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By Letter

THREE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF VICAR MACHEBEUF

Thomas J. Steele and Florence Byham Weinberg

Born in 1812 to a well-to-do family in the Auvergne region of south-central France, Joseph P. Machebeuf entered the seminary at Clermont-Ferrand and there met fellow seminarian Jean Baptiste Lamy. They both aspired to become missionaries, and their hope to be assigned to the same diocese was fulfilled when, in 1839, Bishop John Baptist Purcell recruited the pair for the Diocese of Cincinnati. In 1850 the church authorities in Rome chose Lamy to be consecrated as bishop and to organize a new diocese in New Mexico; the new bishop brought Machebeuf along to become his vicar-general.

In 1859 Machebeuf wrote a letter, here translated into English from the original French, to secure funding for the new diocese in New Mexico. The diocese operated under the oversight of the Papal *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide* (Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith). Founded in 1568 as a branch of the Roman Curia, the *Congregatio* oversaw dioceses and vicariates-apostolic (tentative dioceses in the process of becoming—like New Mexico

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from 1850 to 1853) in missionary countries. The “Monsieur le Président” whom Father Machebeuf addresses in this letter is the head of the *Société de la Propagation de la Foi* (Society for the Propagation of the Faith), a fund-raising charitable lay organization founded in 1819 and affiliated with the *Congregatio*. The *Société* had two branches, one in Paris and one in Lyon. Machebeuf’s letter is essentially a plea to the Paris *Société* to support financially the fledgling diocese of New Mexico.

The genre of the vicar-general’s letter, a *lettre édifiante* (edifying letter), was unique. A *lettre édifiante* was written by a clergyman from a missionary region to his homeland. It was typically published, read by laity inclined to donate money, and read (often aloud during dinner and supper) in seminaries to encourage priests-to-be to serve bishops of foreign lands. The same edifying letters were read in women’s convents to encourage them to pray for the conversion of persons in alien lands.¹ In addition to the pious aspect, the *lettres édifiantes* often served as travelogues, describing New World colonies and strange places (like New Mexico) where French priests worked. Travel tales were popular during the entire Renaissance and became even more popular in the romantic and realist periods of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The letter’s primary purpose, however, concerned the dollar (or franc): the Catholic Church in New Mexico needed money.

There are two factors of particular note in Machebeuf’s communication. The letter is, for the most part, truly edifying. When, however, Machebeuf describes a renegade priest like fray Benigno Cárdenas or a minister like Rev. Samuel Gorman, he suddenly becomes as negative as the average clergyman of the time, attempting to tear down the good standing of his opponent. This was in keeping with the religious atmosphere of the day, in which ecumenism—or cooperation and understanding between Christian denominations—was nonexistent. In addition, Machebeuf uses certain religious terminology out of context in his effort to secure funding that the nascent New Mexico diocese desperately needed. In architectural terms the word “mission” denotes the churches in the Pueblos, where sedentary peoples, agricultural and architectural for centuries before the Spanish arrived, had converted to Catholic Christianity but did not abandon their Native religions. For the benefit of the president of the *Société de la Propagation de la Foi*, Machebeuf emphasizes the missionary character of his and Bishop Lamy’s ministry by applying the term “missions” to the Santa Fe, Santa Cruz de la Cañada, and Albuquerque churches, which had few if any Pueblo parishioners.

Editorial Note

In the following letter written by Joseph P. Machebeuf, the translation remains as close as possible to the original text. Machebeuf's French style of writing is stiff; the English is therefore somewhat stilted in order to convey the vicar-general's "voice." Word order has occasionally been changed to facilitate reading. Because Machebeuf almost exclusively uses semicolons rather than periods, his sentences are lengthy and convoluted. If a sentence seemed unwieldy and obscure, the translators broke it up, introducing commas and periods.

Joseph P. Machebeuf's Letter of 13 May 1859 to the Paris Société de la Propagation de la Foi

My Lord President:

I have finally gotten around to fulfill for you, though a bit late, the promise made in 1856 to send you an up-to-date account concerning the missions of New Mexico. Since the first days of February 1852 until the end of 1854, for a Catholic population of about eighty thousand souls, the number of priests dropped to eight or ten, either by the deaths of some older men or by the desertion of some others. Rather than submit themselves to reform measures that Monsignor Lamy believed himself obliged in conscience to institute in the administration of the parishes, these priests preferred to abandon their missions and to go and offer their services to various Mexican bishops. But since the arrival of fourteen devout missionaries in Santa Fe, mostly from the Diocese of Clermont-Ferrand, his Worship has been able to provide for the administration of the principal missions.²

But besides the missions composed almost entirely of Mexicans, there are nineteen villages of Catholic Indians in New Mexico, with a church [and] rectory, though in ruins, formerly administered by the Reverend Franciscan Fathers from Spain. The greater part of these poor Indians are presently deprived of the presence and advice of their spiritual Father, and they complain in the simplicity of their language that they have been orphaned. In order to preserve them in their faith and console them in their isolation, the majority of the missionaries are instructed to visit once a month the Indian villages that happen to be in the vicinity of their respective missions.

But since the annexation of New Mexico to the United States, the number of our faithful Catholics is increasing so prodigiously every day that it is

impossible for us to offer them all the spiritual services they need. This population growth is caused in part by the emigration of a great number of Mexican families. In order to avoid the ravages of the civil war that has now afflicted the Mexican Republic for twenty years, they have come to seek a sanctuary under the fair skies of our territory. In part, this growth is caused by conversions taking place among American settlers in New Mexico. Moreover, some as-yet-unbelieving but peaceful Indians are beginning to move closer to the Mexican settlements and therefore have the good fortune of hearing the word of God and converting to our holy Religion.³

But so many new colonies founded in the vicinity of American forts established on the frontiers and in the midst of tribes of savage Indians are still deprived of the succor of religion! It is especially painful to a missionary's heart to think that there are in New Mexico more than twenty thousand idol-worshiping Indians and no hope of founding permanent missions among them. May our good Lord inspire in those pious clergymen, superabundant in so many dioceses, the zeal and devotion to come and help us save these many souls now being lost, before that heresy which these days is making incredible efforts, unsuccessful till now, manages to lay hold of them.

To prepare the way, our good Bishop, whose zeal and Christian love embrace all the areas of his huge diocese, urges me to set out annually after Easter to make a short visit to the new believers, thus following the counsel that Our Lord gave us to leave for a time the ninety-nine sheep to go in search of the lost lamb. How I wish I could adequately describe the consolation we experience during these visits! Why don't those many pious brothers, who complain daily of the sterility of holy ministry, come and share our blessed experience? For, despite the exhaustion and privations of our long journeys across the high mountains surrounding us, we feel more happiness and joy in winning souls to Jesus Christ than in the enjoyment of all the advantages of an easy and comfortable life, so generous is our good Master in his rewards, even in this world.

Last year I was sent to give a [parish] mission in a large parish in the northwestern part of the territory divided by a deplorable schism caused by two unfortunate Mexican priests who had refused to submit and obey Monsignor Lamy's authority.⁴ I spent a week at the largest village attempting to bring back to order and submission those persons who had had the weakness of allowing themselves to be led astray.⁵ I had the consolation of caring for a very great number of persons, [now] reconciled with our Mother the Holy Catholic Church, who approached the tribunal of confession with

the sincerest signs of repentance; more than four hundred persons returned to Holy Communion. In the vicinity of one small chapel, which had fallen into the hands of one of these unfortunate schismatics, an old man, father of a large family, had been seduced by the influence on some of the faithful that I've just referred to.⁶ The schismatic priest, before having caused scandal, had administered the missions during more than thirty years. Finding the [old] man at the point of death, he gave him the last sacraments some days before my arrival. But touched by grace, [the old man] sent for me, assembled his whole family, and asked their pardon, his eyes bathed in tears, for the bad example he had given them. He received the sacraments from my hand and died a few hours later in the best of dispositions.

I would have liked to continue visiting other villages in the same way, but circumstances did not permit. Another mission awaited me in another direction. I hurriedly returned to Santa Fe where I spent only a few days. In a large village of Catholic Indians some 45 leagues [110 miles] southwest of Santa Fe, an anabaptist minister had come to settle six years earlier with the intention of establishing his sect.⁷ Knowing the steadfast faith of those good Indians, we had no well-founded fears until then, considering that they received a monthly visit from a Mexican priest, but having heard that a large number had renounced their religion out of greed, it was necessary to set out again quickly so as to snatch the prey from the enemy, if there was still time. Fortunately, the evil was not so great as we had at first been told. It is true that the minister of error had succeeded in building a small chapel and that by dint of gifts and endearments he had gotten a limited number to go hear him, by means of a well-paid interpreter, but he had not succeeded in baptizing a single Indian. Quite the contrary, the chief of the tribe and the leaders of the village complained bitterly about his nagging and about the blasphemies that he vomited forth against the Church and her ministers. Thinking that he was sent by the American authorities, the Indians did not dare expel him from their villages; some of them even went so far as to promise to become Protestants.

The second day [after I arrived], the minister had the curiosity to come to Mass. I did not miss the opportunity to reproach him in public for his knavery, and I revealed his imposture, pointing out to the Indians that he was nothing but a speculator. He was only interested in business, buying up all the grain in the vicinity he could seize in order to resell it at a high price to the American troops and to the caravans leaving for California. After Mass, he wanted to justify himself and to repeat his insults against

our Religion, but the Indians chased him out of the cemetery in disgrace. Since that time, seeing that he was scorned and deserted, he came to offer his services to the American Protestants of Santa Fe, but since they themselves were divided into an infinity of different sects, they paid no attention to the public invitations he constantly made in the newspapers. It is especially consoling to see that, despite the efforts of heresy, the Mexicans are unshakeable in the faith of their fathers.⁸

Of all the ministers of the various sects who have sought to proselytize among them, only one has succeeded in deceiving some proud persons. He is a wretched Franciscan father from Mexico who, after having committed the most awful scandals for more than ten years, finished by betraying his Master, following the example of the traitor Judas, by becoming a Methodist.⁹ Once again, it is strictly for greed that they renounced their religion, for almost all of those he persuaded to follow him in his fall have nowadays received a salary as ministers from the Protestant propaganda, and they spend their days roaming the countryside, spreading their miserable pamphlets everywhere, always seeking to attract popular attention but instead only arousing contempt and confusion.¹⁰

After having given those good Indians the necessary counsels to confirm them in the faith, I continued my travels accompanied by two Mexicans as guides or interpreters as far as the American fort built at the center of the Navajo tribe.¹¹ During the three days' journey still before us, every so often we encountered various groups of the nomadic natives of the land, the men watching over their immense herds of horses, the women tending their many flocks of sheep. Oh how I regretted that I could not spend several months in their midst and, with the aid of my interpreter, announce the good news of the Gospel to them! They seemed so docile and so intelligent, but the time chosen by Providence had not yet come.

However, I had a favorable opportunity to speak some edifying words to them on the second day. We had stopped at noon to eat a picnic lunch at the foot of a small hill near a pleasant lake. A poor old man with white hair, bolder than the rest, first came to sit down near us. The others, seeing my black cassock from a distance, slowly drew near, and I made a sign to all those I could see to come and sit on the grass as well. I recalled the example of Our Lord teaching the people in the desert, and felt myself unworthy to imitate that occasion.¹² I inwardly begged the help of his grace both for myself and for those who were hearing me. Having thus sat in the midst of them, I told them of the great truths such as the creation, the redemption,

the happiness of the other life. They all listened to me with rapt attention, but when I asked the eldest if they believed and if they wished to become Christians, they only smiled at each of these questions. Oh if only they had accepted the slightest part of the religious instruction and of the graces that so many Catholics in the world neglect, they would perhaps today be fervent Christians! What a terrible account [those Catholics] will have to render to God for the grace they have rejected!

After having broken the bread of the word of God for them, I also had compassion on those poor savages living in the wilderness. I gave them food that they enjoyed in a very different way than the spiritual bread—and it was not necessary to gather up the fragments,¹³ for in order not to tempt Providence, I had to put aside the provisions that I thought were needed for four persons during another two days' travel—but in recompense I gave each of them a blessed medal of the holy virgin, asking our good mother to grant them one day the joy of holy Baptism. After having smoked the peace-pipe together and having shaken hands as a token of friendship, we separated, they to scatter in all possible directions and we to continue our journey to Fort Defiance, where we arrived on Saturday 29 May, the eve of [the feast of] the most holy Trinity.

Hardly had I arrived when I saw a young American officer coming toward me, and after greeting me with great reverence he asked me in English if I would hear his confession.¹⁴ I answered him that I had come to the fort to give all the Catholic soldiers the opportunity of performing their religious duties. "I am delighted," he said to me, "to see a Catholic priest again. For nearly six months I have traveled through the desert without having the pleasure of hearing Holy Mass since I left California." I learned later that he was an engineering officer, commissioned by the American government to explore the Colorado River. He was converted to the Catholic faith some years earlier by the example of his worthy uncle, Doctor Ives, formerly Bishop of the Anglican Church in North Carolina, who had renounced the honorable and well-paying post that he occupied to practice the humility and poverty of Jesus Christ.¹⁵ The wife of the commandant is also a devout and fervent convert baptized along with her mother and all her family by one of our dear compatriots of Clermont, [Father Vincent] Bacquelin, missionary of Indiana, who died in 1846 after falling off his horse while going to visit his missions.¹⁶

After having spent several days at the fort offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and confessing the Catholic soldiers, I had to return in haste to

Santa Fe, where I was expected. Monsignor Lamy had to leave on the fifteenth of June to attend the Provincial Council of Saint Louis despite the distance of 500 leagues [1250 miles], 300 [750] of them through wilderness areas.¹⁷ My intent was not to leave [Santa Fe] again until his Grace should return, but a very sad event soon forced me to travel to another distant part of the diocese. On August 5, a courier arrived posthaste to bring the grim news that one of our beloved brothers had been poisoned and that the crime had all the marks of the most horrible sacrilege.¹⁸ Father Etienne Avel from the Diocese of Clermont, one of the first missionaries who had come in 1854 to offer his help to Monsignor Lamy, had spent nearly four years in Santa Fe laboring with tireless zeal and a dedication that had gained him everyone's affection. However, since one of the most important missions of the diocese, in the northwest [northeast is correct] part of the territory, had been virtually abandoned, he was sent to repair the scandals caused by an unfortunate priest and to quell the disorders which had resulted from them.¹⁹ He then set out with a generosity and a courage worthy of a veritable apostle. Alas! how far we were from foreseeing that in a month he would die, the victim of the jealousy and hatred of reprobates, although a martyr of his own zeal.

He was absent one day to go visit a large village some leagues from the main parish, and on the day after his return, the third of August, the feast of the finding of the relics of Saint Stephen, he heard some confessions and began the Holy Sacrifice. He was unable to finish it completely, for at the moment he took the chalice to receive the Precious Blood, he realized that he was poisoned. His first reaction was to raise his eyes to heaven, doubtless to offer to God the sacrifice of his own life. After having thus spent some moments in prayer, he told the sacristan to go find some pure wine. During that time the venom was having its fatal effect; he scarcely had time to consecrate the new wine, give Holy Communion to the faithful, and see to the purification of chalice and paten before his strength failed him. He returned trembling to the sacristy, and when he had removed his vestments, he returned for a minute before the Blessed Sacrament, went to commend himself to the Holy Virgin at the foot of her altar, and left the church, saying to some persons who were there, "Pray for me, I am dying, poisoned."

Completely forgetting himself, he thought of nothing but the glory of God and acts of charity. Before taking any antidote, he wrote his last will, giving his vestments and sacred vessels to the church, his books to Monsignor Lamy, and all else he owned to the poor and infirm. Meanwhile the

concerned faithful pressed about him weeping and offering remedies, but they had no effect—it was too late. Filled with resignation, he told those about him not to weep for him, for he was happy to die on the feast day of his patron saint. “Go to the church,” he told them, “like worthy children. Saint Stephen, pray for those who are the cause of my death.” He took his crucifix in his hands, pressed it against his lips, and died a few moments later, amid feelings of sublime trust and resignation. The admirable example of charity that our beloved confrere gave by his death has produced the most gracious results everywhere—many hardened sinners who up till then had resisted grace, moved to tears, came to reconcile themselves to God. But it is especially in Santa Fe, which had witnessed the drama of his zeal for over several years, that the faithful whom he converted have given the sincerest signs of their regret [over his death] and their gratitude. How beautiful it is, above all how consoling for the priest to see a group of persons pause before the Holy Sacrament or at the feet of the Holy Virgin, offering to God their communions, their rosaries, and all their good works for the repose of the soul of their departed priest!

Monsignor President, if I did not know how intensely interested the pious subscribers to the work of *La Société de la Propagande de la Foi* are in the progress of our holy religion in the different parts of the Catholic world, I would fear that I would be trying their patience by sending out such a long letter. However, it is with confidence in their interest and solely for the welfare of our dear missions in New Mexico that I again ask your indulgence to speak of the new territory of Arizona.

In August 1858, Monsignor Lamy received a decree from the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda Fide in Rome joining to his diocese all the new territory purchased in 1854 from the Mexican Republic.²⁰ I was accordingly ordered to go in the name of Monsignor Lamy to take possession of those new colonies and to reassure their inhabitants and those from the ancient missions of the State of Sonora, most of whom are still deprived of spiritual aid. Having left Santa Fe on 3 November, I did not return until 24 March. That new territory stretches about 150 leagues [375 miles] from north to south and at least 300 leagues [750 miles] from east to west. The current settled population, almost entirely Catholic and Mexican, includes nearly fourteen thousand souls scattered throughout that immense area. For the most part these villages lie on either side of the Rio Grande del Norte, the main river that waters the beautiful valley of New Mexico. A single Mexican priest of the Diocese of Durango was burdened till now with visiting all

those missions and the most distant villages. They are lucky if they hear Holy Mass two or three times a year, and the faithful gathered with the greatest eagerness during my two visits to them during my last trip.

Besides the new colonies that had belonged to the Diocese of Durango, there are still, at a distance of 120 leagues [300 miles] southwest of the Rio Grande, three formerly very important Indian missions and some Mexican villages that lay within the jurisdiction of Monsignor the Bishop of Sonora, and [the Diocese of Santa Fe] needed to take possession of them. At first I merely visited them and announced that they belonged to the Diocese of Santa Fe, for I had learned that Monsignor the Bishop of Sonora, who lives in Culiacán, the capital of Sinaloa, had come to make the pastoral visitation of his diocese. I hastened to leave in order to inform His Grace of the decree from Rome and to gather all the necessary information about the ancient missions of Tucson, San Francisco Javier del Bac, and Tumacácori; but Monsignor the bishop, who had decided to spend the entire year visiting the State of Sonora, was staying two or three weeks at each principal parish. I was therefore obliged to ride as far as Guaymas and take ship on the Gulf of California so as to arrive at Alamos where Monsignor Pedro Loza was. It is a very pretty town of eight thousand souls 220 leagues [550 miles] from Tucson and more than 400 leagues [1000 miles] from Santa Fe.

The trip was long and difficult, but I was well compensated by the truly fatherly welcome His Grace gave me. He not only immediately renounced the jurisdiction he had over the various missions in favor of Monsignor Lamy, but in the document he gave me, he personally recommended me and gave the necessary faculties for all parts of his diocese. I could not fail to make use of them, for there too the need for priests is as clear as everywhere else, since for a population of about 160,000 souls in Sonora there are only 15 priests, three of whom are bowed down by age and infirmities. Also, to reward the piety of the faithful who wished to receive the sacraments, I was obliged to spend several days in each parish I had to pass through, especially on the feasts of Christmas, New Year's, and Epiphany.

Once back in Tucson, the main village in the western part of the territory of Arizona, my first task was to make the necessary arrangements for building a church, for on the following Sunday, seeing three quarters of the faithful outside the tiny chapel, I was obliged to stand in the doorway to speak to them. Seeing among them a great number of Americans of all imaginable sects, I began to speak to them in English about the unity of the faith, the essential mark of the true Church. Next I spoke to the Mexicans to encourage them to build their church at once, promising them a priest

only on that condition. I since learned that the enthusiasm of our Catholics was so great that while the men cut the rock from the quarry, the women, with admirable zeal, transported it themselves up to the building site of the new church, nearly half a league distant. Even the Protestants came to offer their contribution in money, materials, etc., etc. May our good Master one day reward that generous act by also granting them the grace to join the Church of Jesus Christ by receiving holy Baptism!

Amid the crowd, I noticed a certain number of nomadic Indians of the Apache tribe, many of whom had come to ask me in sign-language to baptize them. How I deeply regretted not being able to speak to them in their language so as to prepare them! But although I rushed to find an interpreter, time was lacking, for I had to return to Santa Fe immediately to replace our dear fellow priest Msgr. Pierre Eguillon during the last weeks of Lent—he is presently in France, appealing to the zeal and charity of some new missionaries and obtaining the invaluable services of the Brothers of the Christian Doctrine for the schools of our diocese. Since I could not, therefore, commit myself to instructing those poor Indians, I strongly recommend that, before my arrival, each Mexican family prepare for Baptism all those whom they had the time to instruct. I hope to have the consolation of baptizing many, for they seem so very well disposed.

I am setting out again from Santa Fe this week to go visit the remote missions again, and on this trip I also intend to go all the way to the border of New Mexico and California to visit a great number of men of all nationalities working in the silver mines which have just been discovered. Blinded by greed in these earthly enterprises, they neglect the all-important concern of salvation. It is under the auspices of our kind Mother and during this beautiful month of Mary that I will undertake this five- or six-month journey. I thus depart full of trust in the protection of her whom we love to call *Queen of the Clergy*. May the pious subscribers of the work offer to God their fervent prayers for us and for those who are entrusted to us.

I have the honor to be, my Lord President, your devoted and grateful servant in Jesus,

J. P. Machebeuf
Vicar-General of Santa Fe

P.S. My Lord President,

It was twenty years ago this very month that Monsignor Lamy and your servant left France for the American missions under the direction of Monsignor J. B. Purcell, the Archbishop of Cincinnati. Since that time, accustomed

to speaking and writing only foreign languages, we have partly forgotten our mother tongue. You should not be surprised to find in this long letter many repetitions, stylistic lapses, and perhaps even some grammatical ones, since it is in the midst of a thousand duties in the holy ministry and during stray moments that I have composed this letter out of obedience to Monsignor Lamy. But you have complete liberty to delete, change, or correct whatever seems to you inappropriate. I have told what seemed to me most interesting; I have made this attempt exclusively for the glory of God and to inspire a love of zeal in the subscribers and in the young seminarians whom Our Lord calls to the foreign missions.

Doubtless the letter will seem to you too long to be published in one issue, but on page eight there begins a sort of second part where I speak of the new territory of Arizona, so it might be published in two issues—but that is up to you to decide.

Permit me again, my Lord President, to assure you of my respect and great gratitude,

J. P. Machebeuf

Conclusion

Bishop Lamy frequently wrote both to Paris and to Lyon for financial help from each of the *Sociétés de la Propagation de la Foi*, and he encouraged his priests to do so as well. Machebeuf wished first that his letter would attract French funding for the needy and expanding diocese and secondly that it might be published in the *Annales*. We do not know about the funding, but the letter was never published—until now.

Notes

1. *Lettres édifiantes* from missionaries like Machebeuf were in many cases published in the *Annales de la Propagation de la Foi*. Parallel to the publication of the Lyon and Paris sets of *Annales* were the French-Canadian *Jesuit Relations*, the *Lettere Edificanti* of the Jesuits' Neapolitan Province, and the *Cartas edificantes* of some Spanish-speaking provinces. The focus on the seminarians' missionary vocations and the nuns' prayers gave rise to the two patrons of the missions: the apostolic Francis Xavier and the cloistered Thérèse of Lisieux.
2. Some Hispano priests preferred to stay with the Durango Diocese after the American occupation of New Mexico. Other Lamy recruits dropped out of the priesthood for various reasons.

3. The Franciscans and a few of the Durango diocesans tried to evangelize some of the nomadic tribes, including the Navajo, but no tribe as such ever converted in its entirety. There were, however, numerous detribalized individuals, or *genízaros*, who assimilated into the Hispanic culture, Catholic religion, and gene pool. See Angélico Chávez, "Genízaros," in *Southwest*, ed. Alfonso Ortiz, vol. 9 of *Handbook of North American Indians*, 13 vols., ed. William C. Sturtevant (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution, 1979), 198–200.
4. The word "mission" in the phrase "parish mission" refers to a set of sermons and instructions designed to make Catholic parishioners more fervent; it is the Roman Catholic equivalent of a Protestant revival. The "two unfortunate Mexican priests" Machebeuf refers to were Frs. Antonio José Martínez and Mariano de Jesús Lucero, who were excommunicated on 11 and 18 April 1858 respectively. See E. A. Mares, ed., *Padre Martínez: New Perspectives from Taos* (Taos, N.Mex.: Millicent Roge's Museum, 1988), 99–100 n. 30. On the "schism" to which Machebeuf refers, see Paul Horgan, *Lamy of Santa Fe* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1975); Ray John de Aragon, *Padre Martínez and Bishop Lamy* (Las Vegas, N.Mex.: Pan-Am, 1978); Fray Angélico Chávez, *But Time and Chance* (Santa Fe: Sunstone Press, 1981); and Mares, *Padre Martínez*. To his credit, Machebeuf names neither Martínez nor Lucero in the letter.
5. The "largest village" in the parish is Don Fernando de Taos, the Hispanic settlement just south of the Taos Pueblo.
6. Perhaps it was Mariano de Jesús Lucero's church of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores in Arroyo Hondo that Machebeuf refers to as a chapel.
7. The minister in question was Baptist Samuel Gorman (1816–1908). Gorman arrived in Laguna Pueblo in 1852 with a wife, two children, and a letter of recommendation from Gov. William Carr Lane. Indian Agent Henry Lee Dodge gained Gorman membership in the pueblo. Regarding the meaning of "anabaptist," some followers of Huldrych Zwingli (1484–1531) stated that if a person had been baptized as a child, a church should consider the rite invalid and insist on a second baptism.
8. Fr. Rafael Chávez of Seboyeta sued Gorman for trespass into and use of the Laguna Church, declaring in his lawsuit that Gorman "with force of arms broke and entered said church and made a great noise preaching and singing therein." See Valencia County, Third Judicial District, Civil Case 1854 #34, folder 537, New Mexico State Records Center and Archives, Santa Fe. The case was settled, Lewis A. Myers suggests, "with nothing more than Baptist embarrassment," and Gorman admitted later that he "preached in their church three or four times." See Myers, *A History of New Mexico Baptists* (Albuquerque: The Baptist Convention of New Mexico, 1965), 45–60; and Ernest S. Stapleton Jr., "History of Baptist Missions in New Mexico" (master's thesis, University of New Mexico, 1954), 163–68. Gorman made a few converts, and a Laguna man, José Senón, was ordained to the ministry but dropped out shortly after Gorman left the pueblo. Gorman's ailing wife died in Santa Fe early in 1862, and the abolitionist Gorman left for the States as the Confederate army came north to the Ancient City. He returned to New Mexico various times, dying at a great old age. See "Samuel Gorman," *Old Santa Fe* 1 (January 1914): 308–31.

9. The Franciscan Machebeuf refers to was Fray Benigno Cárdenas. See Angélico Chávez, "A Nineteenth-Century New Mexico Schism," *New Mexico Historical Review* 58 (January 1983): 35–54; and Myers, "A History of New Mexico Baptists," 49, 51.
10. "Protestant propaganda" seems at first blush to be a nasty remark, but Machebeuf is using "propaganda" in the sense of the Roman Congregatio de Propaganda Fide and the Parisian Société de la Propagation de la Foi to which he is writing this letter in hopes of receiving money. The difference lies between "propagate" and "propagandize." The "miserable pamphlets" are probably a low-church version of the high-church Tractarian (or Oxford) Movement of 1833–1845. See endnote fifteen below on Bishop Levi Silliman Ives.
11. Because the U.S. Army frowned on Navajo raiding, it established Fort Defiance in September 1851 about thirty miles southeast of Cañon de Chelly, at the very center of the Navajo world, in order to begin pacification and settlement. When the Civil War began, the Army evacuated Fort Defiance. The Navajos reverted to raiding, before being relocated by force to an encampment east of the Pecos in 1863. See Clyde Kluckhohn and Dorothea C. Leighton, *The Navajos* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1946); David M. Brugge, *Navajos in the Catholic Church Records of New Mexico, 1694–1875* (Window Rock, Ariz.: The Navajo Tribe, 1968); Gary Witherspoon, *Language and Art in the Navajo Universe* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1977); David M. Brugge, "Navajo Prehistory and History to 1850," in *Southwest*, ed. Alfonso Ortiz, vol. 10 of *Handbook of North American Indian*, 13 vols., ed. William C. Sturtevant (Washington: Smithsonian Institution, 1983), 489–505; Gary Witherspoon, "Navajo Social Organization," in *Southwest*, ed. Alfonso Ortiz, vol. 10 of *Handbook of North American Indian*, 13 vols., ed. William C. Sturtevant (Washington: Smithsonian Institution, 1983), 524–57; and Gary Witherspoon, "Language and Reality in Navajo World View," in *Southwest*, ed. Alfonso Ortiz, vol. 10 of *Handbook of North American Indian*, 13 vols., ed. William C. Sturtevant (Washington: Smithsonian Institution, 1983), 570–604.
12. There are six gospel accounts of Christ miraculously multiplying bread; Machebeuf's explicit mention of grass limits his scriptural references to Mark 6:34–44, Matthew 14:13–21, and John 6:1–15.
13. "Gathering up the fragments" of miraculously-produced bread is a motif in all six of the gospel narratives.
14. Lt. Joseph Christmas Ives (1828–1868) attended Yale and graduated fifth in his class from West Point. His specialty was engineering, and in 1857 he was promoted to first lieutenant and put in charge of an expedition up the Colorado River to scout supply routes in case of a war against the Mormons. His steamboat, however, drew too much water to work well in the driest late winter in human memory, so he sent it down to the Sea of Cortés and hiked into the Grand Canyon, south to the Hopi villages, and east to Fort Defiance, which he reached on 23 May 1858. He later served as the architect and engineer for the Washington Monument. See Lewis R. Freeman, *The Colorado River: Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow* (New York: Dodds and Mead, 1923), 147–67; and John A. Garraty and Mark C. Carnes, eds., *American National Biography*, vol. 11 (New York: Oxford University Press, 1999), 722.

15. "Doctor Ives" or Levi Silliman Ives (1797–1867) dropped out of a Presbyterian seminary, sought rebaptism and confirmation in the Episcopal Church, entered the ministry, married the bishop's daughter, and was himself elected the second bishop of North Carolina in 1831. He emphasized monasticism, auricular confession, the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, adoration of the reserved Sacrament, prayers to saints, and other higher-than-high-church practices encouraged by the Tractarian (or Oxford) Movement of 1833–1845. Inevitably he resigned his office, went to Rome, and formally submitted himself to Pope Pius IX on Christmas 1852. He spent the remainder of his active life in Catholic charities of many sorts. See *The National Encyclopedia of American Biography*, vol. 5 (New York: James T. White and Company, 1907), 409; Garraty and Carnes, *American National Biography*, vol. 11, 723–24; and Richard Rankin, "Bishop Levi S. Ives and High Church Reform in North Carolina," *Anglican and Episcopalian History* 57 (1989): 298–319.
16. The "commandant" Machebeuf refers to was Col. William Thomas Harbaugh "Bully" Brooks (1821–1870). A West Point graduate and head of the Third Infantry, Brooks led his men during an important skirmish against the Navajos on 10 October 1858. Sick from the climate during the Mexican War and from wounds received in the Civil War, he died in Alabama on 19 July 1870. Strangely, Machebeuf does not mention that Brooks and his family were parishioners in Santa Fe while the colonel commanded Fort Marcy for several years beginning in December 1852. See Maurice Frink, *Fort Defiance and the Navajos* (Boulder, Colo.: Pruett Press, 1968), 43–45. Fr. Vincent Bacquelin, who baptized the family of Colonel Brooks, was born in Clermont-Ferrand in the Auvergne and came to the United States with Simon Gabriel Bruté, the first bishop of Indiana. Bacquelin finished his studies at Saint Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, and Bruté ordained him on 25 April 1837. After nine years of work in Indiana, Bacquelin died while returning from a sick call. Yellow-jackets attacked his horse, which bolted and threw him against a tree. He died early the next morning on 2 September 1846. Janet Newland, associate archivist of the Archdiocese of Indianapolis, generously provided information for Bacquelin's biography.
17. Saint Louis had become the see of an archdiocese in 1847, and in 1858 Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick summoned the Second Provincial Council that included all the vicars-apostolic and bishops within the Saint Louis Province. See Paul Horgan, *Lamy of Santa Fe* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1976), 257–59; *Canones et Decreta Sacrosancti Oecumenici Concilii Tridentini*, Session 24, "On Reformation," Chapter 2 (1563); Pius IX, encyclical "Cum Nuper," January 1858.
18. Machebeuf here refers to the death of Fr. Etienne Avel in Mora. Among the many recitals of Avel's death are William Howlett, *The Life of Bishop Machebeuf* (1908; reprint, Denver, Colo.: Regis College, 1987), 239–41; Horgan, *Lamy of Santa Fe*, 260–61; Rowena A. Rivera and Thomas J. Steele, S.J., "Territorial Documents and Memories: Singing Church History," *New Mexico Historical Review* 67 (October 1992): 395–99, reprinted with a few changes in Thomas J. Steele, *Folk and Church in New Mexico* (Colorado Springs: Hulbert Center for Southwest Studies, The Colorado College, 1993), 83–86.

19. The “unfortunate priest” was Fr. Pieter Hans Munnicom. Because Father Avel was in the process of replacing Father Munnicom, there was some suspicion that Munnicom was the murderer. Both Machebeuf and Lamy initially thought Munnicom guilty; he was tried for murder on 20 November 1858 but swiftly acquitted. An Anglo named Noel was later suspected of the murder because Father Munnecom had broken up Noel’s relationship with a local woman. See *Santa Fe Weekly Gazette*, 18 December 1858; Ritch Papers Concerning the History of New Mexico, 1839–c. 1885, p. 282, r. 7, microfilm, Center for Southwest Research, Zimmerman Library, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque; and Gabriel Ussel, “Memoir,” 1:76–77, 80–83, Colorado Historical Society, Denver.
20. The Gadsden Purchase (which occurred in 1853, not 1854) acquired territory in New Mexico and Arizona for the purpose of establishing railroad routes to the Pacific. Machebeuf refers to the entire Gadsden Purchase as “Arizona”; we would call it southeastern New Mexico and southern Arizona. Machebeuf’s journey enabled Sonora Bishop Pedro Loza y Pardavé to sign the transfer of the Sonora-Arizona part of the Gadsden property on 16 January 1859. For further versions of the trip, see James H. Defouri, *Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church in New Mexico* (1887; reprint, Las Cruces, N.Mex.: Yucca Tree Press, 2003), 101–13; Jean Baptiste Salpointe, *Soldiers of the Cross* (Banning, Calif.: St. Boniface’s Industrial School, 1898), 224–28; William Howlett, *The Life of Bishop Machebeuf*, 244–49; Horgan, *Lamy of Santa Fe*, 261–74; and Lynn Bridgers, *Death’s Deceiver: The Life of Joseph P. Machebeuf* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1997), 143–50.