

A. M. D. G.

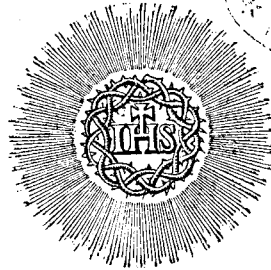
WOODSTOCK LETTERS,

174

A RECORD

*Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with
the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus
in North and South America.*

VOL. IV.



WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. IV., No. 1.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF
NEW YORK AND CANADA.

(Continued.)

APPENDIX.*

The Indian Missions.

When, as stated in the body of the Sketch, Fr. Chazelle with his little band of Missionaries returned in 1842, to Canada, there was no residence in Montreal as yet ready for his reception. To avoid inaction he gladly accepted the parish of La Prairie, a charming village just opposite Montreal, on the St. Lawrence and formerly one of the "Seigneuries des Jesuites." Here in fact, the Fathers had in 1668 planted a small French colony, and laid the foundations of their first permanent mission among the Iroquois, which afterwards became so celebrated under the name of Sault St. Louis.

* The following details are mostly taken from an account forwarded by a former Superior of our Mission, to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The year following Fr. Chazelle's return, the Bishop of Toronto offered the Society the charge of the Indian Missions of his diocese, together with a residence in Sandwich, a town opposite Detroit, on lake St. Clair. This place had formerly been the centre of the missions of the Society among the Hurons and Algonquins, and about it were now collected a great part of the French Canadians who had founded Detroit. For at the time when that city and all the lands on the West bank of the River St. Clair were ceded to the United States, they crossed to the Canadian side, and there preserved their language and their faith. To meet this new offer, two other Fathers left France for Canada, and accompanied by one from Montreal, and two brothers began their apostolic work. In 1844, this mission round which the labors of our Indian missionaries now principally extend, was separated from that of Montreal and under the title of "Mission of Upper Canada" entrusted to Rev. Fr. Chazelle; while that of Lower Canada welcomed Rev. Fr. Martin as its Superior.

At the time of the reinstalment of our Fathers at Sandwich, the Indians who, in olden times, had lived in great numbers around lake St. Clair, had either been almost entirely destroyed or compelled by the whites to transport their wigwams towards the North, and the West. Not more than 1500 of them still remained about the lake, and on the island of Walpole, which lies close to its Eastern shore. Deprived of Catholic missionaries for more than half a century, these poor people had greatly fallen off from their former simplicity and purity of manners. Protestant missions, established, at great expense, by the Bible Societies of England, and powerfully supported by the government, had succeeded in partly estranging them from the Catholic Faith, and had left them plunged in every vice. Drunkenness especially, encouraged by the merciless cupidity of the whites, made fearful ravages among them.

It was under these unfavorable circumstances that Fr. D.

Du Ranquet was directed by Rev. Fr. Chazelle to leave Sandwich, and endeavor to establish himself in the midst of the Indians of Walpole island. With no other help than that of the Brother who accompanied him he built on a corner of the Island a rough chapel, and alongside a hut for a dwelling-place. This done, in a light canoe he went in search of the Indians through that marshy country, intersected as it is in all directions with natural canals; and for six years amid extreme privations and fatigues, he labored in the place with but little apparent fruit. On the one hand, the attachment of the people to their vices, and on the other, the abundant temporal assistance, which they received from the Protestant ministers, prevented their profiting by the exertions of our missionaries. It was not only indifference that thwarted Fr. Du Ranquet's plans for their salvation, positive hatred also rankled in their hearts. On a Sunday, when he had crossed the river to offer the Holy Sacrifice for a congregation of whites, whom he visited from time to time, some of the Indians maliciously set fire to his chapel, which with a portion of his dwelling was soon reduced to ashes. However, the good Father, nothing daunted, at once set about repairing the disaster. A certain number of the natives, who till then had remained unmoved at his trials and suffering, seemed really affected by his recent misfortune and lent him their assistance; only asking in return that he would remain among them, as long as he could. No doubt, their request would have been cheerfully granted, had not Fr. Du Ranquet that very year, 1849, unexpectedly received an order to leave Walpole for the island of Manitouline.

This new field opened to his zeal, is the largest of the almost countless islands that dot the great lakes of North America, and lies in the northern portion of Lake Huron, running East and West for a distance of nearly 80 miles. The greater portion of it is studded with more than 30 small lakes, while the rest, at the time of which we speak,

was covered with immense forests. Near the Eastern extremity of the island, on the shores of Wikewemikong or Castor Bay, a devoted Canadian priest, Rev. Father Proulx, had some years previous planted a large cross, and around it had succeeded in gathering a number of Indian families. The village thus formed he called "Holy Cross," and in it he protected his flock against the pernicious influence of their Protestant neighbors so plentifully assisted by the Government. F. Proulx, however, soon perceived that in spite of all his efforts he would be unable to carry out, single-handed, the work he had undertaken, and that a religious Order would be more likely to succeed in it. He accordingly offered our Fathers the charge of his little flock at Holy Cross : and in the fall of 1843 Fr. P. Choné was sent with one Brother to relieve the devoted priest.

The importance of this Residence of Holy Cross on Manitouline Island, soon determined the Superiors to despatch some more Fathers to the aid of Fr. Choné. Fr. Joseph Hanipaux* was accordingly sent thither in 1845 ; and about the same time, Fr. D. Du Ranquet, as already mentioned, received word to leave Walpole for this more important centre of action. Still later, Fr. Nicholas Point joined the little community on Manitouline and erected a church there for the poor Indians. Important though this station was, a single residence did not suffice to enable the Missionaries to visit all the Indians, scattered as they were over the country, especially in the neighborhood of Lake Superior : and it was the desire of remedying this that induced Fr. Chazelle to undertake the journey during which he died. After his death Fr. Menet, at the earnest solicitation of Mgr. Baraga, Bishop of the new diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, was sent to assist his Lordship in his noble labors for the conversion of the Indians.

*This devoted Father died not long ago at Quebec, after 27 years of labor in our Indian Missions. See "Woodstock Letters," vol. i, p. 122.

It was at this time the policy of the English Government, to portion off the Indians everywhere into "Reserves" at a distance from the sites which it wished to occupy. Thus, on the Canadian side of the River of Sault Ste. Marie they were forced to leave the shores of the Sault and occupy a Reserve 12 miles further down, near a river which they, through longing regret for their old haunts, called the River of the Desert, but which the whites, as if in derision, named Garden River. Amongst these exiled tribes Fr. Kohler* took up his residence. Finally in 1852, Fr. Du Ranquet once more changed his residence, and set out for the purpose of founding a new house at Fort William, near the northern extremity of Lake Superior. An agency of the Hudson Bay Company established on this spot makes it one of the most important points in that part of the Canadian territory.

These three Residences comprise all our Indian Missions in Upper Canada, or Ontario : each one being a centre for long excursions radiating in all directions whether in Canada itself or in the United States, wherever a few natives happen to be collected. The various tribes scattered about these parts are all of the great Algonquin family ; but it is difficult to estimate their exact number, which probably does not exceed 10,000. Of these only one-third are Catholics, a thousand perhaps, call themselves or allow themselves to be called Protestants ; the rest are infidels.

The question has often been asked what results can be shown to have repaid the devotedness of the missionaries ; but to arrive at a just appreciation of these results, regard must be had both to the character of the Indians and their actual circumstances. As to their character it is almost proverbial ; and modern civilization seems to have stopped short of their wigwams.

*This Father perished about 2 years ago in a shipwreck on Lake Huron.

Owing to their inferiority of intellect and inconstancy of disposition, this poor race seems capable but of a very limited degree of cultivation ; and hence, they have no prospect of success among the whites, unless the latter, with compassionate charity, take care of them as they would of children. This is what the Catholics of Canada have been doing for a long time back. But where can this spirit of faith and charity be found in the governments of our day ? True, they take some precautionary measures to avoid still greater evils, but the glaring fact still stares them in the face, that wherever the Indians come into habitual contact with the whites, their moral corruption, and, as a necessary consequence, their gradual extinction, is the inevitable result. Before passing judgment then on the labors of our missionaries, it will be much to the purpose to glance at the results achieved by the English government working under the most favorable conditions possible, and with unlimited resources. To insure the success of its undertaking it began to build for the Indians the village of Manitouang, a few miles west of Holy Cross ; and was overjoyed to find them all eager to avail themselves of the advantages thus offered them. A church and a school were erected ; and their necessary appendages, a minister and a schoolmaster were, no doubt for a *slight* compensation, prevailed on to forego the luxuries of civilized society and devote their lives to the moral and mental enlightenment of the benighted natives. A number of master-craftsmen, and of ordinary laborers in iron and wood were also secured to erect houses for all who wished to abandon their wandering mode of life for more sedentary occupations. Such was the foresight of the Protestant government, that, to provide *with more than ordinary pressure against any sudden return* of the old love for the woods and prairies, each homestead was to be surrounded by a charming little plot of ground enclosed with palings. Here the Indian could once more don his hunting gear and

give chase, at least for the space of a few yards, to some unsuspecting squirrel ; or daubed with his war-paint could recline in his rustic arm-chair, under a transplanted tree of the forest, and shoot his poisoned arrows against the painted stakes of his fence. The excess of pressure thus innocently removed, he could pick up his arrows, return in a twinkling to the bosom of civilization ; and having washed off all the war-paint and slept off any remnant of the old forest-feeling—could, the following day, hoe his potatoes as usual with the rest of the warriors. Yes, *hoc* his potatoes, for, to leave no stone unturned for the happy issue of its enterprise, the government had provided abundant implements of husbandry ; and these, together with various kinds of seeds and grains, fine cattle and young fruit trees, were at the disposal of the Indians, while skilful workmen were hired to instruct the uninitiated.

The only conditions for the enjoyment of these advantages were docility in submitting to the regulations, assistance at the meeting-house once a week, sedate behavior during the minister's sermon and the sending of the children to the school.

As long as the presents lasted and the distribution of provisions, clothing, &c. continued—all was well ; but after a while the government deemed the Indians fully settled down, and sufficiently instructed in the manner of providing for their wants by their own labor, so that it gradually diminished the great expenses thus far incurred in their behalf. Surely it was not exacting too much to ask them to hew their own fire-wood in the adjoining forest ; especially when the means of transport were furnished gratuitously. The government accordingly represented to them the propriety of their so doing. But civilized life had so far sharpened Indian natural shrewdness that the object of all this solicitude hit on a much simpler plan for procuring fuel ; and judging it labor lost to fell trees and cart wood when there was just at hand such an abundance of splen-

did palings, perfectly dry and all ready for the fire, they showed their predilections by daily multiplying the breaches in their neat little fences. The destruction of the palings was at once followed by a series of representations on the part of government, of reproaches, and of menaces ; it even forced itself into the minister's Sunday sermons ; but to no purpose : it was necessary to treat the Indians as spoiled children, and "pass their imperfections by." When the palings had disappeared and thus reduced the trim gardens to their original prairie-like appearance, the beams inside the houses were attacked, then the flooring, doors and lastly the outside porches. All the dwellings were treated in the same way, and when all vestiges of timber had vanished from them, the agricultural implements were next seized and broken to bits, to secure the wood work. The domestic animals could not long be kept from the voracity of the Indians, and what with the houses for fuel and the oxen for food, the natives were indebted to the Government for many a hearty meal. A few years later, tired of so many useless efforts, it ceased its frequent distributions and at once the Indians dispersed, quitting the famous village, now composed only of the school, the meeting house, and a few of the government buildings. About this group of dwellings, portions of the chimneys of the former houses of the Indians still stand : an ironical protest against the powerless efforts of all civilization of which the Church is not the author, and the motive power, religion.

Meanwhile, what was passing, a few miles off, at the village of Holy Cross ? The principal resources of the Catholic Missionaries there, were the alms received from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith ; but the grace of God enabled the devoted Fathers, even with such limited means, to succeed in overcoming the natural indolence and carelessness of the Indians. On plans drawn up by the Missionaries, and without the aid of the whites, if we

except two or three coadjutor Brothers of the Society, the Indians built a large stone church, and a house for the Fathers, also of stone ; moreover a school for their children, and finally frame houses for themselves along regular streets traced out for them beforehand. All these labors presupposed a great number of others, all which they performed themselves. Thus they had to fell the trees, and hew the timbers for the frame-work, quarry the stones, dig out the lime and prepare the mortar. All that was bought for them were planks for flooring, which it would have been more costly to cut in the woods. The secret of this success lay in the fatherly encouragement given to the Indians, and the judicious payment for their services. Large quantities of warm clothing, and provisions, such as flour and especially salt meat were purchased, and all the work was paid for in these articles. During all the time these labors lasted, the Indians lived contented, happy and quiet ; and acquired, as far as their nature admits, a habit of working which they have ever since preserved. To encourage them still more, and reward them for their perseverance, the Fathers built them a small water-mill to grind their grain ; but as the island could boast of no river near the village, they could only succeed in forming a very small reservoir. It was however sufficient to grind the produce of each year. In spite of all of these favorable prospects the Missionaries had still their share of anxiety, owing to the total want of foresight on the part of the Indians which seems to be an incorrigible defect of their character. These simple natives had to be continually urged and entreated not to let the time for planting or sowing pass by ; but once the seed began to appear above the ground, the contrary excess had to be guarded against, and no little eloquence was necessary to prevent their reaping before the crops were ripe, or setting off on a hunting or fishing excursion just at harvest time. It was necessary, besides, to conceal the grain to be used as seed the following year, as it is almost impossible

for the Indians to resist the temptation of devouring everything within their reach. All these cares, and many others besides, required no doubt on the part of the missionaries great patience and watchfulness ; in a word, great charity with all the qualities enumerated by St. Paul. But in the end, they obtained what seemed impossible, and what really is so, even with unlimited resources for a government unaided by the charity of Jesus Christ. In fact this village of Holy Cross in 1872 contained about 500 souls, twice as many as can be found in any other settlement throughout the whole country, except similar Reserves attended by the Sulpician and Oblate Fathers near Montreal. Moreover the Indians live there peaceably, no police being necessary to maintain order ; they assist orderly at the religious offices, regularly approach the Sacraments, many very frequently ; while the children assiduously frequent the schools. Pious sodalities have been organized for all—men, women, boys and girls—and to enable each to assemble its members apart, a little chapel has been erected by the Indians themselves without any help from the Missionaries.

The Indiān Administration could not see without chagrin the very different results of its own efforts and of the labors of the Fathers ; and to do away with the standing condemnation of its method, resolved with more or less compensation made to the natives, and a more or less forced consent extorted from them to appropriate the whole of the island. But many of the Indians especially those of Holy Cross were opposed to all cession. The same means however that procures *majorities* in more civilized assemblies were employed, not without effect, in the forest council of Manitouline, and the Government triumphed. To appear condescending in its victory, and throw around its proceedings an air of justice, it left to the Indians of Holy Cross the eastern extremity of the Island, in which the village lies. This small portion then about the twelfth part of the entire island, still remains to them—though they cannot be

said to possess it, but only to have the use of it, and a very restricted use at that. Under the pretence of preventing the destruction of the forest, they are forbidden to sell to the whites the timber that grows in the neighborhood; they can only deliver it up to the Indian administration at a fixed price far less than they could obtain elsewhere.

Providence however seems to have wished to punish the cruel rapacity of the administration, as two large conflagrations have, within a few years of each other, all but entirely consumed the forests that still remained in the Reserve; and even burned in great measure the very soil which is now almost entirely unfit for cultivation. The state of poverty to which the village is thus reduced, encourages the hope that the government will make no more efforts to deprive the Indians of what remains of their once lordly possessions. Though deprived of the riches once spread over their land, the water still furnished an abundant means of support in the rich fisheries near the Island. But the government hankered after these too; and having *purchased* the right of possessing the Island, concluded, according to the immemorial law of the lion's share, that the fisheries had been surrendered with the land.

A number of speculators of Upper Canada had for a long time coveted these sources of wealth, and accordingly bought them of the administration. Great was the indignation of the Indians, when they learned this new invasion of their rights, of which there had not been the slightest question in the pretended contract for the cession of their Island. They therefore resolved to oppose this usurpation, and, in fact, when the whites came to fish at these ancient fisheries, the natives drove them away, and for the time being, had the advantage by reason of their number. This incident, which the administration, accustomed to the usual inert docility of the Indians, did not expect, was nevertheless heard of with pleasure. There was at length legal matter to justify the application of force and to put down,

by a great stroke of authority, all further resistance to the *civilizing* efforts of the Government. An act of rebellion had been consummated, and the Missionaries, whom the entire village obeyed, had no doubt been the instigators of the revolt. A warrant of arrest was at once issued against the Indians accused of the act of violence, and against the Superior of the Missionaries ; while the person to whom the fisheries had been sold was himself endowed with the necessary authority, and, accompanied by a sufficient number of men, embarked for the village of Holy Cross. On landing he went straight to the home of the Missionaries, and summoned the Father, whose name was on his warrant, to follow him on board his boat. Now the accusation had so little foundation, and the warrant had been so hurriedly issued, that the Father accused by name was actually absent from the Island ; having left for a tour throughout the Mission, before the breaking out of the troubles in question. The man with the warrant was not prepared for this, and feigned at first to disbelieve the absence of the Father ; but as it was a fact too easily proved, he bethought himself of a way out of his difficulties. "No matter about the name," said he to Fr. Choné who received him, "if it was you who were in the Island during the rebellion, it is you who are its author, you must follow me." As there was no order of arrest against *him*, Fr. Choné positively refused to obey.

While these things were taking place, the Indians of the village, suspecting what was toward, had surrounded the house and penetrated into the room where the scene was passing. The discussion was growing warm : the man of the warrant fearing to fail in his attempt, if he did not bring it to an end at once, produced irons to fether the Father's hands, when a shout of indignation burst from all parts of the room. The man drew a revolver, and threatened to kill whoever should attempt to oppose the execution of his orders. An Indian thrust himself before the pistol, and baring his bosom : "Kill me if you wish," said he, "but woe

to you if you dare." It was a critical moment : the Father wishing to prevent, at any price, the shedding of blood, ordered the Indians to withdraw and said to the man, that, though protesting against the injustice and illegality of the proceeding, still he would follow him. The Indians obeyed the Father, and the latter departed at once with the man and his followers, who steered straight for Sault Ste. Marie, where the court was sitting which was to try the authors of the rebellion. Sault Ste. Marie is about 150 miles from the village of Holy Cross ; and was reached only the next day, when the Father and his accusers appeared before the court. The arrest being so evidently illegal, and so complete the absence of proof regarding any offence on the part of the Father, he was immediately acquitted, and the man of the warrant reprimanded by the court, for having exceeded his powers. Covered with confusion and full of rage, he reëmbarked, and, the following night, when the boat was in the middle of the lake, disappeared. He had been seen on deck the evening before, silently pacing to and fro with a gloomy air that bespoke some dark intention. Every one understood that despair had caused him to throw himself into the lake. Some weeks later, after much search, the remains of his dead body were found.

Such was the end of this *appeal to the law* ; the punishment of the guilty one being so striking, no further measures were taken to punish the rebellion of the Fathers. Force however was used to prevent the Indians from troubling for the future the whites in the working of the fisheries ; and after the first excitement was over, the Indians with their natural apathy and the consciousness of their inferiority, resigned themselves to endure what they could not prevent ; thus the village was quiet again for a time.

Somewhat later an attempt was made by the Indians of Holy Cross to avail themselves of the right secured to them by an early treaty with the English to govern themselves, at least in the interior of the Reserve ; but the only

reply of the Government was the throwing into prison of the foremost among the agitators. Fr. Choné himself, with the ancient treaty in his hand, went to plead the cause of his poor Indians before the Government in Canada, but he was not even listened to ; some independent journals published his appeal, but no more attention was paid to it, and the entire spoliation of the Indians was an accomplished fact.

Manitouline, the Island of the Great Spirit, has thus lost the character it once had as the last stronghold of Indian nationality ; but the village of Holy Cross still possesses in the eyes of the Indians a great prestige as centre of the Religion of the Great Spirit. At Corpus Christi, the procession in the village, and the ceremonies performed with all possible solemnity, attract the Indians from great distances, so that an unusual number of boats and canoes, for several days together, cover the bay with life. The concourse, however, is less now than formerly, owing to the greater poverty of the Indians, and the disappearance, through the want of products for barter, of the fair that used to be held on occasion of this feast.

If all the Catholic Indians were able and willing to assemble at Holy Cross, their religious instruction would be more easy and complete ; but deriving their principal means of subsistence from hunting and fishing, from maple sugar and wild fruits, they are unable to live together in great numbers ; especially now when the resources are as rapidly diminishing as the whites are advancing. The great number collected at Holy Cross is therefore an exception ; and besides the Catholics of this village, about an equal number are scattered throughout that part of the Mission intrusted to the Fathers of Holy Cross. For this reason, while one of the Fathers stays at the village, the other, or the others, if there are several, are obliged to scour the country, summer and winter, across forests and lakes, in search of their flock. In summer, the Missionary sets out

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in a little bark canoe, light enough to be carried from one river to another, or to be taken from the water where rapids prevent navigation. But in winter, he has to travel on large snow-shoes, and to draw after him his baggage on a little sleigh. At all seasons, he is obliged to pass the night in the open air, and for this reason, usually carries a buffalo robe to shelter himself against the storms in summer or the cold in winter. Besides this, he needs also a little chapel to say Mass, vestments and books, etc. For the transportation of these objects, one or two Indians usually accompany the Father on his journeys. Arrived at a station of Indians, our Missionary at once sets to work. He begins by reciting, and making them repeat the principal articles of the Christian doctrine ; he then administers the Sacraments, according to their needs, and sees that all fulfil their duty of yearly communion. This done, he sets out for the next station, distant generally several days' journey ; and thus a tour is made, lasting one, two or even three months.

During the fine season, which lasts three, or, at most, four months, some Protestant ministers, mostly Methodists, traverse the country, collecting about them some of the Indians, and not being exacting as to the conditions necessary for the admission of neophytes, usually publish, on their return to the cities of Canada, an account of the astonishing fruits of salvation they have produced ; of the thousands of Indians who have escaped the toils of the Arch Enemy, and the thousands of others, who ask only to hear the good tidings in order to throw themselves on the Lord. A few years of such extensive conversions, would, one would think, leave no more work for the Bible Societies, and yet, strange to say, year after year, new thousands are converted in the official reports and still a few thousands always remain to throw themselves on the Lord the following year—for these, of course, generous contributions are of absolute necessity. Besides these *fine weather missionaries*, there

are at the Island of Manitouline, at Bruce Mines, and at Garden River, near Sault Ste. Marie, stationary Protestant ministers, who have a certain number of Indians settled around them ; but the number of Protestant Indians is very limited ; as the natives that have no fixed abode but wander over the country, are all either Catholics or infidels.

We have spoken almost entirely of the Residence of Holy Cross at Manitouline, because it is the most important of the three ; but the same account may be substantially applied to the other two, except that circumstances in these latter are less favorable for the preservation of the Faith and of purity of morals among the Indians, owing to more frequent intercourse with the whites than exists at Holy Cross.

In the part of the Mission, north of Lake Superior, visited by the Fathers residing at Fort William, there has been for many years past not even the shadow of a Protestant preacher, the country being too wild, and the journey thither too painful. As the Indians are occupied almost entirely in hunting for furs, to be sold to the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, they are almost constantly dispersed in the forests, and can thus be but rarely visited by the Missionary. This is a great drawback, as deprived of the religious instruction, and the immediate society of the Missionary, it is with great difficulty they can preserve themselves from evil.

Such being the actual condition of our Missions of Upper Canada, it may be asked : what is to become of them ? and should we still continue the labors and sacrifices necessary for their existence ?

To the first question, it may be answered that, in all probability, the Indians will remain for quite a while longer, in their present condition, as the greatest portion of their country is unfit for cultivation ; and it will only be in case rich metal mines are discovered, that a large population of whites will resort thither. The advent of the whites would

be sure to drive the Indians further northward ; but even then, the positions occupied by the Catholic Missionaries would be very useful for them to act upon the whites themselves ; and besides, it would be necessary to follow the Indians into their exile ; a fact which would require a still greater number of Missionaries.

As to the second question, it must be confessed, it is not unusual to met with very good people who own themselves wearied at seeing the Indians profit so little by all the efforts made for their improvement. Is it not time at length for these extraordinary cares to cease ? Now that the whites have penetrated so far in every direction, if the Indians have good will, what prevents them from profiting by the advantages of civilization within their reach ? And if they do not wish to do so, have they any right to expect these extraordinary succors ? “In reply to these queries, I can but repeat,” says the Superior of our Mission, referred to in the beginning, “the answer I received from one of these Indians on this very subject. At a visit, I had occasion to make, some years ago, to Holy Cross, Manitouline, the chiefs were assembled at the house of the Missionaries to bid me good-bye. I addressed them a few words, to move them to gratitude towards the Fathers, who were, amid so many sacrifices, devoting themselves to their welfare ; and at the same time, to urge them to greater efforts to place themselves on a level with the whites, in order at length to get on by themselves. They listened with deep attention to my address, which one of the Fathers interpreted for them, *sentence by sentence* ; and when I had finished, one of the chiefs, rising with the approbation of the others, replied in their name : he declared how much he and his companions were convinced of what I had said, and of the advantage they would derive from their emulation of the industry and arts of the whites. ‘But, Father,’ said he, in conclusion—‘there is one thing you have forgotten to take into consideration : that we may be capable of the improvement

which you recommend to us, you must find a means to change our Indian skin into the skin of the whites ; for as long as we remain with the skin in which we were born, we will not be able to acquire more talents and intelligence than the great Spirit has thought proper to allow us. Should you not, then, have compassion on our weakness, and continue to supply us, as your own children, with that aid, without which we will never be able to succeed !

“Such was the really wise conclusion of this Indian, and I had nothing to reply, but that we would continue our assistance as long as possible. In fact, if it be true, as Our Lord tells us, that no one, with all his efforts, can add one inch to the height of his body, it is not less true that our intelligence also has its limits, different, not only in each individual, but also in each race, as the history of all ages clearly proves ; limits which God has with infinite wisdom and goodness fixed in the designs of His Providence, for the greater good of each one. And if we consider what use civilized nations, above all, those of our day, make, for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls, of that elevated degree of intelligence, with which they have been enriched by Divine Providence, we will easily perceive that they have no right to reproach the Indians with their negligence in this respect, and that they should rather apply to themselves the words of our Divine Saviour: “Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.”

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS IN 1730.

*Letter from Rev. Fr. Petit, S. J., to Rev. Fr. Davaugour, S. J.,
Procurator-General of the Missions in North America.*

(Continued.)

So far I have given you a general description of the religious worship of the Natchez. Marriages are contracted among them without much ceremony. The young man who wishes to marry, goes to the bride's father, or in case of his decease, to her eldest brother, and at once treats with him about her dower, which usually consists in hides, articles of furniture and the like. It matters little whether the bride has led a chaste life or not, provided there is hope of a change for the better in married life. As high or low birth is of no consideration, the only requisite is that she be pleasing to the bridegroom. Her parents inquire whether he is a good husbandman, fisherman, or hunter, and according to his excellence in one of these avocations, diminish the dower in proportion.

As soon as these preliminaries have been settled, the bridegroom and his companions go on a hunt, until they have game, or fish, in sufficient quantity to feast the friends of the engaged parties. At the marriage feast, which is held in the house of the bride's parents, the newly married couple are first served, and they eat, in token of affection, from the same dish. After the meal the husband presents his young wife with a pipe of tobacco, the sign of friendship, and afterwards does the same honor to the guests. When they have finished smoking, the guests take leave of

the married couple for the night. Early on the next day the husband takes his wife to her father's house, where she remains in a separate room, until Friendship, as they say, has built her a new hut to live. Whilst it is building, the husband endeavors to procure by the chase good meals for the builders.

The law allows the Natchez to have as many wives as they please. It is customary, however, among the lower classes to take only one or two, while the prince and his subalterns, whose subjects are obliged to till their fields, take many more, as they are able to support them.

The marriage feasts of the princes cost very little. The prince calls the father of the intended bride, informs him that he ranks her among his wives, and concludes the contract with a few presents to the parents. Although the prince has many wives, he only keeps one or two with him in the palace; the rest stay with their parents, where at times he visits them.

On certain days of the month no man is permitted to live with his wife. So far from being jealous, husbands frequently lend their wives to good friends without demanding pay. This *liberal* custom arises from the fact, that as long as a wife has had no children, she can be divorced, but, once with child, the marriage tie can never be severed.

When the Natchez have mustered their forces to wage war with an enemy, the commander-in-chief orders them to plant in the ground two birch trees, which are painted red and adorned with gaudy feathers, arrows, war clubs, etc. The trees are not perfectly erect, but lean toward the hostile country. After the men have armed, and painted their bodies with varied colors and grotesque figures, they present themselves before the chief, who assigns each his particular station and proclaims his readiness to live and die with them. They in turn promise to obey all his orders and to endure with pleasure the toils of war. They rehearse his heroic exploits, and rejoice that they have such

a leader to head them on the field of battle. Finally, they ask to be placed in the first rank facing the enemy, in order to have the first chance to strike off the head of their opponent.

Although the Natchez cut off the heads of their victims in the onset and first fury of the battle, it is to be remarked, that, when the struggle begins to subside, they only cut off the scalps, which are borne home in triumph and hung on the stakes which enclose the narrow court before the temple. The skulls are taken to the cabins.

The commander-in-chief answers the warriors with a few words, and invites them to come on an appointed day to the "taking of war-medicine." This is a strange ceremony. The warriors seat themselves in a circle around a huge caldron, in which certain roots are boiled in water. Two pints of this liquid are portioned out to each warrior, who vomits it forth again, with such yells as can be heard at a great distance.

After this performance the chief appoints the day and hour for setting out. The warriors assemble, in the interval, every morning and evening on the public square, where, amidst the dance, they celebrate their exploits in former wars and chant the funeral song.

He who would see them marching off with all imaginable pomp, would suppose that they were conquerors returning from a glorious victory, or that they were marching to battle so certain of victory, that not even the prospect of a terrible death could cool their ardor for heroic deeds. Yet a trifle is enough to make them lose courage. If only one of them made public a dream that they had been defeated, they would immediately return home. They are great cowards. It is a well known fact that on one occasion the howling of a dog so terrified them that they fled in a panic and ran from the imagined scene of danger, like hares before the hunter's hounds.

They do not march in file, but in straggling bands. Four

or five men precede the main body as scouts, whose business it is to examine the line of march and inform the chief—who follows the troops instead of leading them—of the least sign of danger.

About an hour before sunset they pitch their tents for the night, and kindle a large fire in the middle of the camp. Everyone sleeps with gun in hand. Twenty men or more are sent out in all directions as sentinels, to be on the alert against a sudden attack of the enemy. There are no guards near or in the camp. The chief exhorts the warriors before retiring, not to indulge in too sound slumber, and to have their guns in readiness. He points out a place where all should gather in case the enemy should attack them in the dark. Then all the fires are put out, and everyone rests for the night.

The commander suspends the idols, which are brought along in a bag, from a red staff which is inclined towards the land of the enemy. The warriors dance around them before retiring to sleep, swinging the while their war-clubs in the direction of the enemy.

When the enemy is not far off, the Natchez, if numerous, advance upon him in five or six columns. If they find that their scouts have been discovered and that the enemy is ready for an attack, they generally return home. Before starting, however, they scour the neighboring woods in search for some solitary hunter, whom they either take alive, or kill, in order to bear home his scalp or skull. They enter their villages singing their late deeds and telling how many scalps they have taken.

The prisoners are forced to dance and sing some days before the temple, after which they are handed over to the near relatives of those who fell in battle. These relatives, who yell and weep bitterly whilst the captives are dancing, and dry their tears with the hair of the captured scalps, collect a sum of money for those who brought the prisoners, and finally burn these poor creatures alive.

Names are given to the Natchez warriors by the elders of the nation, which are more or less honorable according to the number of scalps or skulls taken in war. Such is the custom among all the savage tribes of Louisiana. The title of a great murderer, for instance, is earned by capturing ten enemies and twenty scalps. Hence it happens that the exploits of a warrior are known by his name.

If a warrior returns from his first battle with only one prisoner or one scalp, he is not permitted to sleep with his wife or eat flesh-meat, but must be contented with fish and gruel. Should he violate this fast and continence, which last six months, he is made to believe that the spirit of his victim will kill him by magic, and that he can gain no victory in future, but must certainly die by the slightest wound.

The chiefs and officers take special care of the prince, when he accompanies the troops to battle : for should he be captured or killed, they would most certainly be strangled by the people.

The medicine-men of the Natchez are, for the most part, old men, who without any knowledge of medicine, without the use of herbs or roots, pretend to heal diseases by magic. They sing and dance around the patient day and night, all the time swallowing the smoke of a large pipe of tobacco. They abstain from all food during the performance, and, on account of the ceaseless contortions of their naked bodies, foam at the mouth. The medicine-man constantly carries with him a small basket in which he keeps the spirits of health, such as roots of various kinds, little bags tipped with the hair of wild beasts, teeth of animals, polished pebbles, and the like. He calls upon them, without ceasing, to cure the patient.

Some of the medicine-men carry about with them a safety-root, which renders harmless the bite of the most venomous serpents, and, when they have rubbed their hands and body with it, they can lay hold of the most deadly vipers without danger of being bitten. Others cut open

the affected part of the patient's body with a piece of flint, and, applying the mouth to the wound, suck out all the blood, which they spit out along with a little cake of leather, wood, or straw, that had been concealed under the tongue, and cry out to the bystanders : "See, here is the true cause of the malady." If the sick man recovers, the medicine-man keeps the large sum of money which was paid before hand, and receives unbounded praise. Should the patient die, the impostor is beaten to death with clubs by the friends of the deceased, without any interference on the part of relatives ; such being the custom of the land.

There are likewise among the Natchez old sluggards, who give out that they can cause fair or rainy weather at pleasure. They shrink from the labor which agriculture, fishing and the chase require, and, consequently, take to cozenage in order to support their families. In springtime, the inhabitants of each settlement gather in public meeting and raise money to buy from a deceiver good weather for the year. A year of plenty makes the man's fortune : but, if there be a scarcity, his head is broken. The business costs him little labor. He begins with a strict fast. Then he dances to the shrill notes of a fife filled with water, which he pipes against the clouds where they are thickest. This done, he takes in one hand the *Sissi Knai*, which resembles a child's rattle, and in the other his idols, and, stretching them toward heaven conjures the clouds to pour themselves out upon the fields. When fair weather is desired, the fife is not used, but the cheat, having climbed the roof of his hut, with menacing gestures bids the clouds begone, and whistles with the mouth so vigorously, as if he meant to blow them away. Should the clouds break and be dispersed, he goes down into the hut, and, singing songs of praise, dances around his idols. He fasts, smokes tobacco, and offers his pipes to heaven if it should wish to use them.

Notwithstanding the merciless butchery of the cozener when his threats are not fulfilled, many willingly stake their

lives in the hazardous business, because the reward for success is very great. Besides, as no fair-weather-maker is allowed to be a rain-maker, the number of such cozeners is increased. Different kinds of weather, they say, have different gods who do not interfere with each other, and, consequently, rain-spirits cannot clear the sky, nor can fair-weather spirits irrigate the fields, their respective powers being limited.

When a Natchez dies, his relatives assemble and weep his death for a whole day. Then they paint his face, dye his hair and adorn it with feathers, and carry him so to the grave, where a gun, a kettle and victuals are put at his side, in order to prevent his suffering from want on the way to the spirit land. From that time the mourners go to the grave every morning and evening, and for half an hour lament over the dead with such cries of grief, as suit their degree of relationship. So when a father dies, the widow shrieks: "oh dear husband!" the children cry: "dearest father!" and others: "oh my father-in-law! oh brother-in-law!" and so on. All who are related to the deceased in the first degree, continue this mourning for three months, during which time they wear the hair short, do not paint their bodies, and absent themselves from all feasts of joy.

When another people honor the Natchez with an embassy, a messenger is sent out to meet the envoys and determine with them the day and hour of their entrance. The prince orders his stewards to make all necessary preparations. They at once appoint the persons who must furnish meals for the guests, as the prince never takes this trouble on himself, but makes it the duty of his subjects. The streets are repaired, and the houses, in which the ambassadors are to be lodged, are cleaned and furnished. Benches are placed under a broad roof on the high mound where the prince's hut stands; and the throne, which is an ornamented chair, is set upon mats.

On the day of the arrival, all the Natchez come from

the seven villages to the mound. The chiefs, judges, and old men, seat themselves on the benches next to the prince, in such order as each one's dignity and the regulations of the stewards require. The envoys halt at the distance of five hundred paces from the prince's throne and sing a song of peace.

An embassy generally consists of thirty men and six women. The six men who surpass the others in handsomeness and clearness of voice, march at the head of their companions, and intone stanza after stanza of the song. The rest of the men follow in ranks of six, repeating each stanza in a bass voice, to which the women, who come last, sing soprano. All of them beat time with little rattles. After the song the prince bids them approach. Those who carry the calumets, or tobacco pipes, at once step forward and begin to sing anew. They advance, dancing now in a thick crowd and the next moment in a sweeping circle, when they fall into line and face the prince. During the dance they contort, swing and twist their limbs in such strange and unnatural ways, that it would not be a wonder if the bones were to fly out of joint. When they reach the mound they dance around the prince's throne, and stroke his body with the pipes from below upwards. This done, they dance back to their companions, and there fill a pipe with tobacco. Then all the envoys leap and dance toward the prince, to whom the noblest among them presents the pipe, while another offers fire. The prince lights the pipe, and blows the first mouthful of smoke toward heaven, the next to the earth, and the rest in the air around. The envoys give pipes to the other princes and chiefs also, so that all may smoke together. When all have done smoking, the envoys step up to the prince and, as a sign of union between the two people, rub his stomach with their hands, and with them stroke their bodies. The pipes are fastened to little forks at the feet of the prince, and the noblest envoy sets forth in a well-conceived speech,

which lasts a full hour, the reasons of the embassy. When he has done, the ambassadors, at a given sign, sit down on the benches which stand in readiness behind the throne. The prince gives a neat answer which lasts as long as the address, and the state judge lights the great peace-pipe, from which each envoy takes a pull and swallows the smoke. The ambassadors are asked by the prince whether they are well, and all the chiefs and elders go one by one and put them the same question, and then lead them to the lodgings, where they are treated to a magnificent banquet.

At sunset the envoys betake themselves to singing and bearing pipes in their hands, to the feet of the prince, and carry him on their shoulders to their lodging. There they quickly spread a hide upon the ground and seat him upon it. One of them steps behind and shakes him by the shoulders, while the rest sit around and sing their warlike deeds. After this ceremony, which is repeated morning and evening for four days, the prince goes home. His last visit has this peculiarity. The ambassadors drive a large stake in the ground on an open field beside their dwelling, and sit down around it. The Natchez warriors dance in gaudy war-dress before them, celebrate their exploits, and beat time by striking the stake with their clubs. At the end of the dance they honor the envoys with presents, such as kettles, pans, axes, guns, powder and bullets.

On the following, the fifth day, the guests are allowed to go about the village, a privilege not granted before. Every evening a festive play is given in their honor on the great meeting place, where men and women in their richest dress dance till late in the night. Before their departure the state judge supplies the ambassadors with all necessaries for the journey.

Hitherto I have described to your Reverence the government, superstition, and manners of the Natchez. I will now lay before you an account of the bold insurrection of this treacherous people against the French.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[*Continued.*]

In August, 1844, Father Barbelin was made Superior of the mission of St. Joseph's, which position he held for a quarter of a century, glorious twenty-five years. At this time Brother Owen Mc Girr was sent to St. Joseph's. Dear old Brother Mc Girr! How I loved him, and admired him, and feared him. His position in the Society was humble, his usefulness great; and happy would it be for many a member filling a more exalted station, did he possess his virtue, or even his natural ability. For many years he performed the duties of his responsible office with fidelity, and his influence for good was second only to that of some Fathers. The friend of the quiet, well-behaved lads, but the terror of the mischief-loving urchins; his bodily strength awed the beggar-impostor, whilst the sharpness of his wit taught the learned professor, who could number his reverend pupils by the hundreds, that logic can be acquired even outside the schools. Simple as a child, his nasal tones have soothed the sorrowing heart of many a poor mother; and ex-Provinceals loved to joke with him as a brother. Dear old Brother Mc Girr, these eyes will be darkened by the shades of death when they do not brighten at the mention of your name.

In 1845 the assistants of Father Barbelin were Fathers Anthony Rey, Francis Vespre and John Blox. Fr. Rey was at that time Socius and Admonitor of the Very Rev. Father Provincial. He was afterwards one of the Chaplains of the United States army during the war in Mexico, and on the 19th of January was murdered by the brigands.

Father Lucas, one of the most remarkable fathers of the Province, a man of deep learning, pure piety, and great natural wit, though nominally stationed at Goshenhoppen, spent most of his time in Philadelphia, where he was much esteemed.

The Spiritual Exercises were given this year by Fathers Rey and Samuel Barber. The eloquence of the latter was such as has seldom been heard, even in St. Joseph's. In the concluding discourse, on Palm Sunday morning, the congregation was so carried away by his pathetic eloquence, that, spontaneously, they fell upon their knees, while every eye shed tears of penitence and joy.

In 1846, Fathers Augustine Mc Mullin and Samuel Mulledy assisted Father Barbelin. These were holy years: Father Barbelin full of zeal and his assistants coöperating with him. Down in the Sunday School, talking with teachers and scholars; up in the Church, exhorting the Sodalists, who then filled the whole body of the Church, and whose singing has never been equalled in Philadelphia; then back again in the Sunday School, to give the parting advice; he was fresh and ready for the vespers with his "few words of edification." Nor was the week spent in idleness. His Temperance Beneficial Society, established in 1840, was to be superintended. His Saint Rose Society composed of ladies of means, whose duty it was to visit the sick; not the poor only, but those of position; carrying some little delicacy and speaking words of consolation and advice, was to be directed. His Dorcas Society, for supplying the poor with clothing, was to be encouraged. His reading room and library, for men and youths, were to be visited. His night school, for apprentice boys, was to be examined. Ladies were stimulated to compose new hymns and adapt new tunes. Children were to be prepared for the sacraments. Novenas were to be performed and practices of piety taught: and while most faithful in the sacred box, and most assiduous in pastoral visits, wisely thinking that

the pastor should know his flock, no Father administered more Baptisms, blessed more marriages, or attended more sick calls.

In 1847, the Church was enriched with a splendid marble statue of our holy father, St. Joseph. Although younger than the conceptions of many of the 'Foster Father,' beautiful is his face as well as that of the Divine Infant. This large, life-size statue, together with the staff, was chiselled from one piece of pure white marble, and cost \$450,00; its present value would be \$1000,00.

On the 21st of February, a collection was taken up for the sufferers by the fearful famine in Ireland, and \$850,00 were raised. When we take into consideration, that St. Joseph's is the smallest parish in the diocese, that it is the one where the ships carrying immigrants arrive, who, instead of bringing funds to the coffers of the Church, remain only until they can obtain a home elsewhere, and very frequently require assistance while they remain and when they go, this collection was surprisingly large.

On November 1st, the "St. Joseph's Catholic Total Abstinence Beneficial Society" held a meeting in the basement, at which, amid great excitement, delegates were appointed to meet Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance.

In 1848 Father Barbelin, with some of the leading Catholic gentlemen, organized a Society for the relief of the distressed immigrants whom the awful sufferings of the famine in Ireland drove to our city; most of whom arrived in our parish. Having served its day of usefulness, crowned with the blessing of the widow and the orphan, and the poor man of family, this Society found itself with a balance in its treasury. From this unusual fact sprang St. Joseph's Hospital. Its inception began in the parlor of St. Joseph's Residence. For a long time, until, after many years of able management by the good sisters of St. Joseph, it was placed in the charge of the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul; the Board of Corporators and Directors met at

St. Joseph's. It is now a noble institution, one of the boasts of Philadelphia Catholics.

In 1849, Fathers Barbelin, Balfe and Thomas Mulledy formed the corps at St. Joseph's, but in midsummer, Father John Lynch, belonging to the Province of Ireland, replaced Father Balfe. About this time Father Visitor Ignatius Brocard began to agitate the question of building St. Joseph's College. At first Father Barbelin objected; he had bought sufficient ground, and had paid off most of the debt of the Church and he was desirous of completely liquidating this debt, and of laying by some funds before commencing so costly an undertaking. But Father Brocard urged and promised assistance from the Province. This assistance Father Barbelin understood as a gift, but it eventually proved a loan. The work was placed in charge of Father John Lynch, who pushed it on with vigor, so that by July, 1851, the building was ready for occupancy. Even at that early season it was foreseen that the proper position for a college would be farther west; still, it was substantially built and was large and airy. Being near the Merchants' Exchange, where all the omnibuses started, it was a very excellent location for the time.

Although ourselves erecting a large structure, in the first two weeks of March, collections were taken up for the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul and over \$2000,00 were realized. In the month of May, a young scholastic, thought to be near his death, was sent to Philadelphia, that he might have the consolation of dying in his native city. He did not die, but immediately his health began to improve. It was then determined to open the College at once, with him as one of the teachers. Father Burchard Villiger, afterwards Provincial, then lately ordained, was appointed Prefect of Studies. Two scholastics, one lay brother, and one secular gentleman formed the corps of professors. It was ordered by the Very Rev. Provincial,

that during the first year, there should be no class higher than the Rudiments, adding a class each year.

The College opened on the 7th of September, the festival of our Mother's Nativity, with nearly one hundred scholars, some of them young men older than their teachers. Under the able management of Father Villiger, discipline was well kept up and the students studied, and had the spirit then instilled been preserved, St. Joseph's College, in the City of Philadelphia, would now number hundreds of classical students.

At the time the College was commenced the poorer boys of the parish were not neglected. The parochial school for boys was re-opened, at first, in the basement, afterwards in a building erected north of the Church, and placed under the care of two lay brothers. It has had varied success; at times, there has been a large school of promising lads, and again the attendance has been small. Some of our most efficient young Catholic gentlemen have been pupils of this school. At present, the number attending is small, and mostly young boys, but it is not deficient in usefulness.

During this year Father John Lynch rented the large house at the southwest corner of Union and Front streets, as a home for young servant girls out of employment. He placed it in the charge of a matron, intending soon to introduce the Sisters of Mercy to preside over it. For its support, on the 28th of September, he established a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul. This institution was ephemerical; but the Conference of St. Vincent was the nucleus of the now powerful and ably managed Particular Conference of Philadelphia.

During this year, Father James Ryder was stationed at St. Joseph's, and began on the second Sunday in September a series of sermons on the Blessed Mother, which he continued until the second Sunday in December,—a series of sermons unsurpassed for their eloquence and learning.

Each discourse seemed to exhaust the matter, only to be equalled if not excelled by the next. The Church was crowded to excess, and the sashes being raised, men filled the quadrangle and the yard on the north side of the Church, listening in rapt attention to the chaste words of the eloquent divine.

In March, 1852, a meeting of Italian Catholics was held in the basement. This meeting gave rise to a movement which eventuated in the building of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi for the Italians. At present there is a fine Church; the new school house and pastor's residence having been burned by the match of the incendiary. Still a large number of the faithful children of sunny Italy prefer to attend the early mass at St. Joseph's.

Father Barbelin thought it now high time to open a school for female children, there not being a single school for Catholic girls in the city proper. For that purpose he called a meeting of the pew-holders, in the basement, on Sunday afternoon, April 4th. He presided, and Wm. L. Hirst, Esq., was Secretary. At this meeting it was resolved to increase the pew rents $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent, and with the fund thus raised to support a free school for girls. I paid a visit with Fr. Barbelin to St. John's Orphan Asylum, the head house in the diocese, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; where he went to make necessary arrangements to obtain sisters as teachers. In the beginning of September, a school was opened in a house in Fourth Street above Willing's Alley, which had been bought for the purpose, with Sisters Veronica and De Sales, and Miss Susan McCaffery for teachers. Now St. Joseph's Academy in Locust Street employs six sisters and has over three hundred pupils, who receive a good English education, and are taught vocal and instrumental music, plain and fancy needle work. This was the first school of the Sisters of St. Joseph's, who now have a splendid Convent and Academy at Mount Saint Joseph, Chestnut Hill; conduct eight select and eleven parochial

schools, besides attending to other institutions of the diocese.

The movement at St. Joseph's Church soon excited the emulation of other congregations, and in the latter part of the year a large meeting was held in St. John's basement of delegates from different churches, to consult on the proper steps to be taken in the matter. The delegates from St. Joseph's were Wm. L. Hirst, John C. Kirkpatrick, James M. Smith, Denis Murphy and Joseph Dimond.

On Sunday, the first of May, the students of St. Joseph's College had their first procession in honor of Immaculate Mary, their chosen Queen of May. Heretofore almost all the public devotions, as May processions, Christmas entertainments, &c., had been confined to the young misses, but now a great change was made; the boys took their proper position—the lead in all such matters. The devotion of May processions was carried to a very high degree of perfection; months were spent in the preparation of the speaking and singing, and large sums of money expended on the adornments and floral decorations. These processions continued for years, when the Scholastic who had charge of them, seeing that the rivalries engendered between the children and the Sodalities were growing into sinful feelings, gave them over; and now the May processions, as in former years, are left to the young ladies.

During this year Father Villiger was succeeded in the Prefecture of Schools, first by Father John Blox and then by Father John McGuigan. The corps of professors consisted of four Fathers, two Scholastics and one lay brother. The attendance was large, the discipline good, and the reputation of the school high even among Protestants, though no Protestant boys were received as pupils.

In August, 1853, as the number of Scholastics was increased to five, a young Father was sent to St. Joseph's, as Minister, Superior of the Scholastics and Prefect of schools. Unhappily discipline relaxed, and on the removal of the

College to Filbert and Juniper Streets, the number of pupils became small.

The promulgation of the glorious dogma of Mary's Immaculate Conception was celebrated with the greatest pomp at St. Joseph's. "All things obey money," and money was not spared. Priests and laity vied with each other in doing their best to honor the occasion; even some Protestants were happy to lend their richest ornaments to grace the celebration. Back of the Altar was hung the rich golden drapery of Mr. Joseph Ingersoll; upon a high pedestal of crimson velvet, glittering with precious jewels, stood a pure white marble statue of the Immaculate Queen; bouquets innumerable of choicest hot-house flowers and candelabra uncountable made everything fragrant and bright. It has been said, when the altars were lighted, hundreds and hundreds of happy tapers glimmered as stars at Mary's feet. The columns and galleries were twined with bright flowers and green foliage, through which twinkled the bright flames of miniature chandeliers, lent us for the occasion—the *tout ensemble* was fairy-like in beauty. So great was the number in attendance, that the crowd extended down Walnut Street to Third and even to the Merchant's Exchange.

The 29th of August was a day not soon to be forgotten in this country. Being confined to my room by a severe head-ache, three scholastics spent an hour around my bed. They were on their way to the College of the Holy Cross, as teachers. At 11, A. M., I sent them down to the refectory to a substantial lunch; and then saying a short prayer in honor of the thorn-crowned head, I walked my floor for hours in intense pain.

About 4, P. M., being relieved, I went out to pay a visit to my mother's. After staying there a short time, I started for home, and on the way met a young lady acquaintance, with face the color of ashes of roses. "Oh! O! Mr. . . . , have you heard the news? the noon train to New York is

smashed up, and oh! oh! oh! the young—the scholastics are all killed.” I waited not to thank her for her kindness: and indeed, Miss Kate Egan has a heart brimming full of kindness for everyone who can lay claim to the title of Jesuit, but started at double quick for Willing’s Alley, where I found that the scholastics were not “*all* killed,” for there was Mr. Woolts under the care of good Dr. Mc Neil. One was dead, one was severely injured, and one was greatly, oh! greatly scared.

Poor Mr. Hugh Rush, a few more weeks and you would have called yourself a man, but suddenly that warm heart ceased to beat. Those who knew you well tell me it was indeed a warm heart that ceased to beat on that memorable 29th of August. You had just finished your retreat, Mary’s beads were in your hands, Mary’s name was on your lips; you were going to instil the love of Mary and of Mary’s Son; but Mary’s Father and your God willed otherwise: as good Brother John Dowling says: “Thanks be to God.”

One Brother dead in Burlington, and another Brother there dying, if not dead! Father . . . , armed with sacred unction, and humble servant, started for Walnut St. Wharf, to take the boat, to take the train, which, it was announced, would, at 6 o’clock, take the relatives and friends of the dead and wounded to Burlington. Six o’clock is passed, 7 o’clock is striking. “Say, sir, is there not a train to take us to Burlington?” asked I of a clerk, who looked as if ever there had been any blood in his face, it had taken lodgings elsewhere. “Yes, sir, we will be ready in a very short time.” Eight o’clock has been counted by the steel tongue of the State House bell. “Mr. E. . . . s,” said I to an employee of the Road whom I recognized as a Catholic, “it was announced that at 6 o’clock, there would be a train to take us up to Burlington. Is there one to go to-night?” “O Mr. . . . ! I hope none of our—of your,—I hope none of our Fathers was on that train?” “Yes, there was one of ours, there were three of ours. Is there

any hope of our getting there to-night?" "Oh! do come with Father . . . over to our house and Mrs. E . . . 's will give you a cup of tea. We cannot get the train started before 10 o'clock, but then you'll go right straight through, without any stopping; you'll get there in ten or fifteen minutes."

At 12 o'clock we started from Camden. Perhaps arrangements had been made, or at least orders given that there should be no stoppages, but this I know that when the engine was within twelve inches of Rancocas Creek, there was a whistle to put down brakes: a whistle that would have wakened the seven sleepers, and a jerk that did waken the seventy-seven sleepers in those four cars, but that it took seventy times seven whistles to waken the one sleeper, whose duty it was to lower the draw, and whose carelessness had nearly sent one hundred and twenty painfully anxious Philadelphians to spend St. Rose's day, 1855, with the sportive fishes of the smooth flowing Delaware.

We arrived in Burlington after 1 o'clock. Leaving Father . . . to look for the dead, I went in search of a man,—in search of my brother. From room to room went I; but whilst many men I saw, my man I could not see. At length I came to a long room, where at least twelve were lying in anguish and pain. I have a natural aversion to gazing on suffering, when I am powerless to relieve, but to-night, I, poor myope, laid aside all delicacy. In the farthest corner I saw a poor negro, whose dusky skin proclaimed him one of Congo's noble princes. "He must be among the dead," soliloquized I, as disappointed I turned away. "Mr. . . .," whispers my Ethiopian hero. "What! can that be Dennis?" Yes, it was Dennis. Ah! Father O'Kane, the mother that nursed you would not have recognized you as her son; and your Christian answer: "Yes I'm alive, but go rescue first those who are suffering more than I," did honor to you and to the Society which educated us. "Go rescue first those who are suffering more than I," Brother,

there were few among the living who were suffering more than you, or as much as you, but they were not reciting the beads of the *Salus Infirmorum* when that terrible crash came, they had not the *Virgo Potens* strengthening them.

Do you remember, brother, how, after a few words of comfort, I went in search of Father , and how, while you made your confession to him, interrupted by the ribald jokes of the gentleman from the South who occupied the next mattress, I went off and recognized the body of Mr. Rush, by his red hair ; and how his body with that of a black bondswoman, the property of Dr. Whelan, of Washington, was sent up to the Church ; albeit she, poor creature, had no claims upon us but that of a common Faith ? I remember how, together with Father , I went in search of the priest, who after making some desultory enquiries from strangers, as to whether any one needed his assistance ; if any Catholics were on the train ; did one say he wanted a priest : had gone home and was then sleeping peacefully unconscious of the suffering around him. I remember the Mass at 5 o'clock in the church,—two living, a Jesuit priest and a Jesuit Scholastic, and two dead, a Jesuit Scholastic and a slave negress, lying side by side ; no distinction before the Altar of the God of the black and the white, the free and the bond. Do you remember how, when you had been carried into a private room, while they changed your clothes, you tried, in Latin, to supplement the confession of the early morn, and how one of the surgeons told you what you were doing, and how you found out that he was a former student of Georgetown College, and how for weeks he used kindly to visit you and many a pleasant chat you had together ? I remember how I attended the coroner's inquest and took my first oath, swearing "this is the body of Henry Rush" when it was in reality the body of Hugh Rush. I remember how the people crowded round to view the corpse, and how it was not necessary for the coroner to say : "Stand back, my friends,

and allow the Reverend gentleman to identify the remains." Identify the remains? Not one day had passed since the immortal spirit had fled its casket and who could recognize a feature? Corruption had been busy in that one day. "Get it into the earth, sir, as soon as you can," was the officer's kind remark, as he handed me the permit to take possession of the body.

"You are deficient in Combativeness and Destructiveness, and are not adapted to a work of purely executive character," once wrote John L. Capen, the Phrenologist, concerning me. I wish he had seen me on the 30th of August, 1855, between the hours of nine and twelve. The Jersey-men of Burlington did not think I was wanting in combativeness. I remember how I took possession of a wagon, and ordered that coffin to be carried down to the depot at once, as if I owned Jersey and even America. I remember how I hastened to the office and sent a telegram which arrived as I was taking my dinner at St Joseph's. I remember how, when the train from New York came puffing and snorting up to the depot, my combative faculties were called into exercise. At first, the conductor refused to receive the body, the train was too heavily laden. "That coffin goes by this train," said I. "Well, then, it will have to go in the car next the engine and you'll have to stand and watch it." "No, sir, that coffin goes in the baggage car, and handle it carefully. I go in a passenger car." Mr. Capen, there was some executive ability in me; it only required to be called out. That coffin went safely to Camden, but here I was met with a difficulty.

The hearse I had telegraphed for had not arrived, as they had not received my telegram. Mr. Simon Gartland was there with a wagon for the remains of young Ingersoll, who, although apparently uninjured by the accident, had died in the cars between Burlington and Bordentown. Mr. Gartland asked permission of the Hon. Joseph to carry the body of Mr. Rush with that of his nephew. By the death

of this young man within a few days of his majority nearly a million dollars passed from the Ingersoll family. Whether soured by this fact or not, the permission was refused. Here was a difficulty indeed: a dead body under my care and no vehicle to carry it to the graveyard. All truly executive minds rise to the emergency. "Deny," says I to an Irishman, looking with eyes and a mouth that could hide away a pretty good sized praty, and whose name might be Patrick, or Barney, or even Mick, for all I knew. "Deny, you just please take the body Mr. Gartland has in his charge up to its destination. Mr. Gartland pays you. Now, Simon, put this body in your wagon, get a hack and follow us up to the Church." It was an act of cool impertinence, but agreeable considering the hot weather.

When the body arrived at the Church, Fathers Barbelin, Ryder and Tuffer followed it to St. Joseph's Cemetery and while two men dug the grave, they gave the final absolution. As the body reached the bottom of the grave, the coffin burst, and the remains of Hugh Rush mingled with holy earth. "Dust returned unto the earth, from whence it was, and the spirit returned to God who gave it."

(To be continued.)



POTTOWATTOMY INDIANS.

THEIR MIGRATIONS;—THE MISSIONARIES WHO LIVED AMONGST THEM.

The full history of the Pottowattomy tribe of Indians would be an interesting chapter upon the subject of the aboriginal population that once held undisputed sway over this entire continent. It would throw light upon all this singular race, and the sad doom that seems to await them. The

following very general and somewhat desultory sketch may help towards calling to this subject the attention of scholars who have better resources than are within the writer's reach to treat it thoroughly. Some facts pertaining to the history of the Pottowattomies are it is believed, herein for the first time committed to print.

This tribe is frequently mentioned in the letters and narratives of the first missionaries to the regions about Lake Huron, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior. In 1674, or the year after, Father Marquette discovered the upper *Mississippi*, a name which in the Algonquin language means *great river*, and not "father of waters," as erroneously rendered by some writers; several Pottowattomies accompanied the illustrious missionary from Green Bay on his way to the Kaskaskias of the upper Illinois river; but he was ice-bound and was detained sick all the winter near the Chicago river. The Pottowattomies are usually included in the Otchepowe or Algonquin group of Aborigines. Their language is free from harsh sounds, is quite musical, and is found by the missionaries to be capable of easy cultivation, and to possess much beauty.

This tribe seems to have dwelt mainly in the region between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and as far South as the St. Joseph river, in northern Indiana, where early in the present century they had above fifty villages. A division of the tribe known then as the "Prairie Indians" dwelt in the regions still further west; they were nomadic, and wilder in their habits than those that inhabited the villages. The names of FF. Marquette, Lamarina, Le Franc, Dujau-nais, and others, were still known, when the missionaries visited them in 1822, by the very children, through tradition of their parents, their grand and great grand sires as they roved the forests or fished upon the lakes. (*Catholic Miscellany, January 7th, 1824.*)

Father Dujau-nais dwelt in Mackinaw from July 12th, 1742, to July 3d, 1765, when he was recalled to Quebec.

Up to this departure of the missionary from Mackinaw in 1765 the Christian Pottowattomies and their neighbors, the Ottawas, were visited regularly by the Fathers. But owing to the troubles between the English and French governments, and the suppression of the Jesuit Society in 1773, these Indian missions were rarely visited by priests, till 1821.

In 1804, the fierce Shawnee Chief, Tecumseh, started on his round among the Indian tribes upon both banks of the Mississippi, and along the lake shores, from Lake Superior to Lake Huron, in order to get up a combined movement for utterly exterminating the white population throughout the West. He was assisted by his twin brother, commonly called the "Prophet," whose incantations and jugglery added authority to Tecumseh's wild eloquence, and they succeeded in firing the red men of all the Northwest. The Pottowattomies caught the warlike spirit, and a portion of their braves took part in the battle of Tippecanoe on the banks of the Wabash river, in 1811, where a number of them were left dead on the field. (*See Dawson's Life of Harrison.*)

In 1807, General Hull signed a treaty by which the Pottowattomies were permanently located in Lower Michigan and Northern Indiana, and all the region about the St. Joseph river was assigned to them. They signed another treaty with Governor Cass at Chicago, in 1821, in which they stipulated that the United States government should send them a Catholic priest. Father Richard was among the tribes of Michigan about this time, and visited the spot where Marquette died, and planted a cross upon it, carving on it with a penknife this inscription, "Fr. J. H. Marquette died here on the 9th of May, 1675." He lived in that vicinity, owing to head winds, for ten days, and sang High Mass over Fr. Marquette's supposed grave. Fr. Marquette's remains, as is now well known, were taken up two years after his death, were incased in a coffin of birch bark and removed to St. Ignace at Mackinaw, where they were buried under the church.

It was perhaps the treaty of Chicago that led to Fr. Badin, the great Missionary of Kentucky, being sent to the Pottowattomies in 1822. Father Richard was elected a delegate to Congress from Michigan in 1823, and through him thirty chiefs presented a petition to Congress for a Jesuit Missionary. The following extract from the *Catholic Miscellany* of 1824, gives the text of that petition, along with some interesting particulars connected with it. A letter from Father Baxter, of Georgetown College, D. C., to a friend in England, premises the petition :

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, Dec. 12th, 1823.

Rev. and Dear Friend :

I have procured for your inspection a copy of a petition presented to Congress this session, from the Indians who live in the Michigan Territory. In order to give you some idea of the following petition, I must observe that Michigan, which is not yet a *State*, but only a Territory of the United States, has chosen the Rev. Mr. Richard, a French clergyman, of excellent character, both in a religious and literary point of view, to represent them in this XVIII. Congress. This fact will sound curiously to English ears. Mr. R. had labored long among the Indians bordering upon the Lakes, and they have given him their implicit confidence. When they knew he was to be the representative of the Michigan territory, they assembled, drew up the following petition, requested him to present it to Congress, and signed it in their Indian manner. You know that they cannot write, and that they have very few christian names. They generally take the name of some beast, bird or fish, and the designation on paper of these animals, constitutes their signature. The following petition these Indian chiefs have signed, by making a rude resemblance of the animal by which they chose to be designated. Mr. Richard has lent me the original petition. I have it now before me, and I have procured the assistance

of one of our best engravers to copy with a pen the respective signatures, and to transcribe the petition for me. . . .

Your most devoted friend,

R. BAXTER.

COPY OF THE PETITION :

" We, the undersigned chiefs, heads of families, and others, of the tribe of the Ottowas, residing at Waganakisi (the Arbre Croche, i. e. the crooked tree), on the lower eastern shore of Lake Michigan, take this mode to communicate our wants and wishes to our most respected father, the President of the United States.

We return our best thanks to our father and to Congress for his and their exertions to bring us, your very affectionate children, to civilization, and to the knowledge of Jesus, the Redeemer of the red skins as well as of the white people.

Trusting on your paternal affection, we come forward, and claiming the liberty of conscience, we most earnestly pray, that you may be pleased to let us have a teacher, or Minister of the Gospel belonging to the same denomination of Christians to which did belong the members of the Catholic Missionary Society of St. Ignatius, established at Michilimackinac, or at the Arbre Croche by Fr. Marquette and others, of the Order of the Jesuits. During a great many years they resided amongst us, occupied and cultivated a field on our own ground, and instructed our fathers in the first principles of Christianity and agriculture.

Such teachers we have long since wished, and continue to wish, to have. Such teachers appointed by your paternal affection, we invite to come and settle on the same spot, formerly occupied, until the year 1766, by Father Duganny (Dujaunais), that is to say, on the shore of Lake Michigan, near the lower end of our village at the Arbre Croche.

For so doing and granting to us, your devoted children, this their humble petition, we will forever feel very grateful, and pray the Great Spirit to bless you and your white children. In witness whereof we have made our *tautions* (marks) on this day, the 12th of August, A. D. 1823." (Here follow thirty signatures as described in Fr. Baxter's letter.)

In 1822, Fr. Badin established a congregation among the Pottowattomies, on the St. Joseph river ; and from this time forth they were never again entirely without spiritual aid. In 1833, Fr. Deseilles having already devoted his large patrimony in Belgium to this mission, came himself to live and die among these wild men of the Michigan forests. He greatly improved the Indians, both temporally and spiritually, teaching them to cultivate the fields, to build commodious houses, and to observe the rules and practices of Christian life. At the death of this worthy priest his place was taken by Rev. Father Petit, from the diocese of Vincennes.

In 1837, Michigan was admitted into the Union as a State ; and in pursuance of policy already acted upon in the admission of other States, the Indians were removed from their reservations in the new State to territorial domains under the immediate jurisdiction of the general government. The Pottowattomies were reluctant to depart from their comfortable homes in Michigan and Northern Indiana for an inhospitable wilderness beyond the western border of Missouri. But for the influence of Rev. Mr. Petit over their minds, nothing but force could have induced them to obey the order for their removal, to the Indian Territory, which included the present State of Kansas.

The great body of the tribe started to their new home in 1838, accompanied by their chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Petit. The spot chosen for their settlement was about fifteen miles west of the Missouri boundary, on Sugar Creek, a small tributary of the north fork of the Osage river, about two hundred and forty miles west of St. Louis.

Rev. Mr. Petit having conducted his simple flock to this place was there but a short while before perceiving that exposure to the weather, and privations, were seriously affecting his health. He resolved on returning to Vincennes, and the Jesuit Fathers of St. Louis were requested to take charge of the Indians on Sugar Creek, and of the Ottawas,

Miamis and other translated tribes dispersed over the circumjacent prairies. He got as far as St. Louis where he died at the St. Louis University early in 1839.

This request to the Jesuit fathers was made opportunely ; for the Kickapoo mission, where now stands Fort Leavenworth, had just been abandoned, and thus there were several fathers who could be spared for new undertakings.

A young Kickapoo chief, who would not brook the restraints which religion imposes on passion, published himself among his people to be a seer. He ultimately succeeded by craft and specious lies in destroying the influence of the devoted fathers throughout the tribe, and thus alienating the savages from all practice of virtue or religion. The ascendancy which this arch-roogue acquired over the whole Kickapoo settlement was so great that he induced them in 1838 to move off to distant hunting grounds, and escape from their troublesome monitors. The fathers, finding that all their labors and sacrifices were lost on this band of incorrigible vagabonds, did not follow them in their wanderings, but shook the dust from their feet, and departed in quest of more inviting fields for their evangelical zeal.

This mission among the Kickapoos was established in 1836 by Father Charles Van Quickenborn, who died the following year at Portage des Sioux. FF. C. Hoecken, F. Verreydt and A. Eysvogels, all labored among the Kickapoos.

Father C. Hoecken succeeded the Rev. Mr. Petit in charge of the Pottowattomies at Sugar Creek, early in the year 1839. In the following April Father Aelen went to his assistance.

At the time of its transfer from Michigan the Pottowattomy tribe numbered about two thousand souls, according to the contemporaneous government reports of their census ; and of this number about one-third were Christians. Late in 1839 two hundred and fifty Christians, who had lingered in Michigan, joined their brethren on Sugar Creek.

They all regarded themselves as in banishment from their home, and they sighed and wept, and talked much of the more pleasant days they spent in the land where they left the bones of their fathers: it was saddening to listen to their lamentations.

Immediately after the arrival of the exiles they began the erection of a church, which was a rude structure of unhewn logs, but large enough for all to assemble in it at Divine Service. A lodge was erected for the chaplain, but it was without window or chimney, and the floor was of riven timbers, roughly adjusted, and uneven, necessitating both variety and precision of step in walking across the room. This cabin was the missionary's only house for two years.

Change of climate, unaccustomed habits, and the privations of a new settlement, caused much sickness and many deaths among the Indians during the first few months after their arrival at Sugar Creek. Father C. Hoecken was soon prostrated with disease, and was compelled to leave the rude hovel in which he was languishing, for St. Louis. After his return to the St. Louis University, which took place as early as May, 1839, all the duties of this difficult and far off post devolved on Fr. Aelen alone.

The church put up at their first arrival on Sugar Creek was a rude and insecure structure of logs, the work of only four weeks labor, in which, however, the men, women and children took part. In the beginning of 1840 it was determined to begin the erection of a more suitable church that would be commodious, safe, and of ample dimensions. They choose for its site a spot elevated one hundred feet above the plane of the glen through which the little stream flowed. The means for building were furnished by the United States government in accordance with a promise made when the Indians were required to move from Michigan. The church was dedicated with becoming display on Christmas day, 1840, beginning at midnight with the firing of guns, the ringing of bells, and a showy illumination.

A necessary appendix to a church is a school, and accordingly in 1841 the missionary gave his attention to the arrangements necessary for educating the children: Father Verhaegen, who was then Vice Provincial, applied to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart Society to delegate some of their members for this work, promising them as inducements, much hardship and little human comfort. These were decisive motives for the zealous ladies, and in July, 1841, four of them, with Madame Lucille Mathenvon as Superior, went to the Pottowattomy mission on Sugar Creek. When the Indians first beheld them, they were much struck at the dress and appearance of the ladies, and regarded them as beings come down from the skies. Their arrival was a triumph, all the population assembling to gaze at them, and to welcome them according to Indian style. Their first lessons to the Pottowattomy girls were listened to by all the nation; and their first class room was the shade of the wide spreading oaks. Instead of teaching courtly manners to the children of the great, as they could have done had they preferred it, these self-sacrificing religious women were now training sulky and indocile young savages in the first elements of human thought.

The Indians all united to provide, as soon as possible, becoming lodgings for these devoted teachers of their daughters, and within the space of two months a two story house of six rooms but rudely constructed was completed for them.

In July, 1851, Fr. Eysvogels was stationed at Sugar Creek, and Fr. Aelen was recalled to St. Louis, though he did not actually leave the mission till June, 1842. In 1841 a dwelling for the fathers, and a school-house for the boys, were begun, but they were not ready for occupancy till the following year. FF. Verreydt and C. Hoecken were sent to the mission in September, 1842, and in 1843, Fr. A. Hoecken, Verheydan and Soderini went as additional reinforcements. They were now able to establish missionary

stations among the Ottawas, Osages, Chippewas and Miamis; and such of the children of these tribes as were intrusted to their care were provided with schooling at the Pottowattomy Institutions, the government of the United States allowing seventy-five dollars per year for each child in the schools.

There were adult baptisms every Sunday, and the number of catechumens was rarely less than thirty. In the beginning of 1843 there were twelve hundred Christians at the Sugar Creek mission;* adding to this number one hundred and fifty christian Pottowattomies, the last still remaining at Pokegan, in Cass County, Michigan, the descendants and connexions of the noble chief Pokegan, and we have a number exceeding half the entire tribe who were then christians. Pokegan was both a pious christian and a brave warrior. He was the first of the Pottowattomies who, early in this century, invited the missionary to his wigwam. This last remnant of the tribe in Michigan occupied a tract of land granted and confirmed to Pokegan by the United States Government. The pagan Pottowattomies still in Michigan at this date were subsequently united to the main body of the tribe, their removal being accomplished under the guidance of Fr. Christian Hoecken, in 1852, after the tribe had gone to the new reservation on the Kaw river, known as St. Mary's Mission, made to them by the government in 1846. The christian Indians of Michigan, in 1852, who were civilized, had church and schools and comfortable lodges, wisely refused to accompany the five hundred pagans who then emigrated to the Kaw river. The cholera attacked the emigrants whilst on their way from the Missouri river to St. Mary's Mission. Bishop Miège hastened to their camp accompanied by a physician, and they rendered them such spiritual and bodily aid as

* In this estimate the Christians of the neighboring tribes seem to have been included in the reports given.

their condition demanded. They were much frightened, and were practising their pagan superstitions.

The history of the Pottowattomy tribe from 1846 to the present time will form an interesting narrative which Fr. Gailland alone can relate with minuteness and accuracy. He has kindly consented to undertake this task. This tribe is now losing its autonomy ; its beautiful language is likely soon to perish.

The venerable Fr. Maurice Gailland, who has resided in the midst of this tribe, now for nearly thirty years, gives in a letter to the writer of this article, an interesting sketch of their language, both as to its history, and as to some outlines of its structure :

“The Pottowattomy language is a dialect of the Otchepowe. It has great affinity to the Ottawa, Sack, Kickapoo, Miami, Illinois, Shawnee and Menominee dialects. All these tribes originally constituted but one family or nation, the wide spread Otchepowe or Algonquin family, which in the course of time was subdivided into these different smaller tribes. They inhabited Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and a part of Canada.

“All the sounds in the Pottowattomy dialect are broad. It has all the letters of the English alphabet, except F, L, R, V. It has, besides, a letter which is unknown to English speaking people. It is a half aspirate, half guttural ; and in order to pronounce it you must shut your throat and re-open it, which is gracefully done by the Indians. The vowels have the sounds which are usually given to them in the Latin language as pronounced on the continent of Europe, except the I, which has the sound which is given to it in English, v. g., in *mine*.

“In the Pottowattomy language there is no gender ; but instead of gender its substantives or nouns are distinguished as *animate* or *inanimate*, and all substantives are included under these classes : v. g. spirits, men, animals are all animate ; but among the plants, some are animate, and some

are inanimate; for instance the pea is inanimate, also the melon; but the bean and the potato are animate; tobacco is animate. Simple elements are inanimate; silk and lightning are animate. Animate nouns, in the plural number, all terminate in *k*; the inanimate nouns of the plural number terminate in *n*.

“There are the following cases of the nouns: the nominative, the genitive or possessive, locative, vocative, and *dependent* cases. The dative and accusative cases are always like the nominative. The *vocative* sometimes differs from the nominative, and is sometimes of the same form with it; for example, they say, *nenne man*, voc. *nenne* plural, *nennewok men*, voc. *nennituk*; *nigwes*, my son, voc. *nigwesè*.

“The *locative* case expresses the place where a thing is, or also a similarity; thus, *pokwè*, ashes; *pokwig*, in the ashes; *pokwig ishè nakwet*, it is like ashes. The genitive or possessive case is formed by prefixing the possessive personal pronoun; *okùma*, the chief; *nitokumam*, my chief; *miseniùkin* a book; *nimisiniùkin*, my book. Sometimes the substantive in the possessive case is quite different from that substantive in its primary form: *nekitoshkisha*, *yikwam*, horse; “do you see that horse?” *kiwapimanè o nekitoshkisha* “Do you see my horse?” *Kiwapimanè nidiyikwam*?

“The *dependent* case is an animate noun depending in the construction of the sentence on a third person or a third animate noun. “Did you see my horse?” *kikiwapimanè nitiyikyam*? “did you see his horse?” *kikiwapimanè otiyikwam*? A cow is *pishùke* the dependent is, *pishukowim*; “I made the dog drive away the cow;” *nigikikatona onemosh ewi yatinashkawat pishùkowin*: “cow” here depends in the construction on dog, a sort of third person.

“As to adjectives, there are, properly speaking, none in the Pottowattomy language. What we call “adjective” is either a particle affixed to the substantive, as *mino*, *mitchè*, etc.; for example, *nichinabe*, is a man, *minonickinabè* is a

good man ; mitchenichinabe, a bad man ; or, the adjective meaning is expressed by changing a substantive into a verb. Nor are there in this language any auxiliary verbs ; what the auxiliary expresses in other tongues, is all contained in the verb itself.

“ The Pottowattomy has this other nice peculiarity ; it has two first persons, as well as having the second and third persons in common with other languages. It has a first first person and a second first person ; the first first excludes all except the speaker : the second first person includes the persons spoken to. These two persons are expressed by different prefixes or affixes.”

The following letter from Father Gaillard gives some additional details in reference to the language of the tribe which will interest those readers who are fond of comparative philology :

ST. MARY, May 21st, 1874.

Rec'd. and Dear Father Hill :

P. X.

I continue my observations on the Pottowattomie language : First, there is this peculiarity in our language, that the personal pronoun is joined as a prefix to the verb, whilst in Hebrew it is joined to the same as an affix. The personal pronouns are *ni, ki, o, Ni* or *ki, ki, o* : for instance, they say, *niwapima*, I see him ; *kiwapima*, thou seest him ; *owapiman*, he sees him ; plural, *Niwapimamin*, we, not you to whom I speak, see him ; *kiwapimamin*, we, I and you, see him ; *kiwapimawa*, you see him ; *owapimawan*, they see him. In the neutral verbs the pronoun representing the third person is omitted : *niyakinoka*, I am sick ; *yakinoke*, he is sick.

The Pottowattomie has four moods : the indicative, the imperative, the subjunctive, the infinitive.

It has a great many voices, which are indicated by a little inflection of the same word.

1. The *active* voice animate or inanimate ; with the object in the singular or plural number ; niwapima, I see him—niwapimak, I see them—niwapitan, I see it—niwapitanin, I see them, namely, objects inanimate.

2. The *passive* voice : niwapimeko—niwapimekon with an object inanimate.

3. The *relative* voice, that is, the verb in reference to different pronouns : niwapimuk, he sees me ; kiwapim, thou seest me ; niwapimukonanek, they see us. This is the hardest part of the language, on account of the multiplied relations of the different personal pronouns.

4. *Neutral* voice : niwapitim, I am conscious that I see ; niwapitcheke, I see ; niwapitchekas, I am seen.

5. The *reflexive* voice : niwapites, I see myself.

6. The *reciprocal* voice : wapitig, they see each other.

7. The *dubitative* : niwapimatuk, I think I see him, but I am not sure.

8. The *simulative* voice : niwapitamokas, I pretend to see, but in reality I do not see ; niyakinoka, I am sick ; niyakinokekas, I pretend to be sick, but I am not.

9. The *humiliative* voice : niwepineke, I confess my sins ; niwepinekech, I wretched, miserable old sinner, make my confession. It is a nice way of showing self-contempt, which is shown during the whole course of conversation.

10. The *frequentative* voice : it expresses the frequent repetition of the action signified by the verb, niwapima, I see him ; niwawapima, I see him over and over again ; kumówin, it rains ; kumókumówin, it rains often. If the vowel of the first syllable is long, the frequentative is formed by the reduplication of the first syllable ; if it is short, then the frequentative is formed by reduplicating the first two syllables of the verb.

11. The *dependent* voice : When the subject of the verb is in the dependent case, the verb undergoes a special inflection—his children came, onitchanisin piyen instead of piyek.

12. The *absolute* voice : they say *ketom* instead of *ketiwog*, they see ; *wapitam*, instead of *wapitamog* ; *wapima*, they see him.

13. The *historical* voice : When a man relates facts of which neither he, nor those to whom he speaks, have been eye witnesses, the perfect and pluperfect tenses undergo a special modification : *kiketo*, he said ; *jesos kiketikókipin*.

14. The *negative* voice : When the verb is accompanied with a negation it undergoes a change in the indicative mood—*niwapima*, I see him ; *tcho niwapimasi*, I do not see him ; *kiwapimin*, I see thee ; *tcho kiwapimesinon*, I do not see thee.

15. *Inanimate* voice : *piya miket*, it comes ; *nitchiwenimo*, he or she rejoices ; *nitchiwenimomiket*, it rejoices.

The Indians, although rude and uneducated, respect the rules of euphony in their speeches, so, for instance, instead of saying, *niyakinoka*, I am sick, they say, *nidakinoka* ; instead of *kiyakinoka*, they say, *kitakinoka*, for euphony's sake.

For the same reason, in certain cases, in order not to offend the ears with harsh sounds, they commute consonants into corresponding ones. Thus *b* is changed into *p*, *g* into *kc*, *d* into *t*, *s* into *z*.

Euphony requires also sometimes a change of vowels : so *i* long is changed into *a* long, *e* short into *e* broad, as the French *e*, *o* long is changed into *oa*, *a* into *ya*.

Next week I will try to answer your other questions.

Yours in Xst,

M. GAILLAND, S. J.

P. S.—In Pottowattomie you can express distinctly whether the object in question consist in action or word, or thought ; for instance *kijeminito* signifies the Great Spirit. Now if I say *niGijeminittoa*, I say I treat him as God ; if I say *niGijeminitoma*, I simply say that I confess him to be God. If I say, *ni Gejeminitowenima*, I say, that truly I believe him to be God.

JOHN BAXTER, S. J.

To the religious, a recital of the virtues that are practised in the shade of the hidden life is always refreshing and edifying. It is with this view that we have undertaken to sketch the life of our brother, John Baxter, who died but a short time ago at the Novitiate in Frederick, and have attempted to weave a modest garland, before they fade, of the fond memories that cluster round his name in our hearts. Would that they could catch a little of the sweet fragrance of virtue which exhaled from his every action, and which still lingers, as we love to believe, round the calm and peaceful scenes that witnessed his life.

John Baxter (Van Boxstael in his native Flemish) was born April 27th, 1854, in the town of Alost, Flanders. His mother, as he himself described her to the novices of Frederick, was a "woman of the country," full of that strong, simple faith and earnest piety which form the glory and the safeguard of Catholic Belgium. What wonder Belgian sons are brave, generous and self-sacrificing, when Belgian mothers are so pious, so Catholic, and so devoted! As he advanced in years, John was sent to a boarding college to receive his education, but was soon recalled by his father's death to become, at the age of eighteen, the head of the family, consisting of his mother and two sisters. At the time of his father's death, his parents kept a small store in Alost, which with John's faithful assistance, his widowed mother still continued to carry on. At the same time he attended the classes of our college in the same town, where he made excellent progress in his studies, always holding a good position in his class and showing a special aptitude for languages.

All this time he gave proofs of the most sincere and solid piety. Every morning during his childhood, according to the beautiful Flemish custom, he knelt down and asked his mother's blessing. We have his own word that he always tried to perform his studies in the presence of God. Early each morning, while yet the dew was on the grass, after attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, he would hurry away to some retired piece of woods and there practise his French declamation, etc., unnoticed and undisturbed. But the most prominent characteristic of his devotion and that which seemed gradually to increase and grow within him until it penetrated his whole being and absorbed his whole life, was the desire to become a missionary.

John was for a long time undecided as to the particular sphere of missionary labor in which God called him to exercise his zeal. Should he join the Society in Belgium, and afterwards ask to be sent to the foreign missions? But his request might not be granted. Should he become a member of some other Order or Congregation devoted especially to the conversion of the heathen? What did God require of him? These were anxious questions which he put to himself and to the solution of which, besides frequent consultations with his director, he devoted two retreats, made in successive years, at our Novitiate of Tronchiennes. He was now making his rhetoric. On the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, March 19, 1873, at the end of a novena he had made with this intention, he received a response from the Saint in the shape of a letter from a near relative, who had joined the Society in the U. S., and who wrote that if he wished to enter the Society in this country there was no necessity for further delay. Overjoyed by this solution of his difficulty, having made, by the advice of his director, another novena to the Blessed Virgin and Saint Joseph, which only served to strengthen and inflame his resolution still more, and after some trouble caused by the law of conscription in Belgium, he set sail from the port of

Ostend, and landed at New York, June 23, 1873. On the 25th of the same month, he entered our Novitiate at Frederick, the peaceful retreat which was to shelter his remaining days; days so few in number, so hidden from the eyes of the world, but full of merits and graced in the sight of God with numberless victories, more glorious and more unfading than any that mail-clad warrior or laurelled conqueror ever achieved.

Brother Baxter, as he was henceforth called, entered upon his novitiate in the dispositions with which it may be said that most novices leave it. Thanks to his simple, docile, yet manly and earnest character, and to the pure Catholic influence and pious training to which he had been constantly subjected, both at home and at college, he had no bad habits to eradicate, no repugnance to overcome, no waverings of the will to disturb him. He embraced this higher, purer spiritual life which was opening before his delighted gaze, with his whole heart and soul, "exulting as a giant to run his course." Nothing could daunt him. No menial office, however repulsive to nature, could disgust him; no command, however unreasonable in appearance, could shake his good will; no humiliation, however bitter it might be, could disturb his serenity. He soon surpassed most of his companions, even those who were in their second year of novitiate. Nor was this first fervor soon to grow cold and die away, as is so often the case: on the contrary, it went on increasing in intensity, even to his death. So he spent the first months of his novitiate, winning all hearts by his amiability and light-heartedness; edifying all by his minute observance of every, even the least, rule or custom, and by his intense, fervent piety; pleasing and charming by his sprightly, yet almost exclusively spiritual conversation; aiding, encouraging and assisting by his example, his words, his prayers.

On Ash Wednesday, March 23, the novices commenced their long retreat. It is needless to say that, after such a

preparation, the Exercises were made by Brother Baxter in the best possible manner and that they produced their full effect. We do not pretend to decide whether, among the communications he received from God during this thirty days of silence and prayer, there was any presentiment of his approaching end, but it is certain that his note book of this retreat is full of reflections on death, and in recalling to mind his conversation, the same subject occupies the most prominent position. God was about to pluck this flower in all its dewy freshness and early beauty, leaving behind only the sweet perfume of his virtues to tell that it had bloomed amongst us. On Easter Sunday the summons came. That evening he felt unwell and did not go to recreation in the garden with the other novices, but spent the evening with Father De Wolf, a fellow-countryman of his own, who was at that time sick in the infirmary. Next morning, his desk, at which he never failed to be present at the signal for any duty, was empty. He had been taken down by a sudden attack of pneumonia on both lungs, accompanied with fever. Tuesday evening the news of his great danger fell among us like a thunderbolt. Still more profound was the impression the following morning, when Fr. Rector, before the usual exhortation, begged our prayers for Bro. Baxter, who, according to the doctor's opinion was on his way to eternity. Shortly after this he received his vows, and at about 10 A. M. the last sacraments were administered to him in the presence of all the novices of the second year, the junior scholastics and several fathers of the community. From this time, the novices took turns in watching at his bedside. His fever was violent, the pain in his chest continual, his breathing hoarse and labored, and he himself expected, though without reason, to die whenever the cough attacked him; yet he bore his great sufferings with the utmost patience and fortitude, never once complaining, and only turning his eyes towards Heaven, after any unusually violent paroxysm.

Still he lingered on, endeavoring through obedience to catch a little sleep, yet constantly praying; now invoking the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and Blessed Margaret Mary, and now murmuring broken ejaculations, sometimes in English, sometimes in French. When anyone entered his room he greeted him with a nod and a smile that was bright, indeed, but oh! so different from his former self. To his fellow novices who visited him he spoke earnestly, exhorting them to cherish tender devotion to the Sacred Heart of our divine Lord, to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and promising to pray for them when he should be in Heaven. He said that it was a great consolation to him that he had never once wilfully violated the least rule or custom of the Novitiate. As he was speaking in this manner, with considerable effort, to one of the novices who was alone with him at the time, the brother infirmarian entered and requested the novice not to require him to talk, as the doctor had given orders that he should try to sleep. The infirmarian going out, the novice asked Bro. Baxter if he could speak to him. "Brother," he answered, "do not allow me to go before my God with the slightest imperfection: let me only obey with blind obedience—I took my vows to-day." Then after remaining silent for a few minutes, he said, "If you have anything particular to say, go and ask permission, and I will speak to you." The novice went out, but not finding anyone, returned and sat quietly near the bed. Bro. Baxter closed his eyes and remained silent, faithful to his rule even to the last. So the weary hours dragged on, all Wednesday afternoon, through the night and until late Thursday morning. When hope was expressed that our Lord would spare him, he said, "As He wills." When the clock struck in the corridor, startling him from a half doze, he exclaimed; "I thought it was time!" During the night he was frequently delirious. In the morning he recovered the full use of his senses but began to sink rapidly, and it was evident to all

that the end was nigh. A glass of wine was ordered by the doctor, to support his strength. He drank a little and positively refused to take the rest, saying it would go to his head; but it needed only the word "Obedience," from Fr. Rector's lips to make him swallow it all to the last drop. It was feared from his strong frame and robust constitution and from the violence of the disease which was hurrying him away, that his agony would be long and severe; but it was not so. At about 10.15 A. M. he again lost the use of his senses and within half an hour at 10.40 he calmly and peacefully yielded up his pure soul into the hands of its Creator. A smile full of peace and joy lit up his features as the icy hand of death fell upon them, seeming to tell of the eternal gates opening before the eyes of his departing soul, and of angelic choirs descending to meet him. A moment after the solemn tolling of the *De Profundis* bell sounded through the house and all were on their knees; but it was rather with the desire of asking his prayers, than of offering petitions for him, so confident were all that his spirit had flown straight to the loving bosom of his Father and his God.

Bro. Baxter may be considered one more of those numerous examples of youthful sanctity and early perfection which adorn the Society of Jesus. His virtue was of no ordinary kind; or rather, though common in the matter on which it was exercised, it was extraordinary in degree. In many things, he was the counterpart of his fellow-countryman, Blessed John Berchmans, whom he strove faithfully to imitate. Like him the purity of his soul was preserved to the highest degree. We think there were few intimately acquainted with him who would not willingly affirm their belief that his innocence never suffered the stain of a mortal sin. Like him he seemed to live in another world, to breathe a higher, purer atmosphere than other men, and never to yield, even in the slightest degree, to the dictates of poor human nature. His self-mortification was constant, ingenious and unflinching. His life was wholly supernatu-

ral and he seemed to be absorbed in continual prayer, even while performing his exterior duties with the utmost attention and exactness.

This spirit of prayer seemed to increase and absorb him more and more, as the time of his death approached. We saw it, but we could not tell that it was the last deepening flush of the sun about to set ; we could not see that it was the swifter, broader sweep of the stream about to empty itself into the Eternal Ocean whence it came. But when the demands of charity or obedience came to interrupt this interior union with God, by obliging him to communicate with others, it was easy to see from his considerate kindness, his frank gaiety, his sprightly, yet never trifling or useless conversation, that this was but another effect of the same spirit of God which animated his prayer. He showed the same love for his vocation, the same ardent zeal, the same unwearying charity as his blessed model ; like him, he was grave and serious, yet always serene ; and if, in time of silence, his gravity seemed to be somewhat too rigidly maintained when some incident occurred which might seem to call for a smile, this was amply compensated by his constant cheerfulness at other times.

But his greatest point of resemblance to B. Berchmans, was the extraordinary perfection with which he performed the smallest actions. He seemed to have adopted the motto that it is not in uncommon things that perfection consists, but in doing common things in an uncommon manner. Did he recite a little prayer before beginning one of his ordinary duties : it was with a fervor and recollection that was little less than angelic and that seemed to surround his face with a seraphic radiance. Did he take holy water on entering or leaving the room ; it was with the same attention and devotion that another might have shown in receiving Holy Communion. Every one of his duties, spiritual or corporal, was performed with the greatest care, attention and purity of intention that he could

possibly attain. This it was that made his days full days ; that heaped up the measure of his merits so quickly.

God grant that his example may find many imitators, and that, as in life his justice flourished like the lily, so in death it may be as the odor of the balsam, drawing many to the ways of virtue and of peace. *Sancti tui, Domine, florebunt sicut lilium ; et sicut odor balsami erunt ante te.*

OSAGE MISSION.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS,

JULY 1st, 1874.

DEAR FATHER :

To give you an idea of the way in which our western missions have been established, increased, and kept up till this day, I will write down an abridged account of the method which we adopted from the very beginning, a method which proved to be successful, and has been a means in the hands of God of propagating our holy Religion through these vast regions of Southern Kansas, which we have always considered our missionary district, leaving the northern part of the State to our Fathers of St. Mary's Mission among the Pottowattomies, up on Kansas river. Having myself resided at this mission now over twenty-three years, I have been, not only an eye-witness, but also an actor in most of what I shall relate, and thus will give you light to understand the map which I made to show you the field of our operations.

When this mission was first established, Kansas was but a wild country, an Indian territory, where, with the excep-

tion of some few trading posts, you could not find a white man's house. Various tribes of Aborigines were then living in this Territory; the Osages were the most important nation, numbering at that time some seven thousand souls. They claimed the best part of Southern Kansas, namely, all the land lying south of what I have called the 5th parallel, which runs nearly half way between the 38th and 37th degrees of north latitude, forming a reservation some fifty-five miles north and south, and some three hundred and fifty miles east and west.

As early as 1827, the Osages, having left the State of Missouri, formed settlements on the banks of the Neosho River. Of these, the principal was at the confluence of a small stream which, being at a distance of four miles from this mission, is called Four Mile Creek. Here Father Charles Van Quickenborn visited them, and though he exercised his holy ministry in the midst of them, yet he did not select any special location for a mission. The Osages having succeeded in obtaining a Catholic mission from the United States Government, Father Felix Verreydt, S. J., was sent by our Superior to look up a suitable place for buildings, and his choice fell on this very spot which we now occupy. Then the U. S. Indian Agent, for the Osages, built two very poor log houses for the accommodation of the missionaries. These houses were hardly finished, when Father Xavier de Coen, S. J., was sent here to inspect them. He approved what had been done, and officially received them. All that was now left to do was to occupy them, and Father John Schoenmakers, S. J., was appointed Superior of the mission, which was placed in a special manner under the patronage of St. Francis de Hieronymo. Father John B. Bax, S. J., was given Father J. Schoenmakers as a companion, and he was also allowed three coadjutor brothers to take care of the house and farm.

They reached this place on the 29th of April, 1847, and on the 10th of May, under the auspices of the Immaculate

Virgin Mother of God, this manual labor school for the education of Osage children was inaugurated with a small number of Indian boys in attendance as boarders.

The Osages now visit our mission every day, and show themselves well pleased with the progress of their children. These in fact were doing very well, and promised a good deal, but it was useless for us to expect the education of a few boys would work any permanent improvement in the Osage youth, unless some provisions were also made for the education of girls. For this reason Father J. Schoenmakers, during the spring, went to Kentucky to pay a visit to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Louisville; and having succeeded in obtaining from him the assistance of some few Sisters of Loretto, who were willing to consecrate themselves to the tedious and laborious task of educating Indian girls, he returned here to prepare them a house. In a short time all was ready, and on the 5th of October of that very year, 1847, the Sisters of Loretto opened their Convent near this mission, and on the same day began their school with twenty-five Osage girls as boarders.

Now everything being set in good running order, it became our duty to visit the Osages in their different towns, scattered all along the Neosho as well as the Verdigris rivers. But how could we visit them and neglect their friends and connections: I mean the Kansas, Quapaws, and Cherokee Indians, who are their kindred tribes? How could we pass over and neglect the Miamis, Peorias, Weas and Piankeshaws, amongst whom a mission had just been established by our Fathers, but unfortunately, after a few months, had been abandoned? And, in fact, our missionary cares did gradually extend to these tribes, and we began to visit them occasionally.

But here again, who does not know that wherever there are Indian reservations, there are also to be found laborers and mechanics, white people of different nationalities, amongst whom you frequently meet with Catholics? This

being the case here, it followed that while we were taking care of the Indians, we were also bound to assist these few Catholic mechanics, and, as in many instances, these people had their families and connexions living in the western country of Missouri, bordering on Kansas, so we also could not refuse to go and visit them sometimes in the year to baptize their children, bless their marriages, and offer to all an opportunity of complying with their christian duties. This was so just and reasonable that the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis not only approved of it, but gave us all faculties we needed in the discharge of our missionary duties.

So it came to pass that whenever we had any time to spare, especially when the whole body of our Osages were far away in the west, hunting buffalos, we would visit now one, then another of the western counties of Missouri, and do all we could to help the Catholics living there. One visit calling for another, by degrees we began to visit them with some order, till at last we formed amongst them regular missionary stations.

Since the opening of Kansas, in 1854, many Catholics having come to settle in our eastern counties, it became our duty to visit them occasionally; and so new missionary stations were opened upon our border counties, till every county had its own. Finally, at the close of the late war, the Osages ceded to the U. S. Government all their reservations west of the Verdigris river, and so a new and very extensive territory was opened to immigration, and at the same time a new field for our missionary labors. As soon as our missionary stations began to be rich enough to put up a new church, we went to work and built it. Here new congregations were started, and these by degrees, one after another, were transferred to our Rt. Rev. Bishop, who placed them under the care of Secular Priests.

So, through our missions, the Catholic religion has been established in twenty-seven counties, as you can see by the

map I send you. Ours has been the work of pioneers, a hard and rough work, but we hope not the less meritorious before God. For nearly twenty-five years we have never had more than three priests residing at this mission; and so only one of us could attend the stations abroad. Some two years since, thanks be to God, one other Father was sent to assist us, and so we are now able to attend to our missionary stations with more regularity. However, we are by no means equal to the need, for here in truth we can say: "*mensis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.*"

As for the Indians, formerly living on their reservations within the boundaries of this State, they are all gone, and nothing is left of them in Kansas but their names, perpetuated by here and there either a county or a city, a river or a creek. The Indians have all now moved into the Indian Territory south of us, and though that country, is under the jurisdiction of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas, yet he kindly allows us to execute our missionary duties amongst them.

When the Osages left our mission they were thought by many to know nothing about the value of Christian education, and the practice of religion. Protestants are taking care of them now since 1869, and though they have tried by all imaginable means to destroy the love and esteem they have for the Roman Catholic Church; though they have tried by presents, promises and threats to induce them to embrace Protestantism, they have so far met with nothing but failure; and two only, both notorious scoundrels, *are supposed* to have given up the Catholic faith in which they had been raised.

An Osage woman was, last winter, afflicted by a very severe sickness. When she was given up, and expected to die in a few hours, one of these apostates came to visit her, and after talking a good deal of nonsense, wished the dying woman to join him in his new belief. People thought that the poor woman had already lost the use of her mind, but

it was not so ; she listened to the wretched man for a while, but losing all patience, at last, with an effort, almost supernatural, she sat up, and said to him : “ Go away from me, you old rascal ; I know you well ! What have you to do with me ? Do you think that I will give up my faith to please you ? Never ! never ! I learned my holy religion from Father Schoenmakers, and I hope I shall keep it till I die. Now I want to have nothing to do with you ; go away from here quickly, and let me alone ! ” The wicked man was forced to leave the room. It was then towards evening, and the sick woman raising her voice as loud as she could, recited again and again all the prayers she knew, especially the Hail Mary, to the great astonishment of all those that were present, especially Protestants, who wondered how such a poor woman could have such a strong faith. Her faith saved her ; she recovered.

All kind of allurements, and even seductions, have been offered to the Osages to induce them to attend Protestant worship on Sunday, but the half-breeds as well as the full-blooded refuse to attend. The Agent, seeing that he cannot allure them, has even tried to punish them for not complying with his wishes, but to no purpose. Some time ago he threatened several that, if they would not attend Protestant worship on Sundays, he would withdraw from them their wages by putting them out of employment. But these men, though ignorant Indians, simply replied that they would rather lose their wages than act against their conscience. Their answer was a noble one ; but the result was that they were thrown out of employment. This is turning into real persecution ; far, however, from doing any harm to the Catholic portion of the Osages, it has rather done them good, for since they begin to be abused on account of their religion, they seem to appreciate it more and more. This spring I visited them twice, and I felt really happy in seeing the majority of them comply with their Easter duty. Indeed, they edified me very much

by their piety and devotion. And here I must relate something quite wonderful which took place on this occasion.

Having got through visiting the Osage settlements around the Agency, which is on Bird Creek, at a place called Deep Ford, I came to pass the night in a large half-breed settlement on Cony, and sent word all around inviting the people to come to me on the next morning at a certain house where I would say Mass to give them an opportunity of making their Easter. They all came on the next morning, and nearly all received the Holy Eucharist. Among these there was a young woman who had been, for over two weeks, suffering a good deal from some ulcers on her tongue, in consequence of which she could not eat, and the pain of hunger was worse than the disease. Now when she heard that I was going to say Mass, she determined to come and receive her Easter Communion. So she did, and wonderful to say, at the very moment the Sacred Host touched her tongue she felt she was perfectly cured. After Mass she was invited to breakfast, and she eat as hearty as if she had never had any soreness in her mouth. She herself declared the fact to me before two witnesses.

As regards the new Reservation on which the Osages are at present, it is indeed a most beautiful piece of land, nearly fifty miles square. The land is well timbered, and irrigated by many fine streams, and is excellent for farming. Several families, following the example of the half breeds, devote themselves to agriculture, and this year made good improvements. But the majority of this nation still depend on the buffalos which they hunt on the far western plains. This last winter they had a very good hunt, killing over ten thousand buffalos; so that altogether their condition is not bad. Indeed their condition would be a very good one were it not for the annoyances to which they are subjected by the bigotry of those officers and missionaries, who should try to assist them.

The worst of the grievances now endured by the Osages

is that of being deprived of a Catholic mission and school for their children; and this in spite of all the promises made to them by the President of the United States and by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This last gentleman, in order to induce them to send their children to a new school built last summer at their agency, and placed under the control of Quaker missionaries, promised the Osages that their children should never be interfered with in matters of religion, and the teachers he had given them should never have any religious form of worship for them. The Osages believed the words of the Commissioner, and during last fall brought forty-five of their children to that school. For a few weeks all went well enough, and no opposition was offered to the religion of the children. But after a little while these good teachers forgot all their promises, and on a certain Sunday called all the children to their religious meeting, and have since forced them to attend such meetings on every Sunday. This proceeding excited good deal of dissatisfaction among the Osages, who did not expect such bad faith in persons they considered respectable.

One other great objection the Osages have to their Quaker school, is that in it their children, boys as well as girls, are raised all together, and left together nearly the whole day to do just what they please, without anybody watching them. Some may think that Indians are not very particular about the morality of their children; but they mistake in so judging, for amongst Indians in general, there is more morality and self-respect than in many of the white settlements. In consequence of all this some thirty children have left the school during this spring, and the few remaining are not likely to stay there much longer.

I could wish to write more on this subject now, but enough for the present. Yours in Christ,

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

LETTER FROM CINCINNATI.

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE, CINCINNATI, O.

OCTOBER, 1874.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

The even run of our College life here has not been marked, during the last eight months, by events of any great importance. One of the first weeks in Lent was taken up with a general Mission in our Church. Father Weninger was the solitary missionary; and without limiting himself to the men alone, as Fr. Walsh had done in the memorable retreat of the previous year, he managed to get through all his work in nine days. The confessions of the four different classes, married women, young women, married men, young men, were heard at different times during the mission; so that, on about the third day all the married women made their general Communion; about the fifth, the young women; then the married men; finally, the young men. These general Communions were very impressive. The communicants were led in lines from the pews by a couple of Acolytes, with lighted torches; and when they had communicated were led back in the same way, between two new lines of other communicants, that were just approaching. That one idea of two Acolytes, each with a lighted torch, heading a procession, whether approaching or receding from the Communion rail, was quite a feature. I have heard that in some parts of Europe they are called "the Angels."

The moment for distributing the Holy Communion was always a great one with the missionary. He addressed them

in the warmest language, and then kneeling down before the ciborium, open in the Priest's hand, he addressed our Lord in his own most fervent way. Thereupon the Priests began to distribute the Holy Communion, while Fr. Weninger went down the Church to superintend. He did not allow them to approach the Holy Eucharist at all, except at his own stated times. The mission began on Sunday, the second in Lent. On the following Wednesday, the day for the married women, there were fourteen hundred Communion. How many of these were over and above the number of that class alone, is not apparent; and so on the other days. Thursday, the day for young women, had nine hundred Communion; Friday, for none in particular, six hundred; Sunday for the married men, thirteen hundred; Monday, for the young men, fifteen hundred.

The mission closed with the erection of a Mission-Cross. The Church was thronged to suffocation. A couple of women had to be carried out.

Our Church, meanwhile, is receiving an architectural addition, which will make it remarkable. It has, thus far, been without a steeple. Last year its interior underwent a thorough renovation, in the way of painting and general decoration; now the plan for a steeple has been submitted and accepted. In height it will be 307 feet; and the spire alone, from the top of the square tower, will be about one-half of that height. The whole is to be of stone, and the spire will receive a special beauty from the ornamented openings which are in its whole length. However, the bids which the stone contractors made were rather high—like the steeple. So a division was necessary in the work: for the present the square tower only will be constructed. Its height is 56 feet above the present front of the Church, and terminates in several pinnacles. Besides, stone steps will be provided for the church entrance. These two works in the one contract come to \$22,000.

The College year has opened again with nearly the same

number of boys as last year. This, considering the hard times, and the competition we meet with here, is rather favorable. The number is two hundred and thirty-six.

Rev. Fr. N. has had for a long time back, among his penitents, one who was so deaf, that the Confessor recognized him by receiving no answer to his first question: "How long is it since your last confession?" Thereupon, the Father would take the boy to the sacristy, and, talking to him in the loudest tone of voice, would so finish the confession. Last vacation the boy's father intended to begin the youth's education at a public school. This neither mother nor boy nor Fr. N. approved of. They desired rather that he should come to the College; though, to say the truth, he could learn nothing anywhere, he was so deaf. The Confessor recommended an application to Our Lady of Lourdes. They began a novena, the boy using the water and praying for such a faculty of hearing *as would enable him to go to school*,—nothing more. On the first day of the novena, he was better; second day, better still; last day, just so well as to come to school; and here he is now in the lowest class.

The parochial school is fairly begun in the old district school-house: and the district school has opened its new house on our old lot. The parish never had such a school as now. It has despoiled Egypt—albeit not without a fair exchange; only that what we gave was first-class ground, and what we got was a first-class house.

NEW MEXICO.

Letter of Fr. d'Aponte to Very Rev. Fr. D. Palomba, Provincial of the Neapolitan Province.

LAS VEGAS, April, 1874.

For more than two months I have been giving missions. I began with that of S. Miguel on the first Sunday of Lent, with Fr. Gasparri and Fr. Carrozzini. In spite of the unfavorable weather, snowing nearly all the first week, we had a large concourse; and it was truly edifying to see poor people, without shoes, having their feet hardly covered by two leather straps, coming from afar to listen to the word of God. There were conversions of persons who had not received the sacraments for twenty, thirty, or even fifty years. Not one was left in the whole *plaza* who had not made his confession. The second week was particularly devoted to La Cuesta and two other small villages belonging to the parish of S. Miguel. Three miles from La Cuesta, we met some fifty men on horseback who had come to welcome us, and they accompanied us, shooting off pistols. On entering the village, they separated into two lines, and our wagon passed between them, amidst the repeated firing of their pistols, and a merry pealing of the bells. Without losing time, we at once went to the church, where Fr. Gasparri addressed the people and opened the mission. The *plaza* was in a most deplorable state. Lust and theft prevailed; and as the practice of confession was almost abandoned, the sorrowful pastor of S. Miguel was not a little anxious about the success of the mission. Yet, three only excepted, all went to confession: restitutions were made, marriages legit-

imated, husbands and wives, long ago divorced, were reconciled. Even those who seemed the hardest, after having been visited by us, yielded. We spent four days at La Cuesta, then we visited *las plazas* of Pueblo and S. José ; and on Saturday we went back to S. Miguel, where we had all appointed for the close of the mission. Until midnight the pastor and we heard confessions ; on the following day we had a general communion, and the church was crowded. In the afternoon, the final sermon was preached, after which we performed the ceremonies of the blessing of a Mission-Cross, and more than two thousand people marched in procession, singing the rosary of the Blessed Virgin. The procession on its return halted in a large square before the church, the cross was erected, a joyous salute was fired, and Fr. Gasparri made an address, which moved all to tears and impressed them so much that they cried out that they would die a thousand times rather than offend God again.

On the fourth Sunday of Lent began the mission of Las Vegas. We attended first to the first communion of the children, which took place on St. Joseph's day, and then the rest of the time till Passion Sunday we devoted to grown persons. On that day we closed the mission with a very impressive celebration in honor of the Immaculate Mary and Pius IX. The church, a very large building, was tastefully decorated inside and outside, with banners white, blue and yellow ; and on both sides of the altar two trophies of like banners supported beautiful escutcheons, with the monogram of the Virgin Mary and the arms of the Sovereign Pontiff. The general communion surpassed all our hopes. In the afternoon we sang the Rosary, a sermon was preached and the Papal Benediction being given, and the Mission-Cross blessed, the procession was quickly formed, and started. It opened with some sixty men on horseback, each one of them waving a flag of the colors of Mary and Pius IX. Then followed the cross between two acolytes, then all the ladies, bearing banners of the colors of the Immacu-

late Mary. On five triumphal cars, singers accompanied by music alternated hymns of the Mission, and next to them the whole body of men marched with flags of the Pontifical colors. Lastly appeared the Mission-Cross, carried by some twenty persons, amidst a squadron of nearly a hundred horsemen. The order of the procession was perfect, and the sight truly admirable. Protestants who witnessed it, although irritated by the success of the mission, had to confess that such an imposing ceremony had never taken place in New Mexico. When the procession halted before the church to witness the erecting of the cross, a short sermon was delivered, after which, in unanimous bursts of devotion, all repeated acclamations to God, to Mary, to our holy Religion, and to Pius IX. Not less than four thousand persons were then present. They entered the church, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung, and all ended with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

We have been consoled by many signal conversions. Persons went to their duties after a neglect which varied from one year to seventy.

On the following day, Fr. Gasparri set out for Albuquerque, and myself with Fr. Carrozzini for Monton de Alamos, where we had to give a short mission. We gathered abundant fruit also among these good people, who, for the first time, had the chance of attending the ceremonies of Holy Week.

After Easter I took a few days of rest. Then I went to Los Bacas. There a man of fifty, who had not yet made his first communion, felt the sweetness of Divine grace; some *malas vidas* were abandoned, and some marriages were made valid. From thence I passed over to visit Los Valles de S. Geronimo. It is a large *plaza*, and the mission lasted till the Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage. I had to hear confessions from early morning till 11 or even 12 at night.

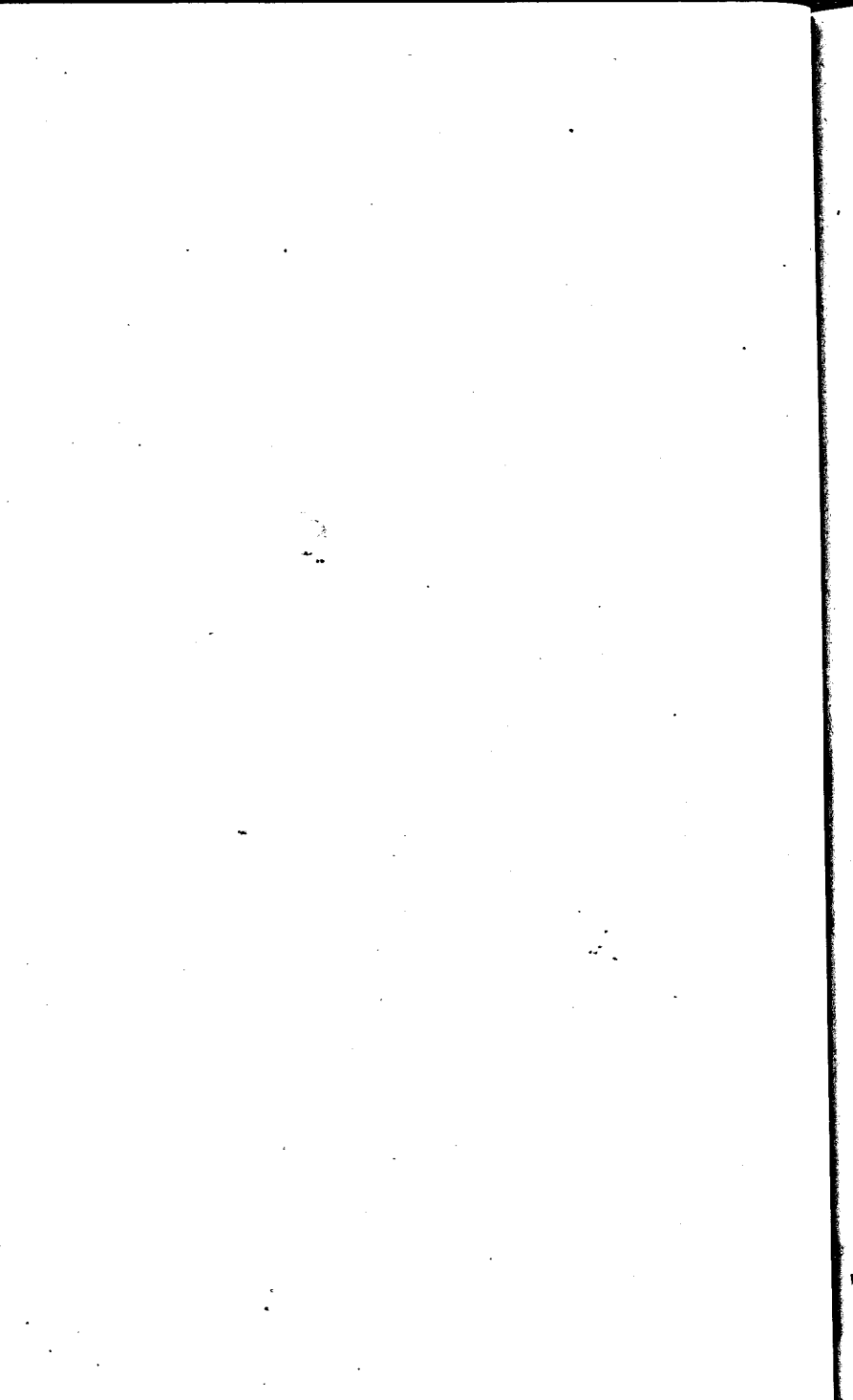
I went back to Las Vegas much fatigued, but immensely

rejoiced in thinking that so many who had abandoned the sacraments of the Church for years, had now returned to God with evident signs of true contrition. To-day and to-morrow I rest ; next Wednesday I shall start for Recolote ; and, *si nihil obstat*, for Los Vigiles and Las Gallinas.

JOHN D'APONTE, S. J.

D. O. M.





WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. IV., No. 2.

EARLY MISSIONS OF OUR SOCIETY IN ST. CHARLES CO., MO.

PORTAGE DES SIOUX—A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY, OR THE
REPUTATION OF FATHER MARQUETTE DEFENDED.

Immediately after the arrival of Father Van Quickenborn and party at St. Louis, on Corpus Christi, or May 29, 1823, and before they took up their residence at the Novitiate of St. Stanislaus, Florissant, Father Timmermans, one of the party from Maryland, was appointed to assume charge of "Portage des Sioux." This place is a small hamlet on the right bank of the Mississippi river, about fourteen miles above its junction with the Missouri, and some nine miles above Alton in Illinois. Portage des Sioux derives its name from the fact that the Sioux Indians here crossed the river from the Illinois shore, and passed to St. Charles on the Missouri river, about twelve miles distant, where they made a fierce attack upon the Sacks and Osages, gaining a victory which proved disastrous to their enemy. This seems to have happened a little before the French, from Fort Chartres, forty-five miles below St. Louis, on the

left or east bank of the Mississippi, settled this region in 1762. Portage seems neither to have declined nor to have advanced within the last sixty years, though a mixture of Americans, Irish and Germans has replaced, to a large extent, the simple Creole population that once owned the soil.

Colonel Brackenridge, in the journal of his travels through this region in 1811, describes the delta between the two rivers, as seen from the two adjacent mounts near St. Charles, named by the fanciful Creoles, "Les Mammelles." "Fifty thousand acres," he says, "of the finest land, the whole extent perfectly level, covered with long waving grass, are under the eye at once, and yet on all this space, there is but one little cultivated spot to be seen," and this, doubtless, was the land immediately around Portage.

When Henry Schoolcraft passed up the Mississippi by this spot, August 4, 1821, he found a large number of Fox Indians here temporarily encamped along the shore. Schoolcraft was on his way to Chicago where all the Indian chiefs of the Ottawa and Pottowattomy tribes were to meet Governor Cass, for the purpose of making a treaty, in 1821.

The first-baptism administered by Fr. Timmermans at Portage was signed June 13, 1823, and was that of François Rive; and on the same day he recorded the marriage of John C. Evans and Theresa Saucier. In 1825, Fr. Van Quickenborn began a stone church in St. Charles, and in 1827 he purchased a frame dwelling in that town, near the river bank. In this same year Fathers Smedts and Verreydt were ordained priests by Bishop Rosati, in the seminary chapel at the Barrens in Perry county. They went to reside at St. Charles, having in charge Portage des Sioux, Dardenne or St. Peter's, Femme Osage and other stations.

Opposite Portage des Sioux, or on the Illinois shore, are high rocky cliffs extending downwards to Alton nine miles below, and upwards to the Illinois river. It was high up on one of these perpendicular rocks that Fr. Marquette saw two painted figures, monsters as large as calves, having

human faces, their bodies covered with scales, and having tails which twice coiled around their bodies and then ended in fish tails. These figures were well painted, so well, he affirmed, that even a Frenchman could not have painted them better. The colors employed were red, green and blackish. Fr. Marquette must have passed this spot about the last day of June in 1673, allowing him to have averaged the same rate of canoe travel that Fr. De Smet did under similar circumstances, which was about thirty-five miles per day.

Fr. Marquette was the first European who ever saw the Upper Mississippi, the Pekitanoui, or *Muddy River*, now called the Missouri, and the mouth of the Ohio. La Salle and party did not see this region until eight or nine years later, and they then had Marquette's published narrative to guide them, as far, at least, as the mouth of the Arkansas river. An effort was made by Fr. Donay, who was of La Salle's party, and by others, to deprive Fr. Marquette of his honor as first discoverer; and they tried to show that his descriptions of scenery and striking objects were all made from mere hearsay among the Indians about the Lakes.

Father Anastasius Donay, Recollect, saw paintings on a rock at what is now known as "Grand Tower," below St. Genevieve, where the river passes through a sort of gate in the original bluffs. This painting was not of monsters, he alleges, but was a horse with other well-known animals near him; and besides, this painting was so near the water that he could reach it from his canoe. In impugning the veracity of Father Marquette's narrative, he laid much stress on this circumstance of the paintings; and indeed, Fr. Marquette's good name was not fully cleared till Mr. Shea published his diary in 1852. Mr. Jared Sparks said early in 1861 that this publication of Marquette's diary had made it necessary for him to remodel several of his biographies. Marquette in his diary describes these paintings, as seen by him, to have been above the mouth of the Miss-

ouri, and says he and his companions were still talking of them when they heard the roar of rushing waters, and then floated into the current of the Missouri river, rolling out its forest of drift wood, and whole islands of mud and sand: and this he said in order to intimate that the two scenes were not far apart.

The older inhabitants of Portage des Sioux often saw this famous painting, and they still relate the Indian traditions about it, as do also the old boatmen of the upper river who are sure to learn and remember all that is marvelous in respect to striking spots along the streams which they often navigate.

The following narrative in regard to this spot is in a pamphlet published in Philadelphia, in 1840, and written by Fr. De Smet when he was among the "Prairie Indians" or wild Pottowatomies at Council Bluffs, in 1838:

"I learned from the Chief of this nation a singular tradition prevailing among the various tribes of the Illinois throughout the southwest. In ascending the Mississippi, between Alton and the mouth of the Illinois river, the traveler observes, between two large hills, a narrow valley down which a little stream flows into the great river. This stream is called in the language of the natives, *Piasa* or *the bird that devours man*. At this spot there is visible, on a perpendicular rock, the Indians alledge, the figure of a huge bird carved in the rock, and with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents, and which gave its name to the stream, is called by them *piasa*. Many thousand moons before the arrival of the white men, when the great mammoth that was slain by Nanabush still roamed over the wide, grassy prairies, there existed a great bird that could seize and carry off a stag in his talons with as much ease as a hawk could take up a wren. It once pounced on an Indian, bore him off to a great cavern, and devoured him. From that time forth it would feed on none but human flesh. In its voracity it depopulated whole villages of the

Illinois, nor could hundreds of brave warriors destroy it. At length a bold chief named Outaga, whose fame extended beyond the great lakes, was commanded by the Great Manitou, who appeared to him in a dream, to single out twenty warriors armed with bows and poisoned arrows, and by means of them the hungry *piasa* should be slain. They found the great bird perched on the high rock that still bears his name and figure. All let fly their arrows at once, and the fearful winged monster transfixed with twenty arrows fell dead at the feet of the brave chief Outaga. And to this day in the caverns around the *piasa* rock are heaped the bones of many thousand Indians whose flesh was food for the insatiable maw of this monstrous bird."

An island just opposite this high butting rock, which is still named on the maps, the "Paysa," was in former days covered with dense, tall timber. This wild spot was also a favorite haunt of the blood-thirsty fowl. Even the white-faced boatman, in early days of western travel, ventured past this awful woodland by night with timid caution; and it was rumored that the ruthless destroyer's form had been seen in the moonlight by some of their own number, flapping its wings on the tree tops, and that its scream had been heard echoing at black midnight through the dark forest and far over the waters; a story which gained willing credence from these men of the pristine raft and flatboat.

For the matter of positive fact, the painting described by Fr. Marquette, as to one at least of its figures, remained visible, with its colors distinct and lively, till the year 1866, when a thrifty stone mason from St. Louis, more solicitous for money than curious about relics of aboriginal history, quarried the rock for a lime-kiln!

Having made some enquiries in writing of Mr. Henry Le Sieur, a deserving and intelligent gentleman, who resides at Portage des Sioux, and whose father settled there a while before the end of the last century, he sent the letter to Mr. J. W. Wise, a worthy gentleman of Alton, who thus

replies to the proposed questions: "The figure represented what seemed to be half animal and half bird, or perhaps I should say, a dragon, having wings and a long tail such as usually attributed to the dragon. There was but one figure; it was painted at the distance of about fifteen or twenty feet below the top of the cliff, about sixty feet above the base, and the base was some twenty feet above ordinary high water. This mass of rock was just above the upper part of Alton and was eight miles from Portage. It was quarried in 1866 and 1867 by Sheehan and Bro., of St. Louis." I append what Mr. Le Sieur* adds to these statements of Mr. Wise, he being also an eye witness. I give his letter entire, since it is a complete defense of Fr. Marquette's veracity, by one who had no aim but to state the facts which he knew; and besides, there is historic force in presenting this testimony concretely, with names and dates annexed:

"My impression was that the figure represented a griffin, or a dragon. From persons here who had seen it, and whom I consulted, I could get no *eclaircissement*, as some pronounced it a bird, while others said it was a quadruped. Mr. Wise says there was but one figure, although some say that there was a small figure in front of the large one. I will add to his description that it was a pale red. From the foot of the rock, where I examined it, the outlines of the figure appeared to have been indented into the rock; not with a chisel, but with a scraping and round pointed instrument forming a groove, and then painted in the groove. It was exposed to the storms coming from the south and the west, which must have gradually washed off the paint. Besides, the face of the rock was much marked with bullets. I have heard my father, who often passed it in company with fleets of Indian canoes, say that the Indians invariably discharged all their guns at it when they passed. That was in the latter part of the last century. None of

*He writes under date of Dec. 13, 1873.

them, at that time, had any knowledge as to when it had been made. They said it was a manitou, and they seemed to have a dread of it.

“Respectfully yours,
“HENRY LE SIEUR.”

These statements leave no ground for rational doubt concerning the identity of this painting with the one described in Fr. Marquette's narrative. What was said by Fr. Donay, and others, of a painting seen by them at Grand Tower, below St. Genevieve, at the most, merely shows that there were paintings made by the Indians in more places than one. No vestige of any painting at Grand Tower seems ever to have been mentioned by any subsequent travelers, or to have been observed by the white population living in that vicinity, in latter times.

The recent removal of Bishop Van de Velde's remains from Natchez, Miss., where he died of yellow fever Nov. 13, 1855, to the beautiful little mound at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate near Florissant, where they were reinterred on Nov. 20. 1874, prompts one to wish that those of Fr. Marquette were translated to the same spot, there to rest until the final day along with those of Frs. Van Quickenborn, Verhaegen, De Smet; also with those of Fr. Meurin, which were removed in 1849 from Prairie du Rocher in Illinois, where he died in Feb. 1778.

Father Marquette's remains were exhumed by christian Ottawas two years after his death, and removed from the banks of the rivulet that bears his name, and which empties into Lake Michigan about the middle point of its eastern border, and were taken to point St. Ignace or Mackinaw, where they were buried beneath the Church on the mainland. The resident priest at Mackinaw stated in a letter of April 3, 1873, that the site of the missionary Church which was burned down in 1706, could be found and certainly identified; for doubtless the traditions of the neighbourhood preserve the memory of the exact locality.

This digression, so loquacious and narrative, quite defies the laws of legitimate epic. Now to assume the theme first proposed, which was the early missions of our Society in St. Charles County, and particularly to declare the glories of Portage des Sioux; in regard to all of which, further talk, for the present, must be limited to mere general outline. Father Verreydt built the brick Church at Portage after Fr. De Theux became Superior of the Missouri mission in 1831. Fr. Van Quickenborn returned from the Kickapoo mission, which he founded at Fort Leavenworth in 1836, to Portage des Sioux, with his health much impaired. He did not grow better, and he died at Portage August 17, 1837. About that time Fr. Aegidius De Bruyn took charge of Portage, but he died the following year, or Sept. 19, 1838. He was succeeded then by Fr. Paillason who was, during the same year, sent to Grand Coteau. His place was taken at Portage by Fr. Van Assche, who remained till compelled by his physician to leave, in 1840, when he returned to his former home at Florissant.

After the return of Fr. Van Assche to Florissant the congregation at Portage des Sioux was made a dependency of the Residence at St. Charles, and from that time to the present it has been attended from that place.

From the Novitiate near Florissant, the bold scenery stretching from Alton far up the Mississippi, is visible. In the early days of the Missouri Province, from the Novitiate to Portage was a favorite walk of the Novices. The distance from St. Stanislaus' was but little more than eight miles. It was reached in the winter oftentimes by crossing the Missouri at the Charbonnière,* on the ice, and in warmer weather

* The Charbonnière is a little mound near the river, and it is so called because a seam of stove coal underlies it. The coal is of inferior quality, but it may become valuable when timber grows more scarce. The mound or bluff rises to the height of three hundred feet, and the table land at its top gradually undulates back to the Novitiate, which is distant a little more than a mile from the river. Fr. De Smet, shortly after his arrival at the Novitiate in 1823, excavated some small mounds on the Charbonnière and found the remains of Indian warriors there. He took up a skeleton and kept it for a time, but was compelled by his companions to bury it, as its stench was peculiarly offensive.

by way of a ferry just below, and passing over the vast natural meadow outspread between the two rivers. Some of the Novices frequently went thither to relieve the burden of the pastor on Sundays, giving the pious Creoles pretty specimens of fervid youthful eloquence. On one occasion, nearly forty years ago, when nine or ten Novices had crossed over the frozen waters and gone to the hospitable house of Father Van Assche at Portage, a south breeze set in, the ice in the river parted, floating away, no ferry boat could make its way through the fields of moving ice, and they were compelled to spend the night at Portage. On their return to the Novitiate the following day, they blamed the river for their disaster, but the anxious novice master, Fr. De Vos, preferred, with wider views of what was lost, to blame them; and, after a paternal reproof, he imposed three days of penance on them, which sentence, however, in consideration of their meekness, he on the same day commuted into the milder penalty of an extra feast in thanksgiving to the good Angels and to God because his precious *charissimi* had been preserved from graves in the quicksands of the Missouri river. No wonder that one of the first facts of cotemporaneous history learned by the fresh Novice thirty years ago, was, "Portage des Sioux is a great place!"

After passing in review the events of their simple history, we can but make the reflexion: what sufferings and privations were endured by these hardy pioneers of our Society in the West! what a complete oblation of self, and what living embodiments of our rule these men were! "Quam pulchri super montes pedes annuntiantis et prædicantis pacem; annuntiantis bonum, prædicantis salutem, dicentis Sion: regnabit Deus tuus." Isaias lii, 7.

W. H. H.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY,
JANUARY, 1875.

EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM LOUISIANA IN 1763.

The following account if not written by the exiles themselves, was at least compiled from their notes. It was not intended for publication but for the use of the members of the Society and their friends. As our readers may have a laudable curiosity to know its authority, we may say that it is taken from our archives in Rome, and has been published in the "*Documents inédits concernant la Compagnie de Jésus, publiés par le P. Auguste Carayon, de la même Compagnie, n. xiv. Poitiers, 1865.*"

You tell me that you are surprised to learn of the arrival in Paris of the Jesuits expelled from Louisiana in accordance with a decree issued against them in that Colony. You would like to know the motives of this sentence and the consequences of its execution. I am perfectly acquainted with the matter which so much interests you and with everything relating to it. I have lived nearly thirty years in Louisiana and I left it only at the beginning of the present year. Being persuaded that your curiosity has no other motive than your love for religion and truth, in the account which I am about to give I shall be careful to say nothing which departs in the least from either.

In the month of June, 1765, the Jesuits of New Orleans, the capital of Louisiana, were still fluctuating between hope and fear as to their future fate. The preceding year they had seen their enemies, with an air of triumph circulating manuscript copies of the Bill passed by the Parliament at Paris, Aug. 6, 1761. But some influential persons had reassured them. They expected much from the representations made in their favor and especially placed reliance on the prayer which the French Bishops addressed to the King. On the arrival of the vessel which brought the news of peace, they became aware at last of what they had to expect, for it carried orders for their destruction.

M. D'Albadie, Commissary General of the Navy and Commander of Louisiana, and M. De la Frenière, Attorney General of the Supreme Assembly of this colony, both lately appointed to their positions, came over on the vessel. The Commissioner was not slow to inform the Superior of the Jesuits of the preparations made against them. "I believe," he said, "that the Attorney General is charged with some order which relates to you." His words were plain enough, but, notwithstanding the example of so many Parliaments, the Jesuits were persuaded that nothing would be done against them in Louisiana; and at so critical a moment they did not take the least precaution to secure their property.

Proceedings commenced. It was ordered that the Institute of the Jesuits should be brought before the Council for examination: quite a task for this tribunal. By right all the judges who composed it should have studied at least theology, civil and ecclesiastical law: above all they should have understood the language in which the Institute was written. But this was not the kind of knowledge required of Judges in the colonies. In appointing them they did not seek graduates of the universities; but they chose those of the inhabitants who showed some capacity for business: and accordingly in these councils were found ex-merchants, Doctors and army officers. Those trained in the navy department are usually the best educated; so that such have hitherto been most frequently appointed, at least in Louisiana, to the Presidency of the Council, a dignity attached to the office of Commissioner or Commander.—These facts fully justify us in saying that the Council of New Orleans undertook a considerable task in assuming to decide on the Institute of the Jesuits.

To tell the truth, it is but just to suppose that M. de la Frenière, familiar with the latin language from his youth, had also studied civil law during his long stay in France;

but his capacity could not be communicated to the judges who were to decide the matter. A great number of them were utterly unacquainted with the language of the documents on which they were going to pass judgment. The matter under consideration was spiritual, if any ever was, and yet the judges were all mere laymen. And after the decision of the Council of Trent upon the Institute of the Society of Jesus, if another examination was necessary, to whom else did it belong but to the universal Church?

None of these considerations influenced the Council of Louisiana; for, a powerful motive encouraged them to enter on the matter at once. Many volumes of petitions and reports on this subject in the different Parliaments of France, and the Bills passed in consequence had arrived. For these gentlemen it was sufficient to believe themselves competent; there was no danger of going astray under such guides.

The petition was presented by the Attorney-general: the sentence which I shall give shortly will make known the nature of his action.

As to the opinions given, it is not clear that the ordinary Counsellors were entirely unanimous: outside of them it is certain that there was one man favorable to the Jesuits; and this was M. de Chatillon, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Angoumois regiment, who in his official capacity was entitled to be present at the Council and to give his opinion. This honorable old gentleman did not shrink from defending those who had so few protectors left.

The sentence was pronounced on the 9th of July. It was declared that the Institute of the Society was an encroachment on the royal authority and the rights of the Bishops, as well as dangerous to the public peace; and that the vows made in conformity with it were null and void. Persons heretofore styling themselves Jesuits were forbidden henceforth to go by that name or to wear their ordinary habit; and in place of it were to employ that of the secular clergy. With the exception of their books and a few

articles of furniture, every thing belonging to them, whether personal property or real estate, was ordered to be seized and sold at public auction. All the church ornaments and sacred vessels of the New Orleans Jesuits were to be handed over to the Rev. Capuchin Fathers; whilst those of the Jesuits living in the Illinois country should be surrendered to the King's representative in those parts. After this the Churches were to be razed to the ground and the so-called Jesuits were to be shipped to France by the first vessel ready to sail: in the meantime they were not allowed to live together. A sum of six hundred livres was allowed to pay each one's passage and an additional fifteen hundred francs for their maintenance during six months.

At the end of that time they were commanded to present themselves to M. Le duc de Choiseul, Secretary of State for the Navy Department, and ask for the pensions which should be assigned them out of the money realized from the sale of their property.

I have already stated the general motives for the condemnation of the Jesuits in Louisiana; motives which were modeled on the decrees of the French Parliament; but in giving its decision, the Council of New Orleans was anxious to add some new and specific charges. It declared that the Jesuits in the colony *had entirely neglected their missions; that they thought only of increasing the value of their houses, and that they had usurped the vicar-generalship of New Orleans.*

If there had been question only of their own interest, the Jesuits of Louisiana, in addition to the loss of their property, could have also suffered in silence the injury done to their reputation by this sentence. But there are times when silence is equal to an avowal of guilt; and it is not allowable to acknowledge a crime laid to our charge when scandal will result therefrom. Now what greater scandal than that missionaries sent to America for the instruction of the French and the savages, missionaries living on the favors of

the King, should be condemned by the voice of their conscience even tacitly to admit that they had neglected their missions, that they had taken care only of their dwellings, and moreover were self-confessed usurpers of the vicar-generalship of a diocese? No! conscience will not oblige the Jesuits of Louisiana to admit their guilt. On the contrary it obliges them to speak; and in justifying themselves they have no fear of contradiction, or of this much, at least, they are certain, that what may be said against them has neither truth nor solidity.

There are few provinces in France at this day where there is not to be found some person of consideration who has lived in Louisiana. Of these there is none who has not known the Jesuits; the most of them have even been enabled to examine them closely. The Jesuits appeal with confidence to the testimony which these persons can give in their favor, concerning the charges in question. Nay more, they dare advance as witnesses of their conduct three governors of Louisiana and a vicar-general of the diocese of Quebec for this same colony, all of whom were still living in June of this year, 1764. Their approbation was neither asked nor anticipated.

The first witness, then, shall be M. de Bienville, commander of the King's fleet, for the last twenty years living at Paris. He may justly be regarded as the founder of the colony of Louisiana. He it was who in 1698 accompanied his brother M. d'Herville when that illustrious navy officer discovered the mouth of the Mississippi, after the famous adventurer La Salle had failed. M. de Bienville was then left on the banks of this river to commence a settlement. He governed this colony for forty-four years with the exception of a few short intervals. It was he who put it almost in the condition in which we see it at present, by building New Orleans and the post of Mobile and by establishing the other posts in Louisiana. During his long official career he always paid marked attention to all that

was going on in that vast province; he knew the merit of all who were employed there; and no person in the country could have forgotten the remarkable good will he always manifested towards the Jesuits there. Would he have acted thus towards missionaries who, failing in the care of their mission, would have failed in their most essential duty?

The second witness is the Marquis de Vaudreuil, last governor of New France. He succeeded M. de Bienville in the government of Louisiana. The Jesuits found in him a protector and a declared friend. It would be difficult to add anything to the marks of favor he constantly showed them. What could have attracted such kind attentions? Surely nothing but the idea he conceived of their fidelity to their most important duties. The integrity of M. de Vaudreuil would not have permitted him to treat with such honor missionaries who by neglect of their duty would have deserved from him only reproaches and contempt.

The third witness for the Louisiana Jesuits is M. de Kerlevec, post commander and last governor of this colony. A single proof will suffice to show his opinion of them; it is a letter which he wrote a short time before their destruction, in which he recalled to them these words of our Lord to His disciples: *Beati eritis cum vos oderint homines, et persecuti vos fuerint, et dixerint omne malum adversum vos mentientes, propter me: gaudete et exultate!* Can we believe that he would have applied this text to missionaries who had taken no care of their missions?

Finally, a fourth witness shall be M. L'abbé de l'Isle-Dieu. For more than thirty years he was at Paris, vicar-general of the Quebec Diocese and especially charged with managing its affairs in connection with Louisiana. Yet his opinion of the Jesuits in Louisiana may be gathered from a letter he wrote to them after the sentence of Aug. 6, 1762, in which he says that they *perished, to the regret of the whole episcopal body and of all good men.* Writing in

this fashion, it is rather improbable that he judged them to have failed in the care of their missions.

But it will be asked, could the Jesuits, then, defend themselves only by the testimony of others? Should they not have put forward their practices in the missions, their works and the fruits of their zeal to speak in their behalf? The good actions of every person of character ought to be recounted to his praise in presence of his judges: *Laudent eam in portis opera ejus*. The Jesuits fear not to submit to the examination here proposed; and to show what they did, I am going to speak of their missions separately. First, of the oldest, namely, those in the Illinois country, then of the New Orleans mission, together with that of the Chactas and Alibamons.

Among the Illinois the Jesuits had four established missions. The first was for the instruction of the savages called Cascaskias; and the following were the exercises practised there: At sunrise the signal was given for prayers and Mass. The savages recited the prayers in their own language and, during Mass, sang according to the Roman form, hymns and canticles translated into their own language with suitable petitions. At the end of Mass the missionary taught Catechism to the children; on his return to his dwelling he was engaged in teaching the adult Neophytes and Catechumens either in preparation for Baptism or Penance, Holy Communion or Marriage.

When he was free he went through the village exciting the faithful to fervor and exhorting the unbelievers to embrace Christianity. The rest of the day was none too much to recite the divine office, to study the language of the savages and prepare instructions for Sundays and feast days. Certainly, care, and much care, was necessary for so many varied and continual duties. At least the savages were persuaded that the Jesuits took care of them, since at the first news of the sentence pronounced against the missionaries, they wished to go in search of the officer commanding in those

parts, to beg that he would at least save them Father Meurin who was in charge of their mission. And what other idea could they form of the Jesuits? A single example will suffice as a representative of a body of men entirely devoted to the instruction of the savages; it is Father de Guyenne, who died in 1752. After having spent thirty-six years in the Louisiana Missions he had labored in the Alibamon, the Arkansas and the Miami missions. He had been curé of the Fort de Chartres and everywhere he was respected as a man of rare virtue, singular prudence and inviolable attachment to his missionary duties.

Since 1736 he had devoted himself to the Illinois mission. Called to more honorable and agreeable employments, he preferred to remain with his savages, and by his constancy had not only preserved religion, very much weakened in that nation, but had even considerably reanimated fervor by his indefatigable application to all his duties. At last, four years before his death, though afflicted with partial paralysis which rendered him incapable of motion, and though suffering from great weakness of the chest, an old malady which hardly left him strength to make himself heard, he ceased not to receive at all hours the dear Neophytes, who came from a great distance to receive instruction from him. He taught them catechism, exhorted them to virtue, heard their confessions, and by virtue of his power as Superior relieved them in their temporal necessities. Does not the example of a man so faithful to his ministry to the last day of his life, give us reason to assert that among the Jesuits established with the Illinois there remained some zeal and care for the missions?

At a league and a quarter from the village of the Illinois savages was a French village also called Cascaskias, where for forty-four years there has been a parish, always under the care of the Jesuits. Of those who have been charged with this office we dare to repeat what we have said of their brethren in general, that there are few French provinces not

still possessing witnesses of their zeal in the ministry, their fidelity in visiting the sick and relieving the poor, their assiduity in the tribunal of penance and almost daily instruction of the children. To this must be added the instruction of the negroes and the savages who were slaves of the French, to dispose them for baptism and the reception of the other sacraments. Moreover public prayers were said every evening in the Church in conjunction with the reading of some pious book; and on Sundays and festivals two catechetical instructions were given, one to the French children, another to the negro slaves and the savages, to say nothing of the solemn Masses and vespers accurately sung, with the accompanying benediction.

But there is an example of still greater solicitude. Since the year 1753 there had been at the French village of the Cascaskias a newly built parish Church one hundred and forty-four feet in length and forty-four feet front, which would never have been finished had not the cost of building been paid out of the Church revenues and the contributions of the parishioners. Fathers Tartarin, Watrin and Aubert, Jesuits, successively charged with the care of this parish, devoted to this work the greater part of the chance offerings of the faithful and the alms received for Masses. When they had the erection and adornment of their Church so much at heart, it is not likely that they were wanting in their other duties.

Is another proof needed of the Jesuits' solicitude in the care of this parish? For fifteen years past a new village called St. Geneviève has been established on the opposite bank of the Mississippi, at a league's distance from the old village. It became necessary then for the curé of the Cascaskias to visit this place for the administration of the Sacraments at least to the sick. When the population increased they asked for the erection of a Church. This request being granted, the missionaries believed it their duty to encourage the good will and to minister to the

needs of their new parishioners by more frequent visits. Nevertheless to reach this new Church it was necessary to cross the Mississippi which at that place is about a mile and a quarter wide. At times you had to trust yourself to a slave who guided the canoe alone; and your life was exposed to imminent danger if a violent storm happened to break upon you whilst on the way over. None of these difficulties prevented the curé of the Cascaskias from going over to St. Geneviève on a mission of charity, a task which he continued to discharge until a few years ago when a resident curé was stationed there after the inhabitants had built a house for him. These two villages of the Cascaskias and St. Geneviève were the second and third Jesuit settlements in the Illinois country; and it is clear to every one that care, courage and constancy were needed to fulfil even a part of the duties devolving on the missionaries.

At a distance of 80 leagues from the Illinois was Vincennes or Saint Ange, a post so called from the name of the officers commanding there. This settlement was on the banks of the Ouabache (now Wabash) which flows into the Ohio and, with it, enters the Mississippi, about seventy leagues below. In the last mentioned place there were at least sixty French families, to say nothing of the Miami savages who lived close by. Here also there was ample field for Jesuit enterprise and zeal, and they were never found wanting. This may easily be believed, if we consider that this settlement was daily growing larger and that the new inhabitants, for a long time given to a roving life, were little accustomed to practise their christian duties. Instructions and exhortations, public as well as private, were required to establish amongst them even the semblance of a good life. That the Jesuits acquitted themselves of their charge is proved by the complaints of their parishioners, who pretended that their curés went beyond the limits of their duty and took too great a care of them. This is diametrically opposite to the accusation of the Louisiana Council.

But what were the Jesuits doing among the Alibamons and Chactas? The French had settled near the Alibamon savages, the missionary discharging the office of curé. In this capacity Fr. Leroi had made them publicly promise to sell no more whiskey to the savages. It is true that a resolution so useful and necessary for the religion as well as for the temporal advantage of both Savages and French did not last long; the ancient custom was soon reëstablished and the hope of sordid gain prevailed over reason and justice; yet prudent men have not forgotten the services done by the missionaries.

What did they do for the savages? They lived with them ever ready to teach them the Christian faith when it pleased God to open their hearts. Meanwhile they endeavoured to keep them in close relations of alliance and friendship with the French, and they succeeded because these people saw well enough by their conduct that they had not come among them in quest of a fortune. This disinterestedness gained them so much credit that they became useful, even indispensable to the colony.

But it was especially in the Chactas nation that the missionaries rendered this essential service; and those who know Louisiana can tell how important it was to maintain friendly relations with this nation. If alienated from us, they could rise up and in a single day put an end to the colony, by destroying New Orleans, which had no defences whatever. It was to prevent such an attack that the missionaries led a weary life among a people as barbarous as the Chactas, making them comprehend the advantage of being at peace with the French and the value of the presents given them regularly every year. If these subsidies failed, as happened during the war, it became the missionary's task to conciliate their good will by promising indemnity for those losses. What services did not the Jesuits render when they accompanied the Governors every year to the fort of Mobile, where the Chactas assembled to receive

Expulsion of the Jesuits from Louisiana in 1763. 99

their allowance? To make a useful as well as a judicious distribution of presents, the Governor should have been acquainted with the chiefs of the nation and known the most devoted and influential. Who could furnish him this information except the missionary who lived with them, was in close connection with the most trustworthy, and regularly visited the thirty villages of the Chactas to see what was going on there. If there had only been question of visiting the village! But during these many years that the Chactas were divided among themselves into parties favorable or hostile to the French, even to the extent of killing one another, to what dangers was not the missionary exposed even in the solitude of his cabin? How often had he not reason to fear that his life would be taken by those who wished to have revenge upon the French for the death of the Chactas killed by their partisans? Such were the missionary's invaluable services: and for twenty years this was done by Fr. Baudoin, who now as Superior at New Orleans, has been condemned by the sentence which accuses the Jesuits of carelessness in the discharge of their duties.

Nevertheless it is hard to believe that there were not some apparent motives for reproach. This might perhaps have been the occasion: in 1763 there were no longer any Jesuits with the Arkansas, where the Jesuits were obliged to leave one, according to their grant. For many years Fr. Carette had quitted this post: his brethren were of opinion that he should have done so sooner. Though he had but little hope of bringing these savages to Christianity, the Father studied their language for a long time and tried in vain to reform the morals of the French. He followed them to the different settlements which the overflow of the Mississippi obliged them to establish. Notwithstanding so much difficulty, the missionary would not allow his efforts to be rendered useless by the conduct of those who should have assisted him: he accordingly continued in patience till the occurrence of the event we are about to describe.

In the fort of the Arkansas there was no longer a chapel, not even an apartment where Mass could be said except the hall where the commandant took his meals. Such a place was ill suited to the purpose, not only because it was a dining-hall, but still more because of the bad conduct and licentious discourse of those who frequented it. Every living creature in the fort, not excepting the fowls from the poultry yard, came there; a hen flying upon the altar upset the chalice which remained there at the close of the Mass. The spectators were not at all moved; one who should have been most concerned, crying out: *See there! the traps of the good God are down.* These sentiments were not more impious than their lives. Fr. Carette judged proper to leave the place until either a chapel was built or the people of the fort were disposed to respect religion. Elsewhere he could be employed with better hope of success.

(To be continued.)



ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

[Continued.]



In the latter part of 1855 arrangements were made by which some of our Fathers took charge of St. John's Church and Congregation, Very Rev. Edward Sourin, the pastor and former administrator of the diocese, entering the Novitiate on the eve of St. Stanislaus' day.

In January 1856, Fathers Ryder, Pacciarini and John Mc Guigan with one brother were stationed at St John's and Father — with four Scholastics took possession of a

building erected as a parochial school for St. John's parish, but which was now converted into a College. The second story or, as sometimes called, the first floor, being richly furnished, was fitted up as a Chapel of the Immaculate Conception, which sometime served the fashionable congregation of Philadelphia. Fathers Barbelin, Vespre and Tuffer, with one Scholastic and four Brothers remained at St. Joseph's: so that from the beginning of 1856 there were three Communities of Ours in the straight-laced City of Philadelphia. The Scholastic who remained at St. Joseph's, assisted by a young secular gentleman, opened St. Joseph's Select School, which soon had the names of a hundred boys on its list.

On the Festival of the Epiphany, Bishop James Frederick Wood made his first visit to St. Joseph's. In his eloquent sermon, he remarked: "The spirit which laid the first corner stone of its foundation is still as fresh, as vigorous, as warm, as it was then, and the recollection of the services which this Church has given to religion is embalmed in the hearts of all."

On the 15th of August, the Festival of our Mother's glorious Assumption, Father James Ward became Vice Rector of the College at Filbert and Juniper, and Superior of the Mission at St. John's.

During this year, Fr. Thomas Lilly began at St. Joseph's a congregation of colored persons. They met at different times on Sunday and once during the week. Their services on Sunday evening were attended by many white persons. He also established a school and placed it under the superintendence of a worthy colored dame, Mrs. Wood. The school was afterwards placed under the care of the colored Oblates of Mary.

1860, a year of deaths. On the 5th of January the saintly Bishop Neumann, after dinner, before going to the sinner's box, which he attended most faithfully, went out for some business connected with the temporalities of the

Diocese. He died sitting upon a curbstone. Fr. Ryder, who was paying some visits, heard the report and was greatly shocked. He went to the house of one of my brothers, Mr. Patrick Ward, and there became quite sick. They codled him, and about dusk he came home much excited about the rumored death. After supper he went to the confessional, retired to his room at nine o'clock, and went to bed never to rise again. On the morning of the 12th, I was rehearsing the boys for the Christmas play, when I was told "the Reverend Father has departed."

That was an afternoon of excitement for Philadelphia. A polished gentleman, a distinguished Jesuit, and a man of God was dead, and Philadelphia felt it. Fr. Barbelin determined that no expense should be spared when showing respect to the memory of "the pride of the Maryland Province." The most expert upholsterers were employed and never before nor since has the Church been so beautifully draped in mourning.

Rev. Wm. O'Hara D. D., now the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Scranton, a former pupil of Father Ryder, and the leading secular priest of the Philadelphia diocese, was engaged to preach the funeral discourse. The only fear was that the crowd attending would be beyond all precedent. Although the day before the funeral was as genial as a Spring morning, before the time the sun should have risen the next day, it was snowing and hailing. The streets were almost impassable, and it was determined that no females should be in the funeral procession; yet despite the storm and despite the prohibition, they formed on the opposite sidewalk, and were the first at the tomb.

The following obituary appeared in the "Public Ledger" of January 13, 1860.

"Rev. James Ryder D. D., lately officiating at St. Joseph's Church, Willing's Alley, died yesterday morning at the parsonage attached to the Church, from inflammation of the bowels, after a short illness. His remains, we under-

Florissant. Together with Brother John Sheehan, Br. Thomas Coghlan, and Father John Bax he accompanied Father John Schoenmakers, our Superior, to this Mission, which they reached April 29th 1847. To establish a Mission in a wild country, was certainly not an easy task; and if the two Fathers had to encounter much hard labor, the three Brothers, perhaps, fared still worse, on account of their continual contact with the savages. The care of the farm having been intrusted to Br. John Sheehan, Br. Thomas Coghlan was charged with that of the house, while Br. John De Bruyn was made cook, dispenser, refectorian, gardener, sacristan; in a word, he was *ad omnia*, ever ready for all kinds of work: the hardest and most disagreeable being invariably his own choice. The zeal he displayed at the very beginning of his labors in this portion of the vineyard of our Lord, he preserved unabated to the end of his life.

He labored in this Mission for over eighteen years. In the latter part of October 1865, he was attacked by a most violent inflammation of the bowels, and was obliged to surrender himself to the care of the Infirmarian. All that could be done to relieve him was tried, but to no purpose. While lingering between life and death, a circumstance happened which greatly moved him.

We had at that time in our service an excellent young man by the name of Joseph Reams who was then just nineteen years of age. He came to us in order to be instructed in our holy Religion and in one month had succeeded in learning his prayers, and committing to memory a portion of the catechism. The good catechumen was to be baptized in few days, when, on the morning of the 30th of October, he was found dead in his bed! Br. John De Bruyn had a great affection for the young man, they frequently worked together, and both seemed to be happy when they could spend some time in each other's company. Fearing that the news of Joseph's sudden death might prove

fatal to our dear Brother, we determined to conceal from him what had happened. But he very soon found it out, and the sorrow it occasioned him was truly great. He prayed most fervently for a while, and afterwards looking at those who were standing by, he said: "O, I am sure, that God has been merciful to the poor boy! O yes I know he was very good, and wished only to be baptized! Now it is done with him, you had better prepare to bury me also."

On the 2nd of November, all hope of his recovery being dismissed it was thought proper to strengthen him with the Sacraments of the Church. I myself administered them to him while the whole Community knelt in prayer around his bed. The piety and devotion with which he received the Viaticum and Extreme Unction were remarkable, and showed most evidently, that he not only did not fear death, but on the contrary deemed it the prelude to endless joy.

When this duty was performed they all returned to their different avocations, and I remained alone with him. He looked around to see whether any one else was in the room, and finding that we were left alone he said to me in great confidence; "O Father, I must acknowledge that I have been a miserable sinner all the days of my life, but at this last moment I cannot conceal from you that I have also received many and great favors from God. Yes, Father, years ago, in the Novitiate near Florissant, I was one day very much troubled in mind, because I had been commanded to do something to which I felt a great repugnance. I went to walk in the garden, and lo! I beheld a crown of thorns lying across my path. I wondered at the sight, and could not understand how that crown could be found in such a place; but what especially caused me surprise was the fact that it resembled the crown which is wont to be represented amongst the instruments of the Passion of our Lord. While I was gazing upon it in surprise it suddenly disappeared, and I never saw it again. But the image of that crown never departed from my mind, and the thought

of it ever afterwards in all my troubles helped me to be resigned to the will of God.

"On another occasion as I was praying in the old Chapel of the Novitiate I saw what appeared to me the ceiling opening and the Immaculate Mother of God standing sensibly in the air before me, and looking upon me with great affection. Though this beautiful apparition lasted only a few minutes, yet most powerful was the assistance which it gave me to overcome the many difficulties I was meeting with in the way of religious perfection.

"Finally, some ten years ago in this very house, as I was one morning sweeping your room, I directed my eyes to the picture of our Lady, which hung upon the wall, and I saw the Mother of God standing before me. How she came in I cannot tell, but of this I am positive, that I saw her as clearly as I now see you. Full of confusion at the sight, I threw myself on my knees and endeavored to speak to her, but was unable to articulate a word, so great was the excitement under which I labored. Then the Virgin looking upon me most sweetly, smiled, and disappeared. I never again saw her. The memory of this delightful vision rendered very easy all the hardships I have since endured."

Now, were I to be asked if I myself really give credence to these visions of Br. John De Bruyn; in reply I would say that I sincerely do, and this not only on account of the intimate knowledge I had of Br. John's heart and soul, but also because I believe they verified, even in our days, what St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians (1. Cor. i. 27.), "*quæ stulta sunt mundi elegit Deus ut confundat sapientes.*"

Br. John De Bruyn revealed to me these facts about twenty minutes after he had received the last Sacraments. Having been always very humble, he certainly did not relate them in order to elicit praise. I was his spiritual director for upwards of fourteen years, and in conversing with me he several times intimated, without however coming to any particulars, that he had been the recipient of some

extraordinary graces. Moreover, when I consider the solemnity of the moment in which he spoke to me, and when I recall to mind how truthful and circumspect he was wont to be in his expressions, I am forced to believe that the last statements he made to me were true.

He felt that his hour had now come, and taking in his hand the crucifix and an image of the Immaculate Virgin he kissed them, and pressed them for a moment to his bosom. Then turning to Br. Frederick Wenstrup, who was in attendance upon him, he requested to be raised upright. With our assistance he stood for a moment on his feet, then fell upon his knees beside his bed, and bowing his head over his clasped hands, calmly expired. He was fifty years of age, of which he had passed twenty-three in our Society.

What the cause was that prompted him to stand up, and then suddenly to fall upon his knees, as it were in an act of adoration, we cannot tell; but it made the impression upon us that some heavenly favor was, at that last hour, granted to him.

We laid him on his pallet, and kneeling by his side prayed God to give eternal rest to his soul. Looking at him you would have thought he was sleeping; his countenance wore the expression of a just man, who having spent many years in the service of God, had departed to receive the reward of his labors. Indeed his death was precious in the sight of the Lord. May his soul rest in peace.

Yours in Christ,

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

VOYAGE OF VERY REV. FR. JOHN ANTHONY
GRASSI, S. J. FROM RUSSIA TO AMERICA.

JAN. 1805—OCT. 1810.

The Emperor of Russia, Paul I, was dissatisfied with the professors of the University of Vilna and took the resolution in 1799 to put that institution again under the charge of the Society of Jesus, some of whose members had been retained by his mother, Catharine II., in White Russia.

These Religious having represented to the Emperor, that, without express permission from the Sovereign Pontiff, they could not establish a community in places where the *brief of suppression* had been promulgated; accordingly, the Emperor took all the measures necessary to obtain this authorization from the Holy See; and Pius VII, in a brief dated March 7, 1801, granted to Father Kareu, then Superior general of the Jesuit Fathers, the faculty full and entire of establishing the Society throughout Russia, but no farther: "*Intra limites Rossiaci imperii tantum.*"

The news of this grant of the Pope reached Pekin, where an ex-Jesuit of France, Father Louis Poirot, was staying at the Court of the Emperor in quality of musician, and this Father took courage at the prospect of having some Jesuits to succeed him in the important mission of China. Profiting by the return to Italy of a Lazarist missionary, he sent letters to Pope Pius VII., and to the General of the Society, entreating them to favor the realization of this hope. Fr. Gabriel Grüber had already succeeded to the office and cares of Father Kareu. In each of these letters he pleaded that, whilst his advanced age (he was over 80) and multiplied infirmities warned him daily of his approaching end,

there was only one thing he cared to live for, and this he desired most ardently: it was to see a member of the Society of Jesus come to China to succeed him. In closing, he most earnestly solicited the privilege of renewing his religious profession, that he might have the consolation of dying a true son of the Society of Jesus.

The Pope despatched the petition to Father Grüber; and he, having already received the letter intended for him, did not take long to decide in accordance with the generosity of his heart. He was encouraged in this step by a most favorable turn of circumstances. The Russian Government, which had long before projected a Jesuit mission in China with a fixed residence, such as the French Jesuits had begun under the protection of Louis XIV., was again, in 1804, discussing the feasibility of this project. A solemn embassy was then on the eve of departing for China. Count Golowkin, the ambassador who had been appointed to treat with the Chinese Emperor and to be the bearer of magnificent presents to the Chinese Court, had many learned men in his suite and had set his heart on being accompanied by some Jesuits. The proposal was made to Father Grüber, who accepted it—remonstrating only that he could send no more than two or three Religious for the time being, just to take possession of the mission. He remarked moreover, that, as the embassy was to enter China on the north by the land route, while missionaries had invariably entered by sea at Canton or Macao, it might prove an obstacle to their mission were they to journey with the embassy. In consideration of this, the Court allowed the missionaries to go by sea. It was agreed that they should repair to Gottenburg by land, and thence pass over to London, where they would find every convenience for taking ship directly to Canton. Father General promised to write without delay to Rev. William Strickland, a Father of the old Society in England who was then living in London, to engage passages

on board a vessel to be ready for the missionaries as soon as they would arrive in that City.

Arrangements being thus made for the voyage, towards the middle of December, Fr. General wrote from his residence at St. Petersburg to the Provincial of Polocz, Fr. Anthony Lustyg, with orders to prepare for this mission the Fathers, Norbert Korsack and John Anthony Grassi, with the lay brother John Sürmer, a German, and once a sculptor by profession; and to send them off at the earliest opportunity. Father Korsack, who had been teaching Philosophy and who was a native of White Russia, was appointed the Superior. Fr. Grassi, formerly of Bergamo in Italy, was at that time Rector of the College of Nobles attached to the College of Polocz; he had been destined for the mission of Astrakhan on the borders of the Caspian Sea, and had been applying to the study of Armenian. Fr. Jos. Pignatelli had been his Novice-Master at Colorno—the first Novitiate of the Society opened in Italy since 1799.

This letter from the General enjoined the three Religious to come provided with books on Mathematics, on Physics and on Astronomy; but it made no mention of their destination. They set out from the College of Polocz, Jan. 14, 1805; and travelling day and night they arrived safely at St. Petersburg, Jan. 19. There they were received kindly by the Rector of the College who, after embracing them recommended them to answer questions about their voyage saying that they were going to Stockholm—words which sounded to all very mysterious. Several days passed before they were acquainted with the mission for which they had been called.

At length Father General sent for Father Korsack and let him know, that he and his companions were destined for the mission of Pekin, and that the beginning of February was to be the time of their departure; meanwhile they were to make necessary preparations. As to the General himself he displayed wonderful activity and a truly paternal affection.

He provided each of the Fathers with full sets of vestments, chalices etc., in a chest containing whatever may be needed for celebrating Mass and administering the Sacraments. He purchased for them mathematical instruments and a scientific laboratory with all the apparatus for physics and astronomy ; and he supplied them also with medicines, and with a stock of images, pictures and other little objects for presents. He made them take along some good suits of secular clothes with Russian furs. Finally he put in their hands a document conferring on them all the privileges customary for Jesuits on the Indian missions, he procured them several letters of recommendation, and gave them as much money as he judged sufficient to defray their expenses on the voyage.

Having got all things in readiness, the General fixed their departure for the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin. On that morning, he took the missionaries into his chamber : there, after praying some moments on his knees before a statue of St. Ignatius, he arose, blessed and embraced them ; and presented each of them with some object of devotion as a token of his affection. They were in secular dress, but they had taken along with them the habit of the Society. Then they departed in three sledges, one for the Fathers, another for the Brother and a Swede who was to be their interpreter, and the third carried their trunks and valises.

For two days the missionaries met with no accident ; but after that they felt the necessity of halting. They were disabled, Fr. Korsack by an enormous swelling in the throat, Br. Sürmer from constipation in the bowels, and Fr. Grassi who had from the beginning been barely convalescent, now felt such acute pain in his side that he was compelled to lie down. And so they spent some of the Saturday and the whole of Sunday on mattresses spread on the floor of a spare room in the post-master's cabin, fortunate enough that they had found any shelter at all in that desert place.

Their ills grew worse from day to day: and there was no doctor within call, no medicines that would cure these ailments. Nevertheless they took heart and were persuaded by their interpreter to travel in spite of sickness. They arrived at a little town, where a garrison is kept on the frontiers of Russia and Sweden and where they found an inn. Besides, there was a doctor attending the soldiers, under whose care they improved so steadily that in ten days they were able to continue their journey.

Then the little band took the direction of Abo the capital of Finland. Beyond that city our travellers crossed over the frozen sea post haste, changing horses at every island till they came to the island Aland. Here they were obliged to remain many days for a change of weather to make the Gulf of Bothnia passable either for sleds or ships. At length on March 20, they crossed the gulf in a mail-boat and landed on the shore of Sweden in safety. From this out, they found the Swedish sleighs more convenient, being narrower and longer than the Russian sledges, and so more suited to the roads of Sweden, especially at that season. In this kind of conveyance they arrived, March 22, at Stockholm.

Immediately, they made enquiries for the Abbé Moretti, the Superior of the Swedish missions, who had several times written to implore Fr. General to undertake these missions. They learned to their sorrow that he had died. But they found at the capital Mr. Fontana from Leghorn, who had recently been nominated Russian consul to Gottenbürg, and who had been informed at St. Petersburg of the mission undertaken by these three Jesuits. He easily recognised them from the ample privileges expressed in the Imperial passports, and he lost no time before he presented them to Mr. Alopeus, the Russian minister at Stockholm. They were received very graciously by His Excellency, who however showed his disapproval of their policy in seeking to embark from London: "The English,

said he, "from a spirit of jealousy, will not admit you on one of their ships; and even if they should, in consideration of our Emperor as an ally to their Government, grant you passage, you run the risk of being landed without ceremony on some desert island. Now I am informed that a vessel bound for Canton is soon to set sail from Copenhagen; so you will do well to direct your way to Copenhagen without delay, and to profit by the opportunity. I will take care to write to St. Petersburg about it, and I can furnish you with a note to Mr. Lisakiawicz, our minister at the court of Denmark."

The minister's reasons approved themselves to all, especially to the mind of Mr. Fontana, who thought the new plan excellent. Accordingly the three Jesuits advised the very Rev. Fr. Vicar-general of their change of mind, traded off their furs and sledges for two carriages, and left Stockholm for Copenhagen, March 19. They passed the Sound between Helsingborg and Elsinore on March 24; there they left their luggage at the custom house, and thus disencumbered they took a mail coach to Copenhagen, where they arrived that evening.

The following day was the feast of the Annunciation; and after celebrating Mass on their portable altar, they presented themselves to Mr. Lisakiawicz, with the note from Mr. Alopeus. His Excellency read the note, and ordered enquiries to be made in haste when the ship was to set sail for China.

The next day Mr. Von Brin, his secretary, came to acquaint the Fathers that there was a ship bound for Canton, but that it had already raised anchor, and it was outside the harbor awaiting a favorable wind to hoist sail. He added that he had sought an interview with the Director-in-chief of the Danish Line of Indian vessels, to entreat his favor in their behalf; but that this gentleman declared that the ship could not possibly take any passengers, as she had no convenience for them. The secretary urged, that the Fa-

thers would be glad to have any kind of accommodation : and as he insisted, the Director answered that it was absolutely impracticable—there was a Dutch convoy however, which might take them on board. Mr. Von Brin went to get information about this vessel, but with no better success.

The Fathers were at a loss and returned to advise with his Excellency, the Russian minister, whether it were not best to follow the route first intended and proceed to London, where Father General had already requested a friend to engage a ship for their passage to Canton.

The minister assented, and they set out in quest of a vessel to take them to England. They found one, but had to wait long before it should go out of port. This interval they spent at the Catholic Church of Copenhagen, where they were the guests of Rev. Holzfürster and Bractesende, two Benedictine Fathers from Germany, who treated them very kindly. It was during their stay here, that Fr. Korsack read in a newspaper, that Father General had died and had appointed Fr. Anthony Lustyg to manage, as Vicar-general, the affairs of the Society for the time being.

At last, on the 21st of April, the missionaries departed from Copenhagen. But at Elsinore they put in to reclaim their luggage, and after that the weather did not allow them to continue the voyage till the 25th inst. From this they made slow progress, till in the Skager Rack a violent tempest attacked them by night on the 8th of May. The ship was being driven out of the channel, the captain was forced to veer round to the Norwegian coast, and the passengers were in constant alarms, till the storm began to abate towards May 11th. On the 12th of May, they entered a deep bay called Swenhur which, ensconced between headlands and protected by mountains, affords to distressed vessels an excellent shelter from the rough seas, and there they were detained by bad weather till the 17th. On the 22nd of May, they arrived in the roadstead of Gravesend ; and after showing their passports they were permitted to proceed up the Thames to London.

On May 25, they set foot in London. Fr. Strickland, having sent to meet them, Fr. Anthony Kohlman—who from the Paccanari Congregation had already been received into the Society—gave them a most hearty welcome on their arrival, lodged them comfortably, and lavished on them every attention with a cordiality truly fraternal.

However their hope of embarking for China was destined again to be disappointed. In spite of repeated enquiries and untiring searches made by himself and by many friends, Fr. Strickland assured them that all efforts had been in vain—their passage to China could not be bought by love or money. Only one means remained untried: it was to interest Lord Macartney in their case. For Fr. Strickland knew, that this gentleman, when ambassador at Peking, had been on friendly terms with the last Jesuit Missionaries FF. Amiot and Poirot, at whose invitation the Fathers were going out to China; and he hoped that as ex-Viceroy of India, Lord Macartney would have some influence with the East India Company. Wherefore he set out with them to the Lord's residence, and introduced them to him. Lord Macartney received them very kindly, telling them that he was much indebted to the Jesuit Fathers at Peking for the services they had been able to render him, thanks to their practical knowledge of the country. The noble Lord frankly avowed that it was much to the interest of the India Company, if they could only be persuaded of it, to promote these missions rather than to oppose them. He promised to speak with the Directors of the Company on this point, and on parting he assured them of the happiness it would give him to help them to accomplish the end of their desires.

On their return, they learned that the Russian minister, Count Woronzoff, had left his card, requesting an interview. He had a letter for Fr. Poirot, which they were desired to take instead of that of Fr. Grüber addressed to the same Father, which they had formerly received at St. Petersburg, as

there were some expressions which might perhaps give offence to the Chinese. This was all: he dared not meddle in the affair of their voyage, having received no instructions to that effect from St. Petersburg.

June 25, Fr. Strickland and the missionaries paid a second visit to Lord Macartney. He showed himself much interested in them, asked a multitude of questions about the Society, spoke much of the Fathers Poirot and Amiot (of the latter of whom he had a portrait hanging in his boudoir), and he assured them anew of his readiness to help them. Yet in spite of all these professions of good will, they gained nothing. For a few days later, when Fr. Strickland pressed the main business, he was told that all Lord Macartney's efforts had been in vain. He had spoken in person with the Directors of the Company; but these had put him off with polite phrases and fair promises always evading a direct answer. Other persons of standing, who had essayed to intercede for them with the Directors, met with as little satisfaction.

Thrown upon their own plans again, they determined to follow the advice of Fr. Lustyg, their new Superior: he had written to them, that in case they could not embark at London they should repair to Lisbon and try to pass to Macao in a Portuguese vessel. So after fresh troubles and expensive delays at the custom houses, they got their luggage off on board a Portuguese brig that was to sail for Lisbon on July 29. The captain of this brig, contrary to the expectation of the passengers, turned off the course and steered into Cork, Ireland, where he stopped to take in cargo and more passengers. With contrary winds they put in at Cork only on Aug. 15, and they were delayed there by unfavorable weather till Sept. 20.

Their stay in Ireland proved to them what they had heard of the hospitality of that warm-hearted people; and nowhere did they meet a kinder reception than from Dr. Mayland, the Bishop of Cork.

The passage from Cork to Lisbon was more happy, the only draw-back being sea-sickness which gave the good Fathers a long exercise of patience. This yielded to other feelings when they came in sight of the fortress St. Julian, as there loomed up in the distance the walls of those gloomy dungeons, in which Pombal had shut up so many Priests and Religious for the sole crime of being Jesuits.

They landed at Lisbon, Sept. 28. The next day, they put themselves in communication with Mr. Edward Stack, an excellent Irish merchant to whom they had been recommended by his friend, Fr. Jas. Jourdan, a Jesuit Father residing in Russia. This good gentleman befriended them in many ways during their subsequent residence in Portugal, not the least of which was his advice to be cautious in their dealings in a place so hostile to their Order.

The Rector of the Irish College (an institution which had been under the direction of the Old Society) was also constant in his attentions during their sojourn at Lisbon. Through the kind offices of a Portuguese, their fellow passenger, they took lodging at the monastery of the Fathers of Penance, known in Rome by the name of Scalzetti. Three cells were placed at their disposal, and in lieu of beds a straw mattress was prepared for each.

The Jesuits next procured clerical habits, very like the cassocks worn by secular Priests in England; and in this costume they paid their respects to the Apostolic Nuncio, Monsignore Caleppi from Bergamo. The prelate did not conceal his delight at seeing the Jesuits; for he was sincerely attached to their Order, which he once tried to enter, and which he had made a vow to help to restore: he would, he said, have gained admission, were it not for his parents who were frightened on seeing the fate of the Spanish Jesuits. Then the Nuncio promised to say a good word to the Superior whose hospitality they were sharing at the monastery, and recommended them to be very wary in their conduct: for the persecuting laws of Pombal against the

Jesuits were yet in vigor, so much so, that recently a French Father of the Paccanari Congregation, the Abbé Rabazac, had been under the necessity of quitting Portuguese territory, simply because the police had set their suspicions on him as a Jesuit,—and that in spite of the protection of the Spanish minister, the Marquis del Campo. In parting, he reminded them that the vessels bound for Macao were very few, and that they sailed but once a year and that at Easter or thereabouts; and he invited them to come and dine with him—a courtesy which they politely accepted and of which they availed themselves more than once during their trying delay at Lisbon.

The Russian minister, Mr. Vasilavicz, and his secretary Mr. Kraft, to whom they paid a complimentary visit, appeared favorably disposed to their enterprise. But they had become less sanguine now in their expectations from ministers, and they awaited their opportunity seeking to perfect themselves meanwhile in the studies of mathematics and astronomy. For this purpose they spent much time in the public libraries and museums. Having heard of an Oratorian Father who went by the name of “the Father Astronomer,” they begged him of his charity to give them some lessons in practical astronomy, to this Father’s infinite amusement; who assured them that all his science consisted in correcting the other European Calendars according to the meridian of Lisbon.

In these occupations two months had run by, when one day Mr. Edward Stack made his appearance, with the tidings of a ship that was soon to sail for Macao, with her owner Mr. Nunez who was also going to make the voyage. Rejoiced at this glad news, the missionaries hastened to the Nuncio’s residence to bid him farewell, little expecting that their hopes would be thus soon overcast. The Nuncio argued with them long and seriously, suggesting that without the Pope’s approbation, which they did not seem to have expressly, they could hardly appear in the charac-

ter of Jesuits on the missions, in a country where the decree suppressing the Society of Jesus had been put into execution; that moreover no Portuguese vessel would take them on board unless they were presented in the name of the Pope; and, finally, that the Portuguese government was very jealous of foreigners landing on their colonial possessions. The Fathers replied to this, that they felt satisfied that they had the consent of the Pope, since their Superior General was in correspondence with Rome, where he had an agent residing, Fr. Gaetano Angiolini; but that as they had no brief to produce in certification of this consent, they relied on their letters of recommendation to Mr. Vasilavicz, who, they were sure, could set his Excellency at rest on this head. The prelate was pleased with this explanation; nevertheless, he told them, that it was necessary to write without delay to Rome and to Russia, on a point of such paramount importance. The fathers, accordingly, hastened to comply with these directions. In the letter to Russia, they added (a necessary matter) that their funds were run out and they saw no means of renewing them. Owing to the long delays incurred, especially at Lisbon, their goodly purse was nearly empty, and would have been entirely exhausted but for the kindness of Father James Jourdan, who had procured some money for them from his parents at Lisbon. Yet they had incurred no unnecessary expenses, limiting themselves even in diet to one meal a day, and that consisting only of soup and one course of meat, an economy to which the strictest interpretation of religious poverty would not have bound them.

Letters travelled slowly in those days from Lisbon to St. Petersburg. So they devoted the intervening time to science. After many enquiries they found a man who could teach them some practical astronomy. The "Ephémérides nautiques" of Portugal were directed by a French émigré, Count Damoiseau de Montfort. To this man they applied. And he took pleasure in teaching them the use

of the astronomical tables and the method of calculating the results for the Naval Observations and for the almanacs. The missionaries worked out the operations for themselves, applying the formulas step by step, in all the calculations which the Count made for his "Ephémérides" and then, if an error had escaped them, they were able to detect it by comparing results. Thus were they preparing themselves to be eminently useful at Peking in editing the Calendar; for the Chinese were inferior to Europeans in this science, being unable to attempt such high calculations—a fact which served providentially to the propagation of Christianity among that people.

When at length a letter returned from Russia addressed to Fr. Korsack, it conveyed merely an order from Very Rev. Thaddeus Brzozowski, then General of the Society of Jesus, to make his solemn profession of the four vows in the hands of the Apostolic Nuncio. His Grace was pleased to receive it before many witnesses in his own palace, March 2, 1806, giving him a written attestation of the fact; and he continued to treat them with as much kindness as ever, and so much the more that the Russian minister had recommended them to his favor.

About this time the Fathers were notified of two ships that were to leave Lisbon, one for Canton, the other for Macao; but they offered but a precarious chance and such conditions as would have hampered the missionaries and could not be accepted by them. In the month of February, a French priest, called Francis Hanalt, was passing through Lisbon on his way from Rome to the mission of Malabar, in his capacity of missionary priest of the Propaganda, to take the place of Fr. Manenti, a Sicilian ex-Jesuit, who was exhausted and unable to continue any longer his missionary labors. This excellent priest being friendly to the Jesuits, called in to see the Fathers, and let them know, that their project had created much excitement at the Propaganda at Rome and had met with opposition from that quarter—a

piece of information that was confirmed soon afterwards by Fr. Gaetano Angiolini in a letter dated from Sicily, Feb. 28, 1806. Now was a darker horizon revealed to them than ever before: they realized that there was none but a distant prospect of attaining the post assigned them by holy obedience. So they settled themselves down to a solid year of study, and with this intent they thought of going to Coimbra, where there was a University and an Observatory in full operation. The Abbé José Monteiro da Rocha, an ex-Jesuit, had begun the Observatory, and to him they had intended to apply; but were dissuaded by Father Sala, a member of the Society, who told them that that Abbé was very hostile to the Society. In fact, he had delivered a Latin discourse at the University of Coimbra in praise of Pombal, extolling him to the skies for having annihilated the Society. Fr. Sala read to them some passages from that discourse, where Pombal is lauded for having accomplished "an extraordinary and difficult enterprise—a superhuman undertaking, more worthy of fame than all the victories of generals and the heroic achievements of history." The Nuncio approved of their design of going to Coimbra, and gave them a letter of introduction addressed to Antonio José Sariva de Amaral, one of the Professors of that University.

With this recommendation the two Fathers set out on April 12, leaving the brother behind at Lisbon. They obtained full access to the Observatory attached to the University, and on every occasion they found the officials very obliging and very ready to explain to them whatever they desired to know. After two months practice in taking observations, they made up their minds to return to Lisbon, since they had learnt all that would be of use to them, and they could find no one sufficiently versed in science to teach them higher astronomy. On the way back to the Capital, they saw the body of Pombal lying at Pombal exposed without sepulture.

Arriving at Lisbon, they found a letter awaiting them from Fr. Strickland, of the date of June 4. This contained extracts from recent letters written by Fr. Glé, which instructed them to continue to fit themselves more and more for their mission, while abiding quietly at Lisbon the turn of events at Rome; for measures were being taken, to obtain the Pope's full sanction for them to enter Peking in quality of Jesuits, and there were fair hopes of success. Besides it held out to them a probability of pecuniary assistance from the Emperor Alexander. And this came true the next day, when His Excellency the minister sent for them, and communicated to them the orders he had received to keep them in funds; which he did liberally, whenever the Fathers applied for them.

The newspapers about this time reported, that the embassy to China had not succeeded, owing to a point of etiquette which was proudly insisted on by the Chinese Court, and as proudly refused by Count Golowkin, whose Russian dignity could not brook such insolence offered to the representative of the Emperor of the Russias.

Bad news from another quarter came to the Nuncio in a letter from the Abbé Marchini, the Procurator General of the Propaganda at Macao. He recounted, how a missionary had enclosed a map of China in a letter destined for Europe, how the Christian entrusted with the letter had been arrested on his way to Macao and searched, how the letter with the map had been found on his person, and how the matter had been reported to the Emperor. This was more than enough to arouse the suspicions of the jealous Chinese. The Emperor forthwith fulminated an order for the arrest of that missionary, who was immediately cast into prison; and he thundered forth vengeance against missionaries in general and all Christians. There was every reason to fear, added the dispatch, that all the missionaries would be driven out of Peking. The Chinese were contemplating entrusting their Calendar to the Russians. Four French

missionaries had been waiting at Canton four long years, expecting an imperial decree to allow them to penetrate as far as Peking; and having finally received permission they were preparing to set out, when the order was countermanded, and they were even bid to depart from Canton at the earliest opportunity—this, it was said, in consequence of a letter from the King of England to the Emperor of China, in which the French were much abused.

Such untoward events the Nuncio judged wholly inauspicious for the enterprise of the missionaries. Having a translation in Italian of the Chinese edict, he allowed them to take two copies of it, one to be addressed to the General of the Society, and the other, at the request of the Russian Minister to be forwarded to St. Petersburg.

But soon after another very important and consoling letter arrived, Dec. 2, 1806. It was Cardinal Casoni, Secretary of State, notifying the Nuncio that the Pope granted full sanction to the mission of the Jesuits, and instructing his Excellency to help them in their enterprise with all his influence. This Mgr. Caleppi communicated to the missionaries, insisting, nevertheless, on the prudence of waiting patiently while so many obstacles were presented on the part of the Portuguese. The latest news from the East, he added, reported the outbreak of persecution—already had two of the most prominent Christians been driven into exile for their constancy in the faith, and the Portuguese settlers at Macao intended to take advantage of the hostility of the Chinese, to rid their colony of the missionaries altogether. The governor of Macao had recently received two missionaries with this ominous remark: "If the King of Portugal wants to lose this colony," he said, "he does well to send us these Chinese missionaries: it is clear, that His Majesty is not cognizant of the state of feeling in his colonies."

Perhaps it looks suspicious, that the Pope's sanction had been obtained so readily in spite of the opposition of the Propaganda to the Jesuit missionaries. But a glance at

the relations then existing between Rome and St. Petersburg will clear up the mystery. A papal Nuncio had been accustomed to reside at St. Petersburg, as at the other capitals of the Catholic nations of Europe, until an unfortunate accident broke off these friendly relations. For an official in the service of Russia, a French émigré, had been arrested at Rome by the French Revolutionists, without any interference from the Government at Rome. Though the Pontifical Court alleged their ignorance of the fact, the Czar took umbrage that the Pope had allowed the offense to go unpunished, and he dismissed the Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Arezzo. Since that, the Pope had been solicitous to conciliate the powerful Court of St. Petersburg, seizing upon every occasion and trying many expedients, but in vain, to renew an alliance which he deemed potent in its influence for religion and for the good of the Papal States; and this petition from the General of the Jesuits—whom the Czar was proud to acknowledge as his protégé—seemed to be a favorable opportunity. Neither had Very Rev. Father Brzozowski at St. Petersburg been blind to the occasion, in his interview with the Czar's minister. In acquainting him with the embarrassing circumstances of the Jesuit missionaries at Lisbon, he hinted that the approbation of the Pope was what was needed to remove the obstacles to their embarkation, and that this would be granted readily, if asked in the name of the Czar. The minister authorized him, to submit the petition to His Holiness as a favor gratifying to His Majesty the Emperor. And thus was facilitated the grant of the sanction, so much desired by the Jesuit Fathers, and so necessary for the success of their mission—conferring upon them, besides the permission to go to Peking in the capacity of Jesuit missionaries, all the powers and privileges, which the Society before its suppression had enjoyed on those missions, *exempt from the jurisdiction of the Vicars Apostolic.*

But this grant from the Pope did not hasten their depar-

ture. Notwithstanding the letter and instructions from the Cardinal Secretary of State, they found the Nuncio at their next visit in a very bad humor, which he took no pains to conceal. "I have heard" he said, "that your Superiors suspect the sincerity of my dealings with you. Well, if your General wishes you to rush into destruction, I can take no part in measures that will ensure your ruin." To add weight to his words, he produced a letter from Cardinal Di Pietro forbidding the departure for China of a certain Franciscan, Fr. Antonio da Cajazzo, because persecution was raging throughout the country. Even Macao was not safe; for Abbè Marchini, the Procurator of the Propaganda, had been obliged to retire from that city to the Philippine Islands.

This speech of Mgr. Caleppi afflicted the good Fathers, who had always found the Nuncio very kind. They expressed their regret at the injustice done to His Excellency, assuring him that they could not account for such a report, as in their letters they had had nothing to say of him that was not good and gracious. This seemed to pacify the prèleate considerably. He treated them as hospitably and as familiarly as ever. And after a few months, a letter arrived from the General of the Society expressly denying the imputation of these rumors, which must have been spread by designing men.

The Fathers did not devote all their time to the study of science: other occupations also engaged their attention. Thus, Fr. Korsack, who spoke German, had a German Protestant under instruction. This convert made his profession of faith before the Bishop of Meliapore, then residing at the Tavora palace. The Fathers, on that occasion, were introduced to the Marchioness of Tavora, the only one remaining of the House of Tavora, a mercy which she owed to the special favor of the King Dom Joseph, when Pombal was bent on exterminating the Tavoras and Aveiros.

Fr. Grassi, on his part, was occupied in giving lessons in

Mathematics to the eldest son of Count Arcos. This gentleman's grandmother had known the Jesuits at court.

A year had thus gone by, when on Sept. 5, 1807, the Nuncio summoned the missionaries to his palace. He had received letters patent from the Propaganda, signed by the Cardinal Secretary of State to His Holiness, which declared that permission was given to the Father Norbert Korsack and to the Father Anthony Grassi, Religious of the Society of Jesus, to go to Peking in quality of missionaries, "*provided only that they be subject to the jurisdiction of the Vicars Apostolic, like all the other missionaries of the Propaganda.*"

The Nuncio himself could not withhold his astonishment after reading this document: it was so inconsistent, that these letters should be sent on the authority of Cardinal Casoni! and disagree with the tenor of the Cardinal's own letter. The fathers felt as if a bombshell had fallen in their midst, so completely were they taken aback at this *coup d'état*: they had nothing to say.

They wrote immediately to acquaint Father General, who, no doubt, had meanwhile received the information through his correspondent in Rome. In consequence, the 23rd of September brought them an answer, that His Paternity judged it useless for them to remain any longer in Portugal, especially in view of the threatened invasion by the French. They were therefore to return to England, at once, and to repair to Stonyhurst College, where they could await further instructions.

The Fathers accordingly sold their optical instruments and other apparatus, as quickly as they could, reserving some instruments however to present to Count de Montfort, in token of gratitude for his instructions and kindness in aiding them to calculate for the correction of the Calendar. Other articles they left with the Marquis Castel-Melhor, whose family was very friendly to the Society—and these were at a later period sent on to England.

The Nuncio, too, was anxious to leave Portugal before the

invasion, and he was preparing with all his court to pass over to Brazil. He strongly approved of the missionaries' return to England to await times more favorable to their project, and he graciously made out for them a written declaration in praise of their conduct during the two years of their sojourn at Lisbon. This was afterwards forwarded to Russia.

At length, Oct. 16, 1805, the three Jesuits embarked for England on the British vessel *Anna*, which formed one of a flotilla of sixty eight merchantmen. These vessels bore the English residents in Portugal, with their families and effects. A royal frigate convoyed the flotilla as a protection against French cruisers. In these circumstances a young French Priest made their acquaintance, who was desirous of entering the Society: his name was Montardier, and he was chaplain to the Weld family of Lulworth Castle, England. The captain of the vessel *Anna* was an enthusiastic Free-Mason. The voyage, usually from ten to fifteen days, continued for forty days; for a circuit was made to the west of about 180 leagues, to avoid the French men-of-war. And after that, a succession of heavy gales set in, in which one vessel went down just beside the *Anna*, another was dismasted, and two more ran ashore by night and suffered grievous damages. But misfortunes seldom come singly. Owing to the protracted voyage, their supply of biscuit and wine ran out on the *Anna*, and even drinking water was failing. The frigate helped them with four barrels of biscuits; and heaven supplied them with drink by a hail-storm so copious as to cover the deck two feet in depth. This the captain ordered to be gathered in casks; but when it melted, it had such a smell of tar, that the passengers felt it necessary to hold their nostrils while drinking. I add to this, that the poor Fathers were stretched out on the bare planks, through want of mattresses, that the sea-sickness hardly left them during the whole voyage, that they barely touched food, suffered bitterly from the

cold, and were cramped for room—and you can imagine how glad they were to sight Liverpool at last.

They disembarked on the Liverpool landing stage on the 16th of November, 1807. Thus they had the happiness of saying Mass on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, after which they accepted the hospitable invitation of Fr. Sewall, an American Jesuit, who took them to his mission at Portico; and there they soon forgot the ills of travelling in the warmth of lavish charity. This excellent Priest had two other Jesuits—invalids—in his house: they were seven in all at table; and it was remarkable that they represented seven nationalities—American, English, French, German, Italian, Polish and Belgian.

After getting their trunks once more through the custom-house, they set out for Stonyhurst and arrived at the College on Dec. 21, 1807. It need not be added that they shared the princely hospitality for which that community is known. There they soon made themselves at home: after they had recovered from their fatigue, Fr. Korsack, was appointed to the Chair of Moral Theology, and Fr. Grassi was put to give lessons in Italian to the secular students and to teach Latin to the young postulant, Montardier. The lay-brother, who was a sculptor, found plenty of work to his taste. Meanwhile the two Fathers took lessons in the higher Mathematics from Fr. Simpson, a Frenchman.

The whole year 1808 passed away silently as to Pekin and their mission. In November of that year, after the opening of classes, Fr. Korsack was entrusted with the cabinet of physics to which were attached the professorships of mechanics, optics, and astronomy; besides this he taught metaphysics to the course of philosophy of the second year. Towards the close of that scholastic year, he gave an exhibition in the natural sciences, according to the custom then prevailing in the Colleges of the Society.

All this time, the General had not lost sight of their original destination. He insisted strongly on their studies in calculus and astronomy; he urged them to perfect them-

selves in taking observations and in chemical experiments. The better to fulfil his desires, it was decided that they should both repair to London; and they did so in the beginning of January, 1810. There they applied at the office of "The Nautical Almanac," which is the most reliable scientific paper in the English marine service; and one of the writers agreed to give them lessons, in consideration of *a guinea* a visit. The Fathers accepted his condition; but to avoid such expensive visits as far as possible, they practised a great deal in private, and had recourse to their professor only when there were difficulties to be explained.

On April 10, that same year, a letter came from the General bidding them pack up and return to Russia, in the hope that a passage to China would be feasible, over land, through Independent Tartary. But another despatch arrived, a few days afterwards, desiring them not to leave England yet, as it was proposed to send them to America.

They departed from London, however, having no longer any object in staying at that capital; for Fr. Korsack had become expert in chemistry, and Fr. Grassi sufficiently so in astronomy for all that would be required on the mission.

So they found themselves again under the towers of Stonyhurst, July 25, whither the tidings of their final destination had preceded them. The English Provincial, Fr. Stone, had written to the General to leave the Fathers in England; and in the expectation of a favorable answer he had intended Fr. Korsack to teach theology, and Fr. Grassi physics, at Stonyhurst. Well; "man proposes, and God disposes." By the letter of Father General, the two were at last to part company. Fr. Korsack remained at Stonyhurst; while Fr. Grassi was sent to America—to the College of Georgetown, near Washington, in the United States. He sailed from Liverpool, August 27, 1810—and on Oct. 20, he landed in Baltimore, and from that city was soon conducted to the post assigned him by obedience.

The Chinese Mission remained a forbidden field for the zeal of Jesuits until 1841.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF FR. ANTHONY
KOHLMANN, S. J., WITH A SHORT ACCOUNT
OF HIS LIFE.

We are happy to publish in our domestic periodical some letters of Rev. Fr. Anthony Kohlmann, S. J., lately copied from the original found in the Archives of the English Province.

Father Kohlmann is to be ranked among the lights of the new Society, and its most celebrated members in America, where he spent seventeen years of his laborious and saintly life. Born at Kaysersberg near Colmar, July 13, 1771, he was, at an early age, compelled by the French Revolution to seek in Switzerland, an asylum for his studies and piety. Having completed his theological course in Fribourg at the famous College created by Blessed Peter Canisius, he received there holy orders, and soon after, in 1796, he joined the congregation of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart.

With an indefatigable and truly apostolic zeal, he labored in Austria and Italy. Hundreds of times he exposed his life during the dreadful plague which at the close of the last century made so many victims among the inhabitants of Hagenbrunn. And it is difficult to form even a faint idea of the hardships Fr. Kohlmann underwent in the military hospitals of Padua, and Pavia, where the victims of war were crowding in unceasingly. At one time there were in the three hospitals of the latter town three thousand sick, and but two priests to attend to them. Moreover, they were all from different quarters of Europe, different in tongue as well as in religion, heaped together, in the most needy and pitiful state as for their body, and much more as for their souls. During about two years which Fr. Kohlmann

passed among them, he had to practise daily heroic acts of mortification, charity and zeal:—but God in his mercy granted him the only reward he wished for. He had almost all who were Catholics admitted to the reception of the Sacraments of the Church, and many hundreds of Protestants converted to the true faith.

From Italy he was sent by his Superiors, in those stormy and ever changing times, first to Dillingen in Bavaria, as director of the Ecclesiastical Seminary, then to Berlin, and lastly to Amsterdam to preside over the College established by the Fathers of the Faith of Jesus, to whom the Fathers of the Sacred Heart were united since the 18th of April, 1799. But the moment had arrived for Fr. Kohlmann to see realized the longing desire of his life. Pope Pius VII. had acknowledged and approved the Society of Jesus existing in Russia; and the Jesuits were allowed to have a Novitiate at Dunebourg. There, on the 21st of June, 1803, Fr. Kohlmann was admitted. He was already far advanced in perfection, but this new life gave a fresh impulse to his fervor, so that being considered by all as a model, and having in a short time become a true son of St. Ignatius, he was sent to the United States during the second year of his Noviceship. From Georgetown where he was *Socius* to Fr. Neale, Master of Novices, he went to give missions to several German congregations of Pennsylvania, to the German Church in Baltimore, and attended the Congregation at Alexandria, Va.

In October, 1808, we find him in New York as Vicar General and Rector of the very large and neglected congregation there existing.—He, with his worthy coadjutor Fr. B. Fenwick, began at once to stir up the piety of the faithful, and to spread among the Protestants, with the teaching of Catholic faith, the sweet fragrance of religious virtues. The increased number of Catholics in New York called loudly for the erection of a new church, and Fr. Kohlmann having purchased a large plot of ground in what was then the unoccupied space between Broadway and

the Bowery road laid the corner stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 8th of June, 1809.—A College also was then established under the name of the New York Literary Institution, which did the greatest credit to our religion, and warranted the brightest hopes for its future interests.

It was during his ministry in the city of New York that Fr. Kohlmann by his firmness in resisting the orders of a tribunal, which called upon him to reveal the secrets of the confessional, rendered an important service to religion. The case produced a great sensation throughout the Union, and the unflinching conduct of the Catholic priest was the occasion of an act of the Legislature of New York by which any renewal of the attempt in future was prevented. Fr. Kohlmann published the whole proceeding, followed by a full exposition of the Catholic faith on the Sacrament of Penance, under the title of "Catholic Question in America." Some years after, he published in Washington another controversial and very learned work "Unitarianism, Theologically and Philosophically considered" in refutation of Mr. Jared Sparks and other Unitarian Ministers.—Anxious to supply all wants, he introduced in New York the Ursuline Sisters, whom he received through Fr. Betagh, S. J.,* from the celebrated Blackrock convent at Cork, in Ireland.

After the arrival of the Right Rev. John Connolly, second Bishop of New York, Fr. Kohlmann was recalled to Maryland, and was named successively Master of Novices at Georgetown, Superior General of the whole Mission, on the departure of Fr. Grassi, 1817, and professor at the Washington Seminary.

But the time had come for him to be called to a much more responsible duty. Pope Leo XII. in 1824, had

* Very Rev. Fr. Thomas Betagh, S. J., died at Dublin on the 16th of February, 1811. How much esteemed and loved he was, the following inscription will tell. It was engraved on a monument erected to his memory in the Chapel of SS. Michael and John, Lower Exchange Street,

restored the Roman College to the Society, and professors were summoned from different Provinces to correspond to the wishes of the generous Pontiff and to continue the glorious traditions of that celebrated Institution. From America, Fr. Kohlmann was called to Rome for the opening of the classes, and he was appointed to the chair of theology, which he filled for five years with so much distinction, as to win the particular esteem and love of the Pope:—it was even said that the Sovereign Pontiff intended to confer on him the dignity of the Cardinalship. At that time, his Eminence, Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, was a student of the Propaganda, and defended in a public

Dublin, on the Epistle Side of the Altar.

“Glory to God, most good, most great.”

“This Marble,

Christian Brother, presents to your view, the likeness of

The Very Rev. Thomas Betagh, S. J.

(Vicar General of the Arch-Diocese of Dublin),

And during more than twenty years

The excellent and most vigilant pastor of this parish,

Who glowing with charity towards God and his neighbour,

Was ever indefatigable in his ministry,

Teaching, preaching, and exerting all his powers

To confirm the true christian in ‘the faith once delivered to the Saints,’

And to bring back the straying into the ways of Salvation.

His chief delight and happiness it was

To instruct the young, especially the needy and the orphan,

In Religion, Piety and Learning,

And to forward and cherish them with affection truly paternal.

His zeal for the Salvation of souls

Continued to burn with undiminished ardour,

Until the last moment of his life,

When worn down by lingering illness, and incessant labours,

This good and faithful servant delivered up his soul to God

In the year of his age, 73, and of our Redemption, 1811.

May he rest in peace.

To this most deserving man, the ornament of his Priesthood and his

Country,

The Clergy and people of Dublin who attended his funeral,

With most mournful solemnity and unexampled concourse,

Have erected this monument as a lasting memorial of their love and

Gratitude.”

act of theology. Among all the professors who had to object against and test the deep knowledge and quick fencing of the young theologian, Fr. Kohlmann was particularly noticed, and the Sovereign Pontiff, who was present, deigned to express to him his delight and satisfaction. On another occasion having been charged by the Pope to examine the acts of a Council held in Transylvania, he merited the highest praise as well for his profound learning and vast erudition, as for his promptness in the accomplishment of his task.

Gregory XVI. did not differ from his predecessor with regard to Fr. Kohlmann. Being already member of the Congregations of Ecclesiastical Affairs, and of Bishops and Regulars, and Consultor of the Roman Inquisition, he was promoted by this glorious Pontiff to the office of *Qualificator* of the same tribunal of the Inquisition. The last part of his life, Fr. Kohlmann spent at the Gesù, in the constant practice of every virtue, and of an ever-working and untiring zeal for the salvation of souls. He devoted himself to the ministry of reconciliation in the holy tribunal of penance with such assiduous care that he wished to go to the Church to hear confessions till within three days of his death. And God blessed his labors with abundant fruits of sanctification, and numbers of striking conversions. Among others, it was Fr. Kohlmann who reconciled to God, Augustine Theiner after many years of doubts, errors and wanderings. May the recollection of this venerable Father by whom he was admitted to the participation of the Sacraments on the Wednesday in Holy Week, April 3d, 1833, and of whom with a grateful remembrance, he published a feeling notice after his death, have been present to his mind and cheered his last moments when lately he was himself about to die in Civita Vecchia!

Surrounded by the esteem of all who ever knew him, enjoying the affectionate benevolence of the most illustrious persons, Fr. Kohlmann had always through humility a low

opinion of himself, and particularly showed his kind affection towards our lay-Brothers, who in return loved and respected him as a father. A holy death closed a life so full of works and merits. In 1836, during Lent and Easter time, he overtasked himself as he felt that his labors were at an end. On the 8th of April he was attacked by an inflammation of the lungs, which within three days brought him to the grave: his ardent faith shone forth with an exceptional brightness when he received the holy Viaticum, and shortly after he calmly slept in the Lord. Many pious persons after his demise solicited as a great favor some particle of anything he had made use of during life; and his memory has remained among all in benediction.

In bonitate et alacritate animæ suæ placuit Deo.

Eccli. xlv. 29.

I.

TO THE MOST REV. MR. STRICKLAND,* POLAND ST. LONDON.
New York in North America,
 7 Nov., 1808.

REV. FATHER AND DEAR SIR,

P. C.

Your favor of the 6th Sept. was delivered to me at the beginning of October in the City of New York, where our

* Father William Strickland, Son of Thomas Strickland, Esq., was born at Sizergh, near Kendal, on the 28th of Oct. 1731. Having renounced his title to the family estate in favor of his brother Charles, he entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Watten, about two leagues from St. Omer, on the 7th of Sept., 1748. He was ordained priest at Liege, June 13th, 1756, and after teaching Philosophy for some time, was sent to the Alnwick Mission, where his moderation, urbanity and talents won the esteem of all. He was admitted to the profession of the Four Vows, on the 2nd of February, 1766. At the suppression of the Society, he was chiefly instrumental in keeping up the Academy at Liege, and, in 1783, became its second President, on the death of Fr. John Howard. His success in this new office may be inferred from the following tribute paid to him, at that time, by Fr. John Thorpe: "Mr.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Carroll has thought proper to send me in the capacity of Rector of this immense Congregation and Vicar General of this Diocess till the arrival of the Rt. Rev. Richard Luca Concanen, Bishop of New York. The Congregation chiefly consists of Irish, some hundreds of French, and as many Germans, in all according to the common estimation of 14,000 souls. Rev. Mr. Fenwick, a young Father of our Society distinguished for his learning and piety, has been sent along with me.

I was no sooner arrived in this City, and, behold, the Trustees though before our arrival they had not spent a cent for the reparation and furniture of their Clergyman's house, laid out for the said purpose above \$800.—All seem to revive at the very name of the Society though yet little known in this part of the country. The scandals given in this Congregation, as almost everywhere else, by the clergymen have brought it very near its ruin. Our immediate predecessors, though respectable in every regard, could not prevent its speedy decay. Almighty God seems to have permitted

Strickland will merit a statue on earth, besides the reward he may expect in heaven, if he can raise up the ruins and disjointed fragments into a solid structure. Liege is happy in having him to succeed Mr. Howard." This difficult work he did accomplish, and then having installed the Rev. Marmaduke Stone, as his successor, he fixed his residence in London, where he acted as Procurator for his brethren. He had also the consolation of seeing the flourishing establishment at Stonyhurst become one of the first houses of education in Europe. After a long life of most useful labours, Fr. Strickland died at No. 11 Poland St., London, April 23rd, 1819, and was buried at St. Pancras, where his assistant and friend, Rev. Edward Scott, thus inscribed a stone to his memory :

Hic Jacet
Gulielmus Strickland
De Sizergh, S. J.
Sacerdos : Familia Nobilis
Doctrina praestans, morum sanctitate
Ac vitae simplicitate admirabilis.
Vixit annos 88 et placida morte
Obdormivit in Domino die 23 Aprilis
1819
R. I. P.

this, to furnish the Society with an opportunity of diffusing the good odor of it, and of disposing the minds to favor its establishment. May we be so happy as to produce these desirable effects upon the public mind!

I have brought along with me four young masters of our Society to erect a College in this City, and with the divine assistance I hope we shall succeed. We live all together in the same house observing our religious discipline as much as it is consistent with our present situation.

There is the finest prospect for establishing a College in Philadelphia. A certain Mr. Wellers, who by his unremitting exertions has carried on very important works for the good of Religion, has promised to build a College in one year, provided the Society furnish him with some masters. Four or five suffice, at least in the beginning, for a College in this Country, because if the pupils desire to go beyond the inferiora, they may be sent to the College of Georgetown.

At this critical moment of the appointment of five new Bishops, the great point for the Society is to take possession of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, for fear we be prevented by others. The establishing of Colleges in the said cities is too the only means of increasing and propagating the Society. I hope therefore your Reverence will back, with a few lines, my petition to our Rt. Rev. Fr. General for a new supply of Fathers of the Society for this country, seeing that nowhere they can be better employed than here. I perfectly coincide with your Reverence in thinking that this country wants but the solid establishment of the Society to become in a short time for the most part Catholic.

On the 10th of August the Lord was pleased to call Mr. Joseph Kelly, a pattern of religious perfection, blind obedience and holy simplicity, to his triumphant Society in heaven, after having foretold the day of his death, etc.

I thank your Reverence for the agreeable account of the prosperous state of Stonyhurst College. Our loving God

gives us manifest proofs of His approving of our undertaking, that we cannot, it seems, be too much confiding in His All Powerful protection. It gave me no small pleasure to read that so well circumstanced prophecy of St. Theresa. I was always extremely delighted in reading in V. F. Lancius, the remarkable predictions respecting our little Society. According to them, to die in it and be a predestinate are synonymous. What a felicity!

As to the finding out of the name of a merchant, who may unload at the mouth of the *Chesabec*, the packet being ready for sail, it is impossible for the present to find out any.

It will be always a great deal of pleasure to receive from time to time a few lines from your Reverence. Not to miss the packet I will conclude by recommending me to your Holy Sacrifices. I am respectfully,

Reverend Father and dear sir,

Your most obedient and humble brother in Xt.,

ANTHONY KOHLMANN, S. J.

There are a few secular priests, whom your Reverence would not guess at, who doubt the legal existence of the Society in this country. Our Most Rev. Archbishop seems to be of the same opinion on account of our not being furnished with an Apostolic Brief, though he favors the Society in every respect. Without the Pontifical Rescript we will meet with some difficulties in reclaiming our estates in Maryland, though, by and by, I hope we shall get them back.

II.

TO THE SAME.

New York, 14th Sept., 1810.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER.

Your letter of the 4th of May was duly delivered to me yesterday, and inspired me with a new courage to pursue

the work the Lord has begun in His infinite goodness, and which continues to bless above all my conception. And indeed it is but two years that we are arrived in this city, without having a cent in our pocket, not even our passage money, which the Trustees paid for Fr. Fenwick and me, and to my other brothers now residing in the College, I forwarded it from this place; and to see things so far advanced as to see not only the Catholic religion highly respected by the first characters of the city, but even a Catholic College established, the house well furnished both in town and in the College; improvements made in the College for four or five hundred dollars, without any other debt but that of the property, of which we have paid already fifteen hundred dollars, with a well founded prospect to pay off the whole in the space of three or four years at length, is a thing which I am at a loss to conceive and which I cannot ascribe but to the infinite liberality of the Lord, to Whom alone, therefore, be all glory and honor.

The College is in the centre not of Long Island, but of the Island of New York, the most delightful and most healthy spot of the whole Island, at a distance of four small miles from the city, and of half a mile from the East and North rivers, both of which are seen from the house; situated besides between two roads, which are very much frequented, opposite to the botanic gardens, which belong to the State. It has adjacent to it a beautiful lawn, garden, orchard, etc. About a month ago we gave a public examination, advertised in the papers, on which occasion premiums were distributed, speeches delivered, all which gave great satisfaction to the respectable audience of ladies and gentlemen who attended on the occasion. Everyone thinks that if the reputation of the house be kept up, it will in a short time rivalize any College in this country. I expect we shall have thirty boarders for the beginning of next month.

This city will always be the first city in America, on ac-

count of its advantageous situation for commerce. From the West Indies parents will send their children to this port in preference to any other. The professors of the State's or Columbia College have sent us, these two years past, a kind invitation to accompany, at what they call the annual commencement, the procession of the students from the College to some or other Church, where speeches are delivered and degrees conferred: they had never paid that attention to the Catholic clergy before.

The College is on the following footing: Rev. Fr. Benedict Fenwick, an excellent scholar, has resided in it these two months; but I find by experience that to attend about fourteen thousand souls is too heavy a work for one man; and so he will probably live again in the city, and visit the College once a week. I generally come out on Saturday to hear confessions, etc., etc. There lives also in the College a Spanish priest, who speaks also Italian, but little English, a man of good morals and much beloved by the pupils. Brother Wallace, a Scholastic of the Society, is our master of mathematics, one of the ablest in the United States. Brother White, Scholastic also of the Society, is professor of the English, Latin and Greek tongues, with which he is well acquainted. The teacher of the French language is a native of France, much esteemed in town for his knowledge, but does not reside in the house. Rev. Mr. Green, now at Kensington, would be of infinite service here at the head of this College. Nothing should be wanting to him; food, diet, climate and people are as good as in any country in the world, besides an ample field for doing good, etc. If then, your Reverence would succeed in persuading him to come over to New York, you would promote the cause of the Society in a very material manner; for I am under the necessity of calling Fr. Fenwick, who till now presided in the College, to the city to assist me. * * * * Rev. Mr. Flaget, nominated Bishop of Kentucky, a Sulpician, arrived from France a fortnight ago with a deacon, postulant

of the Society, who is now in the noviceship. According to his accounts our Holy Father has been dragged from the prison of Savona to the Castle of Turin, where he is strictly guarded. * * * *

Be pleased to let me know what a good electrifying machine, a *machina pneumatica* or air pump, a good telescope and a machine for surveying, and the most essential instruments for navigation would come to. Such a like apparatus would strike the American people more than anything else. We have the finest set of globes in America, which cost us \$160.

I recommend myself to your Reverence's Holy Sacrifices, and remain, with the deepest veneration,

Reverend and dear Father,

Your most humble and obedient servant in Xt,

ANTH. KOHLMANN, S. J.

III.

TO THE SAME.

New York, 28th Nov., 1810.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Rev. Fr. Grassi, to my inexpressible joy, arrived about a month ago in Baltimore, and resides at present in Georgetown College. I do not as yet know what will be his employment, but it is probable that he will succeed Rev. Fr. Enoch Fenwick in the vice presidentship of the said College, who (Fr. Fenwick) has been long since applied for by our Most Rev. Archbishop to live with him in Baltimore and to attend to the congregation which, by the death of the Rev. Mr. Beeston, became vacant. I wish this worthy Father had landed in our port; I might then have acquainted him with the right situation of our affairs, which information, at the advice of our Most Rev. Archbishop, he ardently wishes for, but which I cannot commit to paper.

By this same packet I write to Rev. Mr. Muth, chaplain of the German Chapel erected last year in London. He was for two years my novice in the *Pacanarian Congregation*, and was with me in Italy before he was priest. He is an excellent young man, well informed, and had always an intention to become a Jesuit. I exhort him to join us, and to apply to your Reverence in case he should make up his mind.*

Since Rev. Mr. Fenwick, my worthy companion, resides at our College, I stand in an absolute need of an assistant priest, and I wish that no clergymen but such as are members of the Society should come into this State, and that this State should be properly a settlement of the Society. * * * * To make this city a central place of the Society and a nursery of Jesuit laborers through the Northern States of America, is the more easy, that Divine Providence has disposed things in such a manner as to leave this diocese under my immediate jurisdiction, *sede vacante*, conformably to a Bull of Benedict XIV.

I was always of opinion, that, to cause religion to flourish in this country, three things are essentially necessary: 1st, a Catholic College for the education of the male youth; 2dly, a nunnery for the education of young ladies; and 3dly, an orphan house conducted by nuns. The first of these objects is partly accomplished in this State by the establishment of our College, which, thanks to God, is in a very prosperous way. In the space of about eight months we received thirty-six pupils, that is as many as the house can possibly admit, among whom are the son of the late Governor Livingstone and the son of the present Governor Tompkins, who are both very willing to support with all their credit, the petition of a lottery we are about presenting to the Legislature. For the second object I have written to Dublin, to Rev. Fr. Betagh, to get some Ursulines

*He was reputed quite a Saint in London, and died at Preston (St. Ignatius'), 5th May, 1841.

towards next spring. I hope the Lord will bless this second undertaking as well as the first, being no less conducive to his glory than the former. After this, if the Almighty grants, we shall think of establishing an orphan house and getting some nuns of the Order of the Presentation, flourishing at present in Ireland.

I just now received a letter from our Rt. Rev. Father General, dated August 22d, in which he promises to send two other Fathers to America, expresses his joy at the establishment of our College, and warmly recommends to introduce everywhere the salutary and amiable devotion of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

In union with the Sacred Hearts,
I remain most respectfully,
Rev. and dear Father,
Your most humble and obedient brother,
ANTH. KOHLMANN, S. J.

THE NATCHEZ INDIANS IN 1730.

*Letter from Rev. Fr. Petit, S. J., to Rev. Fr. Davaugour, S. J.,
Procurator-General of the Missions in North America.*

(Continued.)

In December, 1729, we received at New Orleans the sad news, that the Natchez had attacked and murdered nearly all the French settlers in their territories. The first account of the disaster was brought by a Frenchman who had narrowly escaped the fury of the murderers by a wearisome flight. His statement was confirmed by numbers of fugi-

tives that succeeded in outwitting the vigilance of the savages, and to reach their last asylum in safety; these and the Frenchwomen, who had been rescued from a cruel captivity among the Natchez, have given us a detailed view of the course of the insurrection. The first rumors of the dreadful calamity filled all New Orleans with the greatest grief: so much so, that, though it had occurred many miles off, the consternation was as great, as if it had happened under our very eyes. Everybody had something to weep for: one his relatives, another a dear friend, another his goods. As it was with reason feared that all the Indians had conspired against the French, nobody here thought himself safe.

The war of extermination began on Monday, November 28, at nine o'clock A. M. The Natchez thought they had good reasons to complain of the Commandant; and as several richly laden vessels had just arrived with provisions for the garrison and the settlers, they determined to wait no longer, but to seize the favorable opportunity of not only destroying their enemies but also of making themselves masters of the inviting booty that awaited them. Accordingly they at once took up arms, and accomplished their design long before the other savage nations had expected it or had come to an understanding for joint action: their preparations had been made with the greatest cunning. Under the pretext of a great hunt, the villains stationed in the fort, in the village, and in the two new settlements as many Natchez as there were Frenchmen; and began to exchange their goods for guns, powder, and bullets. The unsuspecting French, overjoyed at finding their Indian customers extremely liberal, willingly agreed to receive for their fire-arms a great number of chickens and a large quantity of Indian corn. The few that entertained suspicion of these proceedings were mocked at and ridiculed as trembling Quakers, and their salutary warning was rejected. When God intends to punish a nation, he

deprives it of reason, and allows its rulers to be deluded. Strange to say, on this occasion the Tchactas were treated with distrust, while the Natchez with all their warlike preparations continued to enjoy the confidence of the settlers. When therefore the Natchez had dexterously distributed themselves in the French dwellings, they seized the fire-arms and every Indian shot his man so promptly, that in less than two hours two hundred Frenchmen were killed; among the noblest of the victims were: M. de Chepar, the Commandant; M. de Codère, the Commandant of the Jassus; M. des Ursins; M. de Kolly with his son; Messieurs de Longrays, des Noyers, Bailly, and others.

At the same time when the Natchez were enacting this fearful drama, Father du Poisson was returning from the funeral of his companion, Brother Crucy, who had met with a sudden death by sunstroke. The next object of his journey was to consult with M. Perrier, as to how the Arkansas might be brought to settle further down the Mississippi, for the greater security of those that navigated up and down the stream. The Father arrived among the Natchez two days before the massacre. On the 27 of Nov. the first Sunday of Advent, he said Mass and preached in the parish Church, in place of the missionary, whom affairs of importance kept away from his station. Contrary to his plan to return to the Arkansas in the afternoon, Father du Poisson was detained among the Natchez, in order to administer to some of their sick the consolations of religion. The hour for commencing the butchery was fast approaching. On his return from one of the sick persons to whom he had taken the viaticum after Mass on Monday, Nov. 28, the zealous apostle was attacked by a ringleader of the Natchez, thrown to the ground, and in a few seconds a woodaxe had severed his head from the body. Whilst falling, the Father repeated the words: "O my God, O my God!" M. de Codère had indeed drawn his sword to save the victim; but he too was instantly laid low by the well

aimed ball from the rifle of a Natchez, of whose presence he had not been aware.

All were butchered, except a sailor and a carpenter from whose trades the savages intended to draw profit, and the negro slaves that submitted of their own accord. The savages cut open all the women that were with child; and unwilling to listen to the cries of the children that were still suckled, they strangled almost all the wretched mothers with their babes. The remaining women were spared; still they were not at liberty, but were reduced for two or three months to the most abject slavery. Those that could render service as seamstresses enjoyed a better fate; while the others experienced the full misery of their condition by being obliged to fell large forest-trees, to haul fuel to the village, and to grind Indian corn. One thing that especially embittered the lot of these unfortunate women was the fact, that they were forced to serve the very murderers of their husbands, and that they understood from the boasting Natchez how the remaining French settlers had been dealt with in the same manner, and how all the Indian territories were cleared of the hated intruders.

Whilst the carnage was raging, the Natchez chief was seated on a slight eminence, under the cover of a roof of tobacco leaves. At his feet were placed the heads of the Commandant and the most distinguished among the French victims, while the bodies were left exposed on the roads to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. As soon as the Indians had completed their bloody work, they sacked the dwellings of the slain, the warehouse of the West India-Company, and the richly freighted vessels which had lately arrived. The warriors then proceeded to divide the spoils, though the powder, for greater security, was deposited in one of the houses.

The great quantity of whiskey which they discovered among the spoils proved the fruitful occasion of savage revels, which they continued day after day, heaping male-

dictions on the memory of the murdered French, and wreaking their delirious vengeance on their mangled remains. Nothing could surpass the insolence of the Natchez, leagued as they were in close union and friendliness with the neighboring tribes; but their overweening hardihood almost proved fatal. One of the captive females, widow of M. de Noyers, had conceived the bold idea of avenging the death of her husband and his companions. The state of utter intoxication in which the greater number of the Natchez were nightly buried, was favorable to the execution of the plot; but one of the negro slaves, eager to conciliate the favor of his new masters, betrayed the confidence which Madame de Noyers had reposed in him, and by his treachery surrendered her to the blind fury of the savages.

Of the French that escaped the great massacre, one, unable to endure any longer the pangs of hunger and the inclemencies of the season, ventured to leave his asylum in the depths of the forest, and to seek food and shelter in one of the deserted dwellings. On approaching the house, he found it occupied by Indians; preferring however to die at their hands rather than meet a slow but certain death in his retreat, he boldly threw himself among them. To his utter astonishment, he was received with the greatest kindness, had all his wants liberally supplied, and was provided with a large canoe to enable him to regain his friends at New Orleans. These tender-hearted men were Jassus on their return home from an embassy to the tribes of Uma. The chief of the savages sent word to M. de Perrier, the Commandant of the garrison at New Orleans, assuring him of the loyalty of his tribe, and promising to put the French vessels on their guard against the lurking Natchez.

The sequel will show with what distrust and caution we are obliged to receive the assurances of this treacherous people, even when their fair promises are accompanied by acts of liberality and seeming kindness. While the inhabitants of New Orleans were loud in extolling the sincere

attachment of the Jassus, and were far from foreboding the cruel disenchantment that awaited them, a great change had taken place: the presents of the Natchez had withdrawn the Jassus from their allegiance to the French, and had persuaded them to join the Indian league for continuing the war of extermination against the unwelcome strangers. To strike a more decisive blow, it was determined to murder, on the same day, all the French in the territories of the Jassus and the Corroys. The missionary, Father Souel, was the first to fall a victim to the hatred of the Indians.

On the 11th of December, 1729, Father Souel, ever solicitous to conciliate the favor of the influential in behalf of religion, had paid a complimentary visit to the chief of the village, in order to render more lasting the friendship between the Aborigines and the French missionaries. While the harmless old man, as he proceeded homeward, was revolving in his mind the flourishing congregations which zeal and perseverance might plant in these parts, he met, in the martyr's crown, the just reward of his past labors and of the generous plans which he had formed for the future. A number of Indians with loaded muskets awaited him: as he approached his humble dwelling, three bullets stretched him lifeless on the ground. His death was the signal for pillaging the mission house; nothing escaped the lynx eyes of the greedy robbers; and as a negro, the servant of the murdered missionary, showed signs of resistance, he too was instantly cut down. When their fury had subsided, they were horror-stricken at the foul deed which they had perpetrated. But their momentary repentance yielded to their thirst for blood; with this horrible draught they would deaden the reproach of conscience. "Since the most venerable of the French has fallen," said they, "no one deserves mercy; courage, no one shall escape."

Meanwhile M. des Roches, the temporary Commandant of the French soldiers among the Jassus, was ignorant of the tragic events that had been transpiring in the territories

of the Natchez and even in his immediate neighborhood. When therefore on the following day a large number of Jassus were seen approaching the fort, the garrison, confident that the Indian braves had come to smoke the pipe of peace with their lord, received them with civility. But their confidence was short-lived; the soldiers, seventeen in number, were butchered on the spot; the women and children were reduced to slavery.

Elated with their easy triumph, the Jassus sent messengers to inform the Natchez of the extermination of the French. Learning from Father Doutreleau himself of the danger he had been exposed to in this bloody persecution, we ourselves at New Orleans no longer doubted the truth of the direful news that poured in upon us from all sides. I will take this opportunity to give Father Doutreleau's adventures more in detail.

At the time when the savages of his district retired to their winter quarters in the forests, the venerable apostle intended to pay a visit to his brethren at New Orleans, and at the same time to attend to some important affairs relating to his mission. He left his village early in the morning on the first of January, 1730, and expected to arrive in time at the church of Father Souel to say Mass; seeing however that he was mistaken in his calculations, he resolved to stop near the mouth of the Jassu river, and to celebrate in the hut of a poor husbandman who had hastened to offer food and shelter to the beloved missionary and his companions. Whilst the Father was erecting the portable altar of which he made frequent use on his missionary excursions, the Frenchmen that formed his escort amused themselves with shooting at a flock of wild geese that was passing the house, but neglected to reload the few rifles that were to serve for their defence in case of necessity: they soon found occasion to regret their indiscretion. The altar was ready, Father Doutreleau was performing some devotions before commencing the august sacrifice. At that moment a number

of savages approached the shore ; this caused the travellers some uneasiness. But their fears were soon dispelled, when the Indians presented them with provisions for the journey, and declared themselves to be of the tribe of the Jassus whose faithful adherence to the French could not be doubted. The better to carry out their base design, the savages, although heathens, placed themselves behind the unsuspecting travellers, as if in respect for the sublime services of religion which were about to take place.

At the *Kyrie Eleison*, the signal for the attack was given : Fr. Doutreleau had his right arm pierced by a bullet, one of his fellow travellers lay stretched lifeless on the ground ; the others tried to save themselves by flight. Deeming fruitless all attempts to escape and thus to prolong a life of such importance to his neophytes, the Father recommended his soul to his Maker, and knelt down to receive, as he thought, the martyr's crown. But he was destined for greater labors : the bullets of the murderers missed their aim ; and the missionary, recognizing in this the visible interposition of Providence, succeeded in making his escape from the hands of the blood-thirsty savages. Thanks to his dexterity in swimming, he reached a boat in which two Frenchmen had saved themselves. They had heard the report of the rifles, and could not conceive how their beloved Father had remained unharmed by the mortal weapons. The Indians, however, had not been inactive : in a moment their largest canoe was manned, and then ensued a spirited pursuit which kept the wretched fugitives in imminent danger. Yet, in spite of the unceasing firing of the Indians, the missionary and his friends were enabled to screen themselves from the deadly missiles. They were fast floating down the Jassu river, and were within a short distance of the Mississippi, when at length worn out with fatigue and paralyzed with terror at the scene they had just witnessed, the Frenchmen deemed further efforts useless, and resolved to surrender to the pursuing enemy. But Father Doutre-

leau's activity and presence of mind inspired them with new courage; he himself took hold of the helm; his companions plied the oars; and in half an hour of unremitting labor they had lost sight of their terrible pursuers.

As soon as the fugitives saw themselves secure from the Jassus, they dressed their wounds as well as the scanty means at their disposal would permit. But all danger was not yet past: New Orleans was many miles off, their boat offered them little shelter, and the immense river itself did not favor their journey at that time of the year. To lighten their little vessel, they determined to throw overboard whatever was not needed for satisfying their most pressing wants; and then, recommending themselves to the protection of God, they cheerfully toiled on towards the territories of the Natchez where Father du Poisson would receive them with open arms. Their sanguine hopes were doomed to meet with a sad disappointment. On approaching the shores so friendly to them on former occasions, there was no one to welcome them: the French village lay desolate, and a single glance informed them of the fearful disaster that had befallen their friends; instead of the warm reception which they had anticipated from Father du Poisson, his murderers saluted them with a volley of missiles. They now were convinced that a great conspiracy against the French was on foot, and that they must treat with distrust all the Indian tribes along the shores of the Mississippi. Their minds were made up: only at New Orleans perfect security was to be hoped for; should that place also be in the power of the savages, they were resolved to follow the river to the gulf of Mexico where they would be received on board a French man-of-war.

Avoiding therefore the hostile shores of the Natchez, they continued their journey, their breasts filled with grief. While passing the country of the Tonicas, they carefully kept along the opposite shore in order to avoid new vexations; notwithstanding their precautions however they were

discovered, and a canoe, which had been sent to reconnoitre, rapidly approached: the desperate condition of the fugitives lent them almost superhuman strength; they did not relax their gigantic efforts, until they distinguished among their supposed pursuers the language that recalled to their memories the sweets of home, and emboldened them once more to hope for protection and relief. Their expectations were realized: upon landing they were joyfully received by the French garrison, had their wounds dressed by the surgeon of the camp, and the brotherly love shown them made them forget for a while their late sufferings. On the following day they continued their journey in a comfortable boat, and reached New Orleans in safety.

Your Reverence can easily judge with what surprise I saw Father Doutreleau in so pitiful a plight: but my astonishment exceeded all bounds as I listened to the recital of his adventures. I gave him immediately in charge of Br. Parisel, whose assiduous care was crowned with prompt success. Scarcely had the good Father sufficiently recovered from his wounds, when, according to a previous promise he had made to the officers of the little army, he acted as field chaplain in an expedition against the Natchez, bore all the fatigues of the common soldiers cheerfully, and gave new proofs of his indomitable courage, his indefatigable zeal, and a prudence which was never at a loss in the occasionally intricate manœuvres of an Indian campaign.

But neither the occupations which were needful to quench his thirst after labors and sufferings, nor the company of his brethren in religion could make him forget his mission: the season of spring had begun, the Indians were returning from their winter quarters and expected the missionary; he could not brook the thought of depriving his young congregation of their only support. Owing to the risks attending journeys on the Mississippi during the rebellion of the savages, the Commandant had forbidden his subjects to travel to the neighboring settlements except in

considerable bodies; thus Father Doutreleau was constrained to await the departure of a large convoy to the Illinois. Amply provided with all the necessaries for his fatiguing voyage, he set out for his mission on the 16th of April. I since learned that he and all his companions safely reached their destination.

OSAGE MISSION.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS,
DECEMBER 1st, 1874.

DEAR FATHER:

When this Neosho County was opened for settlement one of our neighbors at the instigation of bad advisers claimed 160 acres of land belonging to this Institution. Our Superior, Father John Schoenmakers immediately protested against the intruder, in consequence of which this man got very much excited against us; and brought the case to law, compelling our Superior to appear before the courts. The trial lasted for a good while, and the opposing lawyers seemed to take delight in using the most offensive language against our Superior. Spite of all proposals for compromise, the man would not agree. But finding out at last that we had a better title to the land than he expected, he gave up the suit and the whole matter was settled between us peaceably.

Two years after the occurrence of these events this man left Neosho and moved to Howard County, taking up his residence in the vicinity of a town called Peru, some 75 miles South-west of this Mission. Having been in very

poor health for nearly a year, last Summer he became quite helpless, and perceiving that he was fast approaching the end of his days, he sent a message requesting me to come and assist him. I was by his bedside as soon as my engagements permitted, and happily I was in time! The poor man publicly apologized for the scandal given by his unreasonable prosecution of our Superior, received the last Sacraments with great devotion, and two days after died most piously.

He lived in a district exclusively Protestant, but made up of good and simple farmers who took care of him with great love and attention during the whole of his very long sickness. They were puzzled however to know why this man was so anxious to see me. When I heard that the poor man was very sick, I would have come to him directly, but my different appointments prevented me from doing so. In consequence of this, the sick man began to fear that perhaps I would not come at all: he began to be very uneasy, and now and then would ask his friends whether they had heard any thing about me, and would frequently repeat "Oh, could I but see the Priest for a few moments, how happy would I die!" These words made a great impression on his attendants, and I became in their estimation an object of great curiosity. So when at last I came they watched me very closely. Having found out that I was going to pass the night at the house of a certain gentleman whose wife is a Catholic, they sent word round to their friends requesting them all to come and see me that very evening. The invitation was accepted, and just about one hour after sunset quite a number of people came to the place where I was, and wished me to give them a lecture.

In truth they took me by surprise, but as I could not get any better opportunity of giving them some light on our holy Religion, I concluded that I would try to satisfy them to the best of my power. The house being a large one, accomodation was soon made for seating all those who

could get in, the balance remained out doors sitting on the ground by the light of a most brilliant July moon. I addressed them for an hour, and was really edified at their good behavior and attention. May the Lord grant that the good seed cast into their hearts that night may be productive of abundant fruit.

During these last six months we have noticed in our Congregation not only a larger attendance than usual, but what is more consoling, an increase of fervor and devotion. It seems that the trials and afflictions with which God visited our people contributed to this happy change. The majority of the settlers here being new-comers in these western countries, their pecuniary means are necessarily scanty, and all their dependence is on the work of their hands, and the productions of the soil. Now as very few public improvements were going on this year, so mechanics had nothing to do. As to the productions of the soil, we had indeed a most flattering prospect at the opening of Spring, but all at once our expectation proved to be but an illusion! First of all came the chinch bug, next followed legions of flies and creeping things of every description: finally came the locusts without number; and, just as if all this had been nothing, whatever had been spared by these devouring insects was parched by the driest season we have seen here during the 27 years that this Mission has been established. These indeed have been discouraging circumstances for our poor settlers, yet spite of them they always came before as cheerful and satisfied, and whenever we asked them how they were getting along in the midst of so many trials, we generally heard them repeating "the Lord be blessed, and his will be done for ever."

In the afternoon of one of the warmest days of August, I was coming by the house of some of our friends, and being fatigued and tired I stepped in to cool and rest for a little while. The landlady received me kindly, and calling in her children requested me to bless them, and after-

wards pointing out the larger of them, a little girl ten years old, she said: "Father, this child of mine the other day caused me to blush," "How is that?" said I, "I will tell you," she replied; and having sent her children to the next room to play, she continued: "I was returning from town about this time, when getting near to the premises I saw a man walking out of my house. I asked the children who that man was, and my little daughter replied, that he was a stranger to whom she had given dinner. I felt displeased on hearing this, and said to her, why did you take into the house a person whom you did not know? 'Well, mother,' she answered, 'I let him in because he said he was hungry.' Then I replied, my daughter, you well know that we are short of provisions, and you ought rather have sent that man to some other place." Here the good lady looked at me very intently, saying; "Do you know what my little daughter answered me?" "What?" said I. "She answered; 'Mother, on the day of judgment, Christ, our Lord, will say to me: I was hungry and you gave Me to eat.'"

Since last July I visited the Indian Territory four times, and as usual was well treated by the Osages, who always ask me the same question: "When will good Fr. Schoenmakers come and stay with us? Since we left him we have seen but hard times!" In the month of August I found the Osages very much excited. They were mourning over four of their braves, who had just been treacherously killed by a party of white men calling themselves State militia. The Indian who related the news to me said: "Father, God was looking at the boys when they were killed;" signifying by this, that they had behaved themselves right, and gave no provocation to the white men, consequently God was pleased with them and looked upon them with pleasure. The Chiefs used all their influence to keep their warriors from going to revenge their murdered brethren, and the U. S. Agent having promised that the Government would give them satisfaction, they did not retaliate on the white people as they were determined to do.

Whether the Osages will ever get the promised satisfaction is a matter of doubt; for those white men who killed the four Indians were consummate villains; and having stained their hands in innocent blood, they wrote down an account of their barbarous deed, and sent it to some newspapers of Topeka to be published under the very eyes of the Governor of this State. In this account they say, that they had a great battle with the Osages, and how they defeated them at last. Such stories as these have been the border gossip long since, and every year are more or less repeated. There has been no fighting of any kind between the Osages and the U. S. troops, but all the war news that came in the newspapers was manufactured on the border line of this State by some parties who, by this means, succeeded in getting authorized to raise a company of militia, made up of desperados, who went around for a while plundering the poor settlers and charging the blame of it on the Osages.

This year I visited nearly all the different settlements formed by the Osages in their beautiful new Reservation which rests on the many tributaries of the river Cana, or Cany as it is sometimes called. I gave them an opportunity of complying with their Christian duties, and thanks be to God, I had the pleasure of seeing the majority of them approach the Sacraments. I baptized a number of their children, blessed some few marriages, and prepared some for death. These visits of mine to the Osages could not be very long, as I was allowed to stop with them only a few days, but this is all we can do for them at present. These western countries are daily filling up with poor Catholic immigrants, and we are almost the only priests to whom they can apply in their spiritual needs.

I cannot finish this letter without mentioning the conversion to our holy faith of one of my benefactors. About a year ago I got acquainted with a Canadian Catholic living quite near to the City of Independence, in Montgomery

County, where I said Mass once every month. As the Church of this town has no residence for the Pastor, I could not get any more convenient place for stopping than this gentleman's house. Having, therefore, called on him for hospitality, he told me that I was welcome, and he wished me to make his house my home whenever I would pass by. Next he introduced me to his wife. She received me very kindly, and told me that I should never pass by without calling in, but, said she, "do not entertain the idea of making me a Roman Catholic, for I do believe that a Protestant is as good as a Catholic." So time went on, and almost every month I visited them. Some time during last Summer the good lady got quite sick. I came to her, and found out that she was not only sick, but also very much troubled in mind, so that she appeared to be melancholy and disheartened. I did not know what to do to relieve her, when a good thought struck me, and I said to her; "Madam, I have with me a wonderful book, and if you would follow my advice and direction in reading it, you would certainly feel better, and perhaps recover sooner than you expect." To this she replied, "O for God's sake give me that book for I feel very bad." I gave her a copy of the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas a Kempis, and told her, that whenever she felt troubled in mind she should first say sincerely "O Lord, have mercy on me," and next open the book at random, and she would most surely find the advice she needed. The sick woman laughed on hearing this, and looking at me quite inquisitively she said, "What, is this book a fortune teller?" "No," said I, "but something better yet; believe me and try it." She did as I told her, and she found to her great satisfaction that I had told her the truth.

Two months afterwards she requested me to baptize her. I felt very happy to hear this; however, I thought better to delay complying with her wishes for one month, that she might be better prepared. She is now baptized, and the melancholy and troubles by which she was afflicted have

disappeared, she is quite happy and contented. May the Lord grant her perseverance in her good resolutions.

Yours in Christ.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.



DEATH OF MR. P. McDERMOTT, S. J.



Twelve years ago a young man of twenty was graduated from St. Xavier College, Cincinnati. Bright hopes and cheerful prospects for the future were held out to him, for he was of a cheerful, even a gay disposition, frank, generous, warm-hearted and true. He was loved by his companions who even yet remember him for his genial ways, his winning manners, his unaffected cordiality. He was quick and active in mind no less than body, and could hold his own in the field of debate as well as athletic sports, in the class room no less than in circles where wit and social qualities were called for. This was Mr. McDermott twelve years ago.

But he chose to forsake brighter prospects than had allured many an other, sacrificing to God what he possessed and what he had every reason to hope for, by entering the Society, 17th Oct., 1862, at Florissant, Mo.

In leaving the world he needed but to turn into another channel the qualities which endeared him to his friends and direct them to a holier purpose and a nobler end. Ambition was to become a holy desire to excel in virtue and draw souls to God; activity was to be supernaturalized in being made subservient to the interests of God; his

spirited nature was henceforth to be occupied in doing and preparing to do great things for God; his cheerfulness was to keep alive in himself and others that buoyant, sprightly, attractive virtue which makes a good life so charming and draws instead of repelling those who are to be benefited by the ministry of the priest or the good offices of the religious. His dispositions and his tastes were modified, not transformed or crushed by the religious training; his good qualities were only chastened and their lurking imperfections worn away. Not an iota less genial or more forbidding after so many years of religious life, those who knew him when with a light heart and a warm grasp of the hand he bade them good bye to enter the militia of Christ, recognized him still in the Jesuit Scholastic of twelve years' standing.

His novitiate lasted the customary two years, after which he repeated his Poetry and Rhetoric during two years more. Then came a year of teaching at St. Louis University and subsequently the study of Philosophy for three years in the same institution. Now he was ready to labor for the glory of God, and he was not the man to shrink from it. The remaining four years of regency were passed in St. Louis University, and St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, as Professor of Poetry and afterwards of Rhetoric, in which capacity, as everywhere else, he won the love and esteem of all. The young men under his care learned to see in him what had attracted the admiring notice of his religious brethren, and to prize the interest he took in their welfare and the uniform kindness, offspring of true charity, that he always exhibited. He rebuked them if need were, but they saw that he did so because it was his duty, for the moment after he would address his scholar as kindly as if he never had reason to be displeased.

Finally, after twelve years—a period interminably long to those who do not understand the scope of the Society, or those who refuse to acknowledge the value of the pro-

longed studies not less than the unequivocal proofs of virtue which she exacts from her children—he was sent to the Scholasticate at Woodstock, Md., to begin his course of Theology. But a few months after his arrival the disease which carried him off and the seeds of which had been sown during his years of teaching, displayed itself by degrees until it seized upon him with such vigor that even his strong constitution could not elude its grasp. Early in December he caught a cold, but as he was never given to being overcareful of himself, he paid little attention to it, never thinking of applying a remedy for such a trifle. Yet his summons had come, and towards the middle of the month it became evident to all that Mr. McDermott was suffering from a disease more dangerous than had been imagined. Pneumonia confined him to his room, but with his usual cheerfulness he thought that he would be well in a couple of days and able to resume his studies. He continued to grow worse, but apprehended no danger. At last his Superior informed him that his case was so extremely critical that he could not prudently delay longer to make his confession and put his affairs in order, while he enjoyed the full use of his faculties.

And here, properly speaking, begin the most admirable traits of his character and conduct. His life had been the ordinary life of the Jesuit, his virtues were such as a religious sees practised around him every day, but his death showed that there was beneath his ordinary actions a current of thought and pure intentions that had borne him calmly along and fully prepared him for the terrors of death. If it be true that sickness does not change a man but shows what he is, that the virtues practised then are but a reflex of his life, that then the true sentiments and dispositions are revealed in all their native lustre, then his was a life rich in many a virtue and strong with the strength which many an act of self-sacrifice had given.

The virtues of the religious life are not the work of a

day; still they are not, thank God, so new to us that a departed brother must needs seem blooming with the loveliness of sanctity, because his last moments yield pleasing fragrance, or that his brief obituary notice should teem with the scent of "the wood that grows precious in burning." Yet, since they can only be accurately judged by those who have consecrated themselves to God, and since they are the principal ones that can adorn the death of a religious, it will not be amiss to mention a few, that by their silent eloquence they may warm the breast and invigorate the souls of others whose duty it is still to reduce them to daily practice. His obedience was so exact that it required but the mention of that word or the Superior's order to calm him even in the moments of delirium consequent on his sickness. His cheerfulness never forsook him, even to the last moments of his life; and when he received news that the physicians called to consult on his case had given up hope, in ten minutes he had resigned himself fully to the will of God and regained his wonted composure. There was a dear friend of his who knew him well, and had lived with him almost constantly since they both entered the Society, who asked him a short time before his death whether he was afraid or sorry to die. Quickly came the cheerful answer: "Not at all." His only regret was, that his parents, now nearing their seventieth year, would not have the inestimable consolation of being rewarded for their sacrifice by seeing him a priest and receiving his priestly blessing before closing their eyes in death. But their hopes were not to be realized; they had made a holocaust of their son, God was pleased to take their offering at its full and, hard though it was, to receive his death as the crowning jewel of their sacrifice and thus, we trust, make their aged but generous hearts ripe for a more lasting reward.

His religious brethren were unremitting in their attentions; they prayed for his life and were loath to abandon hope

even when physicians despaired. They practised untold kindness in their care of him, but he deserved it; and if they needed ought to spur them on, the example of his silent, unmurmuring goodness and the sight of the virtue he exhibited on his death-bed were sufficient to animate them to do still more. They loved him, as did every one who came in contact with him. But neither their assiduous care nor fervent prayers availed, for God had judged otherwise. We cannot help thinking that so many Masses and prayers offered for his recovery were but to be turned into another channel and the offerings made so cheerfully, instead of winning back a life already ebbing, were but instrumental in making a death already certain, peaceful and happy.

The sweet thought which ever gave consolation to the dying man was, that he had heard the word of the Lord and kept it; that he had entered the Society of Jesus and shared the precious boon of dying in its bosom. Those who were with him in his dying moments say that they were amply repaid for all that they had done for him whilst sick, in being permitted to witness such a death, and asked no further grace from God than to die as he died. On the last day but one of the year '74, at half-past three in the morning, Mr. McDermott calmly breathed his last—a peaceful and happy death.

MISSIONS AT ARLINGTON AND LEXINGTON ;
RETREAT AT BOSTON COLLEGE, MASS., 1875.

(Letter from Fr. Strong.)

We arrived at Arlington, Mass., on the 12th of February, two days previous to the first Sunday in Lent, the time appointed for the opening of the Mission. Arlington, as you are aware, one of the suburban towns surrounding Boston, is situated about seven miles from that city. It is a small town, composed of private residences occupied by persons doing business in Boston.

The congregation consists of a small number of respectable trades people, the great majority are of the working classes, farm hands and domestics. It is entirely Irish. To meet the wants of the congregation, Arlington has two priests, Rev. Jos. M. Finotti, and his assistant, Rev. John Galvin, who began his primary studies at Boston College, completed them at the College of Holy Cross, Worcester, and was lately ordained priest at the Theological Seminary at Troy. The church is a Gothic structure, capable of seating eight hundred people. It contains also a basement chapel about the same size as the upper church.

Our hopes of success were by no means promising. The congregation had but a year previous enjoyed the benefits of a Mission conducted by the Paulist Fathers. Hence the field had already been gleaned and the present Mission proved no novelty.

Instead of thousands, as we had been led to suppose his congregation consisted, we found it estimated at eight hundred adults.

Then, the weather was unpropitious; the cold was intense; ice six inches thick covered the ground, and the

earth was frozen to the depth of five feet. The oldest inhabitants pronounced this spell of weather to be the coldest experienced in New England for the last thirty years. Before the opening of the Mission, to increase the drawbacks, snow fell to the depth of three feet, rendering it almost impossible for many who lived at a distance of three or four miles to approach the church. It was, therefore, with no sanguine hope of success that we began our labors; but the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to Whom we confided the Mission, blessed our humble endeavors far beyond our expectations.

On the first Sunday of Lent the Mission commenced. It was impossible to have a *Missa Cantata*, so a low Mass was said. After the Gospel, the pastor announced to his congregation that a retreat would now begin. He said he committed to our hands the care of his congregation over which we should have all jurisdiction excepting parochial. As a sign of his resignation he presented to each of us a stole, and then exhorted his parishioners to take advantage of the present retreat to advance in virtue. Rev. Fr. Mc Atee then preached the first sermon of the retreat. At night, notwithstanding the drifting snow, the attendance was sufficient to fill the church.

The Exercises of the Mission consisted of two Masses with meditations, at five o'clock in the morning; one in the lower chapel for young men and women, the other in the church for the married portion of the congregation. Another Mass with instruction at half past eight o'clock. This Mass was numerously attended, the number increasing, until near the close of the Mission, over five hundred persons were always present. At half past four in the afternoon an instruction was given to the children and young people in the lower chapel. We found about five hundred boys and girls, fifty of whom had made their first communion. At the same hour in the church, instructions were given on different days to fathers, mothers, young men and

women, upon the duties of their respective states. At half past seven in the evening, beads, sermon and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Night services were always well attended. The audience was composed entirely of Catholics. A broad line of distinction between Catholics and Protestants existing in this section of the country, prevented the latter from attending the exercises. So clearly is this line defined that the terms Yankee and Protestant, Catholic and Irish, are considered as synonyms. The children considered it a sin to associate with Yankee children. Whilst explaining the Creed to the children, I asked the meaning of the words Catholic Church. Several hands were instantly raised to signify their readiness to answer. One said, it meant the "true church;" another "the Church where the Pope was;" a third said "it was that Church out of which, if one died, he went to hell." Finding their answers not entirely satisfactory, the hands were lowered. But a bright little chap exclaimed, "please, Mr. I think I know." "Well, my child, what does it mean?" "The Catholic Church means the Irish Church, not the Yankee." The smiling approval of the older ones who were present seemed to say that the little fellow had solved the difficulty.

It is not too much to say that the Mission was a successful one, and the more so because there was in the manner in which it was conducted a total absence of any striving after excitement or sensational effect. The solid spirituality and practical common sense of St. Ignatius were discernible throughout. The number of confessions heard, not counting duplicates, was one thousand and sixty. Among these, many were general confessions. Some approached the tribunal of penance who had been absent for many years. The Scapular of our Lady of Mount Carmel was given to four hundred and thirty-six. Two Sodalities were formed in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: that of the unmarried women numbered one hundred and sixty, and the other for unmarried men counted seventy-two.

On the last night of the Mission the church was crowded; the members to be received into the Sodalties marched in procession from the lower chapel into the church where seats for their accommodation had been placed in front of the Sanctuary and in the aisles. After the intoning of the *Veni Sancte*, a short address was delivered; then followed the recitation of the Act of Consecration and the presenting to each member the badge of the association. Great fervor was manifested by the recipients, and many among the congregation were moved to tears. Rev. Fr. Mc Atee delivered a discourse upon the necessity of perseverance. Then our Mission of two weeks at Arlington, closed with the Papal Benediction followed by that of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

There were but few in the congregation who did not take advantage of the Mission to approach the Sacraments.

We must return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for having blessed our labors and rendering the Mission a success, notwithstanding the many difficulties encountered.

We started the next morning, March 1st, for the town of Lexington, which is situated about twelve miles from Boston and is noted for being the place where the first hostilities began between the British and Americans in 1775. The congregation was supposed to consist of four hundred souls. The Paulists in their mission in 1874, had five hundred communions. This congregation is attended from Arlington. The Catholics formerly possessed a neat little chapel with a pastoral residence. This property was sold about a year since and a site purchased for a new church. They use for service for the present time a very old frame building, formerly a hotel which has been adapted for church purposes. This new purchase involved them in a debt of eight thousand dollars, which they think it is impossible for them to liquidate and at the same time to erect a new church.

Notwithstanding the snow which was over three feet in

depth, the exercises were numerous attended. We heard seven hundred and sixteen confessions, not counting duplicates, which number embraced as we are told every Catholic within the parish, with the exception of two. Some of the confessions dated back as far as thirty years. The scapular was given to four hundred and thirty-two. The Temperance Society was in a languishing state. Rev. Fr. McAttee endeavored to restore it to its primitive fervor, preached on temperance and had the consolation of seeing all the old members who had left the association return, and thirty new ones admitted. Dressed in their regalia they went to Holy Communion in a body, and on the last night of the retreat, they publicly renewed their pledge. The people became much attached to us, and on our leaving at the end of the week, they gathered round the sleigh, shedding tears and wishing us God speed.

On the next morning, March 8th, we began the retreat at Boston College. We found one hundred and fifty-seven students ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-four years. Youths deserving of all praise—attached to the institution,—animated with the desire of study, devoted to their professors, and especially to the President of the institution. We delivered three discourses every day and though they followed closely on one another, yet the students were always attentive. This was the more remarkable as during the time of instruction they were not under the vigilance of a prefect. They all approached the Holy Table on the last morning of the retreat.

MISSION AT GEORGETOWN, D. C., 1875.

The Reverend pastor of Trinity church, thinking that he could not do better at the beginning of his labors for the congregation entrusted to his care a month or two ago, than to give his people the blessings of a Mission, applied to Fr. Provincial for the purpose and obtained the appointment of Fr. Emig and Fr. Coppens.

The Mission was intended not only for the conversion of such as might need it, but also as a convenient opportunity for all to gain the Indulgence of the Jubilee. The exercises were opened on the fourth Sunday in Lent and concluded on Palm Sunday.

"Throughout the fifteen days," writes Fr. Emig, "the church was filled all day. In few places have I seen better attendance. Even at times when there was neither Mass nor instruction, hundreds of persons could be seen making their visits for gaining the Jubilee. In a word, there was a constant procession from early dawn till 10 p. m. We had four Masses daily, and at each from two hundred to three hundred persons assisted; but the Mass at nine o'clock, counted daily about six hundred. During the evening exercises the church was crowded from the first day even to the last. We had two thousand and three hundred confessions and over one thousand and five hundred Communions—a result equal to that of the Mission given in the same church two years ago. I may add that fifty were reconciled to the Church after an estrangement of from two to sixty years."

THREE LITTLE MISSIONS.

(From a Letter of Fr. Emig.)

FREDERICK, April 24th, 1875.

The three little Missions given during April, happily closed on Wednesday morning. The fruit of the first and second was in a special manner very great. Commencing at Gloucester, N. J., though the Exercises passed under the name of the Forty Hours' Devotion, we had to continue them for nearly five days, as a constant throng surrounded the confessionals and were anxious to approach the Holy Sacraments. Hence, of eleven hundred communicants, we had over nine hundred, and had not other engagements prevented me, the entire congregation would have presented itself before the close of the week.

My second battle field was in Berks Co., Pa., ten miles northeast from Churchville. There through the efforts of Fr. Schleuter, a shanty was built in the shape of a church on Mt. Sion, for some two hundred Irishmen, who dig a tunnel through the same hill. At least one hundred and sixty of them needed a Mission. All came to a man. The affair was a clean sweep. It does not often fall to the lot of a mortal to see so much zeal and genuine happiness under so many filthy rags. God be praised for His mercies!

The third Mission was to a mixture of Irish and Germans, a thing always disagreeable and scarcely ever successful, as both elements keep a jealous eye on the "Holy Commissioner." The Irish were all on hand; and only five or six of the Teutonic party were absent.

On my return home, I find plenty of work cut out for me and my new companion, which, will keep us busy till the middle of June.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

(Letter of Fr. P. G. Guidi to Fr. A. Romano, S. F.)

COLVILLE, W. T., JANUARY 22nd, 1875.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

Your kind little letter came to hand two weeks ago. Think of the pleasure of getting news about so many friends of whom I had long had no chance to hear any thing at all! Deo gratias!

In return, to show my gratitude, I will tell you how we celebrated here the last Christmas holidays.

Before the middle of December, a good number of Indians had already gathered around our Church, coming from a distance of ten, twenty, or even eighty miles; and, as a remote preparation for the solemnity, from the 12th to the 20th of the month, the chiefs were busy with those who did not behave as they should. A complete success answered their care: some who for many years had been wild and independent, submitted to the rule, and not a few went spontaneously to the chiefs to ask a penance as an atonement for the past. Three days before Christmas eve, for the first time we inaugurated the Forty Hours Devotion. An order issued by the chiefs forbade all kinds of amusements and put aside unnecessary transactions. All were then totally occupied with the practice of that devotion, and truly it was edifying to see bands of Indians going in turn to the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament with the greatest modesty and recollection. During those days the priests were engaged in hearing confessions.

When happy Christmas day came, at the first signal for midnight Mass, our Indians lit a big fire on the top of the hill opposite to the church; at the second, they fired a salute, and all the people entered the church singing a beautiful and very appropriate song. High Mass began, the Indians forming the choir. I preached a short English sermon for many whites who were present, and we had four hundred and fifty communions. At the pressing request of our good people, an Indian went around, after the *Credo*, taking a collection for the church, and he got from the Indians twenty-eight dollars, which in the following days were increased to seventy dollars—indeed a considerable sum for this poor flock.

In order to keep them a longer time near the church, and thereby to give them some more religious instructions, we promised them another beautiful feast for New Year's day, but we said nothing of the manner in which we would celebrate it.

Well nigh all waited for it, and we had again on that day a general communion at Mass. In the afternoon they were ordered to meet in the church, whence they should move in a procession to the Sisters' house, situated at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Shortly before the appointed time, a violent snow storm fell upon our place; but we did not lose courage, and in spite of the raging tempest, the procession began to be formed in the church. On the very point of starting, lo! the fury of the elements gave way, and the wind subsided so much as to allow burning tapers to be carried in the open air the whole time of the ceremony. We went on reciting the Rosary, and when we reached the Sisters' residence, a large frame with a devout image of our Blessed Lady was uncovered to the multitude. This unexpected and consoling sight made all fall on their knees, and shed tears of joy. Then a salute was fired, a song chanted in honor of the Queen of Heaven, and the procession went back to the church, where the image being exposed

to the public veneration, Fr. Josi addressed the people in a touching sermon. It was a matter of consolation for us to look at those Indians, who by the expression of their countenance, were telling, without mistake, the true sentiments of their happy hearts.

Experience teaches that the devotion towards the Blessed Virgin takes well and strikes deep roots among these savages, whom it keeps straight to follow in the right path.

Yours in Xt.

P. G. GUIDI, S. J.

THE JUBILEE OF THE SACRED HEART.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

In compliance with your Reverence's request, I will briefly sketch what I heard or witnessed of the consoling celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart this year, and of the solemn consecration of the Church to the same Divine Heart, recommended to all the Faithful by our Holy Father, Pius IX. It was to be expected that more than usual solemnity would be thrown around the feast of the Sacred Heart this year, which is the second centennial of the devotion, and there was a universal anticipation that the prayers and petitions of Bishops and people addressed to the Holy See to obtain the consecration of the whole Church to the Sacred Heart would at least be heard with favor, and that this year would crown the devotion with this final triumph.

At the approach of the feast, a circular was sent to all the missions and houses of the Province, inviting all to unite in a most fervent and solemn observance of the coming festival and prescribing certain exercises to be performed in public and in private during the novena or triduum and on the great day itself. The faithful committed to our care in our various parishes and missions, responded to the invitation in a manner which astonished their pastors.

I witnessed at Conewago and at Goshenhoppen a fervor and a devotion which showed how deeply the hearts of those people were stirred and how fully they had entered into the spirit of the celebration. It was a busy season with them; their fields called for all the time and care which were possible, and the church was for most of them no small distance. Yet twice every day the church, though very spacious, was well attended, not only by the devout female sex, but by men, young and old, from forest and field. In the morning they assisted at solemn Mass: in the evening they came again to prayers, sermon and Benediction. You can easily conclude from this what a number of Communion there must have been on this blessed day of the Sacred Heart.

I was at Goshenhoppen on the feast—a quiet, out-of-the-way little mission in Pennsylvania—made up of a patriarchal race, of innocent, simple people. You would have thought it was Christmas or Easter, at the sight of the crowd in the church, around the Holy Table and at the Masses.

Letters from Whitmarsh and St. Thomas, in Maryland, speak of the same fervor, the same eagerness to share in the graces of the feast. The pastors of the former place could not explain to themselves the wonderful spirit manifested by their people. The entire region seemed to be stirred to its centre. The services in the church were the same as at Conewago, and in all these places the Blessed Sacrament was exposed all day on the feast. Whilst the

pastors were delighted at the piety of the many visitors who came to spend an hour or more in adoration, one of them in his ingenuous humility declared that he had never known till then what this devotion was. But now he knows it: he has seen it at work.

At St. Thomas, many of the people eagerly secured pictures of the Sacred Heart of which the pastor had made a provision. They had heard of the promise made by our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary: that He would bless those houses in which the picture of His Heart would be exposed and honored.

I have no details in regard to the celebration of this glorious festival in many of our churches but let the celebration at our church in Baltimore serve as a specimen; for I have reason to believe that most of others did not remain far behind it. My information is derived from one of the pastors, who might have added to his description of the grand solemnities: *Quarum pars magna fui.*

The immediate preparation for the feast consisted of a triduum preached by the Rev. Alfred Curtis, of the Cathedral. The Altar was magnificently adorned, a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, lately imported from Munich, was the prominent feature on the main altar. It was surrounded by an arch of gas jets designed by Fr. Jones of New York, and giving in letters of light the words: *Fili præbe cor tuum mihi.* The church was densely crowded every evening, every available space being occupied. Fr. Curtis proved himself a finished speaker, but that is saying nothing. He was the orator of the Sacred Heart, and the hearts of all that heard him were spell-bound—won irresistibly to the Heart of our Lord. His subjects were: 1st, The Devotion to the Sacred Heart as a particular devotion based upon Theology and Love; 2nd, The Devotion as a necessary offshoot of the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation; 3d, The object of devotion considered as Reparation, proved from Nature, Reason and Faith. My correspondent

writes : "Fr. C. took us all by storm. His manner is un-studied, a perfect outpouring of ideas. He forgets himself in his subject. Earnestness is natural to him," etc.

On the Sunday within the octave, according to the prescription of the circular, there was a Solemn High Mass. The sermon was on the Sacred Heart considered as the Heart of the Good Shepherd ; and though my informant is too modest to say another word about it, yet I am sure that he did ample justice to a subject which is perhaps the richest, tenderest, noblest in the whole range of Catholic oratory. In the evening of the same day, at the Solemn Benediction, one of our Fathers from Washington preached another sermon on the Sacred Heart, which is called a complete treatise on the subject, and gave the grounds, end, aim and fruits of the devotion. An immense congregation was assembled, and one could feel that their hearts were moved with intense devotion. It was during this ceremony that the solemn consecration of our Province to the Sacred Heart was renewed in all our churches. But I have no doubt that Baltimore stood high in favor with the Sacred Heart on that day and that the congregation of St. Ignatius church, as well as the inmates of Loyola College, will receive precious treasures in return for the deep and true fervor manifested during those happy days.

But I must say the same of the churches in Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Frederick, etc. And now one might suppose that after such a celebration of the novena, triduum and feast, the devotion of the people required a respite for a season. But just after the circular had been sent which stirred all the above manifestations, came the glad news that the Holy Father had at last granted the petitions addressed to him and had appointed the 16th of June as the day of the consecration of the Church to the Sacred Heart. Deo gratias ! so this year was to be in very deed the Jubilee year, the year of triumph for the Sacred Heart ; and the very day of the second centenary of the sweet revelation to

the B. Margaret Mary, was to put the last seal to her work. Here was news to stir up devotion once more to a tenfold intensity, and yet we seemed to have done all that could be done only the week previous to this new solemnity. But the piety of the faithful was equal to the task—their devotion had only been brightened and strengthened by the previous exercise—and when they were told that they would be able to join their voices to that of Pius IX., their solemn consecration to his, and that they would use his words, with his sanction, and with the gift of a plenary Indulgence for using them to bind themselves forever to the Sacred Heart; when they saw him, the father and leader of God's people standing like the Patriarch of old, at the gate in the side of this last ark of salvation offered to our race, and heard him exhort them to enter into it and be secure against the deluge of God's anger, is it a wonder that they rushed in with eager haste? is it a wonder that all that had been done during the novena and on the feasts was outdone on the 16th?

The dear Messenger of the Sacred Heart deserves the credit of making this good news known to us and of furnishing us with the text of the prescribed formula, many thousands of which were immediately printed and spread over the country. I happened to be in Philadelphia for that occasion, and though in the absence of the Bishop no official notice had been given to the diocese, yet the day, though not a feast day, could be compared only to some of the greatest festivals of the year. The confessionals were besieged all the day previous till late into the night and again on the morning of the 16th. Many were disappointed and could not perform their devotions. But the number of communions was altogether marvellous. This is true of both our churches in Philadelphia and of the other parish churches of the city.

At Baltimore our church was again the scene of extraordinary fervor. The sermon was a history of the devotion

to the Sacred Heart, comprising the life of B. Margaret Mary and the connection of the Society with the devotion, a subject both interesting in itself and one which had not been touched by the previous orators, so that the crowded audience listened with almost breathless attention. The act of consecration was recited during the Benediction. In some of the churches it was read at all the Masses as well as at Benediction.

What more is to be done to honor the Sacred Heart of our Lord after this, it is not easy to say. Its triumph seems now complete. But the ever active spirit of devotion will yet invent new ways—and the increased fervor of thousands of hearts will only serve to suggest other means of honoring it. God grant that we of the Society may be true to our trust, and prove ourselves the earnest, zealous, laborious apostles of the S. Heart which has been pleased to place its interests in our hands. Happy we who have lived to see the day for which our fathers sighed and prayed for two hundred years! but happier if we imitate their zeal, emulate their ardor, both in practising the devotion ourselves, and in spreading over the whole world by word and writing and example that holy fire which the Sacred Heart desires to enkindle in all hearts.

I remain in the Sacred Hearts of J. and M.,

Your Reverence's servant in Xt.,

P. M.

THE 16th OF JUNE IN CHICAGO.

(From a letter of Rev. Fr. Ferd. Coosemans, S. F. to Fr. Sestini, S. F.)

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE, JUNE 17th, 1875.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Yesterday was a grand solemn day in Chicago. In our church alone over four thousand and four hundred communions were distributed. The novena preparatory to the solemnity had been followed with extraordinary fervor. Nearly one thousand and four hundred acts of consecration have been distributed. After the High Mass, we had yesterday a procession within the church, and then exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for the whole day. At night grand service and eloquent sermon on the Sacred Heart by Fr. Lawlor to a jammed congregation. After the sermon, Fr. Damen read the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which had also been read after each Mass in the morning, and finally benediction was given with the Blessed Sacrament. When the service was over, one hundred and seventy-five new members gave in their names for the Apostleship of Prayer.—*Soli Deo honor et gloria.*

WHITEMARSH, MD.

*(Extracts from a Letter of Fr. Wiget, S. J., to Very Rev.
Fr. Provincial.)*

WHITEMARSH, June 17th, 1875.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER PROVINCIAL,
P. C.

We had here our Corpus Christi procession—it was simple and quiet, but I and others thought very lovely and full of devotion—then the nine days devotion to the Sacred Heart. On the feast itself, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed from early morning until late in the evening. Yesterday we had High Mass with the Blessed Sacrament exposed and Benediction in the evening, when the Act of Consecration was read. In all these exercises an unusual fervor was shown:—this wonderful devotion to the most amiable and loving Heart of our Divine Saviour seems to give life and blessing to all.

We have quite a string of petitions every month to send to Woodstock, and many singular graces received, and, oh, many others to be received! and I am sure we will get them all, if A. M. D. G.

The whole mission is aroused in an extraordinary manner; and, no doubt, this Jubilee year will, with God's grace, bring many into the Church. You know we had already thirty-six converts confirmed lately, and they were not all. I am asked for chapels in three new places.

DESTRUCTION OF OUR COLLEGE AT BUENOS AYRES, FEBRUARY 28, 1875.

SANTA FÉ DE PARANÁ, March 14, 1875.

You are probably aware by this time of what has happened at Buenos Ayres, and as you must also be anxious to hear a trustworthy report of the affair, I shall endeavor to give you a detailed account of the whole occurrence, as I was in the midst of the trouble, and an eye-witness of almost everything that took place.

The Most Rev. Archbishop had formed the intention of confiding to our charge the church of San Ignacio, which belonged to the Society in former times. In furtherance of this design, he communicated with the National Government, which readily granted the desired permission. But it was also necessary to obtain the sanction of the Provincial Authorities, and while this was being carried out, some private parties busied themselves in obtaining signatures to a counter-petition, so that the Government of the Province might give a negative answer to the Archbishop's request. The press of Buenos Ayres began to discuss the question and declaimed in unmeasured and shameful terms against the Prelate and the Jesuits. A meeting was called for the 21st of February, but it was forbidden by the authorities, because the country was still in a state of siege; this condition of affairs was to end by the 25th, and so the meeting was deferred until the 28th. On that day, the last of our short vacations, we were quietly preparing to receive our pupils on the morrow, and to begin the ordinary routine of duties.

Meanwhile, a caucus was being held at the *Varieties*

Theatre, at which the *University, Clement XIV., Carbonari,* and other clubs were represented. The Italians from La Boca had thronged together in such numbers as to fill two whole squares of the street, or a space three hundred yards long by fourteen wide. They carried the portrait of Bibadavia (the founder of masonry in Buenos Ayres), and the Italian flag. Castro Boedo, an apostate priest of the city, who claims to be bishop of the *Argentine Universal Church,* Romero Gomez, an apostate Spanish canon, and others of the same character made such inflammatory harangues to the crowd, that at length the shout was raised, "To the Archbishop's palace!" Thither they betook themselves with the Argentine, Spanish, Italian and other flags; and entering the house without any opposition, they smashed every thing in their way. Luckily, the Archbishop chanced to be just then with Fathers Del Val and Dalman at San José de Flores, a village about four leagues distant from Buenos Ayres. From the Archbishop's, the savages went to the convents of St. Francis and St. Dominic, where they were satisfied with breaking the window panes with showers of stones. After that, they moved on to the church of San Ignacio, which had been the apple of discord, or, to speak more properly, the pretext for stirring up the riot. They got inside of the enclosure, but finding the church doors closed, they did no further damage than to destroy some tables and benches which were in the yard. Whilst they were standing here some one cried out, "To the College del Salvador!" and quick as lightning, their numbers swelled by new recruits from the streets through which they passed, they came to the Calle del Callao on which the main entrance of the College faces. It was then about three o'clock in the afternoon.

We were quietly in our rooms, but on hearing the disorderly yells of the mob, we went to the porch of the fourth division's dormitory, to find out why the crowd had halted. Thereupon, one of those madmen, with the Ar-

gentine flag in his hand, scaled the college wall which is about five yards high. Many others quickly followed him, and all of them with stones, crowbars and axes, set to work breaking down the door of the public chapel. Father Rector was inside the chapel, having gone thither to ask for light and grace from our dear Lord; fearing that the door was about to give away, he rose up and went to the visitors' room, where we were surrounding the Vice-Consul of Brazil, who accompanied by his wife, had come a few moments before, to enter his son at the college. Little by little, the rabble had penetrated into the passages, class-rooms, study-halls, dormitories and other departments of the building. Those who had forced their way into the chapel, after profaning the sanctuary and stealing the sacred vessels, broke everything to pieces; then they tore down an iron door, which gave them free ingress to the Fathers' rooms, where they held high carnival, wrecking each and every one of our chambers. When Fr. Rector saw this, he made a vow to St. Joseph, and promised to consecrate the college to him. But the attack was waxing hotter, and we could not remain much longer in our state of indecision. Just then Fr. Albi suggested that we should make for the garden, and we all hurried there through the infirmary and the kitchen. On seeing us come out of the visitors' room, the crowd wanted to pursue us, but the Brazilian Vice-Consul stood on the stairways, and during the few moments that he took to make himself known, we had time to get away. In the corridors, staircases, infirmary and kitchen, we came across several of the plunderers, but as they were among the first who had broken into the house, they were more intent on spoil than on doing us personal harm. We reached the garden, and Fathers Rector and Albi tried to get through the gate, but the key was nowhere to be found. Some of us climbed the wall:—Fathers Jordan, Soler, Estanislao, Walter and myself, along with the Brothers, Martirell, Balaguer and Bodé. Whilst on the top of the

wall, before jumping down into the street, all of us instinctively scanned the countenances of those who from the thoroughfare or the balconies of the neighboring houses were witnessing what was taking place. Such was the fright and uncertainty prevailing for the time being, that no one spoke to us, nobody offered the protection of his house. But at last, an Englishman, a Protestant too, as we afterwards found out, taking pity on our condition, offered us timely shelter. We accepted his offer, and whilst he was shutting and strongly barring the door, his wife hid us in a cellar, covering the entrance with a piece of matting. Some parties threatened an attack upon the house, but the Englishman showed such pluck and determination, that the rabble thought it safer to turn its whole attention to the destruction of the college. After a quarter of an hour, we heard the cellar door opening; a pious lady had come to remove us from this dungeon, and inform us that we were now out of danger. Here I interrupt the narration of what happened to us, in order to return to Fr. Rector.

As he, in company with FF. Martovell and Albi, was still searching for the key of the garden gate, the plunderers were making repeated assaults upon it from the outside, and at length it was flung wide open. The Fathers finding themselves suddenly brought face to face with the multitude, asked them what they wanted, and why they were thus destroying the property of the College. Several of those who were in advance of the mob, and who entered first, among whom were two soldiers, cried out: "Order! Halt! they have surrendered!" Then making the Fathers prisoners, they brought them to an inner court-yard, from which they could witness the pillage of their own rooms. Suddenly, some one in the crowd exclaimed:—"Fellow-citizens, a citizen has been assassinated!" At this announcement, other cries quickly follow: "Out with your revolvers!" "Death to the murderers!" etc. etc. Fr. Albi protested, saying that if in the whole house any other arms

were found except those in possession of the crowd, then they might kill him on the spot. One of the soldiers took him by the arm, and together they passed through the rabble to see the murdered man. In fact, at the door of the Cabinet of Physics, a blood-stained corpse was lying, and close by they came across the murderer still brandishing his dagger. In bursting through the door of the cabinet, the first one who caught sight of the instruments and machines shouted out that the *treasure* was found; and thereupon the one who came behind him gave him several stabs.

When they had Fr. Albi along side the corpse, they began to beat him with sticks, and in this manner they led him to the door where they had made a great fire with chairs, benches, tables, pictures, etc. They tried to fling the Father on the burning pile, but he clung so tightly to those who were dragging him, that they were obliged to give up the attempt.

Meantime, some of our friends making their way through the crowd got the Father under their protection, took him to an apothecary shop close by, and guarded the place while his wounds were being dressed. Father Rector in company with Fr. Martorell had remained in the garden, waiting the return of Fr. Albi; but taking advantage of the confusion produced by the announcement that a citizen had been killed, they both tried to escape. Fr. Rector succeeded in doing so, but not without receiving a cut on the forehead while crossing the street. Two men took hold of Fr. Martorell, and were dragging him towards the fire, when some one in the crowd struck him on the head with a hatchet. The Father raised his hand to the wound, when a second stroke split his hand and felled him senseless to the ground. It would now have been very easy to do with Fr. Martorell that which they had been unable to accomplish in the case of Fr. Albi, but our friends were gathering around now fully aroused, knocked down those who were dragging the Father along, and carried him to a neighboring house.

The raging multitude followed them, and threatened to set the place on fire; but they replied that they would sweep the street with a volley of shot, if it should be necessary, in order to defend the house.

The garden gate had been abandoned by the mob after the capture of FF. Rector, Albi and Martosell; and so several Fathers and Brothers escaped through it, without encountering anyone to insult or injure them.

FF. Vilardell, Cabeza and Torres had betaken themselves to the porch, as soon as the house was invaded; Fr. Torres thinking that he could get out by the new church, had climbed over the roof and through several windows, until he reached the cornice of the first story; but the church was already overrun by the mob, and as soon as they caught sight of the Father, they began to pelt him with stones and bricks, and even to shoot at him, so that he was compelled to make his way back again to the porch. There he found Fr. Cabeza stretched on the ground, streaming with blood, and Fr. Velardell who had been pounded with cudgels. The ruffians who had inflicted the brutal treatment, fell upon Fr. Torres with their fists and sticks, and kicked him down stairs. Providentially, he reached the foot of the stairs without any serious injury, although they discharged two pistol shots at him so close as to singe his clothing. Then they began to haul him towards the fire; but on reaching the street, some one saved him from their hands, and took him to the apothecary shop, where Fr. Albi's wounds were being dressed. Fr. Cabeza, who had received two terrible wounds, was carried to the house of Doña Carmen Guerra. Fr. Vilardell was saved by a good Biscayan, named Erausquin, who also rescued Br. Binimelis, wounded by a hatchet in the arm. Br. Antonio Piñon, an old man of seventy years, was found in an angle of the great marble stairway, kneeling down and crying bitterly. Erausquin saved him also. Fr. Mazarrasa, who was grievously sick, had shut himself up in his room at the first symptoms of disturbance,

and had bolted the door inside; but seeing that they were bent upon bursting through the door, he got up to open it. At the sight of this corpse, for the appearance of the good Father was deathlike, the assailants were frightened, and withdrew without entering the room. A few minutes afterwards some persons set him in a chair, and placed him in safety, without anyone venturing to do him harm.

In this way, all of us who were in the college managed to get away; and certainly, it was a special dispensation of Providence, in the midst of such confusion, and taking into account the fury of the populace, that no one of the Fathers or Brothers was killed.

Whilst some were pursuing and maltreating the inmates of the house, others had busied themselves in destroying whatever they came across. They broke down the doors of the rooms and study halls, pried into our private papers, and searched the desks of our pupils; and, finally, set fire to the college on every side. All this happened at three o'clock in the afternoon, on Sunday, and in sight of the whole city of Buenos Ayres.

Chalices, crucifixes, soutanes, church ornaments of every kind were grossly outraged. Some dressed themselves in soutanes, others put on chasubles and albs, and all made sport and mockery of religion.

Doctor Palacios succeeded in saving the bodies of the martyrs which were in the chapel. A pious lady picked up from the ground several Hosts which had been scattered from the ciborium, and brought them to Fr. Walter; and all this at the imminent risk of her life.

About four o'clock, General Vedia, who had just arrived from El Chaco, came upon the scene. He tried to disperse the mob by himself, but they turned upon him, and he barely escaped with his life. At about half after five, the flames seized on the whole college, and the floors began tumbling down one upon another, with such a crashing as to make us who saw it from the neighboring dwellings,

tremble with grief. At six, the whole building was one immense furnace, and in the midst of the flame and smoke, nothing could be distinguished, except the cross surmounting the cupola, and we were all awaiting with anxious fears for the moment when it would topple over.

At last, when there was no longer any use for them, a squad of soldiers marched up. They fired upon the rioters, and blocked up all the approaches to the college. We then began to receive the attentions and visits of our friends, above all of the ladies, who hurried from house to house where we were, and gave us the news about our companions. But as these accounts were yet incomplete, we were filled with the greatest apprehension as to the fate of some whose whereabouts we were ignorant of, and whom we naturally supposed to have been burned or murdered.

At seven in the evening, a chief of police came to the house where FF. Jordan, Soler and I were staying, and he said that we must go with him to another house. Father Jordan, suspecting some treachery, replied that we were well enough off and perfectly safe in our present quarters; but the inspector answered that it could not be helped; we must concentrate ourselves in some one house, because the force at his disposal was small, and if we obliged him to divide it, he could not answer for our lives. We were obliged then to leave that house, and go between files of soldiers and armed men, to another, where some fifteen of Ours were gathered together. Great was the consolation with which we saw and embraced those whom we had already given up for dead; but our joy was mingled with sorrow, on seeing some with their hands and arms wounded, others with their heads all gashed, and almost every one of them bruised with clubs. There were several gentlemen present, resolved to defend them at all hazards. Soon afterwards, Dr. Ayerza arrived, and he declared that it would be absolutely necessary for us to be divided around among different houses, if we did not wish to perish to a man.

where we were. We assured him that we had no apprehensions, and that there was a troop in the street for our protection. "What troop?" said he. "Suppose that they have all gone away, leaving only a few policemen." Such was really the case, and on seeing this state of affairs, each of the gentlemen present took as many as he could of Ours. Dr. Castillo brought FF. Torres and Francoli to his residence. Fr. Torrens was sent to the house of Doña Carmen Guerra, to assist P. Caluza in case of need, as he was staying there in a very low condition from his injuries. With a brother of the same Dr. Castillo went Fr. Serrat and two Brothers. Señor Fresco, Dr. Ayerza, Dr. Zabala and Señor Allende, took charge of two or three each. Thus we were again parted at about nine o'clock P. M., and in order that the distribution might be made with more convenience and less danger, carriages were brought to conduct us by unfrequented streets, to our several places of refuge. Passing close by the college in the rear, we saw the servants' quarters burning. The enclosure was completely ruined, as well as the galleries of the first and second divisions. The cupola alone remained apparently untouched, but the glare of light through the windows showed that the fire within was still alive. Of the whole building there remained only a wing of the portion which faces on the Calle del Callao, and the refectory of the students; and this latter portion was set on fire the following night by some unknown hand. Thus perished one of the finest structures in South America.

Fr. Rector, who was in the house of Dr. Palacios, received that same night, information of our abiding places, and when all things were compared, it was found out that Fr. Walter and Br. Schorro were missing. One of the police officers said that he believed some persons were in the scaffolding of the cupola; he had called to them, but they did not want to come down. Then Dr. Palacios himself climbed up the cupola with a lantern about midnight, and closely examined every spot; but he found nobody there.

The consequence was easily drawn; they had perished. This was strengthened by the statement of an idle vagrant, who testified that he had seen some one with a habit on, dead in the middle of the flames. All these signs showed that Br. Schorro was the victim; but, thanks be to God, Fr. Walter made his appearance on Monday and the Brother on Tuesday.

You have here a circumstantial narration of what happened on the 28th of February. You have doubtless observed that I mention even trivial details, and sometimes repeat the same things, but the desire which I know you have of learning accurately the whole course of events, has forced me to descend to all these particulars. Besides, if the narrative is carelessly written, you can easily excuse that, knowing that my head is not in its normal state, and that the desire of quieting your apprehensions in our regard, has been my sole motive for taking pen in hand.

But, to continue. On the next day, March 1st, everybody deplored the occurrence. The newspapers were loud in condemnation of it. Shame on them! they had enkindled the flame, and were the prime cause of the whole trouble.

Those of Ours who were at the Seminary received timely warning of what was taking place at the college, and all of them, five Fathers and four Brothers, were enabled to take refuge in private houses.

Who could have conjectured a few hours before the catastrophe, that in place of receiving the scholars in our college on the first of March, we should be forced to seek an asylum in their homes. This day was one of continual going to and fro on the part of the pupils and their families; they all came to visit us; they busied themselves in giving news about us one to another; every family wished us to make its house our home, and none of those whose hospitality we were sharing, was willing to let us go.

Fr. Rector settled that Fr. Soler and myself, together

with Brother Martorell, dressed as seculars, should set out for Santa Fé, on Tuesday, March 2nd, by the steamer *Lujan*, in order to inform R. P. Superior of all that had happened. Fr. Rector had given us a letter and some money to pay for our passage and the necessary outfit, but Señor Allende, at whose house we were staying, made us return the money to Fr. Rector, and at his own expense defrayed our passage and supplied each of us with a full suit of clothing. Thanks to his charity, nothing was wanting to us. The kind hearted Allende spent in all some five hundred *pesos*. May God reward him for his generosity. I relate these little circumstances that you may aid us in recommending to God these good people, who deserve so much in our regard.

All that evening, until eleven o'clock, we were constantly engaged in receiving the visits of our pupils and their relatives, who came to bid us good-bye. All felt our departure very keenly, because, said they, if we once went away it would be difficult for us to return again and open a college at Buenos Ayres. Truth to tell, it gave us much pain to think what would become of so many young persons abandoned in the midst of this corrupt society. But God so ordained it, and we had to submit to His will.

Very early next day we went to take leave of Fr. Rector, whom we found much improved as far as the wound of his forehead was concerned, although he was still troubled with pains in the shoulders from the clubbing he had received. At half past nine, we proceeded to the river Tigre, to take the steamboat. On arriving at the station, in spite of our disguise, and although we gave each other no signs of recognition, some one whispered; "there goes a specimen of monkery." On board the steamer they demanded our passports, because, said they, on account of the troubles of the past few days, the whole Province of Buenos Ayres had been declared under martial law, and we could not travel without a passport. It was, therefore, necessary to

return to the city for this document. The passport being obtained, we were at last admitted to the cars; but we had not completed half the distance, when we came across a freight train which had been thrown off the track, and then we had to wait until another train from the opposite direction should pass us; but, when this other train arrived, the conductor declared that he could not move on, as the boiler was out of order; and so we were once more obliged to return to Buenos Ayres by the same train on which we had started. Everything seemed to be conspiring against us.

On the following day, we got off for good; some passengers who recognized us were seriously debating about throwing us into the river; but the captain threatened to do the same to them, and he took the further precaution that we should dine with himself in his private cabin. Then some other passengers, finding out who we were, took our part, and paid the greatest attention to us; and so all our fears vanished. At Paraná, some boys who were coming to the college of Santa Fé, got aboard the Steamer, and so soon as they recognized me, they came up to offer their salutations. Fr. Superior and Br. Calvoó received us at the wharf, which they had scarcely ever left during the last two days, waiting for an arrival, in order to hear the first news from Buenos Ayres.

Their delight on embracing us was indescribable, for they had already commenced the suffrages for us, and now they saw us alive and well. What a consolation it was for us and for the whole of this Community! At nightfall, on the very Sunday of the catastrophe, the Governor of Santa Fé was apprised of the doings at the capital. It was rumored about here that we had all been murdered or devoured by the flames. The telegraphic despatches, as fast as they were received, were transmitted to the Superior. The College and the whole town were filled with consternation. The Fathers, as you may well believe, did not sleep a wink that whole night, and our house seemed to be

a public resort for all classes of people, who were coming and going all night long; at last, the Governor, fearing some disturbance, surrounded the building with a company of soldiers. To cap the misery, the telegraph ceased to work after a few hours, and nothing more could be learned. But the following day, more consoling accounts came from various parties in Buenos Ayres, and finally, by our arrival, on Wednesday, they found out that we were all safe. Several Fathers and Brothers came by the next boat.

FF. Dalman and Jordan are in the colony of Jesus-Maria, a district of *El Rosario*, at the residence of Mr. Cullen. This gentleman, the owner of the steamboat *Primer Argentino* which runs between Santa Fé and El Tigre, was no sooner informed of the state of affairs, than he started for Buenos Ayres, with the intention of taking us all on board of his boat; but seeing that he could be of more service in the city, he remained there, and gave a free passage to all of Ours. He was the first to set on foot a subscription to rebuild the college. It seems that forty or, as some say, fifty thousand *pesos* have already been subscribed. Rev. Fr. Superior is now at Buenos Ayres to see what is best to be done.

The day after the riot, Fr. Rector of Buenos Ayres received more than a thousand calls from the chief citizens of the place. The President of the Republic sent his aide-de-camp, and the Vice-President came in person to visit him. It seems that the Government, both National and Provincial, is firmly resolved to see justice done in this matter. The Province has been placed under martial law, very many arrests have been made, and a searching enquiry is to be set on foot. Dr. Navarro Viola, President of the Senate, has presented a bill, asking that body to take upon itself the charge of punishing the guilty parties. Besides this, as during several days after the disaster, it was impossible for a priest to pass through the streets without being insulted, the Government has issued very strict

orders, especially against the police, who neglect to arrest those who commit any outrage of this kind.

This is enough for the present. After some time I may write again. I do not know whither I shall be sent; the others are in the same uncertainty as regards their destination. *Deus providebit.* Yours in Jesus and Mary,

MIGUEL CODOMIN, S. J.

D. O. M.



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