only and attacked only principles. There was not a single personality in that lecture from beginning to end. In both of my addresses I have spoken as little as a man possibly could about himself or about other individuals; but I addressed myself to the intelligence of the audience. I left a church for reasons of my own, and I left it for good, honest reasons; and I have a right, as has every other man, to express my opinion about that or any other church, or any other thing. So I invited intelligent people to come and hear me express myself on the Church of Rome and American Ideas. I used arguments in that lecture, and produced evidence, and from that evidence I drew conclusions. Before I go further I wish to read a few testimonials as to the character of that lecture. The first came to me by mail next day and was entirely unsolicited. It is from a leading Baptist minister of this city, and all of them are from men who are competent to judge what sort of an address was made by me on that occasion.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 28, 1893.

REV. JOHN CULLETON,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sir:—I had the pleasure of listening to your address last night, and I admired its spirit and candor. There was no arraignment of individuals, simply principles. Your testimony was admirably selected, accumulatively presented, and the conclusion was cogent and irresistible. To the thinkers of your audience it was a great literary treat. I shall be pleased to see you at any time. I want to cultivate your acquaintance.

Respectfully yours,

W. P. HARVEY.

That letter also bears the endorsement of Rev. C. B. Riddick, a prominent Methodist pastor of Louisville. Here is one from another Baptist minister, in charge of one of the leading churches of that denomination in this city:

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 29, 1893.

It gives me pleasure to say that I heard with great satisfaction the lecture of the Rev. John Culleton, an ex-priest of the Roman Catholic Church. He showed beyond all possibility of successful contradiction that the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church is utterly opposed to civil and religious liberty. This lecture will be sure to do good wherever it is delivered, and will serve to strengthen the purpose to preserve our American institutions in the hearts of all who hear it.

Respectfully, etc.,

T. T. EATON.

Here is a letter from a prominent Episcopalian minister, if I am not mistaken, the pastor of the church which the editor of the Commercial attends:

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 29, 1893.

THE REV. JOHN CULLETON.
My dear Sir:

In thanking you for your polite invitation to your lecture I may be permitted to say that I was very greatly interested, pleased, and agreeably disappointed. Observation and experience alike taught me to expect—pardon me—a somewhat rude attack on the peculiar institutions of the Roman Catholic Church,—the confessional,

the monasteries, the convents, etc. It was therefore with great satisfaction that I listened to an intelligent gentleman dealing with doctrines and principles in a gentlemanly way. In saying this you will of course understand that I do not commit myself to every conclusion of yours, but I thought it due you to say that there was not a word uttered to which the most refined ear could object, and so far as I can remember not one which even the most devoted Ultramontane might not hear without impatience.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. C. BETTS.

The following came from a gentleman whom I have never met, connected in a business way with a prominent school of this city, whose name for that reason I suppress:

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 28, 1893.

MR. JOHN CULLETON.

Honored Sir:

Permit me to extend to you my most hearty congratulation and sincere thanks for the rare literary treat which was so highly appreciated by the auditors of Macauley's last night.

In view of the many regrets which I have heard expressed by those who did not hear you and the high appreciation of those who did, I assume to solicit you, on behalf of myself and many friends of truth and liberty of conscience, to deliver the lecture again, feeling sure that you will be greeted by a crowded house.

Yours most sincerely,

This letter is from a man who has an international reputation in his profession :

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 8, 1893.

REV. JOHN CULLETON:

Dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the opportunity of hearing your excellent lecture on the subject of "The Church of Rome and American Ideas," and to add that every American, in my judgment, should hear it. The logic and diction of the lecture are powerful, and the taste and fairness manifested throughout are admirable. All church people would be edified by such an opportunity as I enjoyed.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS F. HARGIS.

Now, if I had been anxious "to make money out of my notoriety" there was a first-class chance to do it, and I did not avail myself of it, because I desired to lecture elsewhere before lecturing in Louisville again.

That is the kind of a lecture I delivered on the 27th day of April in this theater. It was one of those things which calls for a respectful, honorable, honest answer, if it could be answered in that way; but I took particular pains not to write a word in that lecture that I cannot make good. And I defy, here and now and for all time to come, any priest or bishop, or any man they can produce, to stand with me before any intelligent audience and discuss the propositions I lay down in that lecture; because if he does, I shall either convince him that he is wrong or convince the audience that he is not honest. The Catholic paper of this city came out on the Thursday following that lecture and I got a copy of it; but it did not say a word about the lecture or about me, simply because they could not refute what I said. I was since informed that my utterances were taken down by a shorthand reporter for the benefit of the Catholics, and I hope they will do them a great deal of good. But they uttered no word of reply, they did not deny a single fact that I produced on that occasion.

The lecture occurred on Thursday, April 27th. On the Monday following a reporter from the Commercial came to the house where I was staying with the information that on that day a report had been brought in to the Commercial seriously affecting my character and the character of one of whom I think as much as I do of myself and more. I satisfied him that the report was false. I heard no more for two days. On Wednesday a reporter for the Times came to me with the same information. It had also been brought to the Times office. Thursday I met a young man representing the Courier-Journal with the same matter to investigate; and be-

tween that and Sunday the editor of one of the Sunday papers had heard of it. They all investigated it and found out it was false. At first I thought it might be an accident that such a report had started, but why the report should be carried first to one paper and then in two days to another, when the first one had found that it was untrue, I could not understand. Some of the reporters agreed with me that they thought it was a systematic effort to blacken my character, and that of course stirred up the Irish blood in me. I decided to refute that calumny at once, for a lie travels very fast and sometimes, if you let it get away, it is very hard to catch up with. But there are people, and especially Catholic priests, in this city, who ought to know me well enough not to try any such business with me. I expect to go to other places and lecture to other intelligent audiences, and I hope they will all be as big as this one. But that lie would go ahead of me and would surely do harm, and I think, as a man respecting myself and caring for my future, I should answer it right here and now, and then if I have any statements to make about others, make them in a public way. That statement which was made to those newspapers must have been known to whoever started it as false. It had not the least foundation in fact; it was a lie out of whole cloth. Whoever got it up did not have the courage to come out and say it in public, but thought he would get the daily papers to do his work, and he or they sit in the background, while I would be blasted by this thing going all over the country. If anybody in or out of the Catholic Church, newspaper or person, will make any statement seriously affecting my character in any way whatever that would justify a lawsuit, I promise that I will give that man or that newspaper an immediate chance to make good his statement in court. Before I get through I shall probably make some statements which, if made about me, I would bring suit on; and if they will

bring suit against me for them and give me the chance, I will prove them in court. And I hope their stenographer is here. I have not begun this discourse yet. I have not talked any about myself for a good while, but I am going to do it now. I am going to do a good deal of it, and I am going away back to start with.

As I have said, when I withdrew from the Roman Catholic Church I did so quietly and in order. On the 13th of last January I wrote a letter to the bishop of the diocese resigning my parish, to take effect on the 18th. On the 18th I received a letter from him asking why I resigned. I had given no reasons in the start. On the 20th I answered that it was because I no longer believed in some of the doctrines and practices of the Church, and signed my name to it. On the 19th of that month I got married and that night returned to Louisville, where I expected to stay for a while. I went about my business in a quiet way. I did not think I was a public man, and made no noise. The newspapers did not get hold of it till the following Monday, and then it came from Bowling Green. I certainly was not seeking notoriety at that time. Well, the newspapers got that item, and then they could not find me. I was not conspicuous at all. I was retired, and I would have remained in private a good deal longer than I did, if they had allowed me.

I am part owner of considerable property in Bowling Green justly and fairly. It was put in my name in trust for a sister and myself. I was considerably surprised after I withdrew from the church to find that my brother-in-law undertook to deny my right to any of that property, though part of it was bought by my father in 1859 and is mine absolutely if I get my rights. But for that, I do not know what I should have done. I might have settled down quietly into some business. My lawyer, who is an able man, assures me that I will win in the long run, but the long run is a very in-

definite thing in law matters. It may go before the Court of Appeals, and I think and have thought all along that the principal reason why they brought that suit was that they knew I had never been a man to save up money, and they thought they would wear me out, and that in order to get something I would sacrifice a great deal. I got tired of being idle and I wrote this lecture that I have been speaking about, and it was of the character I have described from these letters.

Now I am going back to the time when I was a student to show you what sort of a fellow I was. This is a letter from the president of St. Joseph's College, written August 25th, 1879. We had there then a one year's course in philosophy, which I had just finished. They then adopted a two years' course. [The letter referred to will be found in full at the beginning of the third chapter.] That simply goes to show I was not a fool. I then went to the theological seminary in Louisville; I had had one year of that man's brand of philosophy, and I did not want any more. I completed my course and, as I said before, I was ordained in Louisville, was stationed for two months at the Cathedral, after that spent a year in teaching at St. Joseph's, after that four years at Franklin, Ky., and after that I spent over five years at my last place. Now, during all that time I never received a reprimand from the bishop; I never received a letter indicating that my conduct was in any way wrong, or finding any fault whatever with any action of mine as priest or as man. If a man can go through ten years as a Roman Catholic priest, with bishops inclined, as they are, to be very tyrannical, without receiving even a reprimand, I think it is a very remarkable record; and I doubt if there are many priests in Louisville who have that record. I know of some that have not.

Five years ago it was my good fortune or my ill fortune to

be sent out to a little place in the country. I had a large congregation, about 150 or 160 families, mostly farmers. The place where the church was situated, however, was a little village; and if any of you have been raised in a little village or have ever lived in one any length of time, you know what it is. It is a place where everybody knows what you have in your pocket, knows more about you than you ever can know, and knows a great many things you cannot know because they are not so; where when you go to drive a nail you have two or three fellows telling you how it ought to be done. When a two-horse man goes into a one-horse town you can imagine what is the result. I was different from any one they had ever had there before. There are a great many men who are religious in public; their faces are very long when anybody is looking. They are very strict; they watch all the proprieties until the door is closed. I do not know what character of men were there before me. I have nothing to say against them, but they were evidently men who were afraid of the people they were pastors of. I never had the misfortune to be afraid of the people. I went about my business in my own way, and it was a different way from what they had been used to. I do not believe in prohibition, and if I want a glass of beer I am going to drink it, and if I want something stronger I am going to drink that, and I would as soon drink it on the street as behind doors. If there is any one in the world for whom I have a profound contempt, it is the man who goes behind a door to do a thing that there is no harm in. Such a man as I am in such a place as that is apt to have trouble.

I got there on a Saturday, and Sunday morning I said the first mass and the priest I was to succeed said the second mass. After I said that first mass a lady went home and told her husband I was the most pious priest they had ever had. The services were held in a little schoolhouse, as the church

building was not finished. It was the 4th of September and very warm, and the house was crowded. I thought the other priest might have something to say to the congregation in the way of a final farewell, and, not at all to embarrass him, I remained outdoors, where I met a number of people who had heard me in the morning. I sat there and got acquainted, and cracked jokes with them. One young man went home and said the new priest was drunk. That was all in one day, and the worst of it was there was not a thing to drink on the place and I had not had a drop. I did not hear of that for several months afterward, but it finally came to me.

When I took charge of that place the church was unfinished, there were no doors or windows to it, it was about $2,000 in debt, and everything was in a terrible condition; it had no money and no credit. I was sent there under a misrepresentation; I was not told how things were. However, I did the best I could. It was a little country place; a dollar here looks its natural size, but down there it looked like a cartwheel. When I left there last January I had spent $3,000 on that church and kept up the best school ever in that place, and I believe the best district school in Marion county, the church was out of debt and insured up to February 18, 1894. I have here a letter from Bishop McCloskey, which shows what sort of a manager of a congregation I was. [The letter, written in March, 1891, will be found in full towards the end of the seventh chapter.] The money he gave me permission to spend on the house I never spent; and I hardly think he has as much confidence in me now as he expressed in that letter.

One of the things I was told the other day, that was not sent to the papers but was circulated to my injury, was that I had dismissed the Sisters from teaching at Raywick to put in their place the lady whom I afterward married. Now that is a lie. I beg pardon of the ladies present; if they were not

here I might use stronger language. The priest who was there before me for some reason or other, after he had been there two years, suddenly dismissed them with the approval of the bishop. I went there, and came to the conclusion that those Sisters were the cheapest and best teachers I could get, and they came back and stayed three years. They did very well for awhile. And this is something I hate to tell you. I have kept silent for two years and borne a great deal of misrepresentation because I did not want to injure a woman, and I would not now say anything but for the fact that that woman has cast reproach upon and slandered another and better woman; she does not deserve further consideration, and she is not going to get it. I once attended a comic opera—and I don't think there is any harm in that—in which a fellow came on the stage and said, "I am so beautiful!" I do not know whether I am "so beautiful" or not, but there was a Sister there who said she fell in love with me. I am going to read you her exact language. [See letter in Chapter X., written "Wednesday," and one in Chapter XIII., written "Friday."] That is exactly what she said; but I did not want her to be anything "but a Sister" to me. Under the circumstances I tried my very best to get that Sister away from there and keep the rest of the Sisters with a substitute in her place. I had communicated with the bishop about the state of affairs, and will read you a letter from him which shows that I was endeavoring to supply the places of these Sisters with Nazareth Sisters. [See letter dated "March 19, 1891," in Chapter X.] I tried first to get rid of that one Sister and keep the others. I wrote letter after letter and did everything in my power; but I found I could not, and also that I could not get the Sisters of Nazareth for a year. So something had to be done. There was a Miss Culliton who had taught there before in connection with the Sisters and had given general satisfaction. She had gone away from

there, as she thought and as I thought, never to return. One set of Sisters could not come at once, but the other set had to go. I wrote her, asking her if she would take charge of the school in case I could not get the Sisters. She answered that she would if it should be necessary, but that she very much preferred not to succeed the Sisters, as it might cause her injury. I thought so, too.

Besides falling in love, that Sister developed a few other peculiarites, such as writing anonymous letters, stealing letters, and a few trifles of that kind. Here is the last letter she wrote me before she left. [See Chapters X. and XIII. for her letters.] I complied with her request. That was just before that person went away. The sisters then went away, but were not driven away by me, as has been since circulated by a one-horse country storekeeper at Raywick whom I had to "sit on" publicly once while there, and who has lied about me ever since. Here is a letter I received from the Sister after she left. [See as before.] Mind you, I let the sisters go quietly and noiselessly and let blame fall on myself, because I did not wish to ruin this woman, and she is at this moment a Sister of good repute. I kept silent for her sake.

They say that "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and I think it is so. During the two years that I was being blamed for what I did for her, while she was writing those very letters to me, she was lying about me. I was told that she said things about me that created the impression that the Sisters left through my fault, and that impression did me a great deal of harm. Here is a letter from a Sister who was there at that same time, and to whom I confided as much as I could of the situation. She is a nice lady and I had all confidence in her. [For that and other letters from this Sister, see Chapter XVI.] This woman was there and had to go with the others, because I could not get things fixed up to

let the others stay without the obnoxious one, and I had to let all go to get rid of her.

This thing has been used in Louisville, circulated by some dirty villain and scoundrel in an attempt to blast the reputation of the lady I afterwards married, whom I got at the time to take the place left vacant by the leaving of the Sisters. And at that very time she was offered the principalship of the graded school at Lebanon by J. M. Knott, whose father, Proctor Knott's brother, was county superintendent and had recommended her for the position; and I am sure he did not do it out of love for me. They offered her a position in the Lebanon school never held by a woman, and when she declined because of her contract with me they tried to get me to release her; but I was not in a position to do so. Last December that lady left Raywick, and before she left the trustees offered her the school for the coming year; but she had a previous engagement and had to decline. There never was such teaching before at Raywick, and I don't think there will be soon again.

There is another thing they have been circulating about me, which probably some of you have heard and some not. They say that I bought some very wicked French literature from Mr. Rogers over on Market street. I did buy some French books from Mr. Rogers, but they were not necessarily wicked. I believe about twenty-four of them; eight of them novels by Balzac, one by Gautier, one by Montesquieu (the Persian Letters), and the others I cannot now name. I rather think that some of them would hardly do for Sunday school reading. I am in the habit of reading all sorts of literature. Well educated men with characters they can rely on in the dark don't have to protect themselves from such literature as weak children must be protected from. I desired to read those books because they were celebrated; I have read four of them and expect to read the rest, and I have read worse books that nothing is said about.

But now I come to the most serious charge of all, reflecting as it does not only on me, but on one near and dear to me. Against my wife's inclination, as she had never before gone through such an experience, I took her to Dr. E. R. Palmer, well known in this city, and after he had done what was necessary to satisfy his mind, he gave me a letter that proves that charge a lie, now a lie and a lie at any time in the past; and the letter is not merely a protection against the past, but a guaranty for the future. I will not read that letter, but I have it, and any one who wants to can inquire of Dr. Palmer. I never met Dr. Palmer but about twice before and my wife never saw him until yesterday. I never did him a favor, and he was under no sort of obligation to me except to tell the truth. (The report circulated was that my wife "had just presented me with a baby," a proceeding that would have been somewhat irregular just then, though not without precedent in the "best families.") Here is Dr. Palmer's certificate:

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 11th, 1893.

This is to certify that I have this day made a careful physical examination of Mrs. John Culleton, and find unmistakable evidences of her never having given birth to a child. I also certify that she has no prospect of having a child for several months to come, if at all.

E. R. PALMER, M. D.

But I believe I have said pretty nearly enough about myself. If I take all the time up in that way I fear I shall be accused of egotism, and besides I want to give the other fellows a chance. Some of the charges I shall bring, if they were brought against me I would bring suit on and certainly try to "skin," if that word is permissible, the fellow who should make them. Most of the things I am going to say are on my own authority, and where the authority is other than myself I shall state it. I shall not lie. I would like to have any man in the Catholic Church make the charge that I ever

told a serious wilful lie. Here is a book for the contents of which I am not responsible, and I do not believe everything in it. I bought it here in Louisville and it is on sale at the bookstores. The person quoted as authority for the passage I am going to read was a fellow-student of mine at St. Joseph's and afterwards joined the Trappists; which was a serious mistake on his part, as he was terribly fond of beef, and it is not on the Trappist bill of fare. The book is "Why Priests Should Wed," by Justin Fulton, a Baptist minister who cordially hates the Church of Rome. I read from pages 67 and 68, where E. H. Walsh is quoted as follows:

> Alongside of our monastery was an institution which one of our monks fiercely denounced on one occasion to a visiting prelate as a "devilish place" that ought to be torn down; and when the immorality of the inmates became a settled fact, these saintly prostitutes who lived in the closest intimacy with the Trappist celibates (the Rt. Rev. Father in God, the abbot, being the principal and most conspicuous actor in this vile drama) were turned adrift, which resulted in drawing from the coffers of the monks ten thousand dollars for hush money. The superioress of this so-called nunnery was the wife of a man who was in the Kentucky Penitentiary, and the girls were largely off the public streets of Louisville. Who will ever tell the fiendish transactions of that place by these monsters of iniquity, the many innocent lives that were taken to hide the sin of celibates, and cover the shame of women who under the hideous mask of piety and chastity committed the foulest sins and degraded utterly their womanhood? Many things came out in the conflict between abbot and bishop, that Romanists wished had never seen the light of day. The bishop was accused of wrongdoing in the same line that the abbot and some of the monks were exposed for, and crimination and recrimination between priest and monk seemed to be the order of the day; for when rogues and hypocrites fell out the truth was uncovered, and facts that filled the Papists with horror were as numerous as stars of a wintry night.

I do not say that that is true or false. This book, however, is sold in Louisville and its contents known to priests, and I presume the bishop there referred to is the present

Bishop of Louisville, as he has been in office twenty-five years; and I have never known of any action being taken in regard to the book. Now, the bishop has never done me any harm personally—I must say that much for him—because I think he was afraid to, and I think he is afraid to yet. I never had any trouble with him, because I always attended to my own business in my own way, and did not allow bishop or any one else to interfere with me; and the natural consequence was that I finally got out of the Church. I never had any trouble with him at all, and it gives me a certain amount of pain to say anything that may wound his feelings; but if people tell lies about me I certainly have a right to tell the truth about the other side to keep them busy. There are a great many ignorant people in the Catholic Church. They are not all ignorant, and there are ignorant people in the other churches, but the proportion is larger in the Catholic Church. It is the misfortune of ignorant people that they cannot see any good except in what they themselves believe. An ignorant Democrat cannot see how a man can be a Republican, and an ignorant Republican cannot understand why a man is a Democrat. It is for the benefit of these ignorant ones that I do this; they must have something to talk about, as they do not know how to think or reason. They have heard those false charges about me and are talking about them, and I want to give them something to talk about in their own family. That will keep them engaged for a little while.

The bishop of this diocese is supposed to get—and I believe he gets it—$5,000 a year for the purpose of attending to the spiritual wants of the Catholics of the diocese. The last I heard of him was a notice in the Louisville Times about a week ago, which stated that he had gone to Florida. Mind, when he comes back, if he does not go to French Lick. He spends his time oscillating between Florida and

French Lick, with an occasional stop-over in Louisville. Our Savior said, as an evidence of his mission, that the poor had the gospel preached to them; but I think I can say without fear of contradiction that if ever the bishop of this diocese got into a poor man's house, he was lost and was hunting his way somewhere else. That is my experience. I know that he once went to give confirmation in a town that had a number of poor Catholics, and spent his whole time there with a rich non-Catholic family, the head of which was a "tough citizen" if ever there was one, a man who has lots of money, but whom the people do not respect.

Now I will tell you a little anecdote which will help the ceremonies out at the Auditorium in honor of the bishop's twenty-five years' services come off with more *eclat*. That affair amuses me every time I think of it, as I was on the inside for ten years, sufficiently long to know the real feelings of the priests toward the bishop. I see in the papers that the priests have gone down in their pockets to raise a fund to make the bishop a present. There are not three priests in the diocese who like him, and they do not respect him. I do not believe there is one priest in the diocese who respects that man's character, although they owe him obedience and give it to him because they must. The story was told to me by a man who is now a prominent priest in Louisville. Another priest, not so prominent and not so nice, was visiting the bishop and getting hauled over the coals about something, and he said point blank to the bishop, "Father Dunn (who himself told me) says that you are the biggest liar in the diocese." The bishop took Father Dunn to task for giving another priest the benefit of his long and intimate acquaintance with the episcopal character, and the latter told the story to his friends as an illustration of the other priest's "cheek."

In 1875 there was a conflict between some priests and the

bishop; he removed some of them against their protests. There was a great noise about it, and the priests carried the matter to Rome. I know from a prominent priest that there was in the document sent to Rome a serious charge against the bishop's private character. That charge had those priests back of it; I do not know whether it was true or not, but the priests won their case. But the bishop has not left the Church yet. If they would only bring up the grave matters that can be brought against those still in the Church, my affairs would never be heard of again.

Two or three years ago, when there was a discussion going on in the papers about the great amount of church property exempt from taxation, the charge was publicly made that some Catholic clergyman or clergymen owned property which was used for immoral purposes, and the bishop started an investigation, but the matter never was cleared up. I don't know who was guilty, but it was hushed up.

In this diocese there are over a hundred priests, some of them members of religious orders. About these latter I know personally very little, as I have never associated much with them, but my private opinion is that they are not any better than the others. There are ninety of the others, and I am fairly acquainted with about seventy of them. I know that out of the seventy eighteen get drunk occasionally or semi-occasionally, and some of them hunt up occasions. Two of them I know lately took the Keeley cure, and in one case I heard afterwards that it was a failure. I hope it was a success in the case of the other, for he was a fine man with a failing. Another priest has the "vertigo;" he has been found vertigoed on the streets of Louisville. Another man has been moved time after time, and in each case it was the same old story. Another, an ex-monk and very sanctimonious before the people, lost the job of hearing confessions at a nunnery, which paid him $200 a year, by getting drunk;

he managed to get overloaded in the very presence of the bishop. Another priest of this diocese was arrested in Cincinnati for getting drunk and trying to "clean out" one of the railroad depots there. The Cincinnati papers published it, but it did not get into the papers here. But they are all right yet; they have not lost the faith.

There is another priest, who was sent to Franklin after I left. I had only said one mass on Sunday; as the place had only thirty or forty Catholics, I thought that was enough, and so did the priest who was there before me. I never believed in too much religion, but the people of Franklin and Russellville know that I kept things in good order, and nothing was ever brought against me. My successor had been a model at the seminary, he kept all the rules and wore a stovepipe hat, and all that sort of thing. When he took my place he said two masses and had benediction on Sunday, and was just full of religion; but about two or three months later they found him full of something else in church, and a Russellville Jew kept the thing out of the papers. Then he came to Louisville and got drunk again, and they sent him West to recuperate for a year; and when he came back the first thing he did was to get drunk, and they sent him off to rusticate again. I see that he has lately written, according to the Catholic column in the Times, a splendid book for catechists. They are absolutely afraid to trust him out of sight, because he will grab a bottle as soon as he sees one.

I could go on and enumerate quite a number of such cases, but it is not necessary; these are enough. I say positively of the priests with whom I am acquainted, that twenty-five per cent. get drunk. I do not know about those with whom I am not acquainted, but I suppose they will average up with the rest. If they don't believe it, let them bring a slander suit against me and I will prove it.

Now I will tell you another thing that I learned from a

priest of this city at his own house. There were other priests present, some of them to-day in this city, who know that I am telling the truth. He said that a poor unfortunate woman who had not been to confession for many years had lately confessed to him, and that she told him—I beg pardon of the ladies and gentlemen present, but facts are facts—that priests were frequent visitors at those places but the inmates never betrayed them. She told him that in the confessional.

There is a meeting house of some sort in this city, called the Buckingham. I do not exactly know what sort of religious exercises they conduct there, as I never attended; and if anybody says I ever was there I will sue him for slander. It is a matter of common notoriety among the priests that a priest now at the head of a city parish, by whose door the street-cars run, was suspended by the bishop for attending services at the Buckingham.

There is, or was until very lately, an organization, not chartered by the Legislature, which goes by the name of the Gout Club. It was given that name by a priest who knows how it is himself, because the members have to make periodical visits to French Lick to get over the results of the meetings. It is composed of prominent Louisville priests. I was never a member, but attended one or two of its meetings as a visitor. They meet once a week, first at one priest's house, then at another's. I do not know whether the bishop knows of it or not, but he will from this time on. The exercises, which last about half a day, consist of a big dinner, drinking, and gambling.

Nothing that I have said is against the Catholic Church itself, but only against individuals. As I expect to be in Louisville for a time, I thought I would give my Catholic friends something else to worry about besides me. The saddest thing about the Catholic Church is that no man, no matter how high or how low he is, can go out of that church

without being slandered. I cannot recall a single instance where a man left the Catholic Church, no matter what his reasons were, but what they hunted up every little picayune thing they could find or imagine against his private character. They do not seem to be able to grasp the idea that a man can have any reasons for leaving but bad ones; and, as the doctrine of the Church is that a man must be a Catholic even against his reason, they think a man must be a Catholic or crazy. It would be much better to let a man leave in peace, as he has a perfect right to do. Then if he says things that are wrong and that he cannot maintain, let them put forth a man to meet him. I have in a former lecture said hurtful things against the Catholic Church, which are either true or false. If they are false, let them show it; they have not tried to show it except by lying about me. If they are true, let them admit it, and not go around abusing men for leaving the church.

Jesus Christ when he came on this earth certainly did not come to spread hatred and dislike. He came to make a brotherhood of man, to unite men in love of their common Father, to make each man think of every other man as of his neighbor and friend, and desire to do him good in this world and help him toward heaven. That is the object of the Christian religion, and any system that militates against that is from the devil and not from Christ. I believe in the Christian religion more firmly than ever I did before; I believe in God with more faith than I ever did. I have not lost faith in religion, but simply in a lot of things that are not so. When a man has a hole in his pocket and he loses the hole, the pocket is better than it was before. That is the way with me.

There is no such thing as liberty of mind in the Catholic Church, because the moment you begin to think you begin to doubt. A man cannot use his brains except in the natural

way, and when you come to thinking the result is a question in your mind; you see two points of view in your debate. The Catholic Church does not allow you to do that; the very minute your mind swerves the least bit you are wrong and you cannot go further. Jesus Christ was not at all that way; he called men by persuasion, not by force. They don't even try that.

Suppose I am the worst man that ever was, why not let me go in peace; and if I say anything wrong, why not refute it? There is not a man in this diocese who will meet me on this or any other platform; I would like for one to try it. It would have paid them a great deal better to have let me alone, because they have made me say things that are so and that are hurtful to them. There are good and bad in all churches. There are bad in the Catholic Church, and I have seen some just as good and conscientious as can be found; but they can't understand how a man can be good outside of the church. Some Protestants are the same way. There has been so much hatred and lying and fighting for the last three or four hundred years that Catholics cannot understand Protestants and Protestants cannot understand Catholics. Unfortunately I was built so as to appreciate both, and I have been drifting for years,—going to the devil perhaps.

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding on both sides. We should all be charitable and love each other, whether we think alike or not. You can see for yourselves that I am not a man who has come to stir up strife or hatred. I never did it; and, so help me God! there is no malice in my heart. I only wish they had as little as I have. I am simply trying to give them an injection of common sense. I could have dilated much more than I have, but I think I have said enough. As I said, I will take pleasure in meeting any man they produce, and will prove to him that he is mistaken or to the audience that he is not honest.

The Catholic Church is against the Constitution of the United States and for the union of church and state. The Catholic church does not allow freedom of thought or worship where it can prevent them. Such freedom does not exist in Spain or in any other country where the Catholic Church is dominant. Of course Protestants can meet quietly in back rooms, but they are not allowed freedom to worship publicly. The Catholic Church cannot make any honest claim that it believes in religious liberty. There is not a well-informed man in the Catholic Church from the bishop down, but knows that the Catholic Church is against all civil and religious liberty. A man is not allowed to take care of his own conscience,—is not allowed to think.

In conclusion, let me say that I love the Catholics as well as I did before, and love them all. I truly hope I love God also, and that I am trying to serve him in my own way; and I shall continue that without reference to what people think of me.

CHAPTER XXI.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF THE LOUISVILLE DIOCESE.

"Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in revelling and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and jealousy."—Romans xiii. 13.

THERE is a story told of a Jew who, in the days before the Reformation, went to Rome, and returned to his own country a Catholic. The frightful immorality of the Roman clergy converted him; for, he said, a religion that could bear up under such a load of immorality as the Catholic religion had to carry in its ministers must surely be divine. And there seems to be some resemblance between the Rome of that time and the Rome of the present day, as my old pastor, Father de Vries, who spent a good while in Rome, used to say that the ecclesiastical authorities there would very easily forgive any moral dereliction in a priest, but they had no mercy on the man who showed himself the least bit shaky in the faith; thus putting in practical application the maxim attributed to Luther: "Sin bravely, but believe more bravely." And the evil effects of this rotten principle of judgment and action are every day making themselves more manifest in the Catholic Church in America.

It was my first intention to make this chapter a compilation of those occasional manifestations of erratic morals, dimly illustrative of the "true inwardness" of men of incontestable "faith" among the Catholic clergy, that have from time to time for many years past graced the columns of the Louisville dailies; which, though numerous enough, are only

faint adumbrations of the curiosities of the unwritten real history of clerical life "behind the scenes." But this book has already outgrown its intended proportions, and I soon found that a careful examination of the files of a single daily paper would take months of hot and dusty work; and the reader would perhaps, after all, tire of reading the long list of clerical "drunks" and "disorderlies," even though a more sensational escapade might occasionally break the monotony. Besides, there is a faculty for concealment in every Roman Catholic, the result of persistent inculcation for ages of the damnable doctrine that scandal must be suppressed "for the good of religion," that makes the Roman Catholic Church in some respects the most secret society on the face of the earth. This fact, aided by the great numerical strength and political influence of that church, makes it impossible that more than a very small percentage of its clerical misdeeds should ever get into the newspapers; and of that small percentage only an infinitesimal proportion escapes the retouching hand of the friendly or politic "whitewasher." However much, therefore, our Catholic friends need to be impressed with the practical consequences of clerical celibacy, no such collection of scattered facts as I might be able to make would do even scant justice to the subject, whose true history could only be compiled from the uncounted, unrecorded, and most sacredly guarded whisperings of a hundred thousand confessionals. Hence, with the merest hint that there are some curious written and unwritten recollections connected with the names of Quinn and Kelly, I will cite only the two following "modern instances," which occurred, eight and three years ago respectively, in this very month of July. The Father King mentioned, who initials are K. W. instead of "H W.," as the papers had them, was at last accounts sound in the faith and actively propagating it in the State of Kansas.

[Louisville Courier-Journal, July 15, 1885, page 6.]

BOUNCED BY THE CLERK.

An Arlington House Episode, Which Resulted in a Too-familiar Couple Taking a Midnight Walk.

The night clerk of the Arlington House, corner of Twelfth and Main, had a contract of "bouncing" on his hands yesterday morning at an early hour. Late Monday evening a man and woman entered the hotel with baggage consisting of a couple of small gripsacks, and the man registered the woman as "Mrs. M. Rhoads, Owensboro, Ky.," after which he took his departure. Returning an hour later, he informed the clerk that he had concluded to remain in the city over night, and registered as H. W. King, Whitesville, Ky. The clerk unspectingly sent Mr. King to room 49, having in the meantime assigned his companion to 47.

A short time afterwards the porter responded to a bell call, and when passing the door of No. 49 noticed that it was slightly ajar. He thought perhaps the man was a somnambulist, and prowled around the building to find him. Failing in this he reported the case at the office, and it suddenly dawned upon the night clerk that in some manner the occupants of 47 and 49 were a little too familiar, and he at once adjourned to room 47. It is not necessary to relate what occurred there. Suffice it to say that the relations of the two were of such an intimate character that they were invited to take a spin without a great deal of ceremony. They were not long in paying their bills, and, walking up to Eighth street, they hailed a cab and disappeared in the darkness.

King is a slender man, about 28 years old, and carried a clerical air about him which corresponded with his dress. The woman was perhaps 45, and wore a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses. A party who claimed to know her says she enjoys an unenviable reputation at home. Whitesville is only seven miles from Owensboro.

[Louisville Times, July 24, 1885, page 4; Courier-Journal, July 25, p. 5.]

FATHER KING'S MISTAKE.

A Midnight Visit to a Woman's Room at the Arlington.—He Explains to His Flock at Whitesville that He Was Called to Minister Spiritual Advice.—An Investigation.

The members of the little Catholic church at Whitesville, Ky., in

Daviess county, are in a fever of excitement over an alleged scandal involving their respected and beloved pastor, Father H. W. King.

The Rev. Father King, it is said, is the person who, with a lady companion, was ejected from the Arlington Hotel for indecent behavior. On Monday, July 13, Father King accompanied a handsome young woman to the hotel and registered her as Mrs. M. Rhoads, Owensboro, Ky. Mrs. Rhoads was assigned to room 47.

The Rev. King left the house, saying that he would spend the night with a brother priest. According to the clerk, he, however, returned an hour later and said that his friend was out of the city. He would take a room in the hotel, he said, and the obliging clerk by chance gave him room No. 49, next to the one occupied by Mrs. Rhoads.

Some time later the clerk was called to that vicinity of the house, and found that the door of Father King's apartment was open and that the room was unoccupied. He at once began search for the reverend gentleman. A sudden thought prompted him to look for Mr. King in the room assigned to Mrs. Rhoads. The gas was turned out and the door locked, but the clerk heard voices whispering inside, and at once sent a porter up to notify Mr. King that if he desired to save himself and Mrs. Rhoads trouble they would leave the hotel at once. After some little delay the pair departed.

The facts in the case were briefly published, but at the time it was not known that he was a priest. The Rev. H. W. King's flock, away off in Whitesville, heard of the circumstance. An examination was demanded, and Father King from his pulpit denied the charge that was made against him. In the Owensboro Messenger he published a statement in which he exculpated Mrs. Rhoads from any blame, and gave his reasons for visiting the lady. He said that he had called on a religious and business mission. He stated also that he had been to French Lick Springs, and, returning home, met Mrs. Rhoads on the train. They stopped in Louisville; Mrs. Rhoads at the Arlington. He intended to visit a brother priest and friend, and parted company with her. As the friend was not in the city he was obliged to stop at a hotel, and selected the Arlington.

There he was called in to Mrs. Rhoads' room by the lady herself, and went to give her spiritual advice and hold a conversation with her concerning the disposal of some real estate which the lady wished to sell.

A drunken porter, he alleges in the communication, came up and insulted them, and was followed by a clerk, who drove them from the hotel. That was all there was in the charge, and he further stated that the road to Louisville was open and he invited anyone who did not believe him to go and investigate.

Several of the congregation accepted the challenge, and Mr. S. T. Rummage was deputized to come to Louisville and see how much truth there was in the allegations made against their pastor. Mr. Rummage arrived last night and stopped at the Arlington. This morning he returned to Whitesville with a statement sworn to before Justice J. P. McGrath, by the two clerks at the Arlington Hotel, in which they attest the truth of every word which is stated as coming from them in this article.

[Louisville Courier-Journal, July 11, 1890, page 6.]

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

Strange Demise in a Cincinnati Hotel of a Louisville Priest.—Registered as C. D. Walsh, Though He Proves to Have Been Father Feehan.

Father Bouchet and other priests of this city were yesterday notified of the death of Rev. Richard P. Feehan, at Cincinnati, the evening previous. Father Feehan had for some time been located at Holy Cross, near Louisville, and at the time of his death was on his way East for the benefit of his health.

The circumstances of his death are such as to arouse suspicion, and will be a subject of investigation by the Coroner of Cincinnati. Father Feehan was found lying upon the floor of his room at the Dennison Hotel in the throes of death. A messenger was hastily sent for a physician, but when the latter arrived the priest was dead. A freshly filled medicine bottle was found among his effects, bearing the label of a Louisville drug firm. Father Feehan arrived at the hotel Wednesday morning, and registered under the name of S. D. Walsh, of Louisville. It is not known why he registered under a false name, and this is one of the circumstances that aroused the suspicion of the Cincinnati officials.

After eating dinner he retired to the room assigned to him, and about 5 o'clock he was found lying on the floor in a dying condition. An investigation of the dead man's papers revealed his identity to the Coroner. Letters were found which indicated that he was on his way to Washington, but no railroad ticket and only eighty-four cents were found in his pockets. His remains were removed to the county morgue, where they will be held a few days to hear from his friends.

Father Feehan was well known here, but none of the priests were willing to talk about him, though several were seen by a reporter last evening.

CHAPTER XXII.

AU REVOIR!

ACCORDING to the strictly orthodox Roman Catholic way of looking at things, it is utterly impossible that a sane Roman Catholic should ever cease to believe in the doctrines of that church. Hence to the Roman Catholic mind there are only two logical explanations of "apostasy,"—immorality and insanity. While the printers were at work on the foregoing chapters I learned that not only that large class of Catholics whose mouths are larger than the rest of their heads, but also some of alleged intelligence, are actively accusing me of one or the other, and perhaps of both. Their evident inability to unite on a theory to explain my present condition is very sad. Being naturally very sympathetic, I am deeply moved by their perplexity, and I trust that this book will furnish them with grounds for several new theories not more incorrect than those already advanced, and with some genuine facts to take the place of the large number of bogus ones they have put in circulation. Anything like advice from me will probably be disregarded, but they really should try to lie a little more artistically. A clerical ex-friend, for example, who, a short time before I left the Catholic Church, called me to Louisville to advise him as to the best means of extracting a desired permission from the bishop, and who, taking my advice, got what he wanted, has since, I hear, made the painful discovery that I have lost my mind. Really this is too bad; if I should set up for a liar and could not do better than that, I would quit the business entirely.

Just such bungling work has driven me to make this publication for the benefit of my quondam friends,—to supply them with the facts in the case if they desire to know them, or—if haply they desire them not—to furnish them with material that will give their future fictions more body and substance. Either the hot weather has temporarily driven the fool-killer from business, or he is devoting all his time to men and women, and neglecting the neuter gender. If any Catholic, after reading this book, has any suspicion that my mental powers are impaired and will communicate with me, I will hunt up a few affidavits to set his mind at rest.

I trust that those who provoked it will not be dissatisfied with the book, but will be duly grateful to me for responding so promptly to their invitation to discuss personalities. Having done my best, on a somewhat short but not altogether unexpected notice, to make things interesting for them, I accept in advance their thanks for the material service I have done the Catholic Church by this humble attempt to bring to public view some of its many hidden beauties. The Roman Church, the world over, has been for ages the victim of the secrecy habit, brought on by the injudicious prescriptions of unscientific doctors of the past; and a permanent cure can be effected only by continued doses of publicity, the larger and more drastic, the better. This little homeopathic dose should not cause even a pucker as it goes down.

Fully conscious of my inexperience as a writer, I acknowledge that I have not risen to the full height of my opportunity this time; but I hope to improve, and the merest hint from my Roman Catholic friends, of either sex or neither, will put me immediately and entirely at their service.

APPENDIX.

The following letter from the editor of the Lebanon Enterprise relates to the only newspaper attack—as far as I know—made on me after I left the Catholic Church:

LEBANON, KY., Feb. 3, 1893

JOHN CULLETON, ESQ.,
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sir:—

You will notice in to-day's Enterprise an attack upon you, made by some of your Raywick constituents. While the charges amount to nothing and cannot affect you in the least, still I thought you might like to make some statement in reply to them, and I desire to offer my columns to any extent you may desire for such purpose.

The article was published against my wish and under protest. I certainly have no fight to make against you because you chose to exercise the freedom of will which is every man's right in this country.

With regards and wishes for your future happiness,

I am truly yours,
M. F. HETHERINGTON.

The following extract from a letter by a Raywick Catholic relates to the same thing:

It may be news to you that Mr. A. Bickett had a petition on hand, which embodied a pledge to put your residence in whatever shape you wished, if you would only return to us. He, I, and a host of others were very anxious to resume that remarkable "intimidation" [alluding to a charge made against me in the Enterprise].

Edelen denied to me that he wrote that. However, I have heard that he admitted to others that he "writ it at his des', all alone." The "wonderment" where he could get the "forty," or even *one* other, was proof how severely he was alone in the dirty business.

Mrs. Julia B. Healy is the Raywick correspondent of the Louisville Catholic Advocate and the New Haven Echo. It seems somebody tried to get her to retract the favorable things she said of me at the time I left Raywick, as the following extract from her letter of February 27, 1893, shows:

> One thing I have adhered to: my sentiments haven't changed from those published in the Echo and the Advocate just after you left. *I was questioned, but refused to retract. I said I could substantiate them, and was prepared to do so.* [Italics mine.]

The same letter concludes with this postscript:

> You have lots of friends here. We do pray that God will bless you.

Which goes to show that, in spite of their religion, there are some decent people at Raywick