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Sister Catherine Mallon's Journal

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As part of Bishop Jean Baptiste Lamy's effort to provide social services for New Mexico's people, in spring, 1864, he asked the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio, to staff his proposed Santa Fe hospital. Lamy knew that the sisters, founded by Saint Elizabeth Seton in 1812, would provide experienced nurses for his venture. Saint Elizabeth and her followers had established a community in Emmitsburg, Maryland, and had quickly developed a favorable reputation for their efforts in education and nursing care. In 1852, sisters on a mission to Cincinnati formed an independent community of Sisters of Charity, continuing the fine work begun at Emmitsburg. During the Civil War many Sisters of Charity gained widespread notoriety by ministering to soldiers in the Union Army of the Cumberland. Lamy naturally turned to such an organization within the Roman Catholic Church for his urgently needed hospital.

The bishop used a hospital bequest, totalling $3,000 to buy property that he later sold to fund the project. Although Lamy employed a hard-headed business attitude with the sisters, he loaned the nuns $1,000 for traveling expenses. He nevertheless demanded their first $2,000 in contributions because he also provided a hospital building, part of his former residence connected to the Cathedral's rear. The sisters paid the debt shortly after the hospital's opening in January, 1866, when General James S. Carleton offered them $2,000 if they would care for sick soldiers. Further financing for the hospital came from a monthly $100 appropriation from the territorial legislature, as well as from contributions collected by the sisters on solicitation trips.
The four sisters who abandoned their familiar Midwest environment for New Mexico's unknown wilds did not disappoint Lamy. Not only did they organize a successful hospital in Santa Fe, but they also brought additional sisters to establish schools and hospitals in other parts of Lamy's huge diocese. Such efforts illustrated a positive contribution by the Catholic Church in New Mexico to each of the territory's cultures. Those brave sisters did not follow the stereotyped image of quiet meditation, cloistered away from the world, but rather they ventured out to provide useful services while presenting witness to God through their trusting faith.

One of the original four, Sister Catherine Mallon, wrote an account describing her participation in those early days as a favor to Sister Blandina Segale who intended to publish her own adventures in Santa Fe, Albuquerque, and Trinidad, Colorado. Since Sister Blandina apparently wished to stress her role in expanding her order's impact on New Mexico and Colorado, she only used the memoirs to reinforce Sister Catherine's earlier 1877 description of the order's 1865 arrival in Santa Fe.

Sister Catherine frequently omitted dates, but several significant themes emerge from her narrative. In addition to illustrating health care and education offered by the sisters, her account showed many hardships that faced them. Although the sisters eventually established better buildings than their initial accommodations, they still encountered a work load sufficient to overwhelm normal people. Furthermore they experienced incredible dangers and toils in periodic solicitation journeys. Though the sisters used railroad transportation to reach major towns, Sister Catherine recorded dangers involved in travelling to isolated mine camps and railroad construction sites. The sisters trusted in God for their safety on such risky trips and Sister Catherine's very survival undoubtedly gave others reason to believe in her divine protection.

In today's sophisticated world, many might scoff at such faith, but the sisters' activities remained significant as an illustration of a particular female role in the West's development and civilization. Those courageous pioneer woman brought important social services to an expanding frontier in a manner that clearly showed their amazing strength, perseverance, and professional skill.
I am greatly indebted to Sytha Motto of Albuquerque, who found the diary in the Archives of the Archdiocese of Santa Fe, and who helped formulate the introduction and contributed to the editorial process.

My dear Sister [Blandina].

You asked me to do an almost impossible thing, that is to put on paper things that transpired so many years ago. Oh, that I were able to remember and recount the visible protection of our heavenly Father during those eventful years. But were I to mention many of those trying events, I would be answered by the smile of incredulity or the laugh of scorn; yet for His glory, I would wish that the whole world might know how well He protects those who trust in Him and what He has done for us in particular.

I have never wished to say much about those matters as I have always wished that those trials and hardships should be known to God alone, but perhaps I have been mistaken; but there is one thing I do wish: that my name may not be mentioned in this record for I do not wish to lose the little merit I may have acquired from the hardships I passed through in those trying years for the smoke of vainglory; for I fully realize that were it not for His divine protection, I would have perished long ago.

In August 21, 1865, four sisters, Sisters Vincent Pauline, Theodosia, and Catherine, left Cedar Grove for the West. And what shall I say, or how convey to those who were not present, an idea of the heart-rendering scene. It seemed as if the hearts of those who were going and those who were left behind were torn apart; for then our love for one another was very great; for as Barney the busman said, it was as if the four of us were about to be consigned to the grave. As for myself, it was one of the saddest days of my life when it should have been the most happy of my life for it was on that memorable day, August 21, 1865, that I first pronounced my Holy Vows, which bound me forever to my heavenly Spouse, to whom I would have given millions of lives and billions of dollars had both been mine. I can never describe the anguish of that day; it seemed a foreshadowing of the crosses and trials of after years, which never can be known but to the all peering eyes
of Him, but for whose mighty Hand I would have perished in the fearful tempests through which I had to pass.

Well, this is a digression from the original subject, but it is the expression of a grateful heart which, reflecting on past mercies, would wish to engage all creatures to praise, bless, and magnify that God who has so wonderfully protected and preserved that little family of Sisters of Charity who first started for the wild West: for such indeed it then was. Our first stopping place was St. Louis where we were entertained by the Sisters of Charity, but the reception was somewhat cold. The following morning we started for Omaha at which place we were to take the stage for [New] Mexico.\textsuperscript{15}

On our arrival in Omaha we went to the Sisters of Mercy where we were most graciously received by the then presiding Mother Ignatious [sic], and hospitably entertained during the short period of waiting for the stage to start. So great was the kindness and courtesy extended to us by those angels of mercy that I have never forgotten it. Those good sisters kept a lamp burning before the altar until they heard of our safe arrival. We also received many kind attentions from Mr. Edward Creighton\textsuperscript{16} and his estimable wife; they gave us lunch, but for which we should have nearly starved on the plains.

Well, the stage is ready and we are about to start on that long and dreary journey, with little or no hope of ever seeing again our dear convent home or the loved ones to whom we had said farewell. There was nine of us,\textsuperscript{17} a baby five weeks old and its mother, three gentlemen, four Sisters of Charity, and the driver; well, we were so crowded that the big man, I think his name was General Wilson, used sometimes to hang his feet out the door to get rested. It is needless to say that we suffered from both hunger and thirst; my tongue was cracked and bleeding, and I supposed the other dear sisters suffered in the same manner, but each one kept her suffering to herself. We could not get our wants supplied owing to the fact that the stopping places had been foresaken the previous year, owing to Indian raids,\textsuperscript{18} and we saw some of the houses burned down. Yes, we were afraid of those poor savages. I often found
myself planning what I would do if attacked; but I think the men were more afraid than we. We traveled at night also, but we did have a few nights rest. I remember one place, called Bent’s Fort, at which we stopped; it would not be possible to describe it. We were ushered into a room with a round hole in the wall through which a man had escaped, leaving behind his old fiddle, old shoes, and a dirty bed, but we were not very choice on this occasion. Sister Vincent threw herself on the bed, and in about two minutes was asleep with an army of bugs crawling over her face in every conceivable spot. As we looked on, we realized there was but a poor prospect for a night’s rest; but we had to the best we could. The only excuse for all the dirt and filth was that there was no woman there. We had many things to put up with during our short stay.

On one occasion we went into one of those eating houses, and we got a cup of coffee and a few biscuits; and even those seemed very scarce, so one of the men, having gotten away with his portion, reached over and took poor Sister Pauline’s. To punish him for his ungentlemanly action she gave him a black look; and in after years she used to speak of him as the impolite man who took her biscuits; she could not say butter for there was no such luxury, and indeed we were glad to get a cup of black coffee and a dry biscuit, and pay well for the same. I remember on a certain day when we were both hungry and thirsty, and no prospect of getting either satisfied; we happened to pass a fort where we could see men preparing dinner. Someone suggested that Sister Pauline would ask for a cup of coffee. Sister Pauline did not care much for the soldiers up to this time, but finally she mustered up courage, and off she started; and the one to whom she addressed her petition, making biscuits, answered, “truth then I will sister, and give you hot cakes too if you only wait a little,” So sure enough after a little time, sister and her companion came, the one with her two hands full of biscuits, and the other with hot coffee. So from that day to this, Sister Pauline’s esteem and admiration for the soldier boys has never diminished. The poor fellows, they would sometimes come around to tell us how much they owed to the Sisters of Charity, and what they had done for them on the battlefield [in
the Civil War]. One poor fellow, wishing to show his appreciation of what the sisters had done for him, ran after us with his two hands full of candy; evidently he feared the stage would start before he could get to us, so he would not wait to have it put in a paper.

Yes, we had a few night's sleep, but we traveled most of the time in the night also; and you can imagine how much we slept, sitting up straight in the stage; yes, we did an amount of bobbing at one another. I will never forget the day we arrived in Denver; it was about twelve o'clock, and we did not have anything to eat yet; so we were taken to the Planter House, the only hotel in Denver then, where we were received very kindly; and whether it was that they saw by our looks we were hungry, or had been told, so they brought us a pie or two while waiting for dinner; well, the pies disappeared in no time, and we felt much more comfortable. After dinner, Bishop Machebeuf\(^2\) came to take us to the convent of the Sisters of Loretto where we were most graciously received by Mother Ann Joseph. On the morning after our arrival, the [news] paper made the public acquainted with the fact that four Sisters of Charity were on their way to New Mexico to speculate, but did not mention what the object of our speculations might be.

After a short stay at this point, we started again on our journey, being separated from our traveling companions, baby and mother and two of the gentlemen; and [we] were joined by a man from Santa Fe, who had plenty of fun at our expense. He seemed to think that we expected great things in [New] Mexico; and, when he thought of what awaited us there, he would break out in laughing and exclaim, "Oh! Mexico, the land of milk and honey;" but we found to our cost, that there was very little of either when we arrived there. Nothing very wonderful happened until we got to Maxwell Ranch,\(^22\) about twelve o'clock in the night; the people were all asleep, and numbers of Indians lying about;\(^23\) and as we did not know whether they were savage or civilized, it can well be imagined what we suffered from that time until morning for the driver and the gentlemen passengers never came near us til morning; and their excuse for leaving us alone was that the mules had
got away and they were trying to catch them. Well, when the people found we were there, they invited us in to breakfast, which invitation was gladly accepted. Mrs. Maxwell treated us very kindly, and among the nice things served for breakfast was chili verde, which caused us considerable merriment, for each one kept quiet about the hot dish until all got well burned; and then came the exclamations, "Oh, I am burning up!" This was our first experience with the chili verde.

We found out that the poor Indians which caused us so much alarm were perfectly harmless. I do not remember anything of the consequences that happened from this time until we arrived in Santa Fe. I well remember our first impression as we approached the ancient city of Holy Faith; they were not at all favorable either to place or people. We were told leaving Cincinnati that we would be met in Denver by a priest, but when we got to Santa Fe, and found neither bishop or priest to meet us, our feelings can well be imagined. But the good Mother Magdalen and her sisters made up for all the other disappointments: Such a hearty welcome and such lavish kindness. That dear Mother and her good sisters took us to their hearts, and did everything in their power to make us forget the weariness of the journey and the disappointments of the way.

I well remember my feeling as the convent door opened and I gazed on the pasture of earth's most charming beauties. It seemed, after traveling such a distance of arid space, I could never again see anything so beautiful; and behold here beautiful souls and beautiful flowers. We stayed that day and night with those angels of charity, and the next day went to our new home; and what a dreary one it was, but we felt that if it was good enough for a prince of the Church, it ought surely be good enough for us poor Sisters of Charity; for it was a part of his own house which the good bishop gave us.

It was so poor that there was not one boarded floor in the building, all mud floors and mud roofs; and as the roofs were flat, and little or no outlet for the water, when it rained outside it poured within so that often in the night it poured down in our
First home of the nurses, former home of the Archbishop, as it appeared in use as a nurse's recreation hall in the 1940s. Photo courtesy of the archives of the Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati, Ohio.
beds; we got up and moved, as long as we had a dry spot to move to, but very often there was no dry spot to be found. We were told the bishop often dined with an umbrella over his head. The sister in the kitchen used to put pieces of boards around, and step from one to another to keep out of the mud. I will try to describe the kitchen; it was large enough, but very low so that I could, by standing on a chair, touch the rafters; the windows were very small as we sometimes see in little huts; the stove was so old and broken down that the smoke often filled the kitchen so that you could hardly see a person at the other end, and the poor sister would have to go outside to get a little fresh air, [having] been blinded and suffocated with the smoke. The washing and baking was done in the kitchen, and there too Sister Pauline instructed her pupils.

The good Sisters of Loretto did not forget us, but often came to cheer and comfort us; and whenever they would do so, sent us milk and butter, which were a great treat for us as we had none of our own and had no means to purchase it. The butter was one dollar and fifty cents per pound, and milk ten cents per cup, and everything else in accordance. There were times, in the absence of the bishop, when we did not know where the needs of the next day would come from, but when the bishop was home he gave us what he could; but this state of things did not last long for some friends through their influence, obtained from [army] headquarters rations for a number of poor under our care; some of the officers came to board with us, and their rations also came. God bless those Protestant people who were so kind and generous to us. One of those same gentlemen, when he heard that Bishop Lamy was thinking of getting sisters, asked him what would support them. The bishop answered, "God will provide," and He did by their instrumentality. The priests also contributed something. The Sisters of Loretto gave generously; in fact, Mother Magdalen never seemed to tire of giving her gifts and kind attention; and many [a] dreary day was brightened by her presence and the visits of her sisters.

I shall never forget the first Christmas Eve and how I spent it. On the day before, a crazy man got into the house, and shot two of
the students; it was about two o’clock in the morning when we heard shots and the screams of one of them who ran for his life; but the other, being very bad with typhoid fever, was unable to escape so he received two bullets which nearly cost him his life; but Sister Theodosia by her kind and devoted attentions brought him through, aided by divine assistance. We were frightened out of our wits as we were told he was not crazy, but had been bribed to kill them; and we did not know but we might be the next victims. He threatened to kill the bishop the evening previous. 25

Well, I spent the greater part of Christmas Eve washing bloody clothes, and weeping over the dreadful crime, and thinking of the dear ones at home, and wondering if we would ever see them again. We were very fortunate to have escaped as the poor crazy man tried to get into our place. Having charge of the rising bell, I got up to see the time; it was just a few minutes of two o’clock. As I went through the kitchen, I heard someone trying to open the door. I was frightened and hurried back to bed, and was there but a few moments when I heard the shots and the screams. Our good sister superior, Sister Vincent, conducted herself in an admirable manner through all the trials and difficulties of those first years. There were times, however, when she, as well as we, indulged in a hearty bit of weeping.

Well, when the bishop came home from his visitation, he was very much pleased to see us, and at once set about to procure books that we might learn Spanish. He wished us to have prayers and meditation in Spanish, and so we got them translated into that language. Well, it happened that it was my week to say prayers; and, as I had no time to look over the new language and strange writing, it took me half an hour to say morning prayers; and the sisters said they thought I never would get through, but I did finally. We had no priest that could speak English, to hear our confession, nearer than sixty miles; and, as he has to travel on horseback, he came but seldom so that we were sometimes weeks without going to confession. I remember once going to the vicar, and he asked me if I could make my confession in Spanish; I answered no, but the other brothers can. That was as far as I had
got in the Spanish. The Rev. Father Hays²⁶ was a true friend to us, and a generous benefactor; he often came to hear our confessions, notwithstanding the fact that he had a distance of sixty-five miles to travel on horseback. His coming was always a source of pleasure as he always tried to comfort and console us.

Our good bishop when home often visited us, and seemed to enjoy hearing us read in Spanish to see what progress we were making. The priests would sometimes visit us to hear us speak the new language, for our mistakes were the cause of much merriment for them. On one occasion, one of the fathers came to see us on his feast day. Sister Vincent wished him a happy feast, as she thought, but instead told him she loved him very much; so whenever he came to Santa Fe he would say, “I must visit the sister that loves me so much.” On one occasion, two of the priests came to see us. [As] I was the only one in, they asked me where the other sisters were; I told them they went to Church, as I thought, instead of which I said they had gone to England. The fathers looked at each other and smiled; then I knew I had made a mistake. Thus it was that they had many a laugh at our expense.

Well, we began to receive the sick and the orphans, some of whom were in most wretched condition.²⁷ One poor fellow who had served in the Civil War, and lost the use of his legs from exposure to such an extent that he was never able to stand on them, and was depending on the charity of the poor Mexicans, previous to our coming; but as soon as we came he was placed under our care. He was homeless and friendless, and had it not been for the charity of those poor people, he would probably have died of want. I often thought, if he had served his God as faithfully as his country, what a great reward he would have, but God was very good to him, giving him the knowledge of the true faith. He lived for nine years with us in this state of suffering. We had many conversions during those first years: The most notable were Colonel [Sterling] Price and Mr. Texter, the latter being a Lutheran and Free Mason as well; indeed his conversion seemed miraculous, and his death was happy and beautiful; and after death, a smile of joy lighted up his face. Before dying he called his brother,
and told him he wished his wife to know that he died a Catholic, and that he wished his child to be raised in the Catholic Church as it was the only true one.

When the Santa Fe Railroad was being built, there were great numbers of patients; many of them being unable to pay their way, we were obliged to go out to solicit in order to support the house. I will therefore mention some of our adventures during those trips. Sister Pauline and myself were out this time, and in most of the camps were very successful; but finally, coming to a certain camp, we were treated not only with indifference, but with rude unkindness; some of them remarked that our husbands should rustle for us; well, the poor fellows did not know any better as after events proved. Well, I was very much hurt, and when I got back to the office I saw the contractor, and told him how the men acted; and he excused them the best he could, saying that their conduct proceeded from their ignorance of our work, which statement was soon verified; for, in a few weeks after, measles broke out in the camp, and eight of the men were brought to the hospital. I was the nurse, and never referred to their manner of treating us, but showed them as much kindness as if nothing had ever happened; their companions came to see them, and saw what was done for the poor sufferers. They wept like children, and exclaimed, "Oh! Sisters we did not know you, but when you come again we will act differently," and they did. They heard I was going out again, and begged me not to slight them; I said I did not care to go again as they did not know how to treat sisters. They answered, "we did not know you then, but we do now." So we went to their camp, and they did not wait for us to ask, but met us with their dollar.

Well, the poor fellows came crowding in, and, as we were very poor and could not provide beds for all, we gave up our own and slept on the floor. Those poor men are often so sick as to be unable to tell their names, and the ones that were injured were still worse off. They got to love and reverence the sisters so that our presence among them was a source of joy and pleasure; and they would flock around us like a party of school children to receive a word of counsel or a little medal; and at the same time give their dollars
to help on the good work. The Protestant contractors could not understand the wonderful change our presence made in the camp for, notwithstanding the fact that there were from three to four hundred men in some of those camps, yet not an unbecoming word could be heard; and if any poor fellow should forget himself, he was roughly handled so that we often had to intercede for the offender. Indeed one contractor had to leave [New] Mexico because he failed to give us hospitality. It was quite late when we came to his camp; and, instead of coming forward and asking us to stay for the night, he must have hid himself for he could not be found anywhere so that we were obliged to start for the next camp which was very distant and the way very lonely, and the possibility of going astray was not very cheering; but God took care of us, and we got to the next camp between nine and ten o’clock in the night. There was general indignation when they heard what was done for any disrespect shown to us was resented as much, or more, than if done to themselves; for most of the men were Catholic and Irish, and they knew what the sisters had and were doing for the sick and injured. Some who will read this account will say, “the sisters must have been mad to expose themselves thus.” Not at all, they were acting by obedience, and they felt that God would protect them and save them from every danger, which he did. May He be praised and magnified forever. You will say, “how could superiors expose them thus?” Well, superiors knew very little of what the sisters had to go through, nor did the sisters feel like worrying them by telling them of our hardships as it was inevitable; as the wants of the house had to be provided for, and this seemed to be the only way to do it.

I remember on one occasion we were out and the weather was very cold; in trying to write their [contributors’] names the pencil would sometimes fall out of my hand[s], they were so cold and numb. My shoes were very much worn; and some of the men noticed it and said one to another, “that poor sister will freeze for her toes are almost out through her shoes.” “Never mind,” said one, “I’ll be going to Santa Fe in a few days, and I’ll get her shoes;” and sure enough, I got two pairs; and another poor fellow whom I had nursed handed me five dollars, and said, “now, sister, get yourself
a warm pair of shoes, and do not kill yourself with the cold.” Another said, “sister, I would get you a dress if I knew what kind you like.” It was thus that those kind hearted men showed their appreciation of what the sisters were doing for poor suffering humanity.

Well, the number of sick and injured increased; and we were obliged to put them in every conceivable spot, and the convalescents two in a bed wherever there was a double bed, but they were willing to do anything to help the sisters to make room for the very sick who were coming in. I was the only nurse except when Sister A. or B[landina?] would come to feed a poor helpless fellow, or sit with some dying one. There was work enough for four nurses, but they were not to be got so we had to do the best we could. It often happened that I was on duty from five in the morning until eleven and twelve at night; and very often I did not get time to eat; and at times I would stand at the table, eat a little, and be off again. As for my spiritual exercises, I rarely got to them; and there was a considerable night watching. I remember sitting up eight nights in two weeks and not a moment’s rest during the day. This was too much for poor human nature, and body and mind threatened to give way for, besides the hard labor, I was suffering from rheumatism and neuralgia which I contracted by the exposure of the first years. I suffered so much at night that I used to think I would lose my senses before morning so I would think of the sufferings of hell and purgatory; and knowing that I deserved the same torments, I tried to resign myself as best I could.

About this time Sister L[ouise] and myself went out to solicit; I had a severe cold, but did not make much account of it; but after being out a day or so, it got worse. We had to travel over [to] the work, and talk a great deal to the men, get overheated, then get into a wagon and drive to the next camp. Well, I got such a pain in my side that I could not breathe, and we had to get to the Sisters of Loretto as quick as possible; this happened near Bernalillo where I got such attention as the dear sisters could give. It was an attack of pleurisy, and I suffered intensely for several days. Sister L[ouise] returned to Santa Fe, and I, not being able to return, had to remain
with the sisters in Bernalillo for eight days. Sister Augustine wrote, telling me, if able, to get a Sister of Loretto to go with me to finish the collecting as we had not finished when I was taken sick; well, we started out and, as we were somewhat late in returning, the priest thought I had died on the way; and [he] was about to start on horseback when we made our appearance which gave much pleasure to the good father and the dear sisters.

This good father was extremely kind and attentive to me, as was also the dear sisters during my sick spell. I must have been out of my head surely as I did such strange things. I got out of bed one day, went to the chapel, and, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, said, "Lord, if you let me live a little longer, I will try and be a better Sister of Charity." I did get some better, and, as the Feast of the Church was about to be celebrated, I thought I was able to go; and so I did, but I was not very long in church when I began to feel faint; and so I started to get out, but fainted on the way; and I was carried by two gentlemen to the sisters' house. After Mass, the priests from Santa Fe came to see me, and seemed very much alarmed about my condition; and on returning to Santa Fe, they told sister she had better send for me, which she did; and, as I had to travel sixty-five miles in a buggy, I was nearly dead when I got to Santa Fe; and for ten days I was confined to bed, but our dear Lord brought me through, thanks to his Holy Name. I was told that that spell of sickness saved me from something worse [namely, pneumonia]. So it is not well to task poor human nature too much.

I regret that I cannot give dates, but I paid very little attention to such things as it was a constant rush; and I never thought for a moment that I would have to mention anything about the hardships of those first years; and even now I shall mention only a few things in order to comply with obedience for were I to recount all, I could fill volumes.

We are about to start on another begging trip now, and I will tell you just a few of the adventures through which we passed. Sister Aloque and myself are on our way to the Black Range where there are a great number of men working. When we got to
Lordsburg, the bodies of Judge McComas and his wife, who had been killed by the Indians, were brought in; and, as the dreadful crime was committed very near the place through which we had to pass, it seemed as if we could do nothing but face the danger or return home. So we concluded to continue the trip, and trust in God for were we not there by obedience and working for His poor, and would He fail to protect us? Certainly not. Well, we had an open wagon, and the driver did not seem to be so much afraid; but we were meeting parties of men with wagons and their guns on their knees ready to fire; then we began to realize that those men had banded together in order the better to protect themselves from the Indians in case of attack. When they saw the sisters coming they would try to hide the guns, fearing to frighten us. The road side on which we traveled was strewn with graves where were buried the victims of their savage fury; and there were times when we trembled with fear, but the Divine guide seemed to whisper, "why fearest thou?" Then all was peace and confidence.

We had to cross the Gila River about twenty-three times; it has so many windings. We had been told that, a few days before, the stage horses and driver were all swept away. In fact they told us many frightful things about this same river and the many persons that had been drowned in it. Well, we were traveling in a lonely place along this river with no one but the driver and ourselves when, all of a sudden, two cowboys armed to the teeth appeared; and they looked nearly as wild as the Indians themselves; well, we thought our last hour had come, but we thought best to appear unconcerned. We bowed and drove on, and they bowed also and went on their way.

On this trip we had some pretty good frights. One night we stopped at a camp where there were only two women and a few men. We retired about nine o’clock, and in a short time were aroused by the cry, “the Indians are coming.” We could distinctly hear the shots from the next camp, which was not far off, so we knelt to pray and tried to resign ourselves to our fate. The men had fled for their lives, and the women and ourselves were left alone. As we were in a canyon with the mountains on one side and the river
on the other, we could not escape even if we wanted to. Well, we slept very little that night, and our thanksgiving to the Almighty were fervent indeed for having escaped the terrible fate anticipated. Our fears were groundless as the disturbance was not caused by the Indians, but by the men themselves.

Well, we made our way to the Black Range at last; and a lonely, lonesome way it was, but when we got there we did not find the kind, generous Irish heart that we had met in other camps; consequently [we received] a very unwelcome reception and very little money as both the company and men were Scotch, and seemed to know very little about sisters. We were told that those immensely wealthy mines were discovered by an Irishman who sold them to the Jews for 16,000 dollars, and the Jews sold them for 3,000,000 [dollars] to the Scotch company. Well it was getting late, and we had to think of getting to some place where we might spend the night; and to go round to the little town of Clifton was seven miles; and as the town was at the foot of the mountain, we thought we could drive down as someone had done before as we could see the track of the wheels. So we got out of the conveyance, and started to walk; and the driver also got out to guide the horses down the precipice, for a precipice indeed it was; and I shall never forget the fear and anguish I suffered during that descent, fearing the driver and horses would be dashed to destruction for both driver and horses belonged to [?] Ward and [?] Courtney; and they had not only placed the horses at our disposal, but paid a man for three days to drive us from camp to camp. May God reward with glory everlasting those kind, generous men who did so much for us in those years of struggle. There was no sacrifice they were not willing to make for our sake. Even the Protestant gentlemen seemed to consider it an honor to be allowed to help us.

Well, we got to the foot of the mountain into the little town of Clifton, and the place was so crowded that we could find no one to give us lodging; finally we got a place in a tent; and what a place it was. We got no rest during that night for we felt that there were all kinds of people around, and the sooner we would get out of there the better; so we started off the next morning. We had a few
narrow escapes in crossing the [Blue] River, on the whole, our trip in that part of the country did not leave very pleasant memories.

I have not mentioned the amount of money collected in those different trips as I rarely took the trouble to count it, but I think we usually brought home nine to twelve and fifteen hundred dollars; but on the trip about which I am going to write next, we brought home 4,500 [dollars], but we were out three months, and traveled from one end of Colorado to the other, and our adventures were many and thrilling.

NOTES


7. Two more sisters arrived in summer, 1867. Sister Blandina Segale, At the End of the Santa Fe Trail (Columbus, Ohio, 1932), p. 100.

8. Sister Blandina arrived December 10, 1872, in Trinidad to serve as a teacher. In January, 1877, she moved to the Santa Fe hospital where she remained until September, 1882, when the Community transferred her to teach in Albuquerque. Finally she returned in August, 1889, to a teaching position in Trinidad. Segale, End of Trail, pp. 22, 93, 218-23, 335-39.


10. The editor gratuitously provides a modern punctuation and spelling style to aid this journal’s comprehension. Sister Catherine delighted in stringing together several sentences. She also wrote in extremely long paragraphs, the most egregious of which the editor divides into more reasonable segments.


13. Sister Theodosia moved from Santa Fe in December, 1876, to Trinidad while Sister Blandina left Trinidad for Santa Fe. Segale, *End of Trail*, p. 87.


16. Edward Creighton was general agent for the Western Union Telegraph’s construction from Omaha to Salt Lake City, 1861-1862. One of Omaha’s early millionaires, he became involved in the cattle business by the late 1860s. James C. Olson, *History of Nebraska*, 2nd ed. (Lincoln, 1966), pp. 112, 189.

17. A standard Concord stagecoach fitted nine passengers on front, center, and rear seats. Winther, *Transportation Frontier*, p. 60.

18. Plains Indians revenge the November, 1864, Chivington Massacre at Sand Creek by attacking communication routes in the winter of 1864-1865. In late summer 1865, thousands of hostiles remained on the Plains to hinder stagecoaches, mail dispatches, and telegraph lines. Some stage lines halted service. Winther, *Transportation Frontier*, p. 135.


20. Primitive conditions at stage stations caused much discomfort for passengers. Besides abundant filth, the rest stops featured inedible food and outrageous sleeping accommodations. Winther, *Transportation Frontier*, p. 68.


23. Utes and Jicarilla Apaches lived nearby, drawing government rations at Cimarron. They considered Lucien B. Maxwell a friend and advisor. Consequently they protected the ranch from other Indians' raids. Keleher, Maxwell Grant, p. 30.

24. On September 27, 1852, Mother Mary Magdalen and four other Sisters of Loretto arrived in Santa Fe at Lamy's request to open a school. Salpointe, Soldiers of the Cross, pp. 202-03; Horgan, Lamy, p. 164.


26. Thomas Hayes, a recently recruited priest, accompanied Lamy to the West in 1865. Horgan, Lamy, p. 238.

27. In a few years the hospital served as many as seventy-three patients and sixty orphans. Defouri, Historical Sketch, p. 103.

28. The first track in New Mexico came on November 1, 1878. By July, 1879, the Atchinson, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad operated as far south as Las Vegas, New Mexico. Santa Fe received service via a branch line on February 9, 1880. Jim F. Heath, "A Study of the Influence of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad upon the economy of New Mexico 1878-1900," (M.A. Thesis, University of New Mexico, 1966,) pp. 35-36.

29. Sisters Augustine, Antonia, or Aloque?

30. On May 10, 1867, Sister Louise Barron left the mother house for New Mexico. She had served as assistant-Mother of the Community. Segale, End of Trail, p. 100.

31. On May 10, 1867, Sister Augustine Barron left the mother house in Cincinnati with her sister, Louise Barron, for New Mexico. Segale, End of Trail, p. 100.

32. In August, 1882, Sister Aloque joined several other sisters from Santa Fe in opening a school in Albuquerque. Segale, End of Trail, p. 214.

33. Located between Silver City and Truth or Consequences, the Black Range experienced a small mining boom in the 1880s, producing $300,000 in silver. Paige W. Christiansen, The Story of Mining in New Mexico (Socorro, 1974), p. 73.

34. In a March, 1883, raid from Mexico, Chiricahua Apaches led by Chief Chato, murdered Judge H. C. McComas and his wife near Silver City. The Indians carried off the judge's son into captivity. Ralph Emerson
Twitchell, *Leading Facts of New Mexican History* 3 vols. (Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1912), 2:441.

35. The men were probably Presbyterian and hence less than well-disposed toward any Roman Catholics.

36. In 1872, two partners, Goulding and Metcalf, sold their Clifton copper mine, the “Longfellow,” to Henry Lesinsky for $20,000. In 1882 Lesinsky and his associates sold the mine to British and Scot investors for $1,200,000 ($400,000 per partner) who formed the Arizona Copper Co. Floyd S. Fierman, “Jewish Pioneers in the Southwest: A Record of the Freudenthal-Lesinsky-Solomon Families,” *Arizona and the West*, 2 (Spring 1960): 60-63.

37. Clifton remains a few miles west of the Arizona/New Mexico border in southeastern Arizona. Located at the bottom of high cliffs on the Blue River, the town was probably an abbreviation of “Cliff Town.” Byrd H. Granger, *Will C. Barnes’ Arizona Place Names* (Tucson, 1960), p. 165.

38. The Blue River flows into the Gila River a few miles south of Clifton.

NOTE: The conclusion of “Sister Mallon’s Journal” will appear in the July 1977 issue (52:3) of the *New Mexico Historical Review*. 