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## PREPARING FOR THE PHILIPPINES FOUNDATION

This story of the testing of the water with a view to a new missionary venture<sup>1</sup> is – as recorded in the account – in the form of a sort of diary kept by Father Thomas O’Farrell<sup>2</sup>. He was at the time Visitor, equivalently vice-provincial, in Australia. In December of 1905 he accompanied the Irish provincial, Father Andrew Boylan<sup>3</sup> in his voyage of discovery.

The Philippines mission had been in Father Boylan’s mind for some years. After the years of conflict about the turn of the century, against the Spaniards and then against the Americans, the Church in the newly independent republic found itself in desperate straits. The Spanish clergy had been expelled, and the remaining Filipinos were very sadly deficient in numbers for the huge task that had fallen to them. In 1903 the Apostolic Constitution *Quae mari sinico* of Leo XIII attempted to provide for the formation of a self-reliant Filipino clergy and hierarchy. The task was so great as to demand many years for its achievement. In the meantime the provisional arrangements that had been made struggled to meet the crisis that was immediate<sup>4</sup>. One of the bishops so hurriedly appointed to replace the Spaniards was Thomas Hendrick, an American. From the time of his appointment he had been trying desperately to recruit help for his extensive diocese.

The plight of the Church in the Philippines had been brought to the knowledge of the Redemptorists as early as 1902, when Mgr. Ambrose Agius, a native of Gibraltar, had been appointed Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines. He prepared for his Episcopal consecration by a retreat in the

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<sup>1</sup> The early years of the foundation in the Philippines are treated by Michael BAILY, *Small Net in a Big Sea*, San Carlos Publications, Cebu City 1978; cf. also Samuel J. BOLAND, *The Redemptorists in Luzon. «Spreading the Net» 1911-1982*, Manila 1982, 7-13; ID., *Father Andrew Boylan and the foundation of the Redemptorists in the Philippines*, in SHCSR 27 (1979) 228-255.

<sup>2</sup> The career of Thomas O’Farrell has been treated by William J. PACKER, *Necrology of the Australasian Province* in manuscript in the Archives of the Province of Canberra, vol. I, 1951, 100-105.

<sup>3</sup> On Andrew Boylan cf. BOLAND, *op. cit.*, 147-148; DE MEULEMEESTER, *Bibliographie* II, 46; PACKER, *op. cit.*, I, 60-61.

<sup>4</sup> BAILY, *op. cit.*, 3-4.

house of S. Alfonso, Rome. His concern for his charge aroused the interest of the Superior General, Father Matthias Raus. It was not easy, however, to find the means of coming to the aid of the Philippines. Then, in the course of 1904, there was a ray of hope from Ireland<sup>5</sup>.

The Irish provincial, Father Boylan, passed through Rome on his way to a canonical visitation in Australia. He told the Superior General that he had met Bishop Hendrick, who had come to Ireland to enlist volunteers, and had been moved by his appeal. And now he declared that he was willing to send men to the Philippines. Needless to say, he was given every encouragement.

The visitation in Australia lasted the whole of 1905. It was an experience the provincial evidently enjoyed. He used to the full the opportunity to make himself familiar and most agreeable to his distant subjects. He shared the life of the three communities, even to the extent of taking his part in their missions and retreats. He also arranged an overdue foundation in Wellington, New Zealand. It was at the end of the year that with Father O'Farrell he set out for the Philippines, whither his heart had gone long before him.

The two men had much in common. Both had been diocesan priests before coming to the Redemptorists. Both approached their pastoral ministry with an almost ebullient optimism that earned them an occasional dignified reprimand from higher superiors. In every page of Father O'Farrell's account the two appear as kindred spirits. Father O'Farrell wrote his story of the journey hurriedly and in lead pencil in an ordinary exercise book. The handwriting is still sufficiently readable to have been accurately transcribed in the typewritten copy in the archives of the Canberra province. It is offered here with the original title.

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<sup>5</sup> BOLAND, *op. cit.*, 7.

VOYAGE TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, DECEMBER 1905

We left Sydney by the E&A Co's "Empire" on December 6<sup>th</sup> at 2 p.m. On the previous day, Tuesday, we came down from Waratah by invitation to see the cardinal at St. Mary's. Father Minister of Waratah, Father James Murray, met us at the station when we arrived in Sydney, having come that morning from Bombala, where he had been giving missions for five weeks. We met Dean Slattery at lunch at St. Mary's and he told us of his visit to Manila with Dr. Higgins and Dr. Gallagher, where he met His Excellency, the late Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Guido, from whom he got the indulgenced cigars<sup>6</sup>.

After lunch we had an interview with the cardinal, who gave us letters to His Excellency, Monsignor Agius, the present Delegate, and to Bishop Hendrick. His Eminence chatted with us for a considerable time, showing the greatest interest in our mission, and solemnly blessed us at the request of Father provincial. He asked us to let him know how we were getting on after our arrival.

In the afternoon we went to the Loreto convent, North Sydney, where Father Provincial wanted to see Sister Mercedes whose aunt is a Redemptoristine at Clapham, Sister Liguori, formerly Miss McDonald of Ballarat. Returning to Sydney, Father Provincial, Father Minister and myself had tea at the Metropole and then walked out to Lady Macquarie's Chair, where Father Provincial wished to have a parting look at the beautiful harbour by night as the ferry boats with their multicoloured lights glided past each other over the moonlit waters of the bay. It was a fairy scene to look upon. Away in the dark distance rose the North Head and quarantine grounds with an occasional faintly glimmering light. Then as the eye turned northwards, the lights of Manly could be distinguished with the dark, majestic mass of St. Patrick's College outlined on the clear, cloudless sky lighted up by the crescent moon and the glittering stars. Then came the view of the terraced heights of Mosman showing themselves by the regular lines of light made by the street lamps gradually ascending from the water's edge. Nearer still, the populous suburb of North Shore or North Sydney shone out in clusters of lights, picturesquely irregular, making one wonder how the people behind those lights were then engaged, some perhaps like ourselves gazing out upon the water and the ferry boats from the deep shade of their verandas or balconies, others

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<sup>6</sup> Joseph Higgins was Bishop of Rockhampton, John Gallagher of Goulburn. The Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Guido, was undoubtedly Archbishop Giovanni Battista Guidi, named in the Apostolic Constitution *Quae mari sinico*. Dean Slattery, Administrator of St. Mary's cathedral, Sydney, seems to have shared the indulgenced cigars with his visitors. The cardinal was Patrick Francis Moran, third Archbishop of Sydney.

indulging their musical tastes around the piano while voices as rich and full as the thrush's trilled through the soft, silent, balmy night air... But why dwell upon a scene the beauty of which the world now acknowledges, and indelible impressions of which Father Provincial no doubt will carry back with him to dear old Ireland?<sup>7</sup>

We slept at St. Mary's at Monsignor O'Haran's invitation, whose kindness to us on the occasion we cannot and should not forget. After Mass and breakfast next morning we went down to Circular Quay to deposit our handbags with the rest of our luggage, which we had seen safely on board the "Empire" on the previous day. We then called on the Lasseters as we had promised to do and saw the old gentleman, the colonel and Mr. Arthur Lasseter<sup>8</sup> and said goodbye and thanked them for all the trouble they took to secure us good cabins and favourable terms with the E&A Co. Father James Murray was waiting for us on board the "Empire" when we arrived there at 11. At 12 sharp we moved off from the wharf, waving a hearty goodbye to Father Minister.

The "Empire" is a cheerful, charming, good ship, and the passengers, we soon noticed, have something of the same character. Captain Helms is the type of old bluff sailor, while his officers are smart, intelligent and obliging, all of them young.

The dining saloon as well as the drawing or smoking room are on the upper deck. The dining saloon is particularly cheerful, lightsome and airy and not at all luxurious. We soon began to find out who our companions were. Next to Father Provincial sat the Rev. Barclay Buxton, Anglican clergyman working in Japan. We also had one of the Passionists, Father Gerard, who was going as far as Brisbane only. Before entering the Passionists he had lived for nine years in Queensland and spent the greater portion in Port Darwin as bank clerk. There was also a doctor from the south of England who introduced himself as a Catholic. He was travelling in charge of a nice young fellow who had just completed his education in St. Edmund's, Ware, and was a relative of the Ward family of Tractarian Movement fame.

Nothing particular or deserving of notice took place on the day of sailing. The sea was calm, the weather lovely, no one was sick, all enjoying themselves or prepared to do so. Towards noon the following day the sky darkened and soon a terrific thunderstorm burst forth, and raged for more

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<sup>7</sup> Can one detect a conflict of loyalties in Father O'Farrell as he sets spectacular Sydney Harbour side by side with dear old Ireland?

<sup>8</sup> The Lasseter family were good friends of the early Redemptorists in Australia. One of the family, Philip, went to England for his education in Eton and Oxford. Dissatisfied with his Anglican religion, he became a Catholic, studied for the priesthood and was ordained in Italy. He took his vows as a Redemptorist in 1892. He was a renowned preacher and held the post of superior in Clapham and Kingswood, Bristol. He died in 1906.

than three hours, torrents of rain falling. Next day, which was the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady, we learned in Brisbane the full fury of the storm had been felt there. More than six inches of rain had fallen in a few hours; some lives were lost; and considerable damage was done, especially at the orphanage of the Sisters of Mercy at Nudgee.

We had four or five hours in Brisbane. We posted our letters, dined at a café, visited the cathedral and then took the tram to St. Mary's, South Brisbane, to see Father Dorrigan who as usual was most kind and hospitable, and would insist on driving us all the way to Pinkenba, where our steamer was moored.

We found some new and interesting passengers had joined us at Brisbane. The commandant of the American troops at Manila, General Corbin, with his wife, had arrived, and we found Mrs. Corbin was a good Catholic. At public receptions she had refused to recognise the schismatical priest, Aglipay<sup>9</sup>. She introduced herself to us and also her husband, the general, who seems much older than his wife and though a man of large frame looks rather shaky. Mrs. Corbin said he had had a great deal of worry in Manila, but that the people recognised him as a just man and firm in his decisions. There is, I believe, a civil governor also who superintends the civil administration.

In company with or in the suite of General Corbin were Major Babbit and his wife and Captain Slocum and wife also. They seemed to have enjoyed their tour of Australia and New Zealand. Mrs. Corbin said she was delighted with her trip and spoke in the highest terms of the hospitality they had experienced on both sides of the Tasman Sea.

Major Babbit was to us the most interesting of the American party, being not only an excellent practical Catholic, but showing a lively interest in all that concerns the Church in the Philippines. He was the first in the drawing room on Sunday morning, the 10<sup>th</sup> and heard two Masses.

Another contingent also joined us at Brisbane, Dr. Rygate and wife and three daughters. Mrs. Rygate and her daughters are Catholics and attended Mass on the 10<sup>th</sup>. *Deo Gratias et Mariae*, we have been able to have our Masses every day since we left Sydney in Father Provincial's cabin. On Saturday night, the 9<sup>th</sup>, the Purser asked Father Provincial about a public Mass in the drawing room and kindly put up a notice about it.

The trip from Brisbane to Townsville was uninteresting except for the coastal scenery near Townsville and on to Cooktown. We did not go ashore at either port, nor did we see Cairns, which was passed in the night. At

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<sup>9</sup> Gregorio Aglipay at the height of the revolution against Spain led a schism inspired largely by exaggerated nationalist sentiment. For many years the numbers of his followers retarded the emergence of the Filipino Church.

Cooktown one of our number, a Mr. Lindsey, an explorer, left us and a young man came aboard, who was managing a cattle station for a man or firm named Massey, carrying on an extensive butchery business at Thursday Island. Poor fellow, he had just had a bad accident. A young horse threw him and fell on him and hurt him internally, so that he was going to Thursday Island to get medical attention. He was born near Rockhampton at a place called Tandy after the Irish home of his father, and from the time he was ten up to now, when he is thirty-three, he has been living this nomadic life among cattle and horses and blacks, although for some time he was a mounted constable. He is married and has two children. The wife and children live in Tasmania. The coast scenery about Cooktown is very fine, and the bay is very pretty and well sheltered.

On the 14<sup>th</sup> we reached Thursday Island. Here, too, we could not go ashore, and hardly got a glimpse of the town, which has a population of over 2000 of various nationalities. There is a quasi-governor or Resident Magistrate in the town, a large hospital and a leper settlement close by. The Protestant Bishop of Carpentaria lives here also. His Lordship came on board as a passenger to Port Darwin. We made his acquaintance and found him a very agreeable man, not stuck up or snobbish, but evidently a good, simple, hard working missionary bishop. What a pity he is not working in the vineyard of Holy Church. For over twenty years he has been working in N. Queensland. He was well known at Townsville as Archdeacon White; and I remember hearing Canon Grigson, who was received into the Church at Ballarat speaking of the archdeacon in the highest terms. He is a man of about forty-five, tall, thin and ascetic-looking, wears a reddish beard and shows no sign of age or care, not a grey hair showing in head or beard. He speaks very kindly and sympathetically of the Blacks and condemns the brutality and injustice of the squatters and the Queensland government, which has never yet inflicted the extreme penalty of the law upon a white murderer of a Black. He has a mission for Blacks, especially children. Opened and working near Cairns, where 450 or thereabouts are housed, taught, fed and trained to industrious habits. This good man is so different from the Rev. Barclay Buxton, a Japanese missionary. He told me that not long ago he made the overland journey from N. Queensland to Adelaide, the distance between railway station and railway station being over 1300 miles. The journey took nearly ten weeks, and only a few nights had he a roof over his head. While I am writing this, he is at another table writing away for hours apparently business letters.

From Mrs. Corbin, the wife of the general, we learned many things about Manila. She knows the archbishop, Dr. Harty, and says, as Major Babbit says, that he is a most estimable man, has been doing great good in Manila since his arrival, especially in trying to procure a good supply of native clergy. He gathers in and gives a chance to as many as are recommended to

him. Then, having them carefully under his eye, he weeds out gradually the unfit members. The Jesuits are in charge of the little and great seminaries. There is a large number of Visitation nuns in Manila. Their convent was formerly inhabited by Spanish nuns, who left during the war. It is very large, apartments as large as on the ship we sail in – and it was used by the Americans for military purposes and afterwards was given to the present community, who came from America and whose superior is an Irish woman.

The archbishop is acting very patiently and prudently with the sad cases he has to deal with. Major Babbit says the Bishop of Cebu looks the oldest of the bishops, and is a very amiable and homely man. According to the major, there can be no doubt that there have been scandals, and many too.

Our American friends on board don't say anything about the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Agius. Apparently, he keeps very quiet or is not in sympathy with American ways and ideas.

Major Babbit, like most Americans, does not like the emotional and demonstrative in the religion of the Spaniards and Filipinos. (See Sawyer about the Madonna of Antipolo). Major B. says the present archbishop has had the famous statue transferred to the cathedral and not without a good effect on the Manila people, who are so devoted to it. The pilgrimage occurs in May, as that of the Holy Child occurs in January. Major B. says they have too many fiestas, but this shows that religion still has a good hold on them after all the disturbance<sup>10</sup>.

On Sunday morning, the 17<sup>th</sup>, we arrived at Port Darwin. Having written from Waratah to Mr. Pickford, a railway guard at P. D., and acquainted him that Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Geraldton, W. A., had given us faculties, the Catholics of P.D. expected us and so a large number came to the church to hear Mass, which D.G. I said at 10.30. Our Catholic friends on board the "Empire" also came and had a good walk up the hill to the church, which is a considerable distance from the wharf, about a mile. After Mass I got a nice cup of tea from the people living in the presbytery where the Jesuits used to live. Father Provincial said Mass privately in his cabin, fearing it would be too late to wait for our arrival.

A Manila boy, Francisco Chavez, guided us to the church and carried our bag containing bread and wine, chalice etc. The little church is of wood with a wide veranda at the front and two sides. The floor of the church and verandas is of concrete and that of the sacristy also. It is well provided with vestments of all colours and other requisites and has a nice harmonium and a

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<sup>10</sup> Father O'Farrell's understanding seems to have been more justified than the American reaction against the style of devotion among the Filipinos. The shrine of Our Lady of Antipolo still attracts crowds of devout pilgrims, as does the Santo Niño.

good choir. The presbytery is a good, roomy wooden house nicely enclosed and painted. It seems the white ants were getting at it and so the people let it to a plumber and his wife for a small rent. Almost all the houses we saw at P. D. are surrounded by large, wide verandas enclosed by split cane or bamboo and floored with concrete. These verandas form the living rooms of the family. They are twelve or fourteen feet wide, furnished and decorated.

After my Mass I had three Manila babies to baptise, Martin, John and Lawrence. Each had two sponsors, male and female, but the male sponsor of the first two held the child. I noticed also that when I presented the candle to the newly baptised it was the sponsor who did not hold the child that took the candle in each case and held it. Two of the parties gave me 10 shillings each when the names were handed in at night.

The 'Empire' remained at the wharf all day, as no work would be allowed until after midnight, the South Australians being great Sabbatharians. Hence we were able to have devotions in the evening at eight consisting of rosary, hymns and sermon, and after devotions we heard confessions up to ten. All the men came to the church at night without hats. It happened to be the hottest day we had since we left Sydney. The walk up and down from wharf to church was very fatiguing, and the perspiration flowed in streams. A Mr. Little, a Catholic solicitor, drove us down to the wharf after Mass and baptisms, and in the afternoon Mr. Pickford took us for a drive to the hospital, which is beautifully situated on a cliff or eminence overlooking the bay and has spacious verandas such as I have mentioned and two large, lofty, airy [wards], one for Asiatics, the other for Europeans. There were only four patients in all. One, a Mr. Mayhew, was a Catholic suffering from chalky gout and had been an inmate for eighteen months. His hands presented a frightful appearance and his feet, which were bandaged, were equally had. He was cheerful and contented, lying in his bed at a corner of the big veranda. He told us how he had frequently taken pieces of chalky substance an inch in length from the joints of his fingers and toes with a forceps. He is forty-five years old and has hopes of recovery if he could get to the hot springs which are somewhere near a goldfield in the Northern Territory. Father Provincial heard his confession. The matron, Miss Gavron, is a Catholic and the nurse is an English girl who has been there for ten or twelve years.

We continued our drive along a beautiful shady road overlooking the bay, curving with the bay and revealing glimpses of white sandy beaches here and there. We also drove through the extensive and in some parts beautiful botanical gardens, which the S.A. government laid out with a view to the cultivation of tropical plants, flowers and fruits. It turned out to be more expensive than had been expected and did not bring in the profit they looked for, so the funds were diminished, and it is now managed by a curator and



six Chinese gardeners. There are splendid specimens of coconut palms forming an avenue, banyan trees, mangoes, magnificent bamboos etc. Beautiful plants were also just being put out along road edges and in plots. We saw a number of tapioca plants.

The drive ended by calling at Mr. Pickford's house, where we met his amiable young wife, who seems to have had enough of P. Darwin. She looks as if she couldn't live in the climate. We left P.D. about 5 a.m. next morning and experienced an almost dead calm sea and hot sun. What must it be at P.D. today? This is the feast of the Expectation of the BVM and we said Mass, DG&M, in Father Provincial's cabin, but it was trying.

Thursday December 19<sup>th</sup> we saw this morning and passed close by the volcanic island, D...<sup>11</sup>? It lies to the west of our course, while on the opposite side in the distance is the island of Tau. One of the officers said the volcano is 3200 feet high and is nearly always active. Great white patches like pumice can be seen on the slopes as if they had been recently or from time to time vomited forth from the crater.

We are now all looking forward to our arrival DV at Manila on Sunday next which is Christmas Eve. It is said to be six days' sail from Port Darwin.

I must not forget to say Mass on 5<sup>th</sup> January for the deceased mother of Mr. Pickford, an honorarium of 5 shillings besides the offerings and Baptism fees – all amounting to £3/11/3.

There was a noisy row among the Chinese steerage passengers going for a holiday to their native land. A party of four were playing dominoes close to the cabin of one of the saloon passengers and probably for a lark or because their loud talk annoyed him he threw some water through the port-hole upon the ½ players. Two of them made an attempt to come on to the saloon deck, threatening and offering four shillings to have the inmate of the cabin given up to them. A rope was ordered to be drawn across a portion of the deck to keep them off. They resisted and took the rope out of the hands of the boatswain. Then "up comes the captain" and taking one of them, the most noisy, by the neck and shoulder drove him off and made the rope drawn and made fast. They seem to give themselves up to uncontrollable passions when aroused, and according to the officers need to be kept down and not given any unnecessary privileges on board. Weather very hot and sultry.

Had a long chat with Mrs. & Dr. Rygate regarding Wellington, N.S.W and the archdeacon. The Rygate family had lived there for some years.

Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> December. I forgot to note that Father Provincial on

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<sup>11</sup> The pencilled diary has made it impossible to identify the volcanic island described by Father O'Farrell.

arriving at P. Darwin had two telegrams awaiting him, one from Father Rector of Ballarat wishing us a happy Christmas and the other from Father J. Murray saying that Father King<sup>12</sup> had returned from the Blue Mountains no better and that Dr. Maher had pronounced him suffering from tuberculosis of the throat and advised a change from Waratah. So Father Provincial wired both to Waratah and Ballarat ordering and exchange, Father O'Brien to go to Waratah and Father King to Ballarat.

Feast of St. Thomas the Apostle, 21<sup>st</sup> December. Perhaps the apostle may have sailed over these waters, now called the Celebes Sea through which we were passing. Celebes was in view last night and all this morning. Probably tomorrow we shall reach the Moluccas. Nothing eventful occurred yesterday beyond a conversation with Father Provincial regarding the future Philippine staff and rereading the letters of Mgr. Agius and the Bishop of Cebu.

Friday December 22<sup>nd</sup>. After breakfast we got sight of the Philippines, and a beautiful sight it was. On the left or to the west the land rose up from the water's edge where a lovely fringe of beach shone golden in the morning sun. Basilan is a large and fertile island with several conical shaped wooded hills with a fine growth of timber and undergrowth up to the very peak. Evidently these conical hills have at one time been active volcanoes and poured out their liquid fire to fertilise their sides and the valleys beneath. Along the beach a solitary hut was visible, rather well built and neat looking. Further on were two small islands, beautifully wooded too, and rising up some hundreds of feet above the sea. They might be taken for those islands with which the Killarney lakes are studded. Several fishing boats begin to appear. Their snowy sails shining in the sun and giving signs of population and activity. Then on straight before us is the big island of Mindanao, where Islam holds most of the inhabitants in its deadly grasp, but where the Jesuits, Spanish, have done great work, God bless them – both before and since the Bull of Suppression (1773). There are several villages of Catholics along the coast. We passed close to the town of Zamboanga, where we saw some small steamers waiting for lading. There are some fine looking houses of two storeys with large deep verandas and balconies, then a number of wooden huts grouped together as if the homes of the natives. All the buildings lie along the seashore and there too are groves of coconut palms looking so rich and luxurious. There are long, large buildings like factories, perhaps for the extraction and exportation of coconut oil. Our steamer whistled and saluted, but there was apparently no response. It was a lovely sight to see the giant

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<sup>12</sup> Father William King was the first native-born Australian to be ordained as a Redemptorist. He was the first director of the juvenate established in 1910. He died of tuberculosis in 1912.

hills rising up behind the little town with great gorges or ravines dividing them. Here and there a torrent forced its way down to the sea, while beautiful verdant patches reflected the sun's rays in golden gleams. Shadows rested on the thickly wooded hills, and some of them hid their summits in the clouds.

Gradually we drew away from this enchanting sight, having seen only a few people in the fishing boats. The entire population, which must be considerable, seemed to sleep quietly at the feet of their great hills, the wavelets making music as they rolled up to the walls of their huts. It is said that most of this island of Mindanao is unexplored, owing to the fierceness and intractability of its inhabitants, many of whom are said to belong to the aborigines and the rest Mohammedan Malays or "Moros" who even at the time of St. Francis Xavier were a terror to the Christians by their piratical descents.

Night closed around very quickly, as it does on the Equator and we saw the end of the day in the northern hemisphere.

When we rose on Saturday the 23<sup>rd</sup> December we saw the island of Panay in the distance as we passed, the larger island of Negros having been passed during the night. These belong to Cebu and therefore had a special interest for us, as they may soon be the scene of the labours of our Fathers, if God blesses our mission as we pray He will. The sea has become rough and white horses appear without number, yet the "Empire" keeps her steady pace and hardly shows the swell. We are hoping to enter the harbour of Manila tomorrow morning about ten and behold the historic scene of Dewey's overthrow of the Spanish fleet. Here, too, the Spanish friars came bringing the blessings of the true faith to the poor islanders who had been sitting in darkness and the shadow of death while that same faith was being extinguished in England and the other countries of Europe, who preferred the darkness to the light and followed the lead of the so-called Reformers. How wonderful are the ways of Divine Providence, building up and pulling down! Have I not reason to fear lest I deserve to be treated as the barren fig tree and the useless servant! O Mother of Perpetual Succour, suffer me not to lose my God.

Christmas Eve 1905. DG&M we had our two Masses this morning in the drawing room of the "Empire", at which the Catholic passengers assisted, very glad to be able to discharge the obligation so easily. Afterwards we came to anchor in the fine bay of Manila and saw the scene of Dewey's victory over the Spanish fleet. The city stretched out before our view occupying the broad plain lying at the foot of the amphitheatre formed by the chain of hills and mountains with which Manila is surrounded.

The passengers were first mustered and inspected and then got away as soon as possible in one or other of the many launches that had steamed out as soon as they had sight of the "Empire". We got to the custom house

and had our baggage inspected and left it – unfortunately – till we had seen where we were to take it. We had some trouble about the currency, but the customs inspector gave us a small coin to pay a ferry, and such a ferry, across the river, which landed us close to the celebrated cathedral of Manila. We paid a visit of thanksgiving and then went in search of the house of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Agius O.S.B., which we found by mere chance. We called and saw His Excellency, who received us cordially and invited us to lunch, which was just ready, 12 o'clock, and after lunch he sent us with his private secretary to the palacio of the archbishop, which was close by. At lunch we met the secretary of the delegation, an Italian monsignor, a Benedictine from Fort Augustus and another Benedictine, Father Rawlinson, who had just arrived from England and was about to take up a mission as secretary to the Bishop of Cebu.

Archbishop Harty received us most heartily and at once invited us to be his guests as long as we stayed. His Grace was robed in a white soutane, which is generally worn at home by the ecclesiastics of Manila. He has a fine, imposing presence, his pale face, broad forehead and gold spectacles giving him a thoughtful and intellectual appearance. He is a true Irishman in heart and feeling and sympathy, and often refers with pride to the country of his origin, while at the same time he loves the land of his birth with its free and noble institutions. As Irish priests and Redemptorists he greeted us and made use of the beautiful Spanish welcome "My home is yours" as long as you choose. His hospitality was princely but unostentatious and he tried to anticipate our Irish taste, even providing bacon and cabbage. Solidity and good common sense rather than brilliancy characterise his conversation. He is shrewd and far-seeing, and always gives a reason for his opinions and a sample or illustration by relating a fact or circumstance. He has a good grasp of the state of affairs, is on good terms with the friars and other communities and must possess considerable influence with the government. He is hopeful of the future of the Philippines and is more ready to give them credit for the good they possess than blame them for what is faulty in their character.

About Aglipay he is not anxiously concerned, and minimises the harm he is said to have done or is doing. He has no more than 50,000 followers, and they are coming back gradually. He will hang himself through the length of rope he has<sup>13</sup>.

Gradually and quietly the archbishop is introducing pastors into the vacant parishes from amongst the friars although, by the way, they want not every vacant parish but the best. He is doing great work through the Jesuits for the training of his future clergy. The Jesuits have the little seminary and

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<sup>13</sup> The schism of Gregorio Aglipay has proved far more durable than the archbishop suspected.

the great. In the former are 107, in the latter eighteen. They are carefully watched and weeded regularly for moral or intellectual shortcomings.

The palace is an immense building, a type of Spanish grandeur and magnificence. Two large gates ten feet wide and twenty feet apart open out on the street, called *Arzobispo*. Within is a spacious atrium or portico forty or fifty by thirty<sup>14</sup>, where the porter sits at a table. Two broad archways lead into the interior, and in each of these there is another on the left leading into the majordomo's and servants' (*muchachos*) quarters. That on the right with steps ascending leads to the Vicariate, where the V.G., a Spaniard, sits under a red canopy and crucifix to transact business. I observed several children and poor people enter by this way and come out carrying food in a cloth or something that appeared to me to be food. On the left side of the atrium a long piece of rich stair-carpet stretched out about to the gate and led you to the foot of the noble staircase consisting of two flights of stone steps with a landing between them. A piece of carpet, anything but becoming led up the centre of this magnificent staircase fully twenty feet broad; and above was another spacious atrium furnished with chairs and benches distributed along the walls, its floor shining with wax polish. Here visitors to the archbishop waited while three or four *muchachos* flitted about taking in cards and bringing out messages. There were two or three small tables with desks where the boys sat taking down names or receiving cards, when they were not running about.

We remained at the palace until Friday the 29<sup>th</sup>, and during these days, being Christmas holidays, this upper atrium was crowded every morning with ecclesiastics and laity, men, women and children, sometimes a whole community, like that of the choristers. About 11.30 or 12, which is lunch time, the outer gates were closed until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, and no visitors intrude on the siesta of the archbishop except a very special case and before His Grace has retired "a camera".

From the upper atrium doors open to the archbishop's private apartments, to the great salon where he holds receptions, to a private chapel and to the archbishop's own chapel, which contains a magnificent massive altar of silver decorated by Filipino workmen and is adorned by paintings and sculptures. This chapel is of oval form with pilasters supporting the roof through which the lights enters, falling on the reredos and frontal of the altar, where not only the silver gleams but also several shields which here and there on the reredos and frontal are set into the beautiful silver filigree work. The chapel is furnished with rich and beautiful vestments. The Blessed Sacrament is reserved here, and His Grace every day after lunch and dinner, which is at 8 p.m., makes a visit and invites his guests to accompany him be-

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<sup>14</sup> Measurements here and unless otherwise stated are in feet.

fore going to recreation which is generally made either in the billiard room or on the loggia or balcony.

When we were first introduced to His Grace he was in a private room with Mgr. Fowler who had just returned from a hurried visit to Rome and America. The monsignor, who last year had visited Australia and was present at the Melbourne Congress and entertained hospitably by all, cardinal, bishops and priests, was exceedingly kind to us, but he seemed nervous and displayed an anxious, if not fearful state of mind. He gave us to understand that he was not going to remain in Manila and that he would gladly annex himself to Australia, preferably to Adelaide.

The apartments allotted to us were spacious and pleasantly situated and were adjoining the chapels already mentioned. They looked out on the archbishop's seminary on one side, which was separated from the palace by a narrow courtyard in which banana trees and other tropical plants grew in luxuriance.

My room was about fifty by twenty, not including the balcony which went round the whole palace and each room opened on it not by a door but by a large curtained arch. Father Provincial's room was much smaller but more lightsome and looked out on the south side on the magnificent Bay of Manila, 26 by 24 miles in extent, on the bright, calm waters on which numberless stately ships from every clime floated at their anchorage and craft of every size and description plied to and from the various wharves along the river sides. Father Provincial's bed stood on the balcony, not in the room itself, and here as well as in every part of the palace American taste and skill and consideration had introduced baths and all necessary sanitary arrangements together with an extensive electric lighting apparatus. His Grace courteously conducted us to our rooms. After he had given orders to the *muchachos* to arrange them and allotted a room to each of us he pointed out a large salon into which my room opened furnished with massive and stately chairs, tables, *escritorios* etc. and said: "You can have this room for your callers".

We went out about 4 p.m. to look after our luggage in the custom house, but failed to get it, being Sunday and the next day, Christmas Day, our efforts also failed. So I would not advise my friends to land in this part on a Sunday or a fiesta unless they take their luggage with them from the lighter or custom house.

We returned disappointed but resigned and dined with the archbishop and Monsignor Fowler at 8 p.m. and after enjoying a cigar with His Grace who is not a great smoker, we retired to our rooms, where we found our four-posters with cane bottom like a canebottomed chair. Over the cane was spread a cool grace mat and over this a sheet, while the mosquito net was neatly tucked in. There was a low and rather hard pillow and then, what

rather puzzled Father Provincial, another pillow or rather bolster set longitudinally with another sheet neatly folded and laid upon it. This is what is called a "Dutch wife", as I had learned from reading. It is about four feet long and ten inches in diameter and serves by resting the leg or arm on it to keep one cooler in the night.

Arrangements having been made about our three Masses on Christmas morning, the archbishop went to the cathedral at 10 on Christmas Eve to assist at the Divine Office which was solemnly chanted by the Chapter, after which His Grace pontificated at midnight in the presence of a large congregation.

All priests of the Islands can celebrate at midnight at Christmas. Mgr. Fowler, who was staying at the palace, said midnight Mass in the archbishop's chapel. Father Provincial said our three Masses in the palace and the archbishop went to say two Masses at the seminary next door. I went early to the custom house to try to get our luggage, as we had no change either for night or day, although the heat was considerable. My clothes were literally soaked through.

About the custom house and wharves I had the opportunity of seeing the caribao<sup>15</sup> with its large and curiously shaped horns receding from the front of the head and forming almost a circle as the horns approach. The dray and harness are of the crudest and simplest style. They are the principal beasts of burden among the people. They are a kind of buffalo and the high shoulder hump is the power used for drawing loads or ploughing. The driver often sits on the back of the animal, using only a single rope or rein which passes through the horns and is fastened somehow to the snout. The traces are of hemp, and sometimes only a single trace is used. These are attached to a strong rope that goes across the brute's neck and against which the shoulder or hump presses as he pulls his load in the low cart with wooden block wheels.

Breakfast in the Philippines is very light – small cup of tea or coffee with perhaps two fried eggs and fruit – no meat. Luncheon is at twelve – soup and substantial, a little recreation after at the archbishop's then imprisonment until 4.30. We had tea at four. In fact, whatever we wanted or desired we had only to ask for it or command the muchachos and Mgr. Fowler was always ready to help us. Bishops and priests wear white soutane within doors, a great relief and convenience.

We had a little episode or event. When we went out on the afternoon of Christmas Eve we could not find our way, and while we were looking for a tram we were observed by a gentlemen from his window as we stood in the archway of a place called The U.S. Club. The gentleman was Judge Johns-

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<sup>15</sup> Father O'Farrell wrote karribow but obviously meant caribao.

ton. At the same time two men came out from the club, one of them a young American, the other an Austrian Irishman. We were soon put right and the interview ended with a sc&sod at the invitation of the Austrian Celt, who put us on the right tram.

In the afternoon of Christmas Day the archbishop drove us out to see the Assumptionist nuns who have an English-speaking community with Joe Bigger's daughter as superior. The convent is quite modern and very beautiful and the grounds spacious and nicely laid out. There we met Sister Patricia who turned out to be a sister of Sister Mary Alocoque of Mary's Mount<sup>16</sup>. How small the world is! She came out with others by a Barcelona boat because the Spanish boats always carry a chaplain. The meeting was agreeable, as I know Sister Alocoque so well. From this the archbishop drove us to the Luneta, a public park or recreation ground nicely laid out. All Manila goes out there at night between six and eight. Every kind of carriage can be found there, all draw round the oval to listen to the band which is very good. In fact, the Manila Constabulary Band took first prize at the World Fair at St. Louis. The conductor is a Negro, and we hear he is about to become a Catholic.

The archbishop gave a grand banquet, a *cena magna*, at eight at which besides ourselves and Mgr. Fowler were present the Apostolic Delegate, the secretary of the Delegation, Father Coromana from Fort Augustus, the private secretary of the Apostolic Delegate, Father Rawlinson O.S.B., lately arrived from England to be secretary to the Bishop of Cebu. The banquet over, we retired to the loggia and afterwards to bed as the night before.

The religious orders. We visited the Jesuits next door who have charge of the seminaries, saw the seminary major, over which Father Villalonga presides, very fine young man, most kind, learned and holy who took us round to the Ataneo where they are teaching over 1200 boys and would have as many more if they could get the next house or college from the Augustinians, who demand an impossible price for it. The Jesuits have thirty-two missionaries in Mindanao. Then we saw the church of S. Ignacio, which is the finest and best kept of all in Manila. Its beautiful wood carving on ceiling and pulpit, native work, is especially worthy of admiration. All the best families frequent this church, and the Jesuits are adored, revered and loved by the people, bishop and all, and deservedly. The museum containing the collections of two centuries or more is magnificent. We met the great scientist, Father Alge S.J. who lives at the observatory, where is also the minor seminary and he invited us to visit him the next day, and this visit was most interesting and delightful. We saw the clock in the vacuum, the telescope whose machinery turns easily four tons' weight, also the wonderful seismic

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<sup>16</sup> Mary's Mount is the convent and school of the Loreto Sisters in Ballarat.



apparatus which registers every earthquake in any part of the world, even what is caused by the ebb and flow of the tides, and lastly the boys of the little seminary to the number of 107 who are being trained with the greatest care. We saw some American, English and Irish S.J.s, Father Monaghan, Father Finnegan, Father O'Neill and an Irish laybrother. Father Lynch we met in Cebu and he is now in Mindanao, where St. Francis Xavier's miracle of the cross and crab occurred. There has been great work done by the Society, and it is full of troubles, social, political and religious. Father Alge speaks English well, having been some time in the U.S., as does also Father Villalonga, who made the Great Act at St. Louis. We had a magnificent view of Manila from the observatory. There is a Mr. Brown S.J. from Lancashire, England, there. We were present at an entertainment this being holiday time, given at the Ataneo by the Jesuit pupils, drill, acting and music. The boys were all alive in the music from toe to head. Then there were beer and cigars. Beer is a luxury, a shilling for a small bottle.

The Dominicans. We called there at the archbishop's wish and found them rather distant. They have the university, S. Tomas, not more than 250 students, amongst whom we found Mr. Farthing, a native of the diocese of Maitland, who knew Brother Daniel well. He was waiting for his letter from Bishop Dwyer to be ordained by the archbishop of Manila. There are seminarians there too. He told us the Dominicans are very unpopular. There is a large number of them still in Manila engaged only in teaching. They have the church of St. Dominic attached to the large convent near S. Tomas, also another church nearby. Mr. Farthing received gratefully Mother M. Gertrude's letter and enclosure. He told me he would have been ordained with Mr. Wright, another S.J. student, very clever, if he had his letter. He said they had no spiritual training. We saw the church and the crib and the statue of Our Lady of the Rosary, so rich in ex votos, jewels etc. There was little or no cordiality, although I told them my brother was an O.P. Their church is very fine, and the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary.

The Augustinians. They are a fine lot of men, about forty of them. They were kind and cordial and invited us to come again and see their church. The superior has a good nose. One spoke English very well, has been in America. They as well as the Dominicans have large, very large, convents and much property. Pity they don't sell to the Jesuits next door. All of them are *intra muros*, the walled city, fortified by their great walls six or eight feet thick in the massive fortress. They go out every evening for a walk and a smoke on the Luneta.

The Recoletos (Taft speaks of them as Franciscans, though they are reformed Augustinians). They also have a long standing in the Islands and have still two or three churches in Manila. In Cebu there are only two Augustinians, one white and the other Recoletos. The Recoletos have a magnifi-

cent church in Manila, S. Sebastian built in Belgium of steel with two towers and spires equal in appearance to some of the finest cathedrals in Europe and showing no signs of being affected by earthquakes. The archbishop says the Recoletos are doing a great deal of good at this church.

The Franciscans. We did not see them at all, but we heard everything good about them. They were always and still are very popular. They are gradually and quietly spreading and taking up vacant parishes in Jaro diocese and elsewhere. They were not included in the indemnity of seven millions. Out of the 900 or 1000 Friars who were here at the American occupation only 250 remain. The Jesuits who had done so much for religion in the Islands were expelled or withdrawn in 1767 but returned about 1850.

The C. Ms or Fathers of Paul as they are called number about forty and are doing good work, especially in Cebu, where they have charge of the seminaries, large and small. The number of students in the former is seventeen or eighteen and in the latter about forty. In all attending the college there are about 250. The superior seems to be an able and practical man and is putting up new buildings and improving the old, chiefly with cement. The college, Seminario de San Carlos, was built by the Jesuits and is very large. Iron roofs are found to be better than tiles to withstand earthquakes. Near the college is the celebrated fort built in the seventeenth century by a Jesuit. We saw in Manila an American or Irish Vin just arrived from St. Louis in delicate health who has care of 2000 Sisters of Charity in America, Father Lennon, a very nice man.

There are some Capuchins also, not very many and not long in the Islands and apparently not popular. There are about twelve. The Benedictines came about twelve years ago and number about twenty. They have a parish in the island of Mindanao, diocese of Cebu, and are doing well. Abbot Torres was there<sup>17</sup>.

According to Taft<sup>18</sup> there are about 900 parishes. Some of them are in possession of Aglipayans, and where they did not get possession of the church and convento they put up wooden structures with a little tower and spire. Aglipay, Obispo Maximo Independent Philippines Catholic Church, offered to take five or six thousand dollars and retire some time ago, but the bishops and Apostolic Delegate did not think it wise to compromise nor could they trust him as regards his return or the substitution of another who would succeed him. He dresses as a bishop. Some of the priests who joined him have returned and are doing well DG&M. According to Taft, the osten-

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<sup>17</sup> Dom Fulgencio Torres O.S.B. succeeded the founder, Dom Rosendo Salvado as Abbot of New Norcia in Western Australia. He came to Australia from the Philippines.

<sup>18</sup> William Howard Taft under President McKinley held the post of president of the Philippines Commission from 1902 until 1914, when he became President of the United States. Cf *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, XXI, 1962, 750-752.

sible reason of the schism was the refusal of Rome to command the withdrawal of the friars.

The Filipino priests we met at Cebu are excellent men. One is V.G., another chancellor and both are monsignori. There is also an excellent priest who has charge of a leper settlement supported by charity. He told us he was chaplain, governor and doctor, and the bishop said that very probably the government would employ him in its institution and subsidise him. He says leprosy is not contagious nor hereditary.

No Filipinos have been received into any of the religious orders since 1832. In 1898 during the insurrection forty friars were killed and 300 were imprisoned and were delivered only by American troops. Before 1800 there were twelve Filipino bishops, three of them in Cebu.

We had an interview on Friday 29<sup>th</sup> December with His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, during which he showed great interest and zeal for the Church in the Islands. He had already succeeded in getting fifty Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres. Some are in charge of a hospital in Manila, some in Vigan (?), and some are going to Jaro. He was anxious as to whether we could get some Sisters for him. He spoke of a Padre attending the wedding of his own daughter and being at the wedding ball. He read for us the Bishop of Jaro's letter complaining of the state of things and discouragement. The archbishop says the bishop is something of a malcontent and is not sufficiently diplomatic for the success of his administration.

We embarked on the afternoon of the 29<sup>th</sup> on the "Viscaya" for Cebu, having to walk on an unprotected gangway and try to get past as best we could. After steaming about thirty miles south we came to a full stop and entered quarantine for 24 hours. This was at Marivalles. The voyage from Manila to Cebu generally takes only 48 hours, but the doctors insist on at least 72 hours in order to give full time for the development of symptoms of cholera, which DG&M we escaped.

The "Viscaya" is unquestionably a dirty boat, like all Spanish boats and houses. Amongst the curiosities on board was a pet pig whose gruntings at my cabin door woke me the first morning. The meals are served in a dirty manner, although they are plentiful and varied. Onions prevail in every dish. Wine, too, is supplied gratis. None of the officers could speak English. We had two Americans as passengers and a mestizo merchant who attended our Masses together with a number of the muchachos and two women. A Jesuit laybrother served our Masses. When I went to him the first night and tried to make him understand that we had the means of having Mass on board, he showed the proverbial caution of the Society, asking were we Catholics. Beer costs on board one peso (two shillings) for a small bottle.

We arrived in Cebu on New Year's Day 1906. The celebrated "Joe" came on board, but as we were going to dinner at 6 p.m. he went back saying

that he would come back to fetch us, but “he never did”, and we were watching for him up to 9 o’clock, when a Scotsman who came on board began to talk with us and through him we got the captain’s boat to convey us on shore. Father Provincial did not like to go in the canoe with outriggers. When we got to the shore, as it was low water, we were carried on the shoulders of the sailors who rowed us, and we employed two wagons to take ourselves and our baggage to the palacio. There we found all in bed and the bishop out to dinner. A young student who had his room near the entrance said we were to go to the seminary a short way off, conducted by the Vincentians, or as they call them “Padres de Paulo”. There he roused them as they were in bed and got a room with two beds, which was soon made ready by a laybrother and some muchachos. There was not much sleep for us as the students who were over our heads rose at 4 a.m. making a considerable racket. We said Mass in the seminary church, which is being repaired – new roof of iron. It was built by the Jesuits nearly 300 years ago. Breakfast of cold coffee and dry bread. Then we went to see the bishop, who received us kindly but somewhat stiffly. Bishop Hendrick is a tall man with a kindly face, deep set eyes, wears spectacles, and in manner is “vurry American” but by no means gushing.

At dinner or luncheon there was the bishop, on his right Mgr. Singzon (sic) V.G., Father Provincial, Father Lynch S.J. who had been staying in the palace for three months looking after the English-speaking Catholics and teaching, Mr. Caine and “Joe”, the bishop’s factotum, an American whose ecclesiastical studies had been interrupted and who came over here with the bishop to resume them in Manila but quickly learned Spanish and Visayan and therefore became a necessity for the bishop. On the bishop’s left sat Padre Juan, Chancellor of the diocese, myself, Mr. Caine a young convert parson from America and Charley Curry, son of the governor of Samar. Then there were the muchachos, about ten, with the Chinese cook and assistant, the dog, the cat, the monkey and Juanzo in his little short shirt. The whole picture gives an idea of the good bishop’s character, big-hearted, glad to see everyone happy, making use of others to do all for him, no method or business habits, yet able to hold his own with any people, talks well, was a literary man in the U.S. where he was pastor of St. Brigid’s, Rochester and regent of N.Y. University, heard his mother speak of Canon Frank O’F when he was in Buffalo. He looks over sixty but is only fifty-six. We were left to ourselves until dinner or supper at 8 p.m. The custom is to take a siesta after lunch and not go out until after three. We returned to the seminary after lunch. Next day Father Lynch was to take his departure for Mindanao, so after he went we were installed in his room in which were two beds. The room lay between the room of the V.G. and that of the chancellor, P. Juan, with a door of communication with each – very inconvenient, since we could

not disturb them at siesta time and at night had to retire immediately after supper.

The toilet requisites were of the scantiest and had to be applied one after another, no bath except by going through P. Juan's room to a corner of the balcony where there was a large jar and an old tin, no clean towels, no slops removed till night and then or at any other time thrown out of the window. Father Provincial was disgusted. The bishop never troubled about these or other such things and put up with the old regime himself.

Fancy! A muchacho is sweeping the hall or anteroom in the palace, and having got through some of it, lies down beside his little brush and has a sleep and then resumes work. The palace is not much compared with many of the conventos. The ground floor is merely a coach house, though the young student, Gelasio Ramirez, has a room there. The convento on the other side of the street, where the parish priest and his assistant live is much larger and more commodious. From my window in the palace where I sat so long reading and smoking what curious sights I saw: a) the little girl rolling on the ground and stamping, b) the kid holding on to his mother while she smoked a cigar and he a cigarette, c) the pig suspended by its four feet from a pole carried by two men, d) the women carrying great loads on the head, e.g. eight bolsters: they walk so gracefully, e) stooping down to sit on the heels to have the goods, fruit etc. examined, f) Padres always drive, not walk, g) little girls catching grasshoppers and eating them.

The bishop took us out with him to a little country house belonging to the seminary, where all the boys went out for the day with five or six of the Fathers (C.M.). We were out for lunch, which we enjoyed. The boys' band played, they drilled and marched. The seminarians were in black soutanes with cornered caps, the younger seminarians in blue with black sleeves. The grounds were full of women and children, the women having stalls of fruit, nuts, lemonade, sweets etc. The good old bishop got the children around him and having previously provided himself with centavos, scattered them among them for a scramble or bought up some of the women's baskets for them. He also distributed among the college boys a basket of peanuts of which he himself is very fond and eats a quantity. Returning in the afternoon, we called at the convento where Father Phil Flores lives, who for twelve years has cared for the lepers in the hospital close by, a fine priest. He told us about the lepers, how he begs for them, acts as superintendent, Father and doctor by turns. He offered, like all the priests who are most hospitable, cigars and beer, and beer is very dear in the Islands. S. Miguel's brewery has a monopoly. Father has over 300 lepers in his charge. He does not think it contagious but infectious. Married people live together without one taking it from the other, and children born of a leprous mother do not contract it. People all along the road kneel for the bishop's blessing, which he gives lav-

ishly. The dress of the coachman and footman is a caution, the old, drab-coloured tall hats turned up at the sides with rosettes, and the old carriage like a hearse.

The 4<sup>th</sup> January was a real gala day in Cebu. It was the installation in the cathedral of Father Juan, the chancellor, as a domestic prelate of His Holiness, henceforth to be known as Mgr. Gorardo. There was High Mass at eight. A procession started from the palace with altar boys and clergy followed by the bishop and Mgr Singzon (?). The cathedral bells pealed and swung uproariously; guns or mortars went off. The bishop gave holy water at the door and then all came down to the sanctuary where we were seated. The sanctuary was a wonder. An immense picture, not painted certainly by one of the great masters, stretched across the whole breadth of the sanctuary behind the altar, about fifty or sixty feet. There were men, women and angels, terraces of houses? Various animals, including a lion with an enormous tail which covered a good portion of the picture. There were churches and conventos and palaces, trees and shrubs, all in the gaudiest colours.

The bishop took his seat on the throne assisted by the V. G and another. He blessed the purple robes and then invested the monsignor, after which High Mass began with Padre Eleutherio as celebrant. The high collars worn by the ministers astonished me. Instead of adding to the inconveniences one would have thought they would have sought relief from the heat. The music was not much as far as I could judge, but the great clash of organ, orchestra, bells and mortars at the elevation as the grand music of the Spanish anthem burst upon our ears was grand, majestic, divine. I heard that this anthem is not sung except before the king and queen and the Blessed Sacrament.

A curious ceremony was that of conducting the preacher to the pulpit. After the Gospel a general movement in the sanctuary and church was noticeable. The V.G. was the preacher for the occasion. He is not above five feet high, but he got a lift that day. A number of Padres – I presume the chapter, as they were so venerable – came out from stalls or benches and waited in the middle of the sanctuary while the little monsignor prayed. Outside the gates of the sanctuary a similar movement was taking place among the laity and a number of the principal gentlemen came up and waited outside the sanctuary gates. Then the preacher rose and after a genuflection and inclination to the bishop the gentlemen outside the sanctuary, the venerable padres in the sanctuary and altar boys formed a procession to lead the preacher to the pulpit, which was extremely high and gave the monsignor the appearance of a bird perched above or a little bantam going to crow. He preached in Spanish. I could not follow him. I heard him mention the name of St. Alphonsus. The sermon over, the Mass proceeded and at the Agnus Dei when the pax is usually given a beautiful silver shrine with a crucifix

was passed round from the bishop by the subdeacon to each of the clergy in choir. When the Mass was over the celebrant chanted the Te Deum, the choir took it up, the great bells tolled, the fans of the ladies waved, every bell was brought into motion. But what attracted my attention especially was the circle of twelve bells in the sanctuary. They were attached to a wheel like the wheel of a coffee mill. There was a handle which an altar boy turned, setting all the bells in motion, and a very sweet tingling they made. I looked to see where these bells were and could not discover. I thought they were attached to the fans of the ladies and children, but it was only after it was all over I was told the secret, and afterwards I found the same wheel in other churches we visited. In fact, there is hardly any church that doesn't possess the wheel. The Te Deum over, a procession formed as before and the bishop returned to the palace, where a reception was held and the new monsignor congratulated. The clergy come from the convento in soutane and ferriola, each carrying his lighted cigar in the most approved fashion. Two good bands each wearing uniform discoursed beautiful music before the palace gate and convento. Father Provincial and myself had just been presented with good cigars which we had lighted and followed suit with the others clerics. Entering the grand sala in our habits, holding the cigar between index and middle fingers, bowing to padres and gentlemen and then offering our congratulations to Mgr. Gorado, we took the chair offered and sat down to resume our cigars washing down the smoke with beer or wine which was served round plentifully. The surplice and cap of the clergy and seminarians interested me very much. The surplice is made of a beautiful gauzy material made from the fibre of the pineapple plant and with lacework beautifully done by the hands of Filipinas in schools or institutes. The stuff is of a creamy white generally, but may be dyed as it is to any delicate tint. They also make a similar stuff from the banana fibre. The Sisters of Charity who have an orphan asylum superintend the lacework, and such is the beauty and delicacy that orders pour in upon them beyond their power to fulfil. They make up the whole trousseau of an American bride, and charge well for it. The price of a little handkerchief they were doing was about £4 in our money.

In spite of the bishop's apparently cordial welcome he proved difficult in further negotiations, seemingly unable to come to a definite proposal. Things were not made any easier by Hendrick's departure soon after the arrival of the Redemptorists for Palo on the island of Leyte. It was there that a decision was finally made after the middle of January. His two delighted guests lost no time in communicating the offer to Rome, adding then arguments for and against in a letter signed by both. The arguments against they listed as: "a climate unhealthy for Europeans, severe heat, earthquakes, violent storms or typhoons, fire, hail and stormy winds, together with the uncer-

tainty about finding sufficient provisions”<sup>19</sup>. Their letter received a favourable reading by Father Raus, with a gentle reproof for what he saw as levity in their manner of reporting<sup>20</sup>.

The foundation was to be at Opon (now Lapulapu City) on the island of Mactan. Unfortunately, the bishop had failed to explain to the parish priest, Father Vicente Roa, that he was being replaced by the Redemptorists. It was largely due to the resultant misunderstanding and resentment on the part of the people that the early weeks in Opon were more painful than they needed have been<sup>21</sup>. Father Boylan made it clear that he intended to remain, and he set about learning the Visayan language and even began to hear confessions and preach to the people. It was with evident disappointment that he complied with a summary recall to Europe, to be informed that he had been appointed Bishop of Kilmore in his native Cavan. He died there in 1910.

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<sup>19</sup> BOLAND, *op. cit.*, 249-250.

<sup>20</sup> ID., *Faith of our Fathers. The Redemptorists in Australia, 1882-1982*, Melbourne 1982, 99.

<sup>21</sup> Baily, *Small Net*, *passim*.