

## A Glimpse of Catholic Life in California.

### Hospitality and Industry of Spaniards Before Coming of the Railroads.

### Effect of Religious Influence on Indians Employed on Ranches.

Those who have come in contact with the Spanish people in Mexico and in our own country have often found occasion to note a rare refinement of character and manner which is readily traced to the influence of the Catholic religion. Non-Catholic, as for instance the historian Lummis, have learned to love the Spaniards in the Americas because of the virtues acquired through the benign influence of the Church, and more than one student of history and ethnology has praised the truly early Christian hospitality of these people and their wonderful tact and success in managing the Indians and in educating the latter to lives of peace and industry.

A fascinating description both of the happy life and charming manners of Spaniards in California in the sixties and seventies of the last century, before the coming of the Railroads, and also of the skill and success with which they cared for their Indian charges, is offered incidentally in a book written, nearly fifty years ago by a noted traveller, Charles Nordhoff, who has written of California under the title: "California, for Health, Pleasure and Residence." The wholesome mode of life of the Catholic Spaniards of that time and place is pictured by him thus:

"The people are kindly and amiable and though their pursuits (chiefly cattle-raising) might be thought to tend to loud and rough ways, and do so where our own people manage cattle, here all went on quietly, and decorously as though it was Sunday. The animals are handled firmly, but with great care and humanity.

"Spanish Californian houses, so far as I have seen their interiors, are always scrupulously clean; their life has the merit of fitting the climate and the pursuits of the people. There remains in it, too, something which is too often lacking in our Eastern houses, a degree of trust and confidence and affection between master and servant, with not the least familiarity, however. I saw men—Indians—whose fathers had been in the same service; and of whom the proprietor told me that he would not hesitate to trust one of them with \$50,000 to carry to the nearest town. The Spaniards know how to manage the Indians. Their self-restraint and courtesy have great effect. No vaquero addressed the master without either touching or taking off his hat. Padrone is the master's title. There was never any excited ordering about, and the work went on apparently of its own momentum.

"In the evening, the mayor-domo and the older vaqueros gathered on the long veranda. While a lady was singing in the parlor, where the family and visitors were gathered, I noticed three or four old men—evidently privileged characters—sitting quietly, listening, on a long bench in the hall. At meal-times, if the long dining-table was not full, two or three of these privileged characters quietly took the vacant places, far down—below the salt—ate and listened, or answered, if they were addressed. Meantime another long table was set, a had been set, under a piazza roof in the quadrangle which every Californian house encloses, and here others ate.—In the day-time this sheltered quadrangle accommodated three or four Indian women, who sat on the ground and did the family sewing." (P. 242.)

The happy faculty, which the Spaniards possessed of cultivating habits of industry among the Indians, is illustrated in the following sentences:

"Life on one of the old Spanish ranches was, I am assured, not so simple as we have been accustomed to think. Various handicrafts had been introduced by the priests; and the Indians, who were the mechanics, were employed not only at the mission but by the more substantial rancheros. They milked cows, and made cheese; they dressed and tanned sheep and calf skins for clothing; they wove blankets; they made wine; they raised grain enough for their bread, and the Indian women ground this on stones; they preserved the hides of cattle for the Boston ships; and at the San Fernando mission, near Los Angeles, I saw huge stone and cement tanks in which they melted down and kept the tallow, which was also sold to the Boston men."

The counterpart to this picture of a wholesome and industrious life, in which the Indians were a substantial part, and from which they derived great benefits,—is that of the beautiful spirit of hospitality shown by the Spanish rancheros of those days. Nordhoff has the following passage on P. 244: "In those days, said my friend (a wealthy ranchero of New England-Spanish extraction) 'when I went out to see Don Tomas, he received me at the door; he showed me my room; and in a few minutes he came bearing in his own hands a basin of water for me use. But behind him came half a dozen servants, to show me that what he did he did out of respect and welcome to me, and that servants were at hand to do it if he did not choose to trouble himself.'"

And again we read—(P. 243): "In those days, said Don Marco Forster, 'men used to travel from San Diego to Monterey and never spend a cent of money. When night came, you stopped at the nearest house. After supper you were shown your room. In the morning, a clean shirt was at your bed-side; and if you were known to the family, it was customary to place near the bed, on the table, also a sum of money, a hundred or two hundred dollars, from which the visitor, if he needed it, was expected to help himself. (Least my readers might think this incredible, I will add that General Vallejo has fully confirmed to me these and other particulars. The next day a fresh horse was brought out and the traveller went his way. He usually carried with him a blanket, a hair rope to stake his horse, and a riata or lasso; and in a bag, tied to his saddle, a small supply of pinola (a nourishing food, pop-corn, parched and ground on a stone)."

Such a picture of by-gone days is full of charm. It reflects light on the faith which developed in the people of Spanish blood those virtues which found their expression in such habits and traits of character. A change to the worse came, says Nordhoff, with the coming of the Railroad. But it was not so much the railroad as other influences which estranged the people from their inherited philosophy of life and thus also from their former ways.

C. B. of the C. V.

## Peace, Be Still!

BY E. M. MCCARTHY

[Continued from last week]

As all their friends drove home, their hearts, indeed, were sad. Aunt Clare and Madeline insisted upon the Donnelly's coming home for dinner with them. Indeed, Mrs. Donnelly was so pale they were a bit alarmed about her. Everything was done to make the evening as pleasant as possible. Estella Donnelly and Ray Duebin were always together and one could see how he felt towards her. Edward was very much interested in a sweet girl friend of Pansy's, who in return loved him for she was one of those natures who could not conceal her feelings. Thomas Duebin, always the life and energy of the home seemed to enjoy Madeline's music, and he was also a very good player. It was such a pleasure to hear him play with spirit "Over There", and "Keep the Home Fires Burning", and everybody had to sing, even his father. Madeline styled him a whole orchestra.

That night Mr. Donnelly complained of a severe headache and in the morning they had to send for the doctor, who when he saw him, said he must rest for a while, so Edward, who had been in the bank since Bernard and James enlisted; had to take as much of the responsibility as he could until his father was better. The letters they received from the boys were full of enthusiasm; the last letter that Pansy received from Bernard said in a few days they expected to go to the front and asked her to pray for them. That very day Raymond and Thomas received word that they were to leave on Wednesday morning. This was Monday. Aunt Clare and Madeline tried so hard to keep up while their hearts were nearly breaking. Mr. Duebin was doing his best to be brave, but it was hard work. Time is so short at the utmost, but it seemed just to fly and Wednesday morning the brave lads were off to fight for our country. To some sad hearts the tears of relief do not come until days afterward, and then if the tears do not come, sometimes serious illness is the result. That was the case of dear Aunt Clare. She kept up so well until Madeline, with usual tact played this beautiful hymn in a soft prayerful way:

"Friends may depart from me,  
Might may come down,  
Clouds of adversity  
Darken and frown.  
Still through my tears I'll see  
Hope gently leading me,  
Nearer my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee."

That was enough, tears came in abundance, and in a few hours, Aunt Clare was her bright self. Time waits for no one. Letters come and letters go until the sad news came,—yes sad, but glorious. They all knew their loved ones were to go "over the top", but no one but God knows who will come back. The fight was short, but fierce. Gerald Newman and James Donnelly were together. Bernard Donnelly was a little ahead. I wonder if any one could describe a battle where hate in all its fury is, one side trying to crush the life of the other? As the battle went on Bernard was far ahead when he looked a little to one side on a small hill, and what a sight he saw! Amid the lightning of heaven and the powder of the enemy, James, his brother, was holding up the flag, our glorious stars and stripes, while Gerald lay mortally wounded but helping James until all his strength was gone. Merciful heavens! Bernard exclaimed, and his captain, who had fallen, heard him, and then he saw what was going on. Almost as quickly as Bernard he flew to the rescue of the brave boys who defended the flag even to the very giving of their lives. Bernard seemed to possess the strength of ten men as he laid one after the other of the enemy low. All the time holding the flag high, never trailing it in the dust. Those whom he did not despatch his brave captain finished. Bernard's right arm was wounded, but he held the

flag up until the captain took it from him. Then with a heart-breaking sob he raised James up. Oh! what a sight! The brave head was covered with blood. The beautiful soft curly hair was all matted with his life's blood. He could speak, but low: "Bernard, my brother, they did not get our flag", he said. "I guess Gerald is gone. How he held on to that dear flag even when he fell. He held it up until the last. A braver hero never fell fighting for his flag. When the Red Cross came, the doctor told Bernard that James might live. Bernard also was sent to the hospital with a broken arm, but not until they put Gerald in the ambulance. The doctor saw signs of life in Gerald and gave him a strong drink, which revived him, and as soon as Bernard spoke to him, he answered.

"Bernard my friend," he said, "give my love to my dear sister, and all my relatives, and my old friends." He lived until the soldier priest gave him the last Sacraments. With the cross and the flag in sight, he died. They buried him with military honors, and his captain who was himself wounded, said he had never witnessed such heroism as that of the brave young lads. What a painful duty Bernard had to perform! To write the sad news of Gerald's death to his sister and also tell his dear ones at home of James' wounds. Such a hard task, but he must do his duty. The letter he wrote to Gerald's sister was tear-stained, for indeed he loved him as a brother. The captain also wrote to her, telling her of his noble bravery, and saying he would call to see her when he returned to Boston.

As he was wounded and unable to do service, he was given six weeks rest, as was Bernard until his arm was in good condition. But he would not leave James. The doctors were hopeful, but he had very little chance—he was so badly wounded. So Bernard waited and watched his dear brother's recovery. An operation was at last resorted to, he might recover; but he had to be taken to Paris. The greatest surgeon of all might save him. Bernard begged one of the physicians to come with them to take care of James; he was so afraid James might need him enroute. Oh! how Bernard prayed when he saw James taken into the operating room. He stayed in the chapel all the time before our Lord imploring his life, if God willed.

The operation was a great success. James would be a long, long time recovering. As soon as he was able to be dressed Bernard and he took passage home.

"Return," the captain said, "when you are entirely well. But James, I am afraid can never fight again; his nerves are all shattered."

His parents were thankful to have him home. If tender care and good nursing will make him well, he will soon be on the road to health.

Pansy was so happy that her dear Bernard had come. Between tears and laughter, she said, "I am glad your arm is hurt. I will mend it, dear, for you." And I think she did as in two weeks she was the bride of Bernard Donnelly. One day the dear girl said to him, "how long do you think you can stay?"

"Oh," he replied, "I wish it was years, but dear, I have only four short weeks to be with you."

"I wish your arm would not mend in that time. I think I'll—"

"Oh, no, Pansy, you know how hard it will be for me to leave you, but if every one felt that way, where would our country be? You would not want our country to be in ruins, would you?" He had aroused the spirit of enthusiasm in her.

"Oh, no, no, no, Bernard, I am proud to be the wife of a brave soldier."

Madeline felt now she could go to the Convent. She longed to be united more closely with our Blessed Lord. Hearing the Divine call "Leave all and follow Me", her heart longed for Jesus alone, for had He not said, "My yoke is sweet and my burden is light."

[To be continued]

## General Foch A Man of Faith.

In an article in Studies, by M. Charles Baussan, where General Foch is placed before the reader in his entirety, we have a reiterated tribute to the "simple piety of the man who kneels down with the rest," having "the faith which sees the hand of God in all that happens," who, when Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the North, "walked in the Corpus Christi procession and knelt in the dust with the others at the Benediction."

General Foch's record in the present war is well known. He was one of the victors of the Marne, the victor on the Yser and Ypres. As M. Baussan says, he is the directing brain of the French army. His was the characteristic message to Joffre: "Outflanked on the right, outflanked on the left, situation on the whole, excellent. Am going to advance." His, too, the answer to the congratulations of the Bishop of Cahors after the Marne victory: "Monseigneur, do not thank me, but Him to whom victory alone belongs."

According to Mr. Hillaire Belloc, the victory of the Marne lies virtually to the credit of General Foch, whose strategic doctrine produced the superb tactical stroke of September 9, 1914:

"Had it not been for the 9th Army and had that Army not had a Foch for a commander, the plan inspired by the genius of Gallieni would have failed and there would have been no victory of the Marne. Gallieni and Manoury were the hammer, but Foch was the anvil on which victory was forged."

M. Baussan reminds us that at Dixmude, after the German had been reinforced, and a retreat to the Somme contemplated, it was, in fact, General Foch who "called in the sea as a fresh ally. The sluices were opened at Nieuport, and the Belgian arms retized beyond the railway embankment. An embankment four feet high saved France." The sea poured in, the floor grew, the German heavy guns were buried. The road to Dunkirk was closed. Of these "sudden and saving inspirations," Ferdinand Foch says simply, "God gives me ideas."

We are told of General Foch that he can turn to account the mistakes of his own lieutenants. With him a repulse is a half-way home to victory; he makes use of it to defeat the enemy by an unexpected manoeuvre. He is further described as a psychologist with a knowledge of the enemy's state of mind. His personality "radiates tranquility and security."

Possibly the France of today has come to realize that it is the man of faith who is the man of daring—the man with the knowledge of God who knows men, and that the man who has been appointed chief of the French General Staff has become the directing brain of the army by virtue of his "disabilities."

"Tomorrow," said Foch, to one of his army chaplains, "we are to make our supreme effort in arms. Do you also make a supreme effort in prayers—all my trusts are in God." No wonder the French say, "Foch is imperturbable."

## WEEKLY CHURCH CALENDAR

### JULY

#### The Precious Blood.

10th Sunday after Pentecost

28 S. S. Nazarius & Comp. MM.  
29 M. St. Martha V.  
30 T. S. S. Abdon & Sennen MM.  
31 W. St. Ignatius Loyola C. F.

### AUGUST

#### The Most Pure Heart Of Mary

1 T. St. Peter in Chains  
2 F. St. Alph. Liguori Bp. D.  
3 S. Find. of St. Stephen.

The late Irish Nationalist leader, John Redmond, M. P., left an estate of only \$29,930 value.

## POPE NAMES SIX AMERICAN BISHOPS.

Rome, July 21.—Appointments to American bishoprics have been made by the Pope as follows:

Monsignor Michael J. Gallagher, coadjutor bishop of Grand Rapids, to be bishop of Detroit; Monsignor Terence G. Brady of Dubuque to be bishop of Baker City, Ore.; Monsignor Christopher E. Byrne of St. Louis, to be bishop of Galveston; Monsignor Arthur Drossaerte of New Orleans, to be bishop of San Antonio; the Rev. John T. McNicholas, O. P., to be bishop of Duluth; Monsignor Julius Jeanmard, Chancellor of the archdiocese of New Orleans, to be bishop of the new diocese of Lafayette, La.

### General Haig, a Convert.

Another noted commander with a priest brother is General Haig, the English commander-in-chief. General Haig's brother is a Redemptorist, a convert. It is reported and verified that General Haig has become a convert since the war.

A shell from a long-range gun struck another church in Paris. Among the killed was a nephew of the Bishop of Troyes.

The historical, monumental basilica of St. Denis, near Paris, was damaged by a terrible explosion in an ammunition factory close by it. In this church are buried the Kings of France. Its magnificent windows fortunately had been previously removed to a place of safety.

In Southwest Mongolia, three priests of the Belgian Missionary Society died of the prevailing plague, which now numbers thousands of victims.

Holy See says that the anti-modernist legislation of the late Pontificate remains in full force until the Holy See lays down other rules on the matter.

There are at present about 50,000 Irish and Irish Republic in that South American Republic.

The Bishop of Torna, Belgium, has complained to the Holy Father that Bavarian soldiers have profaned one-third of the churches in his diocese.

### Personal.

Miss Madeline Rhodes, a student of St. Joseph's College, Toronto, is spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rhodes of Culver Road, Irondequoit.

### Daylight Lake Trips.

Many vacationists are now planning lake trips and, as usual, Lake Erie, with its Great Ship "SEANDBEE" and other magnificent steamers, is by far the most popular.

The Saturday daylight trips between Cleveland and Buffalo are again proving very attractive to many travelers.

From Cleveland, C. & B. Line's Steamer "City of Buffalo" leaves New Pier, foot of East 9th St., every Saturday during the summer season at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Buffalo 6:30 evening of same day.

From Buffalo, the Great Ship "SEANDBEE" leaves wharves at South Michigan Street Bridge every Saturday at 8:30 a. m., reaching Cleveland at 6:30 p. m.

The night service of the C. & B. is the same as heretofore, namely; steamers leave both cities daily at 8:00 p. m., reaching destination the following morning at 6:30 a. m. (All U. S. Central Time.)

Low fare excursions from Cleveland and Buffalo are given every Saturday, good returning Sunday.

A reduced automobile rate of \$7.50 round trip is made for these week-end trips for cars not exceeding 127 inches wheelbase. (Cars over 127 inches wheelbase, \$12.00 round trip.)—Adv.