

**Letter of Bishop Brute to Mother
Rose, Emmittsburg, Md.**

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS INSTALLATION AND FIRST VISITATION.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, NEAR WASHINGTON,
DAVISS CO., IND., NOV. 13, 1834.

HIS IS FROM the first place I visit, 25 miles from Vincennes, which I rode well enough yesterday; and so I get accustomed to the horse. Arrived Wednesday last at Vincennes; the installation took place the same evening. Bishop Rosati a little indisposed had not been let come. Bishop Flaget addressed me with his usual fervor in French. Then Bishop Purcell gave a long discourse to a crowded audience, and so, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday morning; Mr. Hitzelberger, Friday evening and Sunday evening. The Sunday I said Pontifical High Mass, Mr. Hitzelberger deacon, Mr. Lalumiere sub-deacon; Father Petit of the Jesuits, master of ceremonies and the two Bishops on their opposite benches. Bishop Flaget said Vespers in French and by candle-light, Mr. Hitzelberger, and I added some words in English. So Vincennes had its full that day with the three Bishops. But alas! Monday morning the two ones that went away;—the poor one left alone. God is all; only pray. The people all kindness to me. Kindness and money, etc., may prove very different. But what signifies, you may say, and my whole heart would say if not that point of money and helps, a necessary condition for more important other things just as is the health of the body for the much better things of the soul.

Well! if necessary God will afford to it at least His adorable and unsearchable measures. Why, perhaps United States money may come this way. The chief of the savage Miamis has a right of Ten Thousand Dollars a year for the education of his young boys and young girls, and may be willing to see them trusted to the care of the Bishop,

with Jesuits and Sisters ; words have already passed to that effect. But, if he were willing himself in the end, how will I redeem the proffer ? Are you ready to come for the good squaw ? will Jesuits be granted to Vincennes ? or Father Butler, or Father Sourin be ready in their place, to come with half a dozen of their young men ?

Let then the good talk go on, such as some zealous friends here have suggested, and it goes on ; I, for my part, dare not hope much. Of a College of civilized lads, or a seminary, I would like to see the talk at hand and Ten Thousand Dollars for it, at hand too.

What can be done in a first week ? patience.

I took to this more easy step of a visit here, and I can't help to give you a small account further. This is the place of Mr. Lalumiere where for a while, as at Vincennes, the Sisters of Nazareth kept a school, Being in the interior of the country, five miles from Washington, the school, as that of Vide-Poche could not be numerous ; it was more so, however, having 25 day-scholars, and six boarders. The house also, is much better than at Vide-Poche, though a plain log-house too. The church is near, across a small yard in grass, a neat frame building 40 feet by 28. A farm is attached of 160 acres, woodland, corn cattle, etc. My fancy, with the good Catholics or friendly Protestants around at one or two miles, etc., this would be my holy hermitage for life as Mr. Le Saulneir at Vide-Poche, But of a thought or fancy for you, I would see this turn, if Vincennes was granted by you, Nazareth leaving See, your Bishop is of Indiana, sowing what best comes across his mind and heart, or his flock and yourselves. . . . All then to God ; all in the result, adoration, love, and resignation to His own unsearchable ways of preparing the future blessing of this new diocese.

Pray dear Mother, dear Sisters, who to name here, one by one would be too pleasing. Pray, and Father Hickey for,

† S. BRUTE, Bishop.

The death of our Most Rev. Archbishop and so soon actual exercise of Mr. Eccleston, we heard when approaching Vincennes, some gentlemen coming on horseback with Mr. Lalumiere to meet us. The Friday we had a Mass in black for it by Bishop Flaget who the day after was entering his 72d year — Rev. Mr. Badin his 69th — returned all across Indiana to his Saint Joseph's River, preaching in the Court House at Indianapolis then Mass on All Saints at Logansport, all activity with his snowy head.

I ought to have told you how kind beyond acknowledgment, were the Sisters of Saint Louis to me, procuring everything they could imagine: a light purple cassock, to fold with a small ratchet, for the mission; good, well stuffed over-shoes; large boots, given I think by a Carroll, sister of Henry and Charles of Hagerstown, married at St. Louis. I am in excellent health.

If you have received my letter for Emily for those Fifty Dollars, use your influence with her. I have paid out, 1. My traveling expenses. 2. ditto. Mr. Hitzelberger's. 3. Fifty Dollars to send a priest to Chicago who Bishop Rosati has lent me for that place for one year. 4. No subscription has yet been organized for my benefit. *I pay my board at Vincennes*, 5. And furthermore that of my first seminarian Mr. Ratigan, the good Irishman, all ready to be ordained who I have brought back with me from St. Louis. We make together the conclusion of his seminary, our exercises, etc., in traveling, for I have brought him here with me and this evening we review Ligouri, etc.

Voilà pour *money*.

Oddity! the organ of Vincennes is a hand organ with a row of pegs same as a set popular tunes! And Sunday at Vespers and at Benediction, for masterpiece the organist gave us the *Marseillaise*!

Death of Bishop Brute of Vincennes.

§ ISTER BENE DICTA, at Vincennes, wrote Mother Rose, at Emmitsburg.

JUNE 17th, 1839.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

At length the sad day has arrived on which we see diocese of Vincennes deprived of its Bishop, the flock of CHRIST in his far West deprived of its shepherd, the children of the true Church bereft of their common Father, the Western World of one of its most zealous Apostles and the whole Christian world of one of the brightest lights and ornaments of our brethern, his priests, and especially by us—myself in particular, so long acquainted with him and for years and years receiving so many tokens

of his kindness, but alas! he is no more; we must submit. He died last night about half past one o'clock in the most edifying manner, perfectly sensible to the last, speaking in the most affecting manner to his priests who surrounded him. We had not the consolation of being present as it happened in the night, though we received his blessing yesterday. We left him dying at seven o'clock yesterday. As he was cared for entirely by Rev. Mr. Vabret, and some other good priests and seminarians, he wanted not our attention, except to prepare some of his nourishment, clothing, etc., and send him. We visited him twice a day since he became so low; he wished to see us that often. He told me yesterday that he was *going home*; that he appointed Rev. Mr. Vabret to act in his place in our regard; of course he meant until he would have a successor. His last words to us yesterday evening were: "God bless you! Pray for me." And he told me to ask you all to pray for him. He was sitting in his chair yesterday nearly all day dying, the sweat running down, and about three o'clock in the afternoon he wrote a letter to some ladies who are Catholics only in name and did not even go to Church. He told them it was the eve of his death; that to-morrow he would be in eternity, and that he thought it his duty to entreat them at his dying hour to return to the Church or at least to the practice of their religion. He has been sitting up the greater part of the time of his sickness^s and writing more or less everyday, although his weakness has been such that each day—excepting two or three—these four weeks past that I have not been at all surprised to see him die. But his zeal,—his fervor kept up in its full vigor to the last sign.

When I would go to see him and ask him something about his health and wish to do something for him, he would take Kempis and open a chapter for me to read for him, and after spending a few minutes with him, he would bid us: "Good bye," and say he wanted to rest. He did so when he was dying; he told all around him to go away, he wanted rest. He would not, until he got extremely low, permit anyone to sleep in his room at night. At eleven o'clock last night he sent Rev. Mr. Vabert to bed, saying it was too late for him to be up, as he was not well; he died two hours and a half later. Three other devoted sons were with him, one of whom, the last he ordained, Rev. Mr. Parry, a most zealous priest I shall try to get some of his hair to send you in this letter; I am sure many

in the house will prize it as the relic of a saint, for if he is not one I know not where we will find one. His whole cry in his sickness was the will of God. When he told me yesterday he was going home, he raised his hands, and added: "The Will of God is all!" I cried once in his room; I could not hide my tears from him as I was reading for him; I choked. He said: "Do you think I want you here *snubbing* around me!" He scolded the priests, if any cried before him; and they often did. I tried not to let him see I was affected after that. He looks so placid and pure. They will keep him for several days exposed in the church hoping Bishop Rosati may arrive. My heart is sunk low. In blessing us our dear Father added: "And the whole Community." Rev. Mr. Vabret beg you will let the gentlemen at the Mountain know immediately; and begs Massses, though he says he knows they need not be asked.

Our good Father told the Doctor that he would not rest well last night—that it would be his last night—his most happy night. He was then dying. The Doctor is not a Catholic but loved the Bishop much. Our good Father would frequently speak of St. Joseph's and ask if I had written or received letters. I am sorry I did not get one to tell him. He often made us kneel down and pray for him.

SISTER BENEDICTA.

[Original at Emmittsburg.

The Remains of Mrs. Seton, Founder of the Sisters of Charity in U. S.

THE GRAVE was opened in 1846 and remains placed in the vault of the Mortuary chapel built to receive them. There were present on the occasion Sister Lucina Simms, then Treasurer of the Community, Mother Xavier, Mistress of Novices, Sister Sally Thompson, Sister John Patientia Higgs, the grave digger and a boy and man to assist. The time chosen was between two and three in the afternoon, an hour observed in those days with a solemn and religious silence. A small mahogany coffin had been provided; why small is not known, but small it was. As the grave digger approached the coffin he proceeded with greater