Journal of the Sisters of St. Joseph
in Route to Arizona 1870

Rev. Mother & Dear Sisters:

Before leaving Carondelet I promised to write a Journal of our trip to Arizona. It seems to me that the fulfillment of this promise is already past my date. You know we had scarcely time to break the trail of our habits before opening school could realy be observed. Before opening school could really be observed, it is not that, after exhaustion is reminding me continually of it. I have time now that it is true but not capacity for such a task, but perhaps after the best I can relying on the kind indulgence of our good Sisters.

April 29, 1870.

After bidding adieu to our good Sisters in Carondelet, we started on our long and perilous journey to Arizona.
Our first two stations were St. Joseph's and St. Bridget's Asylums at Kansas City, where we were cordially greeted by our good Sisters. We then boarded the train and repaired to the Pacific Railroad Depot, took the car at 6 P.M. direct to Kansas City. puff puff went the locomotive and we were really on our way to Kansas City. As the Sisters frequented this portion of the journey, I shall not describe it. At a certain time, that is to say, when we were passing: on the road, we experienced an unusual feeling; we were going and not to return in nature to make our retreat with our dear Sisters. We hope Jiemia will not call on us when landing her Providence.

It is quite probable we may never again visit her glow, and it is only when the thought occurs to me that I know how truly I love them. Oh! the incomparable beauty of our holy faith! How convulsing it

I knew with an unfailing certainty that we were accomplishing the will of God, with an assured hope of being reunited in our heavenly home to those beloved ones we have left here below, for the love of Jesus and the salvation of souls. With these and similar reflections we passed the last night. We were then at Kansas City.

Thursday, April 21, 1870.

The Sisters kindly welcomed us by our good Sisters and had the pleasure of meeting there Mother Agatha, who had been sick, but was better. This we did the day quite pleasantly. We then decided our duty to say goodbye, but we were much encouraged in hearing that Rev. Mother St. John had concluded to accompany us as far as Omaha, Neb. We took the cars at 7 P.M. and were comfortably seated as the cars were nearly all clean and not moderately filled. The changed cars during that night — it was, indeed, quite a change. The air was very fresh as the cars were filled with immigrants.
troying children etc. It concurred from
the climate's influence, in the case they
must have had any amount of
wasted. Chicken eggs, cigars etc. So
this morning could I spend the remainder
of our ride & night.
April 23, 1870

By the morning we refreshed ourselves
with a nice cup of coffee then proceeded
on our journey. The weather mild and
calm, the Indian Joe played the violin for the entertainment of the
passengers.
Rev. Mr. Hohler treated us to apples and
milk and sugar and presented us with
little statues of our blessed Mother as
a souvenir. But on probe, there was a
cloud overhanging it. It was not
surprising, as it was to part from him;
father in a few hours—sad that
perhaps events in this world. But as
in such, difficulties we had
recovered to our good fortune. I just
sent a telegram about two days ago
and now feared that the tele
renewed. I would wait for us as
we wished it to be gone for the
would remain for another week.

As we approached Omaha, some 150
were crying and others praying, all were
weeping eagerly. The day by the train was
there. I felt not right, long as a
message came with the promise
that the train would send for us.
Thanks be to God I escaped from every
day and was in every heart. I then went to the Court of the Sisters
of Mercy where we received a most
cordial welcome from those good
sisters. We remained there until the
next morning.

Saturday, April 23, 1870.

After we had had the consolation
of hearing Mass and receiving the
Bishop's Blessing, we went to the depot.
Rev. Mother M. Helen Green,
accompanied us. Rev. M. procured our
tickets, refreshments and other
commodities for the journey. The dreaded
moment of parting had almost
come. This moment we shall
never forget! We were all seated in
the car, when she came in with her
little purchases and at the same time
to say goodbye. In the last moment
we kissed and after she entered the
carriage we drove out of sight.
6. The meeting was made
their perfect sacrifice, in leaving
them to their fate! The same day we
passed through the beautiful valley
of La Clotte, took supper at Clarke's
2 1/2 miles from Omaha, sister Animas
and I set out to purchase some tea.
We received it as an alms and with
no regard to cost. We were so warmly
welcomed that we were unable to leave.

Sunday, April 14, 1870.
We left Omaha at 4:14 a.m.
From this place onward
the scenery became more interesting
and the conversation of our fellow
travelers amusing. In one car were
sister Animas, sister Clariste, and
other ladies who were on their way to
China to convert those heathen
 idolaters. There were almost as many
religious denominations represented
as there were persons in the car.

Mother wrote to our presence not,
'we do not know but however religion
may be the principal topic of conversation
throughout the entire journey. Everyone
maintained his own opinion and wished
it from the Bible, believing only in
one point that Catholicity is intolerable.'

Then the controversy reached its highest
point, an elderly, respectable-looking
gentleman came over to us and said if
he handed one of the ladies a five-dollar
bill, would he receive them as far as
San Francisco, stating that he was
not a Catholic, but, nevertheless had
great respect for sisters, as he knew
them to be 'Angels of Mercy' and
that he regarded it a great privilege
to serve them. When we reached the
second of the ladies gave him a small medal
of the Blessed Virgin, he kept it in his
trotch chain, and said he would keep
it as long as he lived. The next stop
was east of Rocky Range, passed
through Cheyenne at an elevation
of 7,320 ft. and the highest point of
the line, also the highest point crossed
by the railroad. It is a delightful
and适mediate region, nothing to be
seen but smooth, flat, mountains of
rock, whose summits appear to
touch the cloud. The car passes over
fragile chains; the rails are laid
and the passengers on pillars whose
only support are chummy rocks beneath
of these chains. It seems to be
about the length of three city blocks.
We passed at Green River 546 miles from Omaha. Mr. Byrne and delivered him the little messages of his sister. At 3 o'clock we passed the "Framed and File Tree" island 1.4 miles from Omaha. We landed at the entrance of "Deaf's Gate" a very appropriately named place with lofty mountains rising on each side of the track. The railroad makes a narrow pass in the mountain at the base of which the Weber River an angry rushing stream dashes along with frightful excitement. We entered a short tunnel and then the shore of a quarter of an hour. It is probable from this difficulty in crossing that it has derived its name. The change was of Ogden a Norman town of about 600 inhabitants. It lies between the Weber & Ogden river, 30 miles north of Salt Lake City 1,037 miles from Omaha. Many of the buildings are built like those the transient houses in the states. Others are surrounded by small houses in the same style. They are a degenerated looking lot of people, perhaps it is a prejudice. We had the pleasure of meeting with kind friends in the person of Mr. Deech and lady, of San Francisco, who did everything they could to make us comfortable. They tried to secure us better but could procure only one. Much striker to me. About sun-set we passed Salt Lake of the railroad. We left it near Ogden the city is a beautiful place on the
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do what a man could, so he would not fail to supply them. He gave us an introductory letter to Rev. T. Gallagher, San Francisco, who rendered us important services in these matters. He advised us to apply for a colony one site for Salt Lake City, as he was sure that he would go there. He was the first bishop of Utah, and has been there fifteen years. At 7 P.M. we reached Salt Lake City. Mr. Botelho parted with the best wishes and attended to our luggage, but having to come to the hotel at 9 P.M. He presented a beautiful fruit after our long ride.

In the course of the journey, we received most cordially the greetings of many who visited the mission and made us comfortable. We were sadly in need of rest, as we were completely dazed from the motion of the car.

Tuesday April 28, 1870.

Rev. Father Gabel took us to visit the Magnolia Asylum to see the country. We are not accompanied, and the motherly, and the letters at the asylum more extremely kind to us. They added to lead us with promises to our journey, but as we were inexperienced, we were not satisfied. After these letters did not think we would need them, and accepted only a few knucks, which were most pleasant to us. They were truly lovely in their calling us.

With the exception of these letters, we had a pleasant trip to Salt Lake City, where we arrived safely on Thursday morning. Major P. led the party of a train, in the Semi-circle, with the carriage, and some other for ourselves. Consequently we were
Omitted on page 13

The good artists sent us to the boat in their carriage. We took passage on the steamer "Suzuki". Captain Johnson, with his officers treated us with every mark of respect and kindness. Mother was quite sick and scarcely able to keep up until Monday. At the afternoon dinner Lushishe and Sots Martha wore red-cap but were quite well next day.

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I all recould desire there was several in braves men from the near by stations but no women there are no women in this country after dinner they became very sociable we returned to the stable there our horses only protected us and they followed some of them proposed manage to us saying we would do better by accepting the offer than by going to knock for we would be ill represed by the indians the simplicty and bareness with which they spoke put indignation out of the question so it was evident they meant on insult but our goods they were all native americans for that afternoon we had amusement enough we then resumed our journey that evening we camped and a very large place made some fear the only beverage we had in them meeting our evening prayers and reliabke to hear another bits enrobed emaciated and I requested a rock the others went to the magin the night was very cold I think between night and day he had only one blanket besides seven pieces after the sixth and I had only summer shirt we the others were fortunate enough to have brought their blankets or going yes we all kept up good spirits and was convinced he was going to get the wrong night myself fell asleep between ten and twelve o'clock in the morning we were startled from our sleep by an unearthly yell from friendly and one pot the driver we hasten to learn the matter the others in the wagon feeling cold concluded to kindle a fire to warm themselves although only dark they set out in search of fuel etc to kindle the fire and quickly succeeded in getting a few sticks and some dry leaves and started out for more but this time they had the advantage of the light from the fire after which he thought he saw a large long stick amongst the dry leaves and eagerly grabbed it and commenced pulling it towards the fire when the leaves fell off she perceived it was a man he held his leg she then yelled and he sat down but only for matches it was the chents she was seeking himself among the dry leaves all here forgived
It was very cold. It was well known that they did not make us very much stick with the cold. After warming ourselves a little, we made some tents to keep ourselves. We then recommended ourselves to our Heavenly Father and our dear Mother, May and all about among the trees, right little and other friends, as we went along.

Wednesday, May 3, 1870.

We broke the day climbing up and down hills. In the evening we reached the memorable place, Mountains. The entrance of the American Desert for several miles the road is up and down mountains. We were obliged to work it on foot; as the highest part it is said to be four thousand (4000) feet above trail level. The more compelled to stop here to breathe. Some of the horses lay down on the road and being unable to proceed further. Besides, the terrible fatigue we suffered still more from thirst. Before proceeding further I shall give you a sketch of the place. The next going feeling is the American Desert forty miles long, eight hundred feet wide; the height of the sea. It is said to have once formed a portion of the ocean.
In 8 or 9 minutes to breathe. Everyone had
said something to remark about the place
we had just passed. Later Nomastus
said it was the "Abomination of
desolation". The carriage overtook us
there, but we continued on just as
it was gotten to distance to give us
we could take the Conveyance. We
travelled as fast as M. G. swore all
in order to reach the Ranch. For
we were almost held with think,
he expected nothing but a bind of
water and we were not disappointed.
After refreshing ourselves with a
think of cold water we returned to
the stable yard where we had left
our carriage and where we had
spent the previous night. The mud
was high that the horses had to use
measles to prevent the carriage from
being discouraged. This went up to
20 men there. Some of whom
were intoxicated. They accused me
very much, some offering to shake
off do with no other thing to keep
them off, and all shouting just
The rats' nests were burnt last January
as we had absolutely nothing to eat that
day. Replaced ourselves under the
hospitable protection of their hearty
father, the Honorable T. A. Green,
as we were exposed to various dangers
in that eight place. We were
able to find our dear master all the
more readings and humiliations we had
to endure there. It was 2 o'clock before
we could get a chance to make some,
and the meantime, we remained near
our carriage. It was our only tone.
Another left much discouraged.
"God," said M. G. "Where are we
now? Would we go to bed this
night?" So we slept in a stable,
the cook brought us a blanket and
after picking some gray rocks, it
proceeded in to us. These were eating
and out all night. We asked the
cook what it all meant, he replied
in a somewhat embarrassed manner
that "bodies action pass this way and
when they do, the men used to bring
their pockets." Mother, sisters Andrews
and Mcfarland remained in the carriage.
The driver was our guardian. He seemed
he to be a very nice fellow and
well educated.
May 10th, 1870.
I started this morning at 5 o'clock.
and entered the desert. It is a marsh of sand, travelling over it is rendered dangerous on account of the sand storms we were told that within a month previous to our crossing it. They found a government man loaded with firearms. It had been forwarded several months before and in stage coach with several elephants all injured in the sand. As sand is a good conductor conveying the heat to extreme. Then the sun is at its nadir, from the sun is extremely hot. The sand is a heat. We were at one place, we passed a house of horned cattle. It contained one thousand heads, every dead. On that day all the place, we issued the remnants, gone thousand five hundred sheep, enchained my company. I was totally as we eat the dead. We were not on the Egyptian Desert, the night before. It was midnight, reached the ranch. We would not have stopped. Some refreshments put forward. We now lay down in the corner of the stable, and rested until 4 A.M. May 11, 1870.

We resumed our journey until 9:30 A.M. when we came to a ranch. The hosts showed us great kindness, and were at once accommodated with water to make a refreshment we sorely needed. As we had not seen smoke for 48 days. You may imagine our condition after our long trip. One of the hostess more
This shore for just a while. We were very painful and it was with difficulty we recovered our strength, but the sickness added to the shock and the blood which had congealed there. After getting them off, she found twenty-two horse sickness produced by the castella plant which the desert abounds. She advised all the dabbies coming to Arizona to be sure to provide themselves with very high boots in order to avoid the saddle-sickness.

At 6 P.M. we resumed our journey and traveled until 8 o'clock next morning.

May 13, 1870.

Although nearly overcome with fatigue, everyone was cheerful and full of courage. We then arrived at Baraboa, the man offered us the warm room to sleep in, but we said we preferred the stable, he replied, "I see forty men in the stable."

"I am only two," I replied. We therefore gave us their places and in a twinkling I and one more just asleep, half did not make out.

7 A.M. We then saw the strange place we were in—forty men, some enough, and as many Injuns; nevertheless they all treated us with the greatest kindness and respect. The weather was extremely hot and we were so greatly fatigued that the driver asked us to remain until evening. After breakfast he permitted that stable with a roof over, then bought in some rocks and fed each 7½ peats, thus we were very comfortably seated. There was a mail the whole life I had been instrumental in

rasing. I think he recognized me. He was extremely kind to the procuring for us such delicacies as the place of

offered, he gave us some beef egg

for our journey. We left there 10 a.m. and traveled until 8 o'clock—only two hours. We made it go,

but the driver insisted on our staying, remaining where we were. I consented to get up, but we had to walk, batte, shaw and I remained in the wagon and the other dabbies rested themselves on a
My wife and I started. At midnight we resumed our journey.

Friday, May 13, 1870.

About 7 o'clock we left Loma California and entered Arizona, we crossed the Colorado River shortly before 9 o'clock on what they term a 'tow-traw', which however is nothing but sail. We were obliged to get over in the carriages, as they did not wish to cross over a second time; having two spirited horses two men held the reins by the flanks, and as there was nothing on the opposite side to which the rope could be fastened, two men stood on the opposite bank holding it with ropes, as the horses generally jumped and the rags flapped thick. At this one of the horses fell on the rags, which is the only thing that saved us from a terrible grave. The neck of the horse protruded the carriage from rolling into the river. Then loosed the carriage, with the horses hanging over a depth of seventeen feet of water. I saw the danger before it happened, and jumped from the carriage. We thereby escaped being drowned, and entering into Arizona and finishing our journey before reaching Arizona. But our Lord did not intend we must labor long and some in cultivating this barren portion of His vineyard. At 10 o'clock we reached Arizona City or Fort Yuma, where we received a most cordial welcome from good Father Francisco, V.E. of Hudson. We remained here three days, and had the unusual consolation of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice and receiving our weekly Communion, which imbued us with renewed strength and courage for the remainder of our journey. We had the pleasure of hearing a Spanish sermon for the first time. We were lodged with a good Mexican family. From where our letters may be going, there at some future day. In my description of the place may not prove uninteresting.
It is located at the junction of the Colorado and the Gila rivers, being much more conveniently located than Tucson. It is said to be the hottest place in the United States. It has the advantage of having plenty of fresh water, cool, shady streets, and frequent occurrence. The population consists of Mexicans and Americans, number about 4000; the latter having the majority. No schools have yet been established. They offered $100 per month to two of the latter to teach a year, but were told by Father Francisco to first build a convent. The majority of the buildings are of adobe. The water, so rare and difficult to procure, is brought to one Catholic Church. The priest, who was one of the priests who accompanied the Bishop to Cordelet, was appointed last May 18. He is so little that owing to the continual drought irrigation is not practicable. There is almost none left. Supply of fia: wood, Indians

In the valley are peacocks.

Tuesday, May 17th, 1870.

We left this place at sunrise, and traveled until noon. The remainder of our journey was quite pleasant, having a comfortable covered carriage. Good Father Francisco to guard it, a plentiful supply of provisions etc., and a bell to prepare our meals. From this time onward we had our regular meals. Two good ones too — far better than we had expected in such a wilderness. We had all the time to sleep under, but as it was rather small some of us slept on the wagon. In the state we traveled until 11 P.M.

Wednesday, May 18th.

We started early in the morning and stopped off noon on the banks of the Gila. We traveled two hundred miles along this stream, and kept supper at a ranch, where we remained during the night.

Thursday, May 19th, 1870.

When we were about to resume our journey, Father started in advance of the Oxen, a walk, on account coming to
to a place where the roads crossed, she
took the wrong direction. After a short
cultural, not perceiving any trace of her
men became alarmed for her safety.
Father Red Sister Ambrosia immediately
started to pursu. When the driver of
drawn sleigh saw the distance, he ran as
fast as possible in order to overtake
her, and she on perceiving a man
running after her and that recognizing
him, was too, with all her might. After
her return, Father put her in a carriage
by making her ride in his carriage.
Sister Red accompanied her. At
6 o'clock A.M. we reached our journey
and they told us to draw up
again. The protector treated us kindly
and proceeded us with some
benediction, and a new job for
our journey, which we resumed until
7 o'clock when we camped for the night,
suffering much from cold.

Wednesday May 27
We started on our way at 4 A.M.
and passed many recently made
graves of persons who had been killed
by the Indians. One tree we were
informed contained the remains of
father, mother, and five children.

Their burial places looked as sadly
neglected; the wolves had iron made
holes in them. The desolate, lonely places
in which these poor creatures were laid
to rest and will move the melancholy
and sightful death cast a dampness
over our spirits as we had no certainty of
meeting the same fate. And why should
we be sad? Did we not seek
savior for the love of Jesus? And would
it not be glorious to have the happiness
of dying for Him? But poor Mother is
weak indeed, although the spirit
aw rates the privilege of the glorious
end yet our God earths divine
promise, 0 God, as taking an ordal. We passed at night at the Indiana place of
worship, it is a natural continuation
of huge, immovable rocks on which
Indians have cut the figures of their gods.
These more famous planets different
animals, the lizard and serpents.
The Indians appear to be well made and
are quite interesting to look at. Oh! how
my heart yearns to make known
this true and only God! I rec
camped about 8 o'clock and took our
supper by torch light as usual.

Thursday May 28, 1874.
We left at 10 A.M. this morning for
Breakfast. We called up our horses, after offering up our prayers and placing ourselves with renewed confidence, under the protection of Heaven, we resumed our journey, as rather an advanced bust of the day, under the rays of brilliant sunshine, the average that morning was 500 miles, being 125 degrees. We reached the a march at noon, and were accommodated with a room, where we enjoyed the luxury of a good meal, and change of clothing. I was refreshed, and which we were ardently wished, the change of dress, at 3 o'clock, and after getting a good supply of fresh water for the journey, which lasted until 6 o'clock P.M. We entered the populous desert, traveled all night; and were so much fatigued, that almost everyone fell asleep, the driver permitting the camels to go at will. Better of this driving styles, soundly that Peter Martin, has obliged to drive nearly all night.

At 8 o'clock A.M. we rejoined ourselves with a cup of coffee and toasted crackers, till 12 o'clock. When we were out of the desert. We took dinner at 6 o'clock P.M., and lodged at the house of a generous-hearted Turkman.

Mr. Durbie, whenever we had the good fortune to come across Turkman, we were sure of meeting with a cordial reception, and finding them all the characteristics of true friends.

Wednesday May 24th 1870.

We started early entering upon our most dangerous portion of our journey, as the immense dangers of being attacked and murdered by the Saracens, at any moment burst plicably occurred in the kinds of Frodon, to whom we had confided our lives. We courageously advanced, feeling assured that His all-seeing eye would protect His chosen ones from dangers at all events, that whatever might befall us would be in accordance with His most holy will.

Then we stopped for noon, there was no room for us in the cam, so that we had not even a tree to shelter us from the burning rays of a tropical sun. The ruins of some old buildings were near where we met them to rest and fell asleep. A troop of nude Indians
They are a brave-looking tribe; unlike the poor, timid Indians of the frontier. We camped at 9 o'clock.

While partaking of our evening repast, sixteen soldiers rode up and informed us that they had been sent up to escort some travellers; they knew not whom, and supposed all were the persons, as they saw no others. We conjectured that our good Father St. Joseph, had sent them to our assistance; although at the time, we were not aware of how much we stood in need of their escort. We might, in all probability, have been massacred by the savages, had they not been our safeguard.

The Indians are afraid to appear unless they are sufficiently strong to fight them.

They continued with us for the remaining seventy-five miles of our journey.

May 23rd

While at breakfast this morning,

came in the meantime who were peaceable, they had the consideration to be quiet and let her sleep. Atter-March was sitting on an old bed, a noble mien affixing her stole, got up and sat down beside her as her Paladian angel. The remainder of the pictures were in the wagon, while I employed myself in washing our stockings, and lathering my chin, amusing myself by taking notes for my Journal. After which we recommenced our journey.

About 4 o'clock, we passed through the valley of the Pomia Indians. Their dwellings are constructed of straw and are shaped like a bird's nest in an inverted position; they vary from five to five feet in height and have a small hole as a place of entrance. Their costume consisted of two pieces of calico or flannel, extending to the knees; one was hanging in front, the other behind. The young squaws are all clothed with the inner bark of trees in the same manner. The old ladies are not as modestly attired as they dress their hair with a mixture of mud and water which has the double effect of destroying the vermin and keeping the hair in its place.
Three of the citizens of Tucson, who were a portion of the number appointed to meet us (the others having remained at the last station) rode up.

We resumed our journey at 5 o'clock P.M. Some miners joined us, in order to share our protection. The soldiers followed close in the rear; they had five mules to carry their baggage—one carried the blankets; the others the cooking utensils.

We halted them, respectively, the "chambermaid and cook." The latter looked amusing with her pots and pans hanging from her side. At noon we reached the station where the remainder of the escort from Tucson was awaiting us—sixty-five miles from the city. There was great rejoicing among them; but as they could speak neither French nor English we did not understand them.

At 5 o'clock P.M., we set out again. Every one was in fine spirits, especially the citizens. All passed off pleasantly until midnight, when a serious turn of mind and manner seemed to take possession of each and every one. We were then approaching Picacho Peak, where the Apaches are accustomed to attack travelers. A fearful massacre had been perpetrated there only a week previous. The road winds through a narrow pass in the mountains, where the Indians conceal themselves, and throw out their poisoned arrows at the passerby. The place is literally filled with grim—somberful monuments of savage barbarity. Each one prepared his fire-arms; even good Father Franciscus. The citizens pressed around our carriage. The soldiers rode about like bloodhounds in search of prey. In passing through the peaks, the horses began to neigh, which is a sure indication of the close proximity of the savages! The Indians! the Indians! was echoed from every mouth. Whip and spurs were given to the horses—w.e went like lightning—the men yelling all the while, like as many jacks, in order to frighten the Indians. The novelty of the scene kept us from being afraid. We traveled in this manner until 4 o'clock A.M.

Ascension Thursday May 24th.

When having passed unharmed through the most dangerous portion of our route, we returned grateful, heart-felt thanks to our good God, for our preservation.
After refreshing ourselves with a cup of coffee, we continued our journey until within fifteen miles of Tucson, when we stopped for a short rest. The citizens desired us to remain there all night, as they wished us to enter Tucson in daylight, where a grand reception was in preparation. You see they were quite proud of us. After considerable reasoning, they became very enthusiastic over the matter, but Father finally succeeded in obtaining their consent for us to enter that night. Four men went in advance with the joyful tidings of our arrival. We were expected about 10 o'clock P.M.; and were afterwards informed that the ladies and children had stationed themselves on the house-tops, being too modest to mix in the crowd with men. At about three miles from the town we were met by a procession, which was headed by four priests on horseback, but as we came in sight, they dismounted and ran rather than walked to meet us; the crowd, in the meantime, discharging firearms. Before we reached the city, their number had increased to about three thousand; some discharging fire-arms, others bearing lighted torches, all walking in order and heads uncovered. The city was illuminated—fire-works in full display. Bells of conductorible matter were thrown in the streets through which we passed; at each explosion Sister Cuphea made the sign of the Cross. All the bells in the city were pealing forth their merriest strains. On reaching the convent we found our good Bishop in company of several ladies and gentlemen awaiting our arrival. The crowd then fired a farewell salute, and dispersed.

We felt truly grateful to these good people for their kind reception, as it is a convincing testimony of their reverence for our holy faith. The Bishop conducted us to the dormitory; one of the priests brought us some water, and, after arranging our toilet, the ladies ushered us into the refectory, where a nice supper had been prepared for us.
They waited on us at supper, and intimated to make everything as pleasant as possible. When we had finished our repast, they departed, leaving us in quiet possession of our new home: "St. Joseph's Convent, Tucson, Arizona."

Our first act was to return thanksgiving to our merciful Lord, to our dear Mother, Mary, and likewise to our glorious Patriarch, St. Joseph, for preserving us from the many and great dangers to which we were exposed for the love of Jesus and the salvation of souls. Our house is built of adobe, or brick, dried in the sun, simply made, and consists of but one story.

Now that we are settled in our new home, we trust our good Sisters will continue to pray for us, recommending the success of our mission, our schools, and our own spiritual welfare, to our dear Lord, to the end that we may labor earnestly to promote His greater, and holy, alone, in view, in all our undertake.

...to. Dear Rev. Mother, Victor of the Sacred Heart...