

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

HISTORY DEPARTMENT  
Mount St. Mary's College  
Los Angeles 49, California

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en 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  
almost out of date. You know we had  
scarcely time to brush the dust off  
our habits before opening school consequently  
I was obliged to defer writing the events  
of our trip until vacation; and I would  
not have courage even now to commence  
it, were it not that Sister Euphrasia  
is reminding me continually of it. I  
have time now it is true (but not  
capacity for such a task; but neverthe-  
less I shall do the best I can relying  
on the kind indulgence of our good  
Sisters.

April 20 - 1870.

After bidding adieu to our good  
Sisters in Carondelet we started on our  
long and perilous journey to Arizona

7  
Our first two stations were St. Joseph's  
and St. Bridget's Asylums, St. Louis Mo.  
where we were cordially greeted by our  
good Sisters. We then wished them Goodbye  
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 off really  
indeed on our way to Arizona. As the  
Sisters frequently travel this portion  
of the journey I shall not describe it. But  
it is certainly true, that none of them  
ever went over it with the sad hearts  
we experienced on that memorable  
night. We were going but not to  
return in vacation to make our  
retreat with our dear Sisters.  
Mother Julia will not call on us when  
visiting her Province.  
It is quite probable we may never  
again meet here below; and it is only  
when this thought occurs to me that  
I know how deeply I love them. Oh!  
the incomprehensible beauty of our  
Holy Faith! How consoling to

3  
know with an infallible certainty that  
we are accomplishing the will of God;  
with an assured hope of being re-  
united in our heavenly Country 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 first  
night. We were then in Kansas City.  
Thursday April 21, 1870.

2  
We were kindly welcomed by our  
good Sisters and had the pleasure  
of meeting there Mother Agatha, who  
had been sick, but was better than. We  
spent the day quite pleasantly. It  
again became our duty to say good-  
bye; but we were much encouraged on  
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 new and clean and but  
moderately filled. We changed cars  
during the night - it was, indeed  
quite a change in every respect as  
the cars were filled with emigrants

#crying children, etc. To conclude from  
oppressive atmosphere in the cars they  
must have had any amount of  
spiced chickens, eggs, cigars etc. In  
this morlay crowd we spent the remainder  
of our second night.

April 22, 1870

In the morning we refreshed ourselves  
with a nice cup of coffee then proceeded  
on our journey. The weather was cool and  
pleasant - an Indian boy played the  
violin for the entertainment of the  
passengers.

Rev. Mother treated us to apples and  
maple sugar, and presented us with  
little statues of our Blessed Mother as  
souvenirs; but in spite of all there was  
a cloud overhauling us. It was not  
surprising, as <sup>we</sup> were to part from Rev.  
Mother in a few hours - - and that  
perhaps forever in this world. but as  
in similar difficulties we had  
recourse to our good Father St. Joseph.  
We were detained about two hours after  
time, but yet we feared that the Sal-  
Francisco train would wait for us as  
we wished it to be gone, for then we  
could remain one more day with  
Rev. Mother.

5.

As we approached Omaha some of us were  
crying, and others praying, but all were  
looking eagerly to see if the train were  
there. We did not wait long, as a  
messenger came with the welcome  
news that the train had just left.  
Thanks be to God I escaped from being  
left, and was in every heart. We  
then went to the Convent 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.

When we had had the consolation  
of hearing Mass and receiving the  
Bishop's Blessing, we went to the depot.  
Rev. Mother and Sister Lucia  
accompanied us. Rev. M. procured our  
tickets, refreshments and other con-  
veniences for the journey. The dreaded  
moment of parting had almost  
arrived, that moment we shall  
never forget! We were all seated in  
the cars when she came in with her  
little purchases and at the same time  
to say goodbye. We then lost all control  
and wept wildly, after she entered the  
carrage and drove out of sight.

6. The ~~hexagon~~ missionaries ~~and~~ made their first great sacrifice, in leaving their dear Mother! The same day we passed through the beautiful valley of La Platte; took supper at Clark's 18 1/2 miles from Omaha. Sister Ambrosia and I went to purchase some tea we received it as an alms and with it several mortifications. The cars were so densely crowded that night we were unable to sleep.

Sunday, April 24, 1870.

We breakfasted at Sydney, 4 1/4 miles from Omaha. From this place onward the scenery became very interesting and the conversation of our fellow travelers amusing. In one car were four Protestant Ministers with their ladies, who were on their way to China to convert those benighted idolaters. There were almost as many religious denominations represented, as there were persons in the car. Whether owing to our presence or not, we do not know but however, religion was the principal topic of conversation throughout the entire journey. Everyone maintained his own opinion and proved it from the Bible, agreeing only in

one point that "Catholicity is intolerable." When the controversy reached its highest point, an elderly respectable-looking gentleman came over to us, and handed one of the sisters a five dollar bill proffered his services to us as far as San Francisco, stating that he was not a Catholic; but <sup>that</sup> 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 in his power. One of the sisters gave him a small medal of the Blessed Virgin; he hung it on his watch-chain, and said he would keep it as long as he lived. This afternoon we entered the Rocky Range, passed through Sherman at an elevation of 8247 ft, and the highest point on the line, also the highest point crossed by the railroad. It is a frightful and desolate region; nothing to be seen but snow clad mountains of rock whose summits appear to touch the clouds. The cars pass over frightful chasms; the rails are laid on logs resting on pillars whose only support are jagged rocks, beneath some of these chasms seem to be <sup>about</sup> the length of three city blocks

8. going over these places every person appears to hold his breath & find it is only when safe on firm ground that conversation was resumed and commentations made on the terrors and perils of the place. I chanced to be sleeping when crossing one of these places. Mr. Martha awoke me telling me to "wake up and take notes of this beautiful scenery". When I saw where we were, sleep forsook me immediately. I was really terrified. The sisters enjoyed the scenery very much. This night like that preceding one, we passed with little sleep.

Monday April 25 1870.

We took breakfast at Green River 87.5 miles from Omaha. At Byrne we met Mr. Andrew's brother Mr. Byrne and delivered him the little messages of his sisters. At 5 o'clock we passed the "Thousand Mile Tree" so called because from its being just 1000 miles from Omaha. It stands at the entrance of the "Devil's Gate" a very appropriately named place with lofty mountains rising on each side of the track. The railroad winds through a narrow pass in

9. with the mountain <sup>5</sup> at the base of which the Weber River, an angry looking stream dashes along with frightful impetuosity. We crossed it eight times within the space of a quarter of an hour; it is probably from this difficulty in crossing that it has received its name. We changed cars at Ogden, a Mormon town of about 6,000 inhabitants. It lies between the Weber & Ogden rivers, 31 miles north of Salt Lake City, 1,032 miles from Omaha. Many of the Mormon houses are built like those the tenement houses of the states, others are in groups of small houses in the same yard. They are a degraded-looking set of people; perhaps it is prejudice makes me think so. Here we had the pleasure of meeting with kind friends in the persons of Mr. Deoback and lady, of San Francisco, who did everything they could to make us comfortable. They tried to procure us ~~the~~ but could secure only one which sister Hyacinth & I occupied. About sun-set we passed Salt Lake; ~~as the rail-road runs along its margin~~ <sup>of the lake</sup> The city is a beautiful place, on the

left are flower gardens, shade and fruit trees covered with dense foliage, which relieves the scene on the right, of barren mountains and bleak rocks <sup>only</sup> presenting in all a lovely prospect.

Monday April 26, 1870

Breakfast at Elco, 307 miles from Omaha, the morning was warm and pleasant. There were a great many Indians at the depot. We threw them candy and it was really amusing to see these poor old creatures grabbing for it in the dust. Mr. Doebeck occasionally sent us apples, oranges, candy etc. At noon we stopped at Battle Mountain, where we met Rev. F. Kelly, pastor of Austin, Ia. He invited us to dinner which, indeed, we needed badly. But Mother was afraid to leave the carpet-bags, etc., so he had her dinner sent in. At supper Sister Martha was rather indisposed and the good priest brought her dinner to the car - he was extremely kind. That night a lady offered us 1/2 bed; we then had two, which enabled us to get a little rest. When we retired

at night the heat was as oppressive as that of a St. Louis July. The morning, as cold as a Canadian March. In several places the railroad is protected by sheds to prevent the snow from blocking up the track.

Tuesday, April 27, 1870.

At 6 o'clock A.M. we passed a place called Cape Horn, it is an ugly dreary place; the railroad track runs along the side of a mountain that rises on the right and left. About five or six feet from the track there is a precipice said to be 300 ft. deep, which extends about a mile along the railroad. On the opposite side of this precipice are mountains from whose sides issue several streams flowing into the chasm beneath where, whirling they rush along with an awe-inspiring impetuosity. At 8 o'clock we reached the California gold diggings, they are subterranean consequently we did not see them. We dined at Colfax with Rev. Father Kelly, who took a fatherly care of us. We then parted with him God in blessing us farewell he presented us with a five dollar gold piece with strict injunctions to telegraph to him in case we

<sup>12</sup> needed any funds, as he would not fail to supply them. He gave us an introductory letter to Rev. H. Gallagher San Francisco who rendered us important services when there. Father Kelly said he would apply for a colony of four Sisters for Salt Lake City, nevertheless that he proposed leaving the mission to enter the congregation of Lazarists. He is the first pastor of that Mission and has been there fifteen years. At 7 P. M. we reached San Francisco. Mr. Doebek saw us in the buss and attended to our baggage; but owing to some mistake in the address, we did not reach the hospital until 9 P. M. We presented a beautiful sight after our such a journey without arranging our toilet, the distance from Omaha to San Francisco being 1914 miles. We were received most cordially by the good Sisters of Mercy, who did all in their power to make us comfortable. We were sadly in need of rest, as we were completely dizzy from the motion of the cars.

Tuesday April 28 - 1870.

Rev. Father Gabriel took us to visit the

<sup>13</sup> the Magdalen Asylum <sup>7</sup> in the country. Mother was rather indisposed, and did not accompany us. Sister Martha remained with her. The Sisters at the Asylum were extremely kind to us. They wished to load us with provisions for our journey, but as we were inexperienced in these matters, did not think we would need them and accepted only a few knuck-knacks, just to please them. We were heartily sorry when hungry in the desert, & not accepting their offering. We shall ever feel grateful to these good Sisters, who proved to be friends in need, and lavished so much kindness upon us - they are truly worthy of their calling. ~~See page previous page.~~ <sup>See page previous page.</sup>   
 Saturday April 30 - 1870.

With the exception of those little occurrences, we had a pleasant trip to San Diego, where we arrived safely on Tuesday morning, May 3d. We stopped at a boarding-house until Saturday, May 7th, when we left in a private conveyance for Fort Yuma. The carriage was too small for all to ride inside, consequently one was

14<sup>th</sup> Obliged to ride outside with the driver Sister Ambrosia volunteered to make the great act of mortification and humility. It is beyond description what we suffered in riding two hundred (200) miles in a country like this, about 10 o'clock without protection from the rays of a tropical sun. Yet poor Sister did this. About 10 o'clock we passed a white post that marks the south-west boundary of the United States. We dropped a few tears at the sight of it, then entered Lower California. At noon we halted and took lunch in a stable twelve miles from San Diego. Sister Maximus and I went in search of gold; seeing quantities of it we proposed getting a sack and filling it. Just think a sack of gold! But we soon learned from experience that "all is not gold that glitters". We camped after sunset, at the foot of a mountain; made some tea and took our supper off a rock - all were cheerful. The wicked Rev. Mother could see us eat supper. After offering thanks to the Giver of all good, we retired to rest.

Omitted on page 13

The good Sisters sent us to the boat in their carriage. We took passage on the steamer "Azola". 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. In the afternoon Sister Euphrosia and Sister Martha were sea-sick, but were quite well next day.

Omitted on page 13 (next page)

13  
Mother, Sr Euphrasia and Martha under  
the wagon others inside where there was  
room only for two to lie down. Sr Euphrasia  
and I sat in a corner & tried to sleep.  
We had scarcely closed our eyes when  
wolves began to howl around us. We  
feared they would consume our little  
store of provisions and thus let us  
perish in the wilderness; but the dunes  
told us not to fear. During the night  
Sr Euphrasia was startled from her  
sleep by one of the horses licking her  
face. She screamed fearfully and we  
concluded she was a prey to the wolves.  
Next morning May 8th, Feast of the  
Patronage of Our Holy Father St Joseph  
we were determined to celebrate it  
the best way we could. After offering  
our prayers, we joined a procession  
going in advance of the wagon - Mother  
walking in front, bearing a Spanish  
lily in her hand. We followed in  
solemn order and imagined ourselves  
in Egypt, with St Joseph as leader.  
When we came to a cool shady place  
in which we rested. The ranchman  
(a person who keeps refreshments, stables, feed  
etc on the western plains) invited us to  
dinner. He offered us a good meal.

of all we could desire. There were several  
trauche-men, <sup>there</sup> from the neighboring  
stations, but no women. There are few  
women in this country. After dinner  
they became very sociable. We retired  
to the stable, where our driver & only  
protector was and they followed.  
Some of them proposed marriage to  
us, saying we would do better by  
accepting the offer than by going to  
Suckon for we would be all massacred  
by the Indians. The simplicity and  
earnestness with which they spoke  
put indignation out of the question,  
as it was evident they meant no  
insult but our good. They were all  
native Americans. For that afternoon  
we had amusement enough. We then  
resumed our journey. That evening we  
camped in a new damp place. I made  
some tea, the only beverage we had.  
We then opened up our evening prayers  
and retired to rest. Mother, Bro.  
Ambrosia, Maximus & I mounted a  
rock. The others went to the wagon. The  
night was very cold. I think there was  
frost. We had only one blanket <sup>between</sup> between  
seven of us. Sister Martha and I had  
only summer shawls; the others were

fortunate enough to have brought their  
winter <sup>blankets</sup> along. Yet, we all kept up  
good spirits. Being convinced we were  
doing the 'Divide Well, we were much  
fatigued and though hard the bed and  
cold the night we soon fell asleep.  
Between two & three o'clock in the  
morning we were startled from our  
sleep by an unearthly yell from Sr.  
Martha and one from the driver. We  
hasted to learn the matter. The sisters  
in the wagon feeling cold concluded  
to kindle a fire to warm themselves  
although very dark they set out in  
search of fuel, etc. to make <sup>it</sup> with;  
and finally 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. Sister Martha thought  
she saw a fine large 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 she had by  
the leg. She then yelled and he screamed  
but only for mischief. It was the  
driver who was resting himself among  
the dry leaves. All were frightened

15. but none hurt. It was well that they did make us for we were almost stiff with the cold. After warming ourselves a little, we made some tea to refresh ourselves. We then recommended ourselves to our Heavenly Father and our dear Mother Mary and set out singing the Ave Maria Stella and other hymns, as we went along.

Thursday May 9 1870.

We spent the day climbing up and down hills. In the evening we reached the ever memorable place "Mountain Spring" the entrance of the American Desert. For several miles the road is up and down mountains. We were obliged to travel it on foot; at the highest point it is said to be four thousand (4000) feet above sea level. We were compelled to stop here to breathe. Some of the hunters lay down on the road side, being unable to proceed farther. Besides this terrible fatigue we suffered still more from thirst. Before proceeding further I shall give you a brief description of the place. We were going South; before us lay the American Desert, forty miles long, eight hundred feet below the level of the sea. It is said to have once formed a portion of the ocean.

16. It has every appearance of having been covered with water. On the right lies a great salt lake, supposed to have been a part of the Ocean, which being hemmed in by mountains could not recede with the other waters. On the left rise ugly mountains of volcanic rock and red sand. I wished Dr Euphrasia to take a sketch of it then but she said it was not necessary to do it then, as she would never forget its appearance. After a few moments rest we commenced to descend. We were so much fatigued that it seemed as if our limbs were dislocated. We had yet two miles to descend on foot, the greater part being very steep. We joined hands two by two and ran as well as we could. It was certainly a novel sight to see the hunters alone on foot crossing that lonely mountain in the wilderness. The sides of the road were covered with teams of horses, oxen and cattle that had dropped dead trying to descend. In one place we counted fourteen oxen which had apparently died at the same time. When Mother beheld so many dead animals she kept fearing we might share their fate. We re-assembled at the foot of the mountain and paused

"a few minutes to breathe"; everyone had had something to remark about the place we had just passed. Sister Maximus said it was the "Abomination of desolation". The carriage overtook us there, but we continued on foot as it was yet too dangerous to ride, though we had quite a distance to go before we could take the conveyance. We traveled as fast as we were able in order to reach the ranche for we were almost dead with thirst. We expected nothing but a drink of water and we were not disappointed. After refreshing ourselves with a drink of cold water, we retired to the stable-yard where we had left our carriage and where we had spent the previous night. The wind was so high that the driver had to use means to prevent the carriage from being blown over. There were upwards of twenty men there, some of whom were intoxicated. They annoyed us very much, some offering to shake hands with us others trying to keep them off, and all swearing, etc. We were not only tired but hungry as we had scarcely anything to eat that day. We placed ourselves under the

merciful protection of our heavenly Father, our blessed Lady & St. Joseph as we were exposed to fearful dangers in that ugly place. We shall never be able to tell our dear Sisters all the mortifications and humiliations we had to endure there. It was 9 o'clock before we could get a chance to make some tea, in the meantime, we remained near our carriage - it was our only home. Mother felt much discouraged. She said, "If Rev. Mother knew where we were, she would not go to bed this night." Four of us slept in a shanty, the cook brought us a blanket and after picking some "grey backs" off it presented it to us. He then went to bed and out all night. We asked the cook what it all meant, he replied in a somewhat embarrassed manner that "Ladies seldom pass this way and when they do, the men wish to enjoy their society." Mother, Sisters Adolphina and Maximus remained in the carriage, the driver was our guardian. He seemed to be a very nice young man and well educated.  
May 10-1870  
We started this morning at 5 o'clock

and enters the desert. It is a vast bed of sand. Travelling over it is rendered dangerous, on account of the sand storms we were told that about a month previous to our crossing it, they found a government wagon loaded with fire arms, which had been forwarded several months ago, and a stage coach, with seven passengers, all buried in the sand. No sand is a good conductor, consequently the heat is extreme. When the sun is at its meridian height the sand is hot enough to scorch. In one place we passed a drove of horned cattle said to contain one thousand head. everyone died of heat that same day. In other places we saw the remains of one thousand five hundred sheep, smothered in a sand storm. In several places the sand is so deep that we were obliged to walk. We could get water only in one place and when we did get it, it was not only hot but so full of minerals that we suffered more after taking it than before. We travelled till noon, rested until 4 P.M. Made some tea which refreshed us. Recommending our journey to our heavenly Father, we traveled until midnight. It was then cool & pleasant.

23<sup>12</sup> The moon shone brightly; we walked along and rode alternately. As we walked along we chanted a hymn. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see the sisters at the lonely hour of midnight crossing the frightful desert singing hymns. We sang all the time and invoked St. Joseph in our company, protecting us as he did the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother through the Egyptian Desert, thus we felt no fear. At midnight we reached the ranch. We would not have refused some refreshments but for us there was none. We lay down in the corner of the stable, and rested until 4 P.M. May 11, 1870.

We resumed our journey until 9:30 A.M. when we came to a ranch. The proprietor showed us great kindness; we were at once accommodated with water to wash, & refreshment we sorely needed, as we had not washed since we left San Diego. You may imagine our condition after our weary trip. One of the sisters wore

low shoes; her feet & ankles were very painful, and it was with difficulty she removed her stockings, as they stuck to the flesh <sup>with</sup> the blood which had congealed there. After getting them off, she found twenty-two bleeding sores, produced by the cactus plant with which the desert abounds. She advised all the sisters coming to Arizona to be sure to provide themselves with very high boots in order to avoid the like disaster. At 6 P.M. we resumed our journey and traveled until 3 o'clock next morning.

May 2, 1870.

Although nearly overcome with fatigue, everyone was cheerful and full of courage. We then arrived at a ranch; the man offered us the barroom to sleep in, but we said we preferred the stable; he replied "There are forty men in the stable." Six of them gave us their places and in a twinkling of an eye we were fast asleep, and did not wake until

7<sup>15</sup> A.M. <sup>13</sup> We then saw the strange place we were in - forty men, sure enough and as many Indians; nevertheless they all treated us with the greatest kindness and respect. The weather was extremely hot and we were so sorely fatigued, that the driver advised us to remain until evening. After breakfast he carpeted the stable with a wagon cover; then brought in some rocks with feed sacks, for seats; thus we were very comfortably seated. There was a man there whose life I had been instrumental in saving. I think he recognized me. He was extremely kind to ~~us~~ procuring for us such delicacies as the place offered; he gave us some fresh eggs for our journey. We left there at 6 P.M. and traveled until 8 o'clock - only two hours. We wished to go on but the driver insisted on our staying remaining where we were; of course we had to submit. Sister Ephraima and I remained in the wagon and the other sisters rested themselves on a

the side of straw. At midnight we resumed our journey.

Friday May 13, 1870.

About 7 o'clock we left Lower California and entered Arizona. We crossed the Colorado River about 9 o'clock on what they term here a tow-boat which however is nothing but a raft. We were obliged to go over in the carriage, as they did not wish to cross over a second time; having two spirited horses two men held them by the bridle; 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 sprang forward the raft floated back. At this one of the horses fell on the raft, which is the only thing that saved us from a watery grave. The weight of the horse prevented the carriage from rolling into the river. There stood the carriage with the sisters hanging over a depth of seventeen feet of water; I saw the danger before it

happened and jumped from the carriage. We merely escaped being drowned and ending our mission; and finishing our Crown before reaching Arizona. But Our Lord did not make it - we must labor longer and assist 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. G. of Tucson. We remained here three days, and had the inexpressible consolation of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice and receiving our dear Lord in Holy 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. As some of our visitors may be going there at some future day, a brief description of the place may not prove uninteresting.

18  
It is located at the junction of the Colorado and Gila rivers, being much more conveniently located than Tucson. It is said to be the hottest place in the United States, but has the advantage of having plenty of fresh water. Bad storms are of frequent occurrence. The population, consisting of Mexicans and Americans, numbers about 4000, the latter having the majority. No schools have yet been established. They offered \$300 per month if two of the Sisters would remain for a year, but were told by Father Francisco, to just build a convent. The majority of the buildings are of adobe (sun-dried brick). Lumber is very scarce, and difficult to procure. There is but one Catholic Church. The first pastor, who was one of the priests who accompanied the Bishop to Sonora, was appointed last May 1870. The soil is fertile, but owing to the continual drought irrigation is impracticable. There is an almost inexhaustible supply of fire wood. Indians

19  
in the vicinity are peaceable.

Tuesday May 17th - 1870.

We left this place at sunrise, and travelled until noon. The remainder of our journey was quite pleasant, having a comfortable 'covered' carriage, good Father Francisco to guard us, a plentiful supply of provisions etc, and a cook to prepare our meals. From this time forward we had our regular meals very good ones too - far better than we had expected in such a wilderness. We had a tent to sleep under, but as it was rather small some of us slept in the wagon, on the seats. We traveled until 10 P.M.

Wednesday May 18th.

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

Thursday, May 19 - 1870.

When we were about to resume our journey, Mother started in advance of us, 'for a walk'; on account coming to

30 to a place where the roads crossed she took the wrong direction. After a short interval, not perceiving any traces of her we became alarmed for her safety. Father and Sister Ambrosia immediately started in pursuit. When the driver descried her in the distance he ran as fast as possible in order to overtake her, and she on perceiving a man running after her and not recognizing him, ran too, with all her might. After her return, Father put her in penance by making her ride in his carriage. Sister Martha accompanied her. At 6 o'clock A.M. we resumed our journey and May 20th we came to a ranch <sup>about</sup> ~~at~~ noon. The proprietor treated us <sup>very</sup> kindly which ~~and~~ presented us with some canned fruit and a new towel for our journey, which we resumed until 7 P.M. when we camped for the night, suffering much from cold.

Saturday May 21 -

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 of these we were informed contained the remains of a father, mother and five children.

31 These burial places looked so sadly neglected; the wolves had even made holes in them. The desolate, lonely places in which these poor creatures were laid to rest and still more their melancholy and 'frightful death' cast a damp over our spirits as we had no certainty of not meeting the same fate. And yet, why should we be sad? Did we not risk our lives for the love of Jesus? And would it not be glorious to have the happiness of dying for Him? But poor nature is weak. Filled although in spirit we coveted the privilege of no glorious an end, yet our frail earthly bodies shrank from so trying an ordeal. We passed at night the Indians' place of worship; it is a natural construction of huge, immovable rocks on which they have cut the figures of their gods. These were various planets & different animals of the forest and even reptiles. The figures appear to be well made and are quite interesting to look at. Oh! how my heart burned to make known to them the true and only God! We camped about 8 o'clock and took our supper by torch light as usual. Sunday May 22 / 1879.  
We had a lamb this morning for

32. Breakfast. We called it our Passover  
After offering up our prayers and  
placing ourselves with renewed  
confidence, under the protection of  
Heaven, we resumed our journey at  
rather an advanced hour of the day,  
under the rays of scorching sun,  
the average heat under the shade  
being 125 degrees. We reached the a  
ranche at noon, and were  
acomodated with a room, where we  
enjoyed the luxury of a good wash  
and change of clothing, "a refreshment  
of which we were sorely in need. We  
dined at 3 o'clock, and after getting  
a fresh supply of fresh water for our  
journey, we started at 6 o'clock P.M.  
We entered the Arizona desert, traveled  
all night, and were so much fatigued  
that almost everyone fell asleep,  
the driver permitting the horses to go  
at will. Father and his driver slept so  
soundly that Sister Martha was  
obliged to drive nearly all night.  
May 23.

At 8 o'clock A.M. we refreshed  
ourselves with a cup of coffee and  
traveled on till 2:30 P.M. when we were  
out of the desert. We took dinner at  
5 o'clock P.M. and lodged at the

33. 17  
house of a generous-hearted Irishman  
Mr. Cosgrove. Whenever we had the good  
fortune to come across Irish or Mexicans,  
we were sure of meeting with a  
cordial reception and of finding <sup>in</sup> them  
all the characteristics of true friends.  
Friday May 24 - 1870

We started early entering upon  
our most dangerous portion of our  
journey, as we were in danger of  
being attacked and massacred by  
the savages, at any moment, but  
placing ourselves in the hands of  
Providence, to whom we had consecrated  
our lives, we courageously advanced  
feeling assured that His all-seeing  
eye would protect His chosen ones  
from danger at all events, that  
whatever might befall us would be in  
accordance with His most holy will.  
When we stopped at noon there was no  
room for us in the inn; 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. Mother went there to rest and  
fell asleep. A troop of wild Indians

34. Came in the meantime who were peaceable. They had the consideration to be quiet, and let her sleep. Sister Martha was resting on an old couch; a noble warrior perceiving her, stole softly up and sat down beside her as her Palatidian angel. The remainder of the sisters were in the wagon, while I employed myself in washing our stockings and handkerchiefs and amusing myself by taking notes for my "Journal". Father and the boy prepared dinner after which we resumed our journey.

About 4 P. M. we passed through the valley of the Pima Indians. Their dwellings are constructed of straw and are shaped like a bird's nest in an inverted position; they vary from four 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 piece hanging in front the other behind. The young squaws are clothed with the inner bark of trees in the same manner. The old ladies are not so modestly attired 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.

35. They are a brave-looking tribe; very unlike the poor, timid Indians of the frontier. We camped at 9 o'clock whilst 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 we 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 safe guard.

The Indians are afraid to appear when they hear the soldiers, unless they are sufficiently strong in number to fight them.

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

May 25<sup>th</sup>.

Whilst at breakfast this morning,

36  
three of the citizens of Tucson who were a portion of the number appointed to meet us, (the others having remained at the next 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 two mules to carry their baggage - one carried the blankets; the other the cooking utensils.

We titled 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 Preache Peak, where the Apaches are accustomed to attack travellers. A fearful massacre

37  
had been perpetrated there, only a week previous. The road winds through a narrow pass in the mountain, where the Indians conceal themselves, and throw out their poisoned arrows at the passerby. The place is literally filled with ghules - sorrowful monuments of savage barbarity. Each one prepared his fire-arms; even good Father Francisco. The citizens pressed around our carriage. The soldiers rode about like bloodhounds in search of prey. In passing through the peak, 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 - we went like lightning - the men yelling all the while, like so many fiends, in order to frighten the savages. The novelty of the scene kept us from being afraid. We traveled in this manner until 4 o'clock A.M.

Ascension Thursday May 24<sup>th</sup>  
when having passed unharmed through the most dangerous portion of our route, we returned fervent, heart-felt thanks to our good God, for our preservation.

34 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 day-light, 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 the procession, which was headed by four priests on horseback, but as we came in sight, they dismounted,

34 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.

Balls of combustible matter were thrown in the streets through which we passed; at each explosion, Sister Euphrasia 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 feel 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 endeavored 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 thanks 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 mud, 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 have this, alone, in view, in all our undertakings. Dear Res. Mother & Sisters in Christ

Sister Monica of the  
Sacred Heart

17-1870

The Bishop was never able to find out who had given the order for the soldiers to meet the Sisters. All that the Commandant of the Fort could tell was, that a very respectable, hasty messenger arrived at the Fort with the request that a detachment be sent immediately to escort some travellers through the dangerous passes.