

O'Hanlon, John

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LIFE AND SCENERY

IN

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Reminiscences of a Missionary Priest.

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Dedication.

TO HIS GRACE

THE MOST REV. AND VENERATED

PETER RICHARD KENRICK, D.D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS,

WITH A TRUE APPRECIATION OF HIS

EXALTED CHARACTER AND VIRTUES,

DURING LIFE-LONG LABOURS IN THE CHURCH,

AND A DISTINGUISHED CAREER AS

PASTOR OF SOULS;

AS ALSO, IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF

MANY FORMER FAVOURS RECEIVED FROM HIM,

AND ESPECIALLY, IN JOYFUL ANTICIPATION

OF THE APPROACHING GOLDEN JUBILEE

FOR HIS EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION,

THE PRESENT LITTLE WORK IS

RESPECTFULLY AND HUMBLY DEDICATED,

By the Author.



P R E F A C E.

THE descriptive and narrative sketches, contained in succeeding pages, for the most part were compiled many years hence, and had been written amidst the scenes, and—towards the close—some time after occurrences, they attempt to delineate. Under the heading “Excursions through Missouri,” many of them first appeared in the columns of *The American Celt*, formerly edited by Thomas D’Arcy M’Gee; while others were written for later periodicals. The series has been recast with some additions and corrections, to prepare them for collection and publication, in a more accessible form. The main object held in view was to note some particulars of special or general facts, likely to have been otherwise unrecorded, as possessing but a local and a fugitive interest.

Few strangers had better opportunities than the writer for observation and inquiry, within a range of somewhat extended and frequent excursions, through the State of Missouri. He has visited many of its most interesting districts, and he has received kindly welcome from its people. Nor has his intercourse been confined to particular classes, parties or creeds; neither has his information been drawn from exclusive or doubtful sources. Drafted originally in detached notices, during various and often interrupted intervals, the writer has endea-

voured to connect and combine, briefly, clearly and impartially, as possible, some hitherto unpublished details, relative to the scenery, and to the agricultural and mineral resources of Missouri. The manners and customs of its inhabitants he has sought partially to illustrate, chiefly in the form of anecdotes and adventures. Since these descriptions were first penned, many changes and improvements have taken place, which, taken in connexion with actual occurrences and altered circumstances, might fairly produce modified impressions and conclusions, were either the writer or the reader destined to ramble at present over distant portions of the far West. Such alterations may possibly occasion defective information for the statist, politician, stranger, or native ; but the author has not attempted to supply more than reminiscences, in a sketchy and an imperfect work. The natural features of scenery and of soil, or the normal habits and modes of social life among a people, seldom undergo material changes, within the period of a few generations. Such former characteristics have only been treated, while the accompanying statistical and early historical notices—drawn from the most authentic sources—may serve to interest the reader, who desires to connect the present with a past but not very remote state of society.

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Life and Scenery in Missouri.

CHAPTER I.

First View of the Mississippi River—Scenery above the Ohio Junction—Cornice Rock—Turreted Cliffs along the Missouri Shore—Herculeum and Carondelet—Approach to St. Louis—The German Emigrant's Opinion of the Mississippi River.

MANY years ago—in the Autumn of 1843—the broad waters of the deep and full-flowing Mississippi were first revealed to my view, when white morning mists began to fade away before the rising sun. Our steamer had been moored for a night previous, near that depressed point of land where the town of Cairo is situated, at the mouth of Ohio, “*La belle rivière*,” or the “beautiful river,” as first called by the early French voyagers. Familiar as I had been with the varied attractions of magnificent scenery, while descending the latter noble stream, I had yet to receive impressions of land and water lines, on a yet more majestic scale. Our passengers were early on the alert, and carefully wrapt in warm clothing, to guard against chill and ague-bearing exhalations, rising from the Illinois and Missouri marshes or low-lands, and which served to vitiate the surrounding atmosphere. By degrees, vapours were wreathing upwards and clearing off in fantastic shapes, from the wide expanse of water; bright and warm solar rays soon covered a burnished surface, over “the Father of Waters;” and, so shining out with great brilliancy over the green masses of foliage on distant shores, contemplative emotion and pleasurable excitement had their own resources, in a novelty of situation, presented to our minds. Eager eyes strained in every direction, to fill the memory and imagination with impressions of beautiful wild natural scenery, stretching away to mysterious distances.

Yet its banks were not very elevated, on either shore of the Mississippi, near its junction with the Ohio river.

Stately and tall cotton trees threw out their gigantic oscillating branches and large light-green feathery leaves, waving with every breath of air. Tangled underwood and forest wild vines filled intermediate spaces around their roots, or, as in some instances, drifts of sand covered those rich and alluvial bottoms. Sloping upwards, at intervals, the eye rested on more distant heights, covered with forest timber. While the swiftly-moving steamer tracked her course through the middle channel, where the current's ripple and our pilot's experienced guidance directed, wood-covered islands and head-lands occasionally diversified the prospect, seeming to bound before and behind our range of vision. But, as the measured and monotonous heavings of the engines and the foaming waves which surged in arrowy trail behind our vessel rolled their echoes through the adjoining shores, other objects came successively in view. Delightful changes of nearer scenes and of distant natural features, sometimes hazily defined, yet always leaving mingled combinations of light and shadow, blent almost imperceptibly with overhanging clouds.

Having left the old French town of Kaskaskia—pleasantly and for river traffic conveniently—situated on the Illinois shore, a long stretch of bottom lands on that side first tires upon the gaze of a traveller, and directs his attention towards more interesting eastern boundaries along the State of Missouri. Clearings of woodland and farmsteads are occasionally seen, with woodcutters' log-houses dotting the river margin. Soon we reach Cape Girardeau, an early and a flourishing French settlement in Missouri, and which has an elevated site on the edge of a plateau. This plain gradually slopes westward and southward, to those great swamps, which cover interior bottom lands with ooze and malaria. Our course bearing northwards up the magnificent and giant river, we must leave for subsequent notice this interesting locality. Soon as we had parted from Cape Girardeau landing, our captain proposed, as the "stage of water" was sufficiently high for his vessel, to take his passengers round a long wooded island, which lay between the deep water channel and a rather shallow sound towards the main shore, so that we might have a good view of Cornice Rock. For nearly a mile this wonderfully regular stratified embankment overhung at some height the waters

beneath ; it ran in lines perfectly parallel, and in beautifully fluted grooves or projections, regular as the most artistic entablature of some grand architectural structure, but on a scale not deemed possible of erection by any race save that of the fabled Titans. No break or fissure in those mouldings was visible. Here nature more than rivalled art, in the graduated and gracefully recessed curves, which receded in cornice fashion to the undermost ledge, where the rock fell sheer and perpendicular as a wall, far beneath the water surface. Slowly and cautiously our steamer glided onwards, amid the intricacies of a narrow channel, having on one side sand-banks covered with decayed drift-wood, or thick branches and foliage skirting the island, whilst on the other shore, Cornice Rock ran like some vast terrace-surmounted rampart along the river's edge.

Once more our vessel rode outwards, and turning the head of that island towards the middle channel. Soon again was the gaze arrested by castellated crags and natural bastions, which rounded nearly every promontory on the Missouri side. Fancy could almost trace Cyclopean courses of masonry in these gigantic turrets, which sometimes assumed fantastic shapes, giving us the idea of vast field or city fortifications, systematically constructed by the provident engineering genius of a Vauban, and with the resources of some mighty earthly potentate. Occasionally a dwarfed tree or stunted bush struck root in the interstices of a rock, tufts of grass and wild plants were draped here and there over the grey parapets ; and, although groups of crowning trees arose from their summits in many instances, yet for the most part, craggy tops loomed bare and stern against the sky. A brilliant sunshine then brought all their wild rugged features into prominence and bright relief ; but I have seen them afterwards, when the dun shades of evening and still darker night clothed them with a look of depressing loneliness and of solemn grandeur, calculated to fill the soul with some undefinable and mysterious awe. The most remarkable of those romantic objects is known as "the Devil's Rock," while another columnar and isolated limestone projection, perched on the summit of a beetling cliff, is called "the Devil's Candlestick." His Satanic Majesty is supposed to have peculiar claims on the scenic features of this romantic region ; for his

name is taken in one combination or other with many of them. But over those chaotic masses of hoary ramparts, we do not discern bright uniforms, polished plume-waving helmets, nor the glittering steel of serried ranks, the glaring bomb-shells, the cannon's flash and powder smoke; nor do we hear the measured tread or challenge of sentinels pacing their rounds, nor the crash of repeated volleys, waking war-echoes from those river valleys. Flocks of dark turkey-buzzards are seen floating in the sky above them, and discordant harsh cries are alone heard from the throats of those birds, hovering around to seize their peculiar garbage amid the secluded rocks.

Near the outlet of a beautiful and rapid stream, known as the Merrimac, and which enters the Mississippi, stands Herculaneum—not the ancient lava-covered city, but its modern and less celebrated namesake, as yet having little claim to be shrined in history. Here the rocks recede for some distance, and the locality should afford a town site sufficiently eligible, but unfortunately a sand-bar obstructs the near approach of steamers to bear off the mineral products of lead and iron mines from the interior country. That town, in consequence, had a decaying look. As we approach St. Louis, the rocky shores of Missouri are less bold and magnificent, although they are steep and picturesque, even to the city of Carondelet, which nestles within a semi-circular bay. The streets of this growing city rise abruptly from a fine river landing. A few miles northward, we sight St. Louis, the metropolis of Missouri, on its fine natural elevation over the Mississippi, and resting on a firm substratum of limestone rock. When first seen by the writer, it was small indeed compared with its present proportions. Then it scarcely contained 10,000 inhabitants. That number has since rapidly increased to considerably over 500,000, and in all probability its population must yet greatly exceed this latter figure. In trade, wealth and importance, it has wonderfully progressed, with its annual extension of houses, and its constant accession of inhabitants.

As we neared the levee, and found ourselves moored fast among many steamers heading towards this city, our passengers began to disembark. Many, like myself, adventured to cast their lots for domicile in the state of Missouri. Others were bound for states and territories yet more distant. Some had already found a home in

this Queen-city of the West. People of different nationalities were around and before us. In the bustle consequent on landing, the romantic scenes we had so lately witnessed, if not altogether forgotten, were for a time unheeded. Although it may be impossible adequately to describe the varied features we had passed on "the Father of Waters," but few would be disposed to question a prosaic and matter-of-fact observation, emanating from an honest philosophic German, familiar with the scenery of the Rhine and Maine. Being asked his opinion regarding the noble waters we had sailed upon, this man declared with a grave shake of the head, "Mynheer, I conshidher de Mishshishschippi ish a ver goot und pig riffer vor a new coundhry." In the estimation of most persons—and even for an old country—the Mississippi should deserve such a character; but more felicitous terms might easily be found to express a tourist's appreciation of its scenic beauties and wild magnificence.

CHAPTER II.

Condition of St. Louis over Forty Years ago—Its favourable Position for Manufactures and Commerce—Right Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis—His Birth, Education, Missionary Career, and Literary Labours—His Personal Appearance and Pulpit Eloquence—Judge Bryan Mullanphy—An Interview and its Results—Judge Lawless.

FOR a stranger arriving in a strange place, and among a people to whom he is unknown, a feeling of loneliness at first must prevail; yet perhaps the very novelty of his situation, and the exterior objects presented to his view, may serve to excite curiosity all the more, and invest new scenes with a peculiar interest. To seek an humble lodging was an object of immediate necessity; to sally forth and inspect the local streets and buildings, with their suburban surroundings, was the chief occupation of succeeding days. In the latter part of the year 1843, the present city of St. Louis, in the State of Missouri, was just extending its limits from the rather confined space occupied by the old French town; while speculation was then rife in securing plots of land for building and occupation in the suburbs, which have since been incorporated and covered with fine streets and houses. The tall spire surmounting the Catholic Cathedral was then a prominent

object, as seen from many points of view, and one of my earliest visits was made to that sacred building, in which I was afterwards destined to officiate. Although the chief landed proprietors of St. Louis were for the most part Catholics, but few churches had then been built; although some were in course of erection. At that time, St. Louis had three long and well defined streets, running parallel with the river, and many others intersected those at right angles. About the period of its transfer to the United States Government, such arrangements had been made, but the houses were irregularly built and often apart. The intersecting streets were mostly called by the names of trees, such as Chesnut, Pine, or Olive Street. At a later period, several were named in honour of old St. Louis residents, and real estate proprietors; while not a few took denomination from the illustrious and distinguished statesmen and generals of the great American Republic. The present First-street bore the appellation of *La Rue Principale*, or "The principal street," in old French times; and Second-street was known as *La Rue de l'Eglise*, or "The street of the church," because the church building of the town fronted on that street. This was originally a structure of hewed logs. These were planted upright in the ground, and they were covered with a shingled roof, the eaves of which projected beyond the body of the building. Thus it formed a kind of shading promenade around. Some of the pews, which were in that old church, subsequently had been transferred to the Catholic Church, afterwards built in the town of Carondelet. The street now called Third-street existed in the beginning of the present century, and it was formerly known as *La Rue des Granges*, or "The street of the barns."

Our historic and statistical notices of the important and expanding city of St. Louis must necessarily be brief. It is at once remarkable for its grand central position, for its present solid structures, for its fine public and private buildings, as well as for its rapid growth in commerce, manufactures, wealth and population. It rises over the Main Trunk Railway line, between New York and San Francisco. In the heart of the great Mississippi valley, St. Louis is surrounded by more than a hundred thousand square miles of rich soil—generally rich in quality and in minerals—as can be found in any part of the United

States, or, perhaps, in any quarter of the world. Its climate is fairly temperate, having neither those extremes of cold felt in higher latitudes, nor those oppressively warm summers experienced in other tropical regions. It lies about eight hundred miles south from St. Paul, in Minnesota, and over one thousand miles north from the city of New Orleans. Its latitude is thirty-eight degrees, thirty-seven minutes, and twenty-eight seconds north; while its longitude is ninety degrees, fifteen minutes, and sixteen seconds west. It is situated nearly due west from Washington, which it may yet be destined to supersede as the capital of the United States. It is four hundred feet above the level of the sea. Situated mid-way in the great Mississippi valley, between the head-waters of the Mississippi river and the Gulf of Mexico, about fifteen hundred miles in any direction from St. Louis places the traveller near the extreme boundaries of the United States. In this connexion, however, the lately acquired Russian possessions—now known as the territory of Alaska—must be omitted.

Thus favourably placed, St. Louis is remarkable for its navigable tributary waters. It has at least in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys 16,000 miles of steamboat navigation, radiating in various directions. Hereafter, these lines may be destined greatly to increase. Such facts alone disclose some idea regarding the extraordinary magnitude of its immense water resources. To say nothing about its vast river traffic through means of steamers and which has enriched this growing city—the greatest inland commercial capital of the country—its position in respect to the railroad system of the United States and the numerous lines of railway that must pass through the State of Missouri, from north to south and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are even more important in the future probable condition of trade, than her river navigation, which has been productive of such great results in the past history of the west.

At the period of which we treat, the Right Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick presided over the See of St. Louis in quality of Coadjutor Bishop. He was born August 17th, 1806, in the parish of St. Nicholas of Myra, in the City of Dublin. He was the son of pious and respectable parents. At an early age, he was distinguished for his great piety and application to study, while his inclinations

seem to have been wholly directed towards embracing the ecclesiastical state. He had a venerable uncle, the Reverend Richard Kenrick, who was parish priest of his native parish—then of very considerable extent—for several years, and of whom there is a memoir and portrait in the "Irish Catholic Magazine," published about 1830, in Dublin. This greatly revered pastor died but a short time before, and as he was a most charitable man, devoted to every duty of his sacred office, so he was universally lamented. His effigy and a suitable inscription are still to be seen on a marble monument within the Church of St. Nicholas of Myra. During his lifetime, he took an affectionate interest in the progress of his youthful nephew, who entered Maynooth College in 1827. There he was highly distinguished for his solid and genuine piety, for his modest demeanour and great natural talents, for his courteous and affable manners, as also for his sound judgment and indefatigable attention to all his studies. In every branch of science and literature he excelled. His deep philosophical and theological learning, as likewise his scholarly attainments, were admired by his professors and fellow-students. He was advanced to the successive orders there, and he was ordained priest, March 6th, 1832, by the Archbishop of Dublin, Most Reverend Daniel Murray, for whom the Bishop of St. Louis always cherished the greatest affection and veneration. On leaving Maynooth, the Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick first served in the Cathedral parish at Marlborough Street, Dublin. Subsequently appointed curate in Rathmines Parish, he there officiated for a year. At this time, his distinguished brother, the Right Reverend Francis Patrick Kenrick, was Bishop of Philadelphia. Well knowing his theological and philosophical attainments, proposals were made to the young Rathmines curate, that he should become President of the Philadelphia Diocesan Theological Seminary. At this pressing instance, and hoping to extend still more his sphere of usefulness, the Reverend Peter Richard accordingly left Ireland for the United States. In October, 1833, he settled in Philadelphia, and took charge of the Theological Seminary. He became also Rector of the Cathedral there, and Vicar-General to his brother.

His capacity for administration, commensurate with his gifts of intellect and mental activity, was soon

rendered apparent. A journal in the interests of religion had been started, and long had it been favourably known as the "Catholic Herald." For some time, the Very Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick acted as its editor; for which task, his ever ready pen and stores of ecclesiastical and historical information eminently qualified him. During some years, he was engaged in the effective discharge of ministerial functions in several of the city parishes, while his learned and eloquent sermons from the pulpit always attracted admirers, no less among Protestant listeners than among the members of his own flock. Besides, he found time to write an admirable and a researchful work, known as "The Validity of Anglican Ordinations Examined," while this evidenced his aptitude for historic lore and exegesis, with able controversial application of his arguments to the subject treated. This whole question was most lucidly stated, while the evidences were set forth in a convincing array of facts and inferences, most difficult to assail, much less to disprove. This latter task was attempted, however, after some time, by members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States: for it was known, that the Very Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick's work commanded general attention, and had caused grave doubts among the most educated of that communion. In America, a gentleman named Hugh Davey Evans published a treatise entitled "Essays to prove the Validity of Anglican Ordinations: in Answer to the Right Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick, R.C. Bishop of S. Louis." By a Layman. Baltimore: Joseph Robinson, 1844. The name omitted from the title-page is given in a preface to this book. Likewise, in England, the following treatise appeared: "Anglican Ordinations Valid. A refutation of certain statements in the Second and Third Chapters of 'The Validity of Anglican Ordinations Examined.—By the Very Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick, V.G.' By John Fuller Russell, B.C.L., Incumbent of S. James's, Enfield. London: Masters, 1846." Although the first edition of Dr. Kenrick's work was soon exhausted, his occupations prevented him from issuing another for some years, when he was able more opportunely to review the objections and critiques of his adversaries, and to give all the greater force and consideration to his previous statements.

In the year 1840 appeared at Philadelphia his greatly esteemed devotional little work intituled "The New Month of Mary: or, Reflections for each Day of the Month on the different Titles applied to the Holy Mother of God in the Litany of Loretto. Principally designed for the Month of May." By the Very Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick. The admirable plan, taste, and arrangement of the Reflections, Examples, Prayers and Practices leave nothing more to be desired in the compilation of this book, which is a favourite one for the May devotions, so greatly promoted by its publication. In America, as in Europe, it has already passed through many editions. Another well-known work of his, a "History of the Holy House of Loretto," contains an inquiry into the past records and traditions regarding this celebrated shrine. It has often been reprinted. These serve to show his filial and tender devotion, manifested in many ways, to the ever Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary.

For some time, the subject of our brief sketch had considered the propriety of embracing a life more strictly devoted to religious rule, and having maturely deliberated on a choice, he resolved upon entering as a novice the Jesuit Order. With that view, he returned to Ireland in 1838, and thence, after some little stay, he went to Rome. However, Providence had otherwise decreed; and the Right Rev. Bishop Rosati, having left St. Louis for Rome on the 25th of April, 1840, most earnestly requested Pope Gregory XVI. to appoint the Very Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick as his coadjutor. Notwithstanding his repeatedly-expressed wishes to decline this high office, and to be allowed his selected sphere of duty, Dr. Kenrick was obliged to yield consent, for the distinguished and revered occupant of St. Peter's Chair would take no refusal. Then Bishop Rosati was appointed Apostolic Delegate to the Republic of Hayti, for the purpose of settling ecclesiastical affairs pending between that State and the Holy See; but, previous to entering upon his difficult commission, both Father Kenrick and himself returned to the United States. They arrived in Boston on the 18th of November, 1841. Soon afterwards, on the 30th of that month, Dr. Kenrick received episcopal consecration, at the hands of Bishop Rosati, in the city of Philadelphia. Without much

delay, the coadjutor bishop took leave of his friends there and set out for St. Louis.

Notwithstanding the incessant and laborious visitations of his most extensive diocese, as also the vast amount of executive and other work, which in his new capacity devolved on him, Bishop Kenrick made time for study and literary pursuits, but only by extraordinary efforts. At this juncture, he translated a French work on Sacred Cosmogony, which dealt with a literal interpretation of Genesis, and he also edited "Historical Selections," a series of papers taken from an English Catholic magazine. In May, 1843, he started and edited "The Catholic Cabinet and Chronicle of Religious Intelligence," a monthly magazine, for which he wrote many articles; while this periodical, issued in St. Louis, reached the commencement of a third volume.

The Sunday after the writer's arrival in that city, he attended a late Mass in the Bishop's cathedral. There, for the first time, he had the happiness and pleasure of both seeing and hearing Dr. Kenrick. He preached from the pulpit a most instructive and impressive sermon on a suitable observance of the Sabbath, which rivetted the attention of his whole audience. The handsome, animated, and regular features of the comparatively young prelate were accompanied as he proceeded by graceful yet subdued gestures; his rather tall and fine figure lent dignity and effect to his every sentence; while his statement and reasonings, his accent and tone of voice, were thrilling to a degree, which carried conviction and sensibility to the soul of every member in a crowded congregation. How different was not this style of preaching from the florid and verbose discourses of those pulpit rhetoricians, who leave no solid and earnest impression on the mind or heart. I then well understood—for both eye and ear assured me—that I was under the spell of an apostolic as of a highly-gifted man, which my subsequent experience and opportunities for observation more than confirmed.

Before I had well resolved on my future course and destination, I was accustomed to assist at an early and a daily Mass in the Cathedral of St. Louis. It so happened, that I occupied a pew which adjoined that of a gentleman, very remarkable for his fine personal appearance and gracious demeanour. I noticed, that he

assisted at Mass with very profound recollection and evident devotion. One morning, we happened to leave the cathedral together, and he accosted me in a kindly way, to learn if I were a stranger in or a resident of the rising city. When he learned I was an Irishman and an aspirant to the sacred ministry, he asked me to accompany him to his law office, giving me his name as Judge Bryan Mullanphy, of the St. Louis Criminal Court. I felt quite delighted with his courtesy and affability of manner; nor shall I ever forget the fortunate circumstance, that contributed so much to my happiness and enjoyment in after life. He most kindly proposed to accompany me to the cathedral and to introduce me personally to his dear friend, Bishop Kenrick. I at once very gratefully accepted his warm-hearted proposal. I was greatly astonished, to find such a reception and such zeal to serve me a perfect stranger, and from a gentleman in his high station. Even then, I had no very distinct idea regarding the place he held in the estimation of his fellow-citizens. When we arrived at the residence of the good bishop and of his clergy adjoining the cathedral, we learned that he had already parted that very morning for a visitation of his extensive diocese, nor was he expected soon to return. Our next drive in the carriage, which the judge had ordered, was to the Ecclesiastical Seminary, where I was introduced to Father Paquin, and where arrangements were made for my immediate entrance.

Judge Mullanphy's father was an Irish refugee of 1798, who had been accompanied to St. Louis by another revolutionary Irishman. Both settled in that city. The former immigrant, satisfied that its favourable situation for commerce and manufactures should soon enhance the value of property there, made a judicious purchase of land, afterwards known as the Mullanphy estate. On this tract, several fine streets are now built. The latter immigrant followed the legal profession, and became known as Judge Lawless of the Criminal Court, being also in that capacity a colleague and friend of the worthy Judge Mullanphy. A brother, "Honest Jack Lawless," was a distinguished agitator in O'Connell's celebrated historical Catholic Association. Both Judges were eminently popular, and deservedly so, among the St. Louisians. With the Irish citizens their influence

was unbounded, and it was strenuously used to serve the interests of the old Democratic Party—then all-powerful in the State of Missouri.

CHAPTER III.

The Ecclesiastical Seminary at St. Louis—Very Rev. Joseph Paquin and his Assistants—Right Reverend Bishop of St. Louis, Dr. Joseph Rosati—Father Dahmen—Boating on the Mississippi—Characteristics of that River—The Great American Bottoms—Visit to Cahokia, and to its Pastor, Father Loisel—The Founder of Dubuque.

ON an elevated site, overlooking the broad Mississippi, and then removed at some distance from the centre of the city, an Ecclesiastical Seminary had been located, and it was under the direction of the Lazarists, presided over by the Very Rev. Joseph Paquin, who was Vicar-General of the diocese, and born 1799, in the French village of Florissant, some few miles north-west from the city.

Two Spanish priests, as also an Italian, and a German father, formed our community of superiors, when the writer found himself engaged with about twelve or fourteen other students, all, with the exception of an Italian, two Frenchmen, and a native Kentuckian, having received their preliminary course of education in Irish colleges or schools. We were mostly entering on our philosophical studies of Logic, Metaphysics, and Ethics; although some few had commenced Theology, with the view of preparing themselves for Sacred Orders and the duties of a missionary career in the diocese of St. Louis. It was then more than commensurate with the whole State of Missouri. Our daily routine of devotions and of classes was such as usually characterizes the daily life of aspirants to the sacred ministry; while the time passed very happily and harmoniously away, teachers and scholars being mutually pleased with each other, edification and instruction being well imparted by our worthy teachers, who found students disposed to obey and reverence them, as also to profit by their example and teaching. We had hours assigned for the study of the Greek and Latin classics, which were ably taught us by a fellow-student and an Irishman; while we had lessons in French, German, and Italian, by those of our community, familiar with such languages from their earliest youth. In no school of his experience has the writer ever observed any such indul-

gent and yet well-regulated discipline, greater attention and emulation during the hours of study, or a more laudable desire to excel in class, than while he was under the direction of those pious Vincentian Fathers. All of these have since passed to their eternal reward, and therefore it cannot be out of place to note some few particulars, which should enshrine their memories in benediction. However, some special remarks should be here premised.

At this period, the Right Rev. Dr. Joseph Rosati was Bishop of St. Louis, but few of my fellow-students had the happiness of ever seeing our pious and gifted diocesan prelate, who had long been absent engaged in Europe on important matters connected with religion, and who then was in a declining state of health. He was born at Sora, in the kingdom of Naples, on the thirtieth of January 1789. At an early age, he entered the Roman Noviciate connected with the Congregation of Mission Priests of St. Vincent de Paul, and subsequently he became a member of that Order. In the November of 1815, he left Italy for the United States, with the saintly priest Father De Andreis and several other ecclesiastics. He spent some time in Kentucky, at the residence of the Right Rev. Dr. Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown, and there he applied sedulously to the study of English, until he became a proficient in that language, which he spoke with great correctness and fluency. From 1818 to 1824, he exercised the functions of priest and missionary in Upper Louisiana, of which St. Louis was the capital; and, on the death of Father De Andreis in 1820, he succeeded to the office of Superior over the Lazarists in the United States.

To forward the interests of religion, Father Rosati had gone southwards, and in Perry County, Missouri, he selected a site for the foundation of a Diocesan Seminary, where priests might be trained for the work of the ministry. It has been since known as the Barrens, and the college which he there founded was placed under direction of priests, belonging to the Congregation of the Mission. The first erection was a large log house, and Father Rosati with his own hands helped with tireless activity and exertion to fell the forest trees, and to assist at all the out-door agricultural labours. Afterwards, with his brother priests of the mission, he taught classes of Theology and Science within that newly established college.

After six years of arduous missionary labours, he was appointed coadjutor to Right Rev. Bishop Dubourg of New Orleans, and he was consecrated in that city. On the resignation of Bishop Dubourg, the Right Rev. Dr. Rosati was charged with the administration of that diocese; but St. Louis having been erected into a See, he was appointed its first bishop, by Pope Leo XII., in 1827. The year following he came to reside there, and he had under his charge a diocese of immense extent, stretching away beyond the sources of the Mississippi northwards, while it reached beyond the head waters of the mighty Missouri some thousands of miles towards the west. Some twenty or thirty scattered villages, for the most part inhabited by French or Spaniards, constituted the whole Catholic population; that entire country was but a wilderness beyond their contracted bounds, and it formed only a hunting ground for the Indian tribes.

From 1827 to 1843, Bishop Rosati ruled over his diocese with great zeal, judgment and devotion to all the duties of his important charge. Among the priests especially distinguished during this missionary period were the Rev. Fathers Timon, C.M., Loisel, Verhaegen, S.J., Paquin, C.M., Lutz, Doutlingue, Roux, Lefevre, Borgua, Condamine, Tucker, St. Cyr, Fontbonne, Jamison, Fischer, Odin, C.M., P. R. Donnelly and Hamilton. Of these, Father John Timon afterwards became Bishop of Buffalo, Father Lefevre Bishop of Detroit, and Father Odin Archbishop of New Orleans. Besides the priests, to whom we have already alluded, several others laboured in St. Louis during those early times; and among them we may specially notice Fathers Pratte, De Neckere, Cellini, Saulnier, Niel, Dahmen, Tichitoli, and Jean-Jean. In 1829, when Bishop Dubourg vacated New Orleans, Father De Neckere succeeded to the latter See; but he died of yellow fever in 1833, while zealously and piously ministering to his flock in that city.

In the year 1830, the erection of a Cathedral was commenced in St. Louis, between Second and Third streets, not far from the Mississippi river, and fronting on Walnut street, then in a very central part of the old town. Now the fine mansions and shops of the modern city have gone away from it, north, south and west. But the great stores, warehouses and throng of business still centre around it; however, on the Sundays and other public

holidays comparative solitude now reigns there, except during the hours of Divine Service. With persevering energy, Bishop Rosati brought this imposing and fine architectural structure to completion, and then he consecrated it in a solemn manner, on the 26th October, 1834.

While Bishop Rosati ruled over the diocese, he founded two colleges for the education of young men, and he built there three academies for young ladies. He established the first Orphan Asylum in a large house which was erected adjoining the Cathedral, and on the opposite side of the latter was built a house for the residence of the bishop and his priests. The hospital under charge of the Sisters of Charity was another of his most useful foundations. Into his diocese, also, he took care to introduce the Sisters of the Visitation, and those of St. Joseph, besides the American Sisters of Charity, founded by Mrs. Seton.

The accounts received from Europe, at the time I became a seminarist, left slender hope, that the venerated prelate should ever return to St. Louis, so precarious was his state of health. However, the present illustrious occupant of that see, Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, had been nominated coadjutor, as Bishop of Drusa *in partibus infidelium*, by His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI.; and, at the instance of Bishop Rosati, he was appointed with right of succession.

Having sailed for Hayti from New York, Bishop Rosati was received there with all that reverence, which his exalted character and dignified manners deserved. In the spring of 1842, he returned for Rome, and to reward the signal services he had rendered to religion, the Pope appointed him one of his assistant Prelates at the pontifical throne. While travelling in the performance of his important duties, the Bishop's health had become seriously impaired; and, in consequence, he was attacked by a violent affection of the lungs. However, having somewhat recovered, he was sent a second time to Hayti, in the beginning of 1843, with a view to terminate a negotiation begun with flattering prospects of success. On arriving at Paris, he suffered from a relapse. At the end of August, his physicians advised a return to his native land. It was hoped, that the genial climate of Italy might have a salutary effect upon his health. But, the term of his labours on earth now hastened to a close, and Bishop Rosati de-

parted this life at Rome, on the 25th of September, 1843. In a beautiful little chapel dedicated to S. Vincent de Paul, and in the church of the Lazarists at Monte Citario, the lamented prelate was buried. An appropriate epitaph is inscribed over his tomb.

The most amiable and agreeable of men was our superior, the Very Reverend Joseph Paquin, belonging to a respectable Creole family, and whose native language was French, although he spoke English correctly and fluently, yet with a slight Gallic accent; while such was the case with most of the St. Louis settlers, during the days of his youth and early manhood. While Father Paquin trained the students to practices of piety, he delighted in promoting cheerfulness and hilarity, especially during our hours of recreation. He often urged us after supper, to sing songs of our various nationalities; and, having a pleasing voice himself, Father Paquin was ready to give us one or other of his French *chansons*, with taste and effect. Even in compliment to the majority, after hearing some of Moore's Irish melodies, he usually responded to an invitation in turn to sing Campbell's "Exile of Erin." We found the Italian Father C. Boglioli to be a priest of high intelligence and accomplishments, while the two Spanish Fathers, Cercos and Sareta, were quite assiduous in learning the English language, by grammar and oral conversation, so as to prepare themselves for a career of usefulness in the United States. They were able to tell many interesting stories respecting the war in Spain between Don Carlos and the Queen; for they had been refugees, who were obliged to leave their native country, owing to those political convulsions which happened before their arrival in America.

A prime favourite with our seminarists was the good German Lazarist, Father Dahmen, a native of Saxony, and one who during his early youth had been engaged as a cavalry soldier in some of the bloody campaigns waged by the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte on the Continent of Europe. Father Dahmen had fought in several great engagements; he had a vivid recollection of the dreadful scenes he witnessed on the battle-field; his anecdotes of the Emperor Napoleon were original and most interesting; he was ready at all times to relate his own personal adventures, and freely to pronounce a very sound opinion on the manœuvres and policy of his renowned leader,

having had an enthusiastic regard for his genius and resources as a general. Father Dahmen's undoubted courage, sense of honour, uprightness and integrity of character won our admiration; his brusque and military air was independent of forms, while his courtesy and kindness rendered him lovable to a degree. His piety and learning were well recognised, when he was obliged to quit his Saxon seminary and serve as a young conscript, and he returned to resume his religious vocation and studies when the great army was disbanded. He had a correct knowledge of the world and of its ordinary pursuits, with a practical manner for appreciating and utilizing them. He preached with eloquence and earnestness to the Germans of St. Louis, who were accustomed largely to frequent our temporary and small seminary chapel, which had been opened to the public. Hearing confessions in German, he also exercised missionary duties among his people, while speaking French or English with great fluency and correctness. When Father Dahmen choose to join our walks and outing parties, the students were ever delighted with his cheerful company and conversation.

We had one afternoon in each week for an excursion after the early dinner hour, and our walks were directed most usually by the senior student of the seminary. Our rambles were frequently along the west bank of the Mississippi below St. Louis, and beyond the site of the United States Arsenal, where at that time several Irish wood-cutters had erected their shanties, for the purpose of supplying the passing steamboats with fuel. They owned light skiffs, which were used for gathering drift-wood, chiefly on the islands and shores of Illinois opposite the city, while they were obliging enough to lend our students the boats and oars to cross the river, which was there about an English mile in breadth. But, as we learned from direction and a little experience, the tremendous force of the Mississippi currents, especially in the mid-channel deeps, required great exertion and strength to overcome. We always expected to land in Illinois, by drifting some considerable distance below the point for starting, and then in order to get back, we were obliged to hug the banks closely in the still water, before we could ascend to the station for returning. We became in due course pretty expert at the

oars, but it was always a very fatiguing effort to cross and recross the broad and deep-flowing river.

The original Agonquin name of the Mississippi is said to have been *Meche Sebe*, a spelling still commonly used by the Louisiana Creoles. Father Laval modernised it into *Michispi*, while another Father Labatt softened it into *Misipsi*. The original discoverer Father Marquette added the first, and some other explorer the second "s," making it *Mississippi*. Thus the French spell it with one "p," even at the present day. At that time, when the colony of Louisiana had been purchased for the United States, it was generally thus written; but, the Americans added another "p," and thus we have an overloading the original name for the "Father of Waters" with so many consonants. Not to speak of its upper courses, with which we are not familiar, from the Des Moines River downwards, to the mouth of the Missouri, innumerable wooded islands cover the Mississippi. The main channel of that mighty stream is confined to one wide sweeping course; but ramifications of stiller water steal round those islands in various directions. Those sluggish floods form sloughs, at a low state of the river; but, from one main shore bank to the opposite, water and islands included, the width is seldom less, and frequently more, than an English mile in extent.

The headlong, turbid floods of the Missouri as of the Mississippi River tend to the alternate and constant formation and sweeping away of islands along their courses. Sometimes these are connected with the mainland, and, for the most part, those to be seen can boast of no great geological antiquity. The process of formation is interesting. First, a sediment is deposited, which gradually forms into a sand-bar; then, drift wood becomes lodged there, and a further obstruction arrests more of the floating liquid mud. A reedy and willow growth begins to shoot out, when the earth commences to rise above the level; at low water, sand is blown in among the shrubs, and, after the lapse of some years, a growth of tall poplar and cotton-wood trees covers the surface. That branch of the river having the lesser width between the island and the shore is called a *chute*, the French term for falling or shallow water; and, owing to the process already described, this is often filled up, at the head of a current, elsewhere diverted, by a gradual

increase of soil, until the islet becomes connected with the adjoining mainland. Sometimes the current takes a new direction; the underlying sand-bar is frequently swept away; the newly-formed islands cave in on one side or on the other; so that, in a short time, many are known to disappear, usually leaving sand-bars behind to obstruct the navigation. In a similar way, those vast streams make inroads on the low-lying alluvions, and eat new channels through the soft soil, while often leaving altogether the old courses. These latter form into stagnant swamps or lakes, poisoned with ooze and miasma, and extending usually in crescent form among the alluvial bottoms. Such geological changes, as have been already described, are more frequent the further south we proceed along the course of the Mississippi.

After landing on the Illinois shore, we sometimes moored our boats, and left them for a time, to have a ramble through gigantic woods and tangled jungles of the Great American Bottoms. These swamps and flats extend for several miles above Cahokia and opposite the city of St. Louis. During the greatest floods of the Mississippi, waters pour over those lands and swell a chain of lakes some miles inland, extending along the coal-field cliffs, and where the tableland of Illinois properly begins. Decaying vegetation and green ooze in many places cause fever and ague to prevail over such formations of soil; and, it is quite dangerous to inhale, even for a short time, the malaria which hovers over those spots. The smells prevailing are oppressive and sickening, but the height and solitude of those thick set and tall forest trees, with interlacing wild vines and intermingled brambles, have a sublimity and beauty all their own in form and feature. Frequently, however, the woods ring to the crack of some hunter's rifle, and birds of game are abundant in this wilderness, while the lakes teem with fish. On a slight elevation over the lower morasses had been built the French and Indian village of Cahokia. There, and very remote from intercourse with city friends, dwelt in his humble frame house and near his small church a most estimable priest, Father Loisel, a native of St. Louis—for at that time, Illinois belonged to our diocese. On one occasion, we had a walk of some two or three miles to pay him a visit, when he received us with great cordiality and kindness.

The people of his congregation were of mixed French and Indian descent, while it was a very curious and an interesting study, to observe the blended characteristics of two races, the gay and lively Creole with the serious and swarthy Indian. Their costumes were peculiar in many respects, several of the men especially being dressed in buckskin trappings, and wearing mocassins. That gentle priest belonged to one of the most respectable St. Louis families, and often he crossed over to visit his friends there; but, he lived in the most simple and primitive style among his docile flock, greatly esteemed and beloved by all who had the honour of his acquaintance. We inspected his church, cemetery and village, but for a short time; for, it was necessary we should hasten homewards, ere the hour might be too late, and lest we should lose the way to our boats, scrambling through the dense woods.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the founder of Dubuque, in the State of Iowa, is buried in the Catholic graveyard of Cahokia, southwards from and, at some distance down the Mississippi, nearly opposite to St. Louis, and at the mouth of that creek bearing the same name. The death date of Dubuque—from him the city was named—had been inscribed on an humble tomb there, which we have seen, and as we believe, from our recollection, it precedes the present century. We have often thought it strange indeed, that so little interest should be manifested in putting on record the early annals and traditions of western towns and localities, while those recollections are yet fresh in memory, as at a future day the past incidents of their progress and social life should prove so serviceable for the antiquary's and historian's purpose. This, in some slight measure, we purpose to accomplish, so far as Missouri is concerned.

CHAPTER IV.

Boundaries, Latitude and Longitude of the State of Missouri—Its Area—Early Irish and Norsemen Expeditions to North America—St. Barinthus', St. Mernoc's and St. Brendan's Voyages—Legendary and Historic Accounts.

BEFORE proceeding further with our illustrative sketches of life and scenery regarding the people and territories we are going to describe, it may be well to give some

information relative to the situation and physical characteristics of Missouri. It forms one of the largest among the United States, and it was the first that had been formed west of the Mississippi river. This state is bounded on the north by Iowa, from which it is separated for about thirty miles towards the north-east by the Des Moines river; on the east, the Mississippi river forms a well-defined boundary which divides it from the States of Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee; on the south, it is bounded by Arkansas State; and on the west, by the new states denominated Kansas and Nebraska. From these latter two divisions it is partly separated by the Missouri river. With the exception of a small projection, between the St. Francois and the Mississippi rivers, which extends to 36° , the present State of Missouri lies between $36^{\circ} 30'$ and $40^{\circ} 36'$ north latitude; and between $89^{\circ} 10'$ and 96° west longitude. It includes about 285 miles in its greatest length from east to west, and about 280 in extent from north to south. It includes an area of 67,380 square miles, or 43,123,200 acres. Only 2,938,425 of these were improved in the year 1850; since which period, however, several millions of acres have been brought into cultivation, and have undergone a variety of improvements. The number of statute acres in Ireland is 20,327,196; so that by comparison it may be seen, how the State of Missouri is more than double the size of the Emerald Isle.

To form correct impressions about the religious, political, or social state of a country or people, we must have a previous knowledge of their history. Long distant ages previous to the discoveries of Columbus, it is now a well-ascertained fact, that Europeans made their way to the far shores of America. Among those adventurers, the Irish and Norsemen are noticed in history. At this distance of time, however, little information has come down to us that may be regarded as authentic or reliable in details. Two holy Irishmen, known as Saints Barinthus or Barrindus, and Mernocus, are stated in various legendary records to have reached the great western "Land of Promise," about the beginning of the sixth century. From this they are said to have returned to Ireland and to have given an account of their adventures to St. Brendan, whom they found at a place afterwards Latinized *Saltus virtutis Brendani*.

The latter thereupon resolved to verify in person the wonders he had heard, and accordingly he began the preparations for his departure. The voyage of our Irish St. Brendan was a current tradition over Europe, from the time he lived in the sixth century; and the legends of his life relate wonders which opened on his vision when he landed on the shores of a vast territory, through which he proceeded westwards until arrested by an angel on the banks of a great sea or river. Could this have been the Mississippi? We may speculate and inquire; yet, it seems not possible to state anything more with certainty. Were the legends—as they often are—resolvable into the sober facts of history, we might very fairly conjecture, that, neither the French nor Spaniards could claim to be the earliest white men who discovered it. If St. Barindus, St. Mernoc or St. Brendan first sighted its waters, and trod the wilds on its banks, they also first erected the Cross, and offered probably “the clean oblation,” while hallowing a land which afterwards was destined to invite myriads of Irishmen, and millions of Christians, from climes the most remote.

From times the most archaic, a beautiful Irish legend or tradition, known as “The Land of Youth,” had fired the warm Celtic imagination. It was supposed to have extended out in the Atlantic Ocean, while its inhabitants were thought to be exempt from old age and its numerous infirmities. The land abounded in all manner of delights. There can be little doubt that, from a very remote period, among the inhabitants of Ireland widely-spread ideas about the existence of a great and distant western continent prevailed. They had even reached it and landed.

St. Brendan was one of the most perfect among the saints. His childhood had been formed by St. Mida. He already directed many disciples, when God inspired him to travel. He desired that God should give him a land isolated in the midst of the sea and far from men. While intent on these thoughts, a voice from on high spoke to him in his sleep. “Brendan, servant of God, know that the Lord hath heard thy prayer.” Then there came to him a saint of the name of Barinthus, to whom the Lord had revealed great things during his voyage, and Brendan said to him, “Relate to us the word of the Lord, and console our soul, by the story of the wonders thou

hast seen, and as found worthy for thy virtue to meet with in the waters of ocean." Barinthus began to speak to him in these terms:—"My son, Mernocus, who was in my monastery and a procurator for the poor, stole away one day. Fleeing far from my face, and wishing to lead a solitary life, he found an island in the sea." This was near a mountain of stone, and it was called the "Island of Delights." Mernoc was enchanted with its products, and he dwelt there. Long after, it was told to Barinthus, that Mernoc had around him numerous disciples, and that the Lord had revealed great wonders through him. Barinthus sailed for three days; and at the end of that time, having a revelation regarding his approach, and taking a band of disciples from their cells, Mernoc went to meet him at the sea-shore. Apples, nuts, roots, and other kinds of vegetables were provided for the repast of his guests, and religious exercises occupied their time. One night while Barinthus and Mernoc were watching together and rambling over that island, the latter led his master to the banks of a sea, off the western coast. A bark stood there, and then he said to Barinthus, "Enter this bark with me, Father, and let us sail to the west; there is an island called the 'Land of Promise for the Saints,' and it is the abode that God has destined for those who will come after us in the latter times." They began to sail, but thick clouds soon covered them, so that they could hardly discern the prow or poop of their bark. But, at the end of an hour or so, an immense light shone round them, and soon appeared a most spacious land, abounding in herbage and fruits. Drawing up their bark on the shore, they penetrated into the land, where for fifteen days they wandered, without finding any bounds to it, or apparently any inhabitants. However, they had reached a great river which flowed from east to west; and, by a stretch of imagination, might not this have been the Ohio? They were about to cross that great river, when the splendid apparition of a man, saluting them by their proper names, stood before them, and cried out: "Well done, good brothers, for the Lord hath revealed to you this land, which He has reserved for His saints. At this river, you have reached the middle of this island. It is not allowed you to travel further, but return to that place whence you set out." Then Barinthus asked him who he was or how he should be called.

The spectre replied, "Why do you ask whence I am, or what should be my name? Why do you not rather ask me about this island? As you see it now, so has it been from the beginning of the world. For day is always here without a shade of darkness. Our Lord Jesus Christ himself is its light." The voyagers then set out on their return journey to the shore, with the bright stranger accompanying them. Here they took to their bark, and the apparition vanished. Darkness again fell upon them, but at last they reached the "Island of Delights." There they were joyfully received by the monks, who had long given them up for lost, on account of the length of time they had been away.

The storied traditions of Ireland must have awakened Brendan's imagination. With quick resolve, choosing four of his disciples, he confided to them his project for going in search of the land of saints. Brendan took them as his comrades. For six weeks they fasted, breaking the fast only every third day. On the fortieth day, they ascended a mountain top, and there built a bark that was to bear them. It was very light, but solid, with a deck supported by posts; they covered it with well tanned ox hides, and carefully pitched the seams. Two similar coverings were kept in reserve, and they took provisions to last for more than forty days. Finally they erected and solidly planted the mast, and made in a serviceable manner the sails and rest of the rigging.

More than one thousand years ago, when St. Aengus the Culdee, wrote his "Book of Litanies" in Ireland, he invoked the sixty holy companions that sailed with St. Brendan, on his high emprise. So that the story of his voyage is not a modern *romance*; neither was it regarded as a myth in the eighth century. And if so many persons went on board, the vessel in which St. Brendan sailed could not have been of insignificant size.

After a variety of most wonderful adventures, the Irish voyagers sailed forty days, and as then they drew nigh to an island a fog inwrapped them. It was so thick, that they could scarcely see each other. An hour passed thus, when they suddenly found themselves surrounded by a great light. Before them lay a spacious land full of trees, loaded, as it were, with autumn fruit. Everything they beheld was most delightful, and in that land their senses were refreshed with very agreeable odours. For

forty days they travelled through it, but they saw no night, nor did they discover any end of that country. Owing to these circumstances, as related, some have thought they arrived in the present Greenland. They came to a large river traversing the island, when a young man—supposed to have been an angel—came to them, embracing them with great joy. He saluted them by their names, and he said: "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord; they shall praise thee for ever and ever." And he said to Brendan, "This is the island that thou hast so long sought. Thou didst not find it immediately, because God wished to reveal to thee those wonders, that he has hidden in the vast ocean. Return to the spot of thy birth, and bear with thee—for this is allowed—as many of these exquisite fruits and precious stones from this land as thy vessel can hold. At a time still distant, when persecutions shall come upon Christians, this land shall be shown to thy successors." The angel added, "that the land of the west was always thus rich and fruitful, and that it had no night, because Christ was its light."

One of our most admired national poets, Denis Florence MacCarthy, in his most charming "Voyage of St. Brendan," has thus versified this mandate of the angel:—

"Seek thy own isle—Christ's newly-bought domain,
Which Nature with an emerald pencil paints;
Such as it is, long, long shall it remain
The school of truth, the college of the saints;
The student's bower, the hermit's calm retreat,
The stranger's home, the hospitable hearth,
The shrine to which shall wander pilgrim feet
From all the neighbouring nations of the earth."

Then Brendan loaded his vessel with the delicious fruits and brilliant stones of that happy country. A favourable wind bore him back to his monastery. We may well suppose, it rejoiced the heart of St. Brendan and of his companions once more to behold the headlands of Kerry, when homeward bound they sought its shores. This country was destined to claim him as chief patron, while its future cathedral was to rise in honour of him. From this holy traveller, a very high and remarkable mountain in the western part of Kerry was named Brandon Hill. Near its summit, there is a fine

spring of water. This mountain, which now bears his name, was his favourite retreat; and the remains of an oratory, in which he ministered, are still visible on its summit. Even that part of the western ocean, into which the river Shannon disembogues itself, has been called by Camden, Mare Brendanicum, or the Sea of Brendan.

The adventures of the sea-faring abbot and of his companions were related to their friends in Kerry. In a short time afterwards, their prolonged voyage and wonderful discoveries were circulated throughout all the monasteries in Ireland. During his life, Brendan did not write an account of their seven years' travels and adventures. Soon, however, the verbal narrative was placed upon record, by those whose fertile imaginations supplied lapses of partial information or defect of memory, and prodigious fables were told regarding the far western land. Throughout the British Islands and over the whole Continent of Europe, the "*Navigatio S. Brendani*" became one of the most popular romances of the middle ages. The unknown vast tract beyond the Western Ocean received the name of *Irland it Mickla*, or Great Ireland, in the Northern Sagas. Irishmen and Scandinavians had even landed and lived there, for fully three centuries before the birth of Christopher Columbus. On conjectural Italian maps, the Land of St. Borondon or Brendan was seen by that renowned navigator, and the accounts of it he had read caused him to make a special voyage to the north of Europe, before setting out on his first great adventure across the Atlantic, in 1492. The results of his discoveries are now well known matters of history, nor need we allude more in detail to particulars, which shall ever have an abiding interest for all intelligent individuals of the human race, and most of all for inhabitants of the New World.



CHAPTER V.

Early French Explorations on the Mississippi—Father Marquette—French Colonization—War between France and Spain—French Settlements in Missouri—Foundation of St. Louis by Pierre Laclede Liguist—Louisiana ceded to Spain—First Catholic Missions in Missouri—A Slander corrected.

As the Spaniards, through Hernandez De Soto and his company, had first discovered the Mississippi by means of their expedition organized in 1539, and as they had ascended this river so far as the present site of New Madrid, in Missouri, while they wintered near the Ozark Mountains during 1541-42; so, the French, desirous of extending their newly-formed Canadian colony, had resolved on reaching that great river, which the Indians informed them flowed from north to south. Whereupon, Jean Baptist Talon, who was Intendant of Nouvelle France—subsequently known as Canada—had engaged Father Jaques Marquette, S.J., with one Joliet, a merchant citizen of Quebec, and three others, to set out from a bay off Lake Michigan, in order to explore the course of that river. Accordingly, they ascended Fox River, and guided by some Algonquin Indians, while carrying birch-bark canoes on their backs through the woods, they first reached the Wisconsin River, and sailing down its current to the junction, the northern Mississippi opened on their gaze, the 17th of June, 1673, near the present site of Prairie du Chien, in the state of Wisconsin. With great delight, those fearless adventurers sailed out on the mighty stream, and floated down its course, until they reached the embouchure of the turbid Missouri River. Following this highway as they proceeded, the adventurous missionary dispensed redemption without money or price, and holding intercourse with those Indians they found along the banks, the French were received in a very friendly manner. From that day of discovery and when the celebrated and saintly Father Marquette afterwards floated down the river, which he then named of the Immaculate Conception, and past the site of St. Louis, over two hundred years have already elapsed. He opened the way to heaven for thousands of the Red Men, and with the dawning of Christianity on the wilderness, civilization began to extend.

After some occasional delays, Marquette and his companions sailed southwards, until they reached the mouth of Arkansas River, and there having ascertained, that the Mississippi found its exit in the Gulf of Mexico, they formally took possession of the territories they had discovered in the name of the French King. Fearing their stock of provisions might fail them, they now resolved on returning. With great difficulty and labour, working against the current, they reached the Illinois River, which they entered in July, 1674, having spent more than a year exploring the countries bordering on the Mississippi. Soon Joliet returned to Quebec, with a report of their proceedings; but, Father Marquette remained in the country near the present Chicago, where he laboured to convert the Miami Indians. Beside Lake Michigan, the holy missionary calmly expired, on the 19th of May, 1675, and he was buried near that river, which still bears his name. In the year 1677, some pious Ottawa Indians took up his remains, and placing them in a box of bark, they were carried to his former mission chapel at Michilimackinac. For two hundred years the site of this grave was lost to tradition, but in 1877, it was discovered by Very Rev. Edward Jacker, a missionary at Pointe Saint Ignace.

Some years passed away, before the French were able to send colonists to establish stations at commanding points in the western territories. At length, from the north-east, over the lakes and forests, came their civilization to the River Mississippi. This influx, Catholic in itself, gave a Catholic name to the giant stream. Spanish civilization—Catholic also to the core—came from the south-west. Arriving at the same great river, consecrated to the Divine Spirit who guides the destinies of men, the Spanish adventurers called it the Rio del Espiritu Sancto. Thus was it dedicated to God and to civilization, by the first settlers in the desert wastes.

On the 2nd of March, 1699, the French Commandant Lemoine d'Iberville, with two ships, entered the mouth of the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico, and sailing up the river, he took possession of the country on either bank, naming it Louisiana, in compliment to Louis XIV., King of France. This was intended to include a vast unexplored territory, extending from the sources of the Mississippi to its outlet, and under the able Governor-

General of New France, Louis de Baude Comte de Frontenac, arrangements were made to build forts and to colonize that whole region with French or Canadiens. However, war breaking out between England and France interrupted that project for a considerable time; although early in the eighteenth century, Anthony Crozat made energetic efforts to carry out explorations and colonization to develop its commercial resources, but those attempts were not cordially seconded by M. de la Motte Cadillac, appointed Royal Governor of Louisiana in 1712. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the Recollect Father Jaques Gravier planned missions to the Cahokia and Tamarois Indians of Illinois, and these he subsequently carried out; when soon the Osages and Missouris, who kept up a friendly intercourse with those tribes, sent ambassadors to the missionary. He welcomed them with true cordiality. The village of Cahokia—to which we have already alluded—was one of the oldest French settlements among the Illinois, and early in the last century, it became the depot for a considerable fur trade. When the Company of the West had been chartered, a small French settlement was established at Fort Chartres—a log structure in 1718, and the place was afterwards known as Kaskaskias. There Father Jean le Boulenger began a regular mission, and a church dedicated to the Conception of our Blessed Lady was founded. He was chaplain to the French troops there stationed, under the command of Lieutenant Pierre de Boisbriant. About this period, southern Missouri was entered by M. de la Motte and some other adventurers, while these discovered the lead region, and they commenced some diggings on the Mareme River. At a much earlier date, French explorers had entered the mouth of the Missouri River, when they ascended even to the mouth of the Kansas. There they met with kind and hospitable treatment from the Indians.

In the midsummer of 1718, Bienville descended the Mississippi, and then he selected a site for the capital of Louisiana. On the 25th of August, eight hundred emigrants arrived to colonize it from France and in three vessels. Among them were eighty convicts. These all disembarked at Dauphine Island. A city was founded on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and it was called

New Orleans, in honour of the French Regent. Its inhabitants were recruited, likewise, with hardy emigrants from Canada. The vastness and prosperity of that city, destined to become the outlet and an emporium of the greatest valley in the world, were predicted soon after its early settlement.

The following year war was declared between France and Spain. Unfortunately its evil influences were soon communicated to the American colonists of the rival nations. As a result, in 1720, the Spanish government determined to take the whole province of Louisiana from French control. In order to accomplish this object, they thought it necessary to destroy the nation of the Missouris, then situated on the Missouri River. These Indians were in alliance with the French, and they zealously espoused their interests. The Spanish plan was to excite the Osages to wage war with the Missouris, and then it was their purpose, to take part in the contest. Accordingly, an invading expedition was fitted out from Santa Fe for the Missouri, in 1720. It resembled a moving caravan of the desert, consisting of armed men, with women, and whole families, who were set in motion. Horses and mules, with herds of cattle and swine, served for food or carriage on the route. These were taken along, to aid in establishing a new colony. However, during their march, the Spaniards lost their proper direction, so that their guides became bewildered. These led them to the Missouri tribes instead of towards the Osages. Unconscious of their mistake—both tribes speaking the same language—they believed themselves among the Osages, instead of being with their enemies. Without reserve, they disclosed their designs against the Missouris. They even supplied these with arms and ammunition, to aid in their own extermination. The Missouri great chief concealed his real thoughts and intentions, while he evinced the greatest joy. He promised, when they should have rested three days after their march, to join the expedition with them. Meantime, the chief engaged to assemble his warriors, and to hold a council with the old men of their tribe. Just before the dawn of that day upon which the company had arranged to march, the Missouris fell upon their treacherous enemies, and despatched these with indiscriminate slaughter. However, they spared a priest, whose dress convinced them he was

a man of peace rather than a warrior. They kept him for some time, as a prisoner; but, he finally made his escape. He was the only messenger to bear back intelligence to the Spanish authorities, regarding the just return upon their own heads of a treachery they had intended to practise upon others. To arrest any further attempt of the Spaniards from advancing into Upper Louisiana, a French post was designed for the Missouri. To make all necessary arrangements, M. Burgmont was despatched from Mobile to the Missouri River. He took possession of an island in that river, above the mouth of the Osage. Upon this island, he built a fort, which he named Fort Orleans. Meantime, war between the French and Spaniards continued. Those Indians who had been leagued with the respective colonies—Louisiana and Florida—carried on their marauding excursions. The usual atrocities of savages in war attended this evil state of things. About the same time, Fort Chartres was constructed, by M. Boisbriant, on the Mississippi, under the instructions of the king. A fort and trading-post for the Company were erected at the mouth of Blue Earth River, on the St. Peter's, by Lesueur. He was accompanied by a detachment of ninety men, to conduct this enterprise. On his arrival at the mouth of the Osage, Burgmont found the different tribes engaged in a sanguinary warfare. This prostrated all trade, and rendered all intercourse with the Indians extremely hazardous. At length, the treaty of London, signed on the 17th of February, 1720, ended this war.

In the meantime, Fort Orleans had been completed and occupied. The fur trade now engaged the attention of the French, since the search for precious metals was found so far to be delusive. Their success was more assured in that profitable branch of trade. Soon after the declaration of peace, between contending tribes of Indians, Fort Orleans was attacked and totally destroyed. All the French occupants were massacred. Nor is it yet known, by whom that bloody work had been perpetrated. However, Burgmont had now turned his attention towards effecting a reconciliation with the Indians. This he happily accomplished in 1724. The French seem to have been fated for disappointment and disaster in America, during the early part of the seventeenth century. Their troubles with the Indians in-

creased ; the Bank of France, under John Law's direction, and which promised so fairly, had proved worse than a bubble ; several of their expeditions had resulted in the loss of large numbers of valiant and learned men, as also of valuable treasure and live-stock. At length, in view of these disasters experienced, the directorate determined to surrender their charter into the hands of the Crown. Discouraged and disappointed, the Company resolved on retiring from the American wilderness, where failure only had attended their efforts. Their petition for dissolution was readily granted. By proclamation, dated April 10, 1732, Louis XIV. declared the Province of Louisiana free to all his subjects, with equal privileges for trade and commerce.

About the year 1755, the French began to settle at Ste. Genevieve on the western bank of the Mississippi. Those who followed the wild lives of hunter and trapper, however, are known to have penetrated far into the interior, long before that period. But, of their strange adventures few records now remain. In 1762, the first French settlement in northern Missouri, and on the banks of that river above its junction, was at Village du Cote, now called St. Charles.

While the loss of Canada was pending, a secret negotiation between France and Spain had been entered upon, so that in 1762, the whole province of Louisiana, Upper and Lower, was transferred from the former to the latter power. For a long time after this had occurred, the western colonists appear to have remained ignorant of their relations toward either country as subjects, since Spain left them to manage their affairs without making any change. Under such conditions, the French were enterprising as usual, and Pierre Laclede Liguist's expedition marks an epoch in the past and future of Missouri. With his intention of developing an extensive Indian trade, this enterprising man resolved on selecting a suitable site for colonial settlement, when he had arrived near the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. At the head of a small band of brave and hardy Frenchmen, Laclede—the name by which he is now known—started from New Orleans on the 3rd of August, in the year 1763. Among these were two youths, brothers, afterwards the well known and respected citizens of St. Louis, Auguste and Pierre

Chouteau. Every man of them was a Catholic, and of French origin, striving to do his part for life eternal as well as for the present life—their religion, like their business, was a part of themselves. The Catholic missionary was not far off; for the French were busy colonizing the great western territory. Father Meurin crossed the great river of the Immaculate Conception, in a canoe from Cahokia, and he offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in the open forest. Thus a blessing fell upon the colonists and upon their work. Thus, the august Victim was immolated in the virgin forests of Missouri. Religious feeling and practice then bound the new land in a golden circle of Catholic unity. The journey of Laclede and of his companions up the Mississippi had been attended with extraordinary labour and fatigue. The usual mode of ascending this great stream, at that time, was by means of keel-boats. To their prows were attached long ropes, called *cordelles* by the French. When oars could not be worked against the strong current, those cables enabled the crews, on either bank, to haul their craft along a great part of the voyage.

The Missouri town of Ste. Genevieve had then become a place of some importance—having a considerable trade in lead and peltries—and at the end of three months, on the 3rd November, it was reached by the laborious efforts already described. However, Laclede deemed it necessary to ascend nearer to the mouth of the Missouri river, and, without much delay, he proceeded to Fort de Chartres, on the Illinois shore, and near where Kaskaskia now stands. It was still in possession of French troops, although by the terms of a late treaty, the Illinois territory had been transferred to England. Pursuing the main object he had in view, Laclede went further towards the north to explore the country, and, landing on the present site of St. Louis City, he examined the locality, and felt satisfied it must suit his requirements. He then returned to Fort de Chartres, and spent some time in collecting men from its neighbourhood and from Ste. Genevieve. These resolved on prosecuting their future fortunes with the adventurers from New Orleans; and, on the route, when they had arrived at the settlement of Kahokia, then known as Notre Dame de Kahokias, several other French families there agreed to part for the new trading post, which they deemed a

locality much more healthy, and in every way more eligible, than that they had already selected. They set out, and took formal possession of it, on the 15th Feb. 1764. Laclède and his party landed on that site, to which they gave the name of St. Louis, in honour of the Patron Saint of France, and of its reigning King, Louis XV. The country around was then a wilderness, only tenanted by wild animals, and the still more dreaded savage and prowling Indian tribes, who regarded, with mingled fear and jealousy, those encroachers on their primeval forests and broad prairies. The lines for a modest town—since grown to the proportions of a magnificent and populous city—were soon traced; trees were cut down, and huts erected; block-houses were constructed for protection, and armed against surprise. Those daring adventurers, with great perseverance, first subjected Missourian soil to the genial influences of social industry, of commerce, and of Christian civilization.

At that time, Mons. D'Abadie had been constituted Director General, as also Civil and Military Commandant over Louisiana, by the French. In April 1764, he was directed to proclaim to his compatriots the international transfer of that fine province; but, so grieved was he for the loss of Louisiana by France, that soon afterwards, it is said to have hastened his death. However this may be, as the Spaniards had not a sufficiency of troops or of colonists to take possession, an influx of French from Canada and from the Illinois country began to crowd into the settlements west of the Mississippi, to escape from British rule, as the late war had created a rancorous feeling among them. In 1765, Captain St. Ange de Belle Rive, a French Canadian, had evacuated Fort de Chartres, with his garrison; and accordingly, leading his officers and about forty soldiers, he removed to St. Louis, in the month of July. By acclaim of the inhabitants, he was then appointed Governor of Upper Louisiana, of which that town was then regarded as the capital. However, that province was allowed by the Spaniards to remain for several years under French laws and jurisdiction. Thus, for a long time after their transfer, the French colonists seem to have been unaware of its actual existence; and therefore, when Pierre Laclède Ligest named St. Louis in honour of King Louis XV. of France, he thought only of that monarch as being

his sovereign, although the King of Spain had then obtained possession of Louisiana. It was otherwise, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, where all the French forts had been surrendered to the English in 1763, according to provisions contained in the Treaty of Paris.

Meantime, one haughty spirit refused submission to the rule of England in the western territories, and this was the celebrated Indian chief Pontiac. He was a remarkably well-looking man, possessed of great natural abilities, and restless in courage and daring. After the war had ended in Canada, by the surrender of Quebec in 1759, and even later, when the French were wholly discomfited, their brave and devoted ally Pontiac retired to the western forests and organised an immense confederacy among the Algonquin tribes, whom he urged to make simultaneous attacks on the colonial towns and settlements. He besieged Detroit for five months, and he made several desperate attempts to reverse the fortunes of war, especially in Michigan. He even attempted to persuade Captain St. Ange de Belle Rive to hold Fort Chartres against the English. When all his efforts failed, Pontiac retired to St. Louis. In the year 1769, contrary to the advice of Mons. St. Ange, he resolved to visit the Kaskaskia Indians. Notwithstanding his confidence in them, Mons. St. Ange wished to dissuade him from the purpose expressed, and reminded him of the unfriendly feeling prevailing among the British occupants. Pontiac's answer was: "Captain, I am a man; I know how to fight. I have always fought openly. They will not murder me; and if any one attack me as a brave man, I am his match." He went off to an Indian entertainment, at Cahokia; he was feasted, and then he got drunk. He retired into a wood, where he was struck by a Kaskaskian Indian with a packamagon or war-club. The skull was completely fractured, and death ensued. An English merchant, named Williamson, had bribed the ruffian murderer, as stated, with a barrel of rum, and with the promise of a still greater reward, if he executed that barbarous deed. That murder roused the vengeance of all the Indian tribes friendly to Pontiac. It brought about successive wars, and the almost total extermination of the Illinois tribes. The dead body of the murdered chief was brought

by his friends to St. Louis, and with deep regret, on the part of the French, it was interred near a fort, which once stood not far away from the present intersection of Broadway and Cherry Streets.

Very liberal arrangements were made by Captain St. Ange de Belle Rive in and after 1765, for dividing the lands about St. Louis, in favour of the settlers. Allotments with title were inscribed in the "*Livre Terrien*," while choice of quantity and location seems to have been fairly apportioned. Yet, for want of exact surveys and description, in all cases, numerous litigations and law-suits succeeded, especially when the lands were known to rise in value. New colonists began to arrive, and St. Louis grew apace. Better houses than the first rude log huts were erected, and the adjoining lands were industriously tilled. Under a mild and patriarchal form of government, simplicity of habits, and happy social relations seemed to warrant a peaceful existence, and a prosperous future for the thrifty settlers.

The company established by Laclède at St. Louis chiefly engaged in the prosecution of the Fur trade. Hunting and trapping constituted the chief occupation of the inhabitants of this and of all the neighbouring villages, during a long time, as the fur trade was, in fact, the leading branch of commerce in all Northern and Western America, for fifty years before and after this period. Laclède had a monopoly for the trade of the Missouri river, and of the country west of the Mississippi, as high as the St. Peter's. The furs were generally taken to Canada, whence they were shipped to European ports. Four years were consumed, in getting returns of European goods, which also came through Canada. Thence were they conveyed, and with great difficulty, to the remote Western settlements.

When the secret treaty became fully known to the French residents of New Orleans, a revolt took place in 1766. Then, they indignantly drove out the Spanish Captain-General, Don Antonio d'Ulloa, with the Spanish troops. A Spanish officer, named Rious, soon arrived at St. Louis, with some Spanish troops. These were, probably, soldiers, who had been driven out of New Orleans by the French. In the name of his Catholic Majesty, Rious took formal possession of Upper Louisiana, on the 11th of August, 1768. Yet, no record has been left, to prove his exercise of any civil authority

there; St. Ange continuing to discharge official functions, for a long time afterwards; and, on the 17th of July, 1769, Rious, with his troops, evacuated Upper Louisiana, and returned to New Orleans. Meantime, those French inhabitants, to whom we have already alluded, continued in their state of revolt, until the Irish Governor of Louisiana, Count O'Reilly, arrived there. He was born at Baltrasna, in the County of Meath, A.D. 1722. He entered the Spanish Service in the Hibernian Regiment, and had seen much service in European wars. This Governor sent to take possession of Louisiana for the Spanish King, had the following list of titles: "Don Alexander O'Reilly, Commander of Benfayon, of the order of Alcantara, Lieutenant-General of the Armies of His Most Catholic Majesty, Inspector-General of Infantry, and, by Commission, Governor and Captain-General of the Province of Louisiana." Promoted to be Field-Marshal, he was subsequently sent to Havana, which he newly fortified and strengthened, and later, was sent in June, 1768, to recover Louisiana. At once, he took possession of Lower Louisiana; but, he enforced submission from the disaffected leaders, by acts of great severity. Doubtless, Rious aided the Governor, with those troops he had withdrawn from St. Louis, as the settlers there peacefully yielded to the new domination of the Governor, and of the Intendant-General. O'Reilly immediately established laws for the regulation of the whole Province. However, as a consequence of his severity, he made many enemies in Louisiana, and in 1769 he was recalled to Spain. In the year 1770, and on the 29th of November, the Lieutenant-Governor, Don Pedro Piernas, arrived at St. Louis, when he became the Civil and Military Commandant of Upper Louisiana. But, it does not appear, from any record or other evidence, that he entered upon the exercise of his functions, until the month of February following. The French inhabitants—soon joined by a Spanish element of population—were readily reconciled to the change of dominion, for Piernas tempered all his official acts with a spirit of mildness and wisdom. This procedure characterized the course of nearly all his successors. Such measures were, indeed, imperatively required, and especially towards men, who had come with ill-humour under the Spanish power, and who would not, other-

wise, have hesitated to follow the example, already set by their countrymen, at New Orleans. A policy thus pursued, brought with it the strongest attachment to Spain. The just administration of the Spanish Government in St. Louis, the liberal spirit with which grants of valuable lands were made, in connection with the advantages which the trade of the country presented, soon attracted emigration from the Canadas, and from Lower Louisiana. Settlements were formed, likewise, along the Missouri and Mississippi rivers.

This early Spanish system of government, in the main, was paternal and equitable, and it was well adapted to the time, place, and circumstances, where it existed. The people were then few in number, while they were remarkably simple and primitive, in all their tastes and habits. The government was purely despotic. All powers were united in the Lieutenant-Governor, under the control of the Governor-General of Louisiana; yet, there are but few instances, in which officers of the Government abused the high powers and trust, confided to their hands. All the Lieutenant-Governors, who exercised power there, were considerate in their actions, and they were held by those inhabitants who knew them, in grateful remembrance, with the single exception of Fernando de Leyba. He was regarded, as a corrupt and an arbitrary despot; while his conduct and character were calculated to excite contempt and distrust, as we shall soon have occasion to unfold.

Meantime, the religious wants of the settlers were not neglected. The earliest record in the old Cathedral Register of St. Louis is dated 1766, and it states, that the Sacrament of Baptism was administered in a tent for want of a church. From that date to A.D. 1772, St. Louis was visited generally twice a year, and sometimes oftener, by Father Meurin, "Pretre de Notre Dame des Kahokias." It was also visited by Father Gibault, "Pretre, curé de l'Immaculée Conception des Kaskaskias et Vicaire General de Mgr. l'Eveque de Quebec." This priest was eminently popular, and he warmly espoused the cause of American Independence, when the Colonists raised the standard of revolt against England. From the Illinois country, Father Gibault occasionally visited the Colonists, for the administration of Sacraments and other missionary duties. The first Priest, who seems to have resided permanently at St. Louis, was Father Valentine, a Capuchin Friar. His

records, yet preserved in the Cathedral Register, run from 1772 to 1775. The earliest of the entries, in the Baptismal Register, indicates the use of the volume: "To inscribe the Baptisms of the Parish of St. Louis, State of Illinois, Province of Louisiana, Bishopric of St. James of Cuba." Sometimes, when the infants of trappers or half-breeds were being christened, monsieurs and dames of noble quality acted as sponsors, for a fraternity prevailed there, such as is now unknown. Again, we find from the same authentic source, that Father Valentine, in 1774, blessed a bell, for use in the chapel. In that same year, steps were taken, to erect a church in St. Louis. The records of the proceedings are found among the Spanish archives, now in the keeping of the City Circuit Court. This church, built of timber, was sixty feet long, by thirty feet wide, and it was surrounded by a porch, five feet in width. This structure was completed, about the middle of 1776. Meantime, Piernas had been succeeded in his office of Lieutenant-Governor, by Don Francisco Cruzat, inaugurated in 1775.

Just after this epoch, Father Bernard arrived, bearing credentials from Father Dagobert, priest of the Order of Capuchins, Superior and Grand Vicar of the Mission of Louisiana, in the Bishopric of Havana. Father Bernard was formally installed, in May, 1776, under the governorship of Francezco Cruzat. His credentials conferred upon him the title and office, Cure of the Parochial Church of St. Louis of the Illinois, post of Painscourt, with all rights and dependencies, "upon the charge of actual and personal residence there, and not otherwise." These credentials were duly witnessed by the Governor, and deposited among the Government archives. The Catholic Church in St. Louis thus passed from an undefined missionary field to become a regularly constituted parish. There Father Bernard officiated, from A.D. 1776 to 1789, the most momentous period of American history. In the year 1778, on a return voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis, Laclede was seized with a mortal illness, and breathed his last near the mouth of the Arkansas River. There in the solitary woods his remains were buried, and in a grave now unknown.

In his turn, Cruzat was supplanted by Don Fernando de Leyba, who succeeded as governor, in the year 1778. Sometimes there were personal wrongs which demanded redress,

but this never savoured of aught that was sordid or covetous. The early days of St. Louis abound with instances, presenting a social picture, the simple beauty of which it is difficult to improve. In our days of social refinement, when the wounds inflicted upon reputation are soothed and healed, through the intervention of legal tribunals, and by the liberal application of a golden salve, the case, which I am about to cite, will prove refreshing to the right minded. On the 3rd December, 1778, Mrs. Therese Charon, wife of John B. Petit, presented her petition to the lieutenant-governor, in which she states, that one Baptiste Menard had grossly defamed her character, in presence of Miss Delor and Mrs. Ladouceur. She asks, that he be required to prove his assertions, and in default thereof, that he be imprisoned, until he makes public reparation at the church-door on a Sunday, for her honour which he had tarnished. On that same day, the lieutenant-governor issued an order, requiring Menard to prove what he has said against the complainant, or to make retraction, under such penalties as may be adjudged. On the following day, Menard presents his answer, in which he says, inasmuch as the lieutenant-governor gives him choice of punishment, he accepts that of the public reparation, and he declares, also, that what he said of Mrs. Petit was said maliciously and wrongfully, while under the influence of drink; that she is a woman, whose character is above reproach, and that he asks pardon of God, of the king, and of Mrs. Petit, beseeching her to forgive him, promising to respect her on all occasions, and praying the lieutenant-governor to receive the declaration, which he offers to make to the lady, where it may be deemed proper. On the same day, the lieutenant-governor adjudges, that his declaration is not sufficient, unless it be made publicly. He orders, moreover, that the defendant be led, on the Sunday following, to the church-door of the parish, and after the termination of High Mass, then that he shall make the reparation offered in his answer, and in the same terms. He shall be imprisoned fifteen days, likewise, by way of example, and besides, he shall pay the costs of the proceeding against him. Furthermore, Jean Baptiste Lachapelle, a police officer, certifies that, on the 5th December, 1778, the above sentence was published, having been executed in his presence, and before the public of St. Louis.

CHAPTER VI.

Increase of the Missouri Settlements—Trade with distant Places—The Difficulties and Dangers of River Navigation—The American Revolution—National Wars between England, France, and Spain—The People of St. Louis expect an Attack, and begin to prepare for their Defence.

THE transfer from France to Spain, under the Treaty of Cession, having become thus completely effected, the population and resources of Upper Louisiana began to extend. So early as 1767, a few miles to the south of St. Louis, on the banks of the Mississippi, Delor D. Tregette founded a small settlement or village, called Carondelet, after a French baron bearing that name. This village was humorously designated *Vide Poche*, or "empty pocket," by the St. Louisians, in mockery of the simple unenterprising characteristics of the inhabitants, and that even to a comparatively late period; their chief trade being the supply of firewood, meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables to the more prosperous townsmen of St. Louis. At present the latter city has grown southwards, to the very boundaries of the minor and delightfully-seated city of Carondelet. In 1769, *Les Petites Côtes*, subsequently St. Andrews, and now St. Charles, was permanently established through the enterprise of Blanchette Chasseur. In 1776 Beausier Dunégant founded the pleasantly-situated village of Florissant. In honour of the King of Spain the name was subsequently changed to St. Ferdinand; but the latter denomination has been long discontinued, except as connected with the church and noviciate, now under charge of the Jesuits. Florissant is at present a suburb of St. Louis. Other small settlements sprang up on the borders of the two great rivers, the Mississippi and the Missouri, as also through the interior parts of the country.

The French people residing at St. Louis and at Fort Chartres carried on a regular trade with the north, up the Illinois river, and by a portage thence to Lake Michigan, and upwards still to Mackinaw. There they sold furs and purchased necessary goods for the Indian trade; so that to these two places the commerce of St. Louis was mainly confined for many years, and indeed until after the change of rule to the American Government. The French, at Fort Chartres, likewise traded with the Osage Indians, then residing on the Osage river, and not far from its mouth. These Indians visited the fort for trading purposes, and they

travelled by land, crossing the Mississippi river a short distance above the present Ste. Genevieve, and at a place called Isle aux Bois, or Woody Island. The traders from this fort or station ascended the Mississippi and Missouri rivers in canoes to their respective villages. The French Government had a regular fort and officers at the mouth of the Kansas river, among the Kansas Indians; and, a French woman, bearing the name of Madame Belletre, who afterwards resided and died in that place, was born there even before the foundation of St. Louis. Voyages of exploration had been made up the Missouri river by several enterprising Frenchmen. One of these expeditions under the command of De Laverandiere, or De Laverandrie, started from Canada and travelled by land. Those composing it ascended the Yellowstone river for a considerable distance. They passed above the mouth of the Big Horn, one of its tributaries; but there the commander or some of his men desecrated or destroyed an Indian temple or monument, and, as a consequence, they were all massacred by the Indians. For a long time it was thought keel-boats could not be moved against the rapid currents and along the tangled, sandy, or mud banks of the Missouri river: at length, however, under the guidance of a person named Labrosse, a St. Louis Merchant, Mons. Gregoire Sarpy sent a keel-boat which arrived safely at its destination.

At this time, communication with New Orleans was rare, and at irregular intervals. Between it and St. Louis, only a few voyages, through means of keel-boats, were made each year; New Orleans furnishing groceries chiefly in exchange for the peltries and furs of Missouri. Although Spain claimed exclusive navigation on the Mississippi river; yet she was not able to protect her subjects from the rapacity of pirates, who were formidably organized, especially when intercourse began to grow more frequent, and when a temptation to plunder was more strongly excited. The early efforts of St. Louisians, and of citizens belonging to Virginia, as also from other northern and eastern settlements in the course of their trading expeditions, were attended with formidable hardships and dangers. These were encountered in attempting the navigation, and their results were then of a character now difficult to describe. During the long continuance of their trading and passenger trips, the oars of hardy *voyageurs* alone moved their slow and heavily-freighted bark against a rapid

current, while sometimes they were obliged to land on either bank and tug at ropes. Occasionally, when the southern breeze sprung up and filled the sails, some rest from their toils was experienced ; but, their anxiety and vigilance never ceased, since almost any moment might expose them to perils of fortune or even of life.

During the war for independence, St. Louis was far away from the scenes of battle ; yet, no doubt, the sound of conflict, and the cries for freedom, came borne on the eastern breeze, from the Atlantic slopes. Then French hearts in St. Louis beat responsive in the struggle, and they sympathized with Americans, in alliance with their own countrymen. If proof were needed, we find it in the French character, in their national antagonism to England, and also in consequence of that part the King of Spain had taken in favour of United States' independence. A little before and about this period, several very material changes, in those political relations which had previously existed between the European powers claiming the northern portion of the American continent, had been effected. Such modifications considerably influenced the actions of the Canadians, and of the native Indian tribes. That territory, on which St. Louis stood, as also that on which several other towns had been located, together with all the surrounding country, had been claimed by the Illinois Indians. However, the red men of the forest acquiesced in the aggression of the whites, and these had never been molested hitherto, in the acquisition of lands and possessions.

About this time, Spain was contending with England for dominion over the Floridas. Before and in the month of February, 1779, Colonel George Rogers Clarke, under the authority of the State of Virginia, had struck many severe blows against the British power, which had various forts, especially on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. One of the strongest posts was known as St. Vincent's, now called Vincennes, in the present State of Indiana. This fort was then in possession of the English, serving under Governor Hamilton. The zealous and enterprising Clarke was in the neighbourhood of St. Louis, about the beginning of 1779, and engaged in raising men from among the French inhabitants of Cahokia and Kaskaskia, for the purpose of re-capturing St. Vincent's. Understanding from some good source, that an attack was meditated upon St. Louis, by a large force under British influence, with that chival-

rous spirit which has earned for him one of the brightest pages in American history, at once Clarke offered to the Lieutenant-Governor Leyba all the assistance in his power to repel the contemplated attack. This offer of assistance was rejected, on the ground that no danger was really apprehended. However, the townspeople were seriously alarmed regarding their safety. In expectation of an assault, Silvio Francisco Cartabona, a government officer, had gone to Ste. Genevieve for a company of militia, to aid in defending the town in case of necessity. At the beginning of May, he returned with sixty men. These were quartered on the villagers, and they were relied on for protection.

When the rumour of an attack upon St. Louis had at first spread abroad, the people began to organize their means for defence. However, the commandant Leyba did everything in his power, to dissipate their anxiety. He endeavoured to assure them, that there was no danger, and that the rumour of a supposed attack was quite false. His conduct became so inexplicable and suspicious-looking, especially after the events we are about to relate had transpired, that it was freely said, by the St. Louisians, he had been the real promoter of the assault, that he had been connected with the British leader, and that he had been bribed into a dereliction of duty towards his own people, and which, as matters fell out, if Providence had not averted, his designs must have doomed them to utter destruction. At that time, their town was almost destitute of defensive works; but, the inhabitants, amounting to little more than a hundred men, immediately proceeded to inclose it with a species of rampart. This was formed with the trunks of small trees, which were planted in the ground, and the interstices were filled up with earth. This rampart was some five or six feet high. It started from a half-moon fort, which was situate on the Mississippi river, near the present Floating Docks. The ditch ran thence a little above the brow of a hill, and in a sort of semi-circle, until it reached again the Mississippi, somewhat above a bridge, which afterwards was on Second Street. Three gates or barriers were formed on its face; one gate being near the bridge, and two other gates were on the hill, at those points where the roads issued from the north-western and south-western parts of the common fields. At each of those gates, a heavy piece of ordnance was mounted. Gunners

kept it continually charged, and in good order. Having completed those preparatory defences, and hearing no more about the Indians, it was supposed the expected attack had been finally abandoned. The winter of 1779 passed away, and the ensuing spring came; still, nothing was heard regarding the invasion. The inhabitants were thus lulled into a false security, and, at length, they were led to suppose that their apprehensions were groundless. In the month of May, their labours of planting were over; while those peaceful and happy villagers gave themselves up to such pursuits and pleasures, as suited their simple tastes and social requirements.

CHAPTER VII.

Combination of the English and Indians for an Attack on St. Louis—
Premonitory Symptoms—The Eve and the Day of Combat—The
Assailants repulsed—Leyha's Conduct—Incidents during and after
the Fight.

AN expedition was fitted out, by the British Commandant, at Michillimakinac, in 1780, upon his own responsibility. He intended to conquer the towns, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Numerous bands of Indians, living on the Lakes and along the great river, such as the Ojibeways, Menomenies, Winnebagoes, Sioux, Sacs, &c., were collected. Together with these, a large number of recreant Canadians, amounting in all to over fourteen hundred irregulars and red men, besides a considerable body of regular British troops, were embodied. They reconnoitred for several days, from the shores opposite to St. Louis, and by scouts lurking in ambush, along the western banks of the river. Those invaders meditated a complete surprise and capture of the French inhabitants. At length, the 26th of May was the date fixed for this attack. The combined forces were prepared, and these had assembled on the eastern side of the Mississippi.

A few days before the attack had been made, an old man, named Quenelle, who was a resident of St. Louis, had gone over to the mouth of Kahokia Creek, on a fishing excursion. While watching his lines on the south bank of the creek, he heard a slight noise at the opposite side. On looking up, he beheld an acquaintance, who had formerly resided in St. Louis. However, the man absconded, on account of some crime which he had committed. His

name was Ducharme, and afterwards, it was ascertained, that he had been one of the chief leaders in the attack upon St. Louis. His strange and sudden appearance, as likewise the circumstances under which he had left St. Louis, and the rumour respecting its meditated attack; all these reasons combined, induced Quenelle to refuse Ducharme's invitation to cross the creek. The wary fisherman was confirmed the more in his refusal by observing a few moments afterwards the bright eyes of several Indians glaring upon him from out of those bushes, in which they lay, yet imperfectly concealed. "Come over," said Ducharme, "I have something very particular to tell you." "No," said Quenelle, "your request is not intended for my benefit, nor for the gratification of your friendly feelings. Though I am an old man and bald, yet I value my scalp too highly to trust myself with you and your friends." So saying, the fisherman promptly re-embarked in his canoe. He crossed over to St. Louis, and without delay, he there informed the Commandant of what he had seen and heard. The people became alarmed, when such tidings reached them. However, instead of commending, Leyba called his informant an old dotard, and ordered him to be put in prison. This strange proceeding had the effect, notwithstanding, of calming the people's minds, and of banishing apprehension from them.

The 25th of May, on that year, brought the Festival of Corpus Christi. This was a day highly venerated by the inhabitants, who were all Catholics. Had the assault then occurred, in all probability, it must have proved fatal to them; for, after Divine worship and procession, all the townspeople, men, women, and children, had been accustomed in their holiday attire to gather strawberries, which grew wild on the prairies near the town. At that season, very abundant and fine were the fruits there, and found also through the woods. The town, being left perfectly unguarded, could have been taken with great ease; while the unsuspecting inhabitants, who were roaming about in search of fruit, could have been massacred, scarcely without any resistance. Fortunately, however, a few only of the enemy had crossed the river, and afterwards ambushed themselves in the prairie. The villagers frequently came so near them, during the course of this day, that from their places of concealment, the Indians could have reached those strollers with their hands. But

they knew not how many whites were still remaining in the town. During the absence of their coadjutors, those red men feared to attack, lest their pre-concerted plan might be defeated. On the 26th, the main body of the Indians had crossed, and these marched directly towards the fields, expecting to find the greater part of the villagers there. In this calculation they were disappointed, however, few only among the tillers having gone out to view their crops. These persons perceived the approach of their savage foes, and immediately they commenced a retreat towards the town. One man named Mons. Chancellor had gone on that day before the attack began to the prairie, for the purpose of getting strawberries. His wife, his two daughters, and an American—the first that had ever lived in St. Louis—accompanied him in a cart, which was drawn by two horses. When they perceived Indians prowling about, those excursionists immediately fled towards the town. While driving onwards, Mons. Chancellor was seated before and driving, while the American was posted behind, in order to protect the women, who were in the middle. During their flight, the American was mortally wounded. As he was falling out of the cart, Chancellor seized him, and threw him in the midst of the women, exclaiming, "These Indians shall not get the scalp of my American." At the same time Chancellor was struck by two balls, which broke his arm, in as many places, and above the elbow. His wife, too, received a bullet through the middle of her hand; the elder daughter was shot through the shoulder immediately above the breast, and the younger was struck on the forehead,—however, the ball glanced aside, and it merely stunned her. All this family had a most providential escape; for the moment Mons. Chancellor arrived at the town gate his horses dropped dead, having been pierced with several wounds while madly galloping homewards, impelled by the owner's shouts and whip. Most of the townspeople followed that road, which led to the upper gate, and fled nearly through the mass of hostile Indians. These fired on the fugitives, and a shower of bullets rained among the terrified citizens. Had those who discovered their savage foes in the prairies fled to the lower gate, they could have escaped; but, the greater part of them heedlessly took that road which led to the upper gate, and through the very midst of their enemies.

Thus were they exposed to the whole effect of the Indians' fire. About twenty persons, it was computed, met their death, while endeavouring to get within the entrenchments. While attempting to escape from the woods, where he had been hunting, into the town, a Mons. Belhomme had his thigh broken by a ball, fired from an Indian's gun. He managed, however, to crawl towards the great bend of a pond—probably that afterwards known as Chouteau's, and opposite to a mill. In the evening, when the Indians had disappeared, he began to call aloud for help. Finding this unavailing, Belhomme fired his gun. He continued firing, until all his ammunition was expended. The people in the town heard the report of this gun, but fearing that the Indians were still lurking about, they dared not obey that signal of distress. The unfortunate man was found dead a few days afterwards, having perished, it was thought, from loss of blood and through hunger. A Mons. Julien Roy was pursued by an Indian, who wished to take him prisoner. Finding that his enemy gained on him at every step, the Creole finally determined to give him battle. Roy then turned, and taking deliberate aim, he fired full at the savage's head. The Indian's jaw-bone was shattered, and he fell. Mons. Roy ran up to him, and tearing his shirt, he compassionately bound up the wound. That Indian felt grateful for such treatment; and, with true heroism, the red man guarded Roy through the ranks of his dusky brethren into St. Louis, whither he had been flying.

This rencontre greatly alarmed those, who remained in the town, and immediately a cry was raised, "To arms! to arms!" From every direction, the townsmen rushed towards the works, and threw open the gates to save their brethren. The Indians next advanced, slowly but steadily, towards the ramparts. Although thus taken by surprise, and almost deprived of hope, owing to the vast superiority in numbers of their assailants, the courageous inhabitants determined to defend themselves to the very last extremity. Soon as the attack commenced, neither Cartabona nor his men could be seen. Either through fear or treachery, the greater part concealed themselves in a garret, and there they ignobly remained, until the Indians had been repulsed. Thus, being deprived of a considerable force, in consequence of this shameful defection, the defenders were still resolute

and determined. About fifteen men were posted at each gate; the rest were scattered along the line of defence, and in the most advantageous manner possible. When within a proper distance, the Indians began an irregular fire. This was answered with showers of grape-shot from the artillery. For a while, the contest was very warm and animated; but, on perceiving that all their efforts must prove ineffectual, on account of the intrenchments, and being deterred by the cannon, to which they were unaccustomed; not being able to make a nearer approach, those Indians suffered their zeal to abate, and then they deliberately retired. At this stage of affairs, the Lieutenant-Governor made his appearance. Being an invalid, he went, or rather he was rolled, in a wheelbarrow, to the scene of action. The first intimation he received, of what had been going on, was given by the discharges of artillery, on the part of the inhabitants.

It is traditionally stated, that immediately, he ordered several pieces of cannon, which were posted in front of the Government-house, to be spiked and to be filled with sand. In a very peremptory tone, Leyba commanded the inhabitants to cease firing, and to regain their houses. Those posted at the lower gate did not hear the order, and consequently kept their stations. The Commander perceived this very legitimate non-compliance, and then he ordered a cannon to be fired at them. They had barely time to throw themselves on the ground, when the volley passed over them. The shot struck against a wall, and tore a great part of it down. These proceedings, as also the whole tenor of Leyba's conduct since the first rumour of an attack, gave rise to grave suspicions of treachery, on the part of the Lieutenant-Governor. Under the pretext of proving, that there was no danger of an attack only a few days before it actually occurred, Leyba had sold to the traders all the government ammunition. Thus, the townspeople should have been left perfectly destitute and defenceless, had they not found in a private house eight barrels of powder, belonging to a trader. This they seized, in the name of the Spanish King, upon receiving the first alarm. Those very singular circumstances gave birth to the strongest possible aversion for their commandant, and which evinced itself, for a long time afterwards, in execration

of his base character, whenever his name was mentioned in presence of those who had known him.

So soon as it was ascertained, that the Indians had retired from the neighbourhood, the inhabitants proceeded to gather the slain, and to bury their bodies, that lay scattered in all parts of the prairie. Seven were at first found, and buried in one grave. Ten or twelve others, in the course of a fortnight, were discovered, in the long grass that bordered the marshes. The acts of the Indians were accompanied by their characteristic ferocity. Some of their victims were horribly mangled. With the exception of one individual, the whites, who accompanied the Indians, did not take part in the butcheries that were committed. A young man, named Calve, was found dead; his skull had been split open, and a tomahawk, on the blade of which had been written the word, "Calve," was sticking in his brain. He was supposed, to have fallen by the hand of his own uncle. The burial records of brave men, who fell in that little battle, are still to be found in the St. Louis Cathedral, and their dust is mingled with the ground upon which it stands.

None of those within the entrenchments were injured, and none of the Indians were killed on this occasion; at least none of their dead were found. Their object was not plunder, for they did not attempt during their retreat, to take with them any of the cattle or horses, that were left out on the prairie. Nor did they attack any of the neighbouring towns, where the danger to them must have been lessened, and the prospect of success should have been greater. The chief or only object, they had in view, seemed to be the destruction of St. Louis; while this greatly favoured an idea, that the red men were instigated by the English. This, too, especially when connected with other circumstances, gave rise to a prevailing belief, that Leyba was their aider and abettor. Thus ended an attack, which might have proved destructive to the rising town, and which, owing to the number of the enemy and to the danger incurred, was highly calculated to impress itself deeply upon the minds of those, who were participators and witnesses. It formed an era in the history of St. Louis, so that the year, in which it occurred, was long after-

wards designated by the inhabitants as *L'Année du Coup*, or "the year of the blow."

In the Cathedral Register of St. Louis, Father Bernard, the Capuchin Missionary, records as a fact, that on the 26th of May, 1780, he interred, in the cemetery of the parish, the bodies of Charles Bizet, of Amable Guion, of Calvet, son, and of a negro, belonging to Chancellor. This indicates the early existance of a servile class in St. Louis, which now is happily redeemed from the blighting consequences of slavery. Those men already named were massacred by the Indians, and by their abettors, while their corpses seem to have been the first recovered, when the townspeople dare venture from their entrenchments, after the foe had decamped.

CHAPTER VIII.

Complaints against Leyba, made to the Governor-General—Leyba's Deposition and Death—Francisco Cruzat reappointed Lieutenant-Governor—Great Flood in the Mississippi—Character of the early St. Louisians—They erect New Fortifications—The 'Voyageurs' and Buccaneers on the Mississippi—Some traditional Accounts of perilous Encounters between them—Trade and Education during the last Century in Missouri.

THE people of St. Louis were thus preserved, but indignation was manifested towards their governor. Representations of Leyba's conduct, together with a detailed account of the attack, were sent to New Orleans, by a special messenger. There can hardly be a doubt, but popular passions and prejudices greatly exaggerated his reputed acts or omissions of duty, during the period of their great danger. We must not forget to state, that in reference to events, which created so great a sensation, the village school-master, John B. Trudeau, educated in Canada, had composed a satiric French song, dramatic in character and with the verses set to music. These were originally sung by the settlers, and in our own time, by many descendants of the earlier residents. The song was entitled, "*Chanson de l'Année du Coup*," and it was presented to the Governor-General of Louisiana, at New Orleans. The first two verses, we shall here venture to introduce—

LE GOUVERNEUR :

Courrier, qu'y a-t-il de nouveau ?
 Tu parais troublé du cerveau :
 Les Illinois sont-ils conquis ?
 Les Anglais ont ils pris le pays ?
 Tu parais tout déconcerté ;
 Quel grand malheur est arrivé ?

LE COURRIER :

Grand Général, tout est perdu,
 S'il n'est promptement secouru ;
 Nous avons été attaqués,—
 Nous sommes encore menacés ;
 Beaucoup de monde ont été tués,
 Sans pouvoir secours leur donner.

Nor did Trudeau spare his countrymen, the Canadians, for their mercenary and unnatural conduct, in turning their arms as English auxiliaries against the people of their own race and kindred. One of the deplorable results attending foreign conquest, however, is to denaturalise conquerors and conquered. While the latter, in Canada, had been chained to the car of the former, although they served as a local militia, yet were the Canadians intensely disloyal, until their disaffection culminated in the dangerous rebellion of 1837. Then, under General Papineau, a Canadian, with General Brown, an Irishman, and formerly editor of the *Dublin Comet* and *Parson's Horn-Book*, the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were all but lost to England. In early life, General Brown rented and worked the Ballykilcavan Flour Mills, near Stradbally, Queen's County ; where he was a resolute and an effective local agitator, during the anti-Tithe War, before removing to Dublin, and subsequently to Canada. There, too, he warmly espoused the Canadian demands for freedom. That country, in 1837, was nearly altogether denuded of regular troops. Especially Orange Irishmen and Government officials or hangers-on were embodied in Quebec, and elsewhere, to serve as volunteers against the rebels, until a large military force could arrive in summer, when the ice broke up and opened the St. Lawrence. All this is a matter perfectly well known to the writer, who, when at Quebec in 1842, found the Canadians intensely

hostile to the British residents, and even then desirous of shaking off a yoke, so intolerable to their national feelings and interests. The remedy was soon found for this disaffection, by the Home Government. Insolent foreign officialism was curbed and regulated ; Canada was allowed the inestimable blessings of home rule, with power to make its own laws ; the Canadians were appointed to public offices and administrations, being placed on a footing of perfect equality and comparative freedom with other British colonists. At the time we were speaking of, during the last century, the English conquest of Canada was freshly in the recollections of its inhabitants, but still more freshly was the fall of the Irish General, Montgomery, who led an American army, to the walls of Quebec ; and, afterwards, the adroitness and policy of the ruling power there brought

Canadiens sans cœur, sans honneur,
Faites égorger vos frères, vos sœurs,

as Trudeau's song described such a complication of outrage and baseness, after the attack had failed. The whole text of the French song appeared, in the *St. Louis Reveille*, issued on the 17th of February, 1845, and it is there found, with a freely versified English translation, by Mr. J. M. Field. It is headed, "Ballad of the Year of the Surprise," and as we have given already the first two verses of the original complete, so do we present the rendering of these in metre. The song supposes a dialogue, between the Governor-General and a messenger, arriving from St. Louis :

GOVERNOR :

Courier, say, what is the news
That seems thy fancies to confuse ?
What ! Have we lost the Illinois ?
The English—do they the land enjoy ?
Downhearted thus ! speak, courier, say,
What great misfortune has happened, pray ?

COURIER :

Oh, General, General, all is lost,
If not redeemed with speed and cost,
We've been by savages attacked—
They threaten us, still, by others backed
Ever so many, alas ! were killed ;
Unable to aid them, with grief we're filled.

The result was, that the Governor-General reappointed Francisco Cruzat to the office of Lieutenant-Governor for Upper Louisiana. Aware that precise statements, regarding his course and conduct, had been forwarded to the Governor-General at New Orleans; fearful of the consequences, and unable to bear up under the load of scorn and contempt, which the inhabitants heaped upon him; Leyba, filled with shame and remorse, died a short time after the attack. He was suspected by many of having hastened his end by poison. Perhaps, however, his contemporaries have too severely misjudged his defects of character and of action; for, it is consoling at least to find recorded, on the testimony of Father Bernard, and in the Cathedral register, that Don Ferdinand de Leyba, Captain of Infantry in the Battalion of Louisiana, and Commandant of St. Louis, after having received the Sacraments of our Holy Mother the Church, had his body inhumed, immediately in front of the right hand balustrade of St. Louis' Old Church, on the 28th of June, 1780. His will had been made on the 10th of that month, but it is remarkable, that an inventory taken of his property declares, how he died on the very date assigned for his interment. It seems probable, that, in either case, there must have been some mistake of entry, or some error committed, in assuming the day of his death for that of his burial.

Upon his demise, Cartabona discharged the functions of government, until the following year, when Cruzat returned to St. Louis. He there assumed command as Lieutenant-Governor, for a second term. There can hardly be a doubt, that Leyba had been seduced into defection from his duty, and that it was only the unflinching heroism of the St. Louis people, that saved their infant outpost from utter destruction. Their defence against this attack, and that bold spirit manifested on the occasion, were in keeping with the deeds of their brethren, the French, who took part in the American Revolution; while, their course of action has given them the right to say that, on the occidental shores of the Mississippi River, they had been the first to battle against English oppression and English ambition.

During that second administration of Mons. Cruzat was witnessed a rise of the Mississippi, in April, 1785, and which has formed an epoch for the ancient inhabitants. From its extent and volume of water, this has been called

by them *L'Année des grandes Eaux*, or "the year of the great waters." The river rose thirty feet above the highest water mark then known; the town of Kaskaskia was nearly swept away; the lowlands on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, and far back as the Illinois bluffs, were so completely overflowed, that men went through the woods to Kaskaskia, in boats and barges. The bottoms—as the level lands on river banks are invariably called in the United States—being at that time but thinly settled, this extraordinary rise caused little destruction of property.

The early St. Louis people were not of a litigious disposition. Their petty quarrels, disputes, and bickerings, were generally settled, by the heads of families, or by their priests. If litigation was resorted to, it was seldom on account of any disgraceful outrage or dishonourable breach of faith, but usually upon some difference, in the interpretation of a contract. The Lieutenant-Governor was judge, and the principles of civil law were the rule of action. The mode of procedure was by petition and by answer, very similar to the practice and proceedings, in existing courts of civil judicature.

Witnesses were generally sworn, with uplifted right hand, making the sign of the Cross, and swearing to God. They promised in the king's name, to speak the truth. Superior officers, such as commandants of posts, were not required to swear. The officer, in that case, placed his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and he was required to declare the truth upon honour. Minors were only permitted to be sworn, with the consent of their parents, and slaves with the consent of their owners. Those unsophisticated people were brave in danger, and patient in toil, as also sober in their amusements and pleasures. In civic and social habits, they were obedient to their rulers, firm in their religious faith, trusting in God, and living in the bonds of charity towards each other.

Under Cruzat's administration were begun fortifications, which were extended along the brow of the more elevated part of old St. Louis. A plan of this city had been drawn by order of Laclede in 1764, and another appeared in 1780, after its defences were formed by the Governor. They are yet preserved in St. Louis, with the authentication of Auguste Chouteau, the companion of Laclede. Those bulwarks for the town consisted of a square building,

called the bastion, and it was situated at the northern extremity of a hill, nearly opposite the half-moon. A circular fort was directly south of the bastion, and it was located on what is now called Olive-street. Another circular building served for a fort and a prison, while it lay south of that last mentioned, having been situated on Walnut-street. There was a circular fort, in a line with and south of the others, placed at the extremity of the hill, near what was called afterwards Mill Creek; and, finally, another circular fort arose, east of the latter, and somewhat above a bridge near the river. Some of these fortifications were provided with ammunition and artillery, and one of the rude circular towers stood in the writer's memory. Soldiers were kept constantly on guard in them. Those forts, besides, were connected together by a strong wall, made of cedar posts and planted upright in the ground. These were fitted closely together, and with loop-holes for small arms pierced between every two. Such precautionary defences had been dictated by that danger, which actually occurred, and which was fresh in the recollection of all, at the closing years of the last century. Probably those fortifications had the effect of preventing any further assaults upon the place. As a matter of fact, the inhabitants were never afterwards molested. Manuel Perez and Tenon Trudeau, succeeded Cruzat, and were Spanish Governors of the province.

There had been a settlement of hunters and traders at the point, where New Madrid now stands, for some time previous to the year 1787. At this period, a new village was laid out there, under the direction of General Morgan, from New Jersey, who for his public services had received a large grant of land in that district. Those settlements upon the upper Mississippi belonging to Spain, and including the post at New Madrid, had been attached, however, to the government of the Upper Louisiana province.

When trade and commerce began to increase on the river, nests of pirates formed along its banks. At a tributary of the Mississippi, now called Cottonwood Creek, and known to the French settlers as La Riviere aux Liards, two leading desperadoes, named Magilbray and Culbert, had secured a station for ambush and surprise, where, in course of time, their presence was greatly dreaded. As communication between the ports of New

Orleans and St. Louis could be effected only about once a year, those robbers began a system of depredation against the *voyageurs*, and bands of pirates were organised under their direction. Alarming and detrimental to those who navigated the Mississippi, the boats were generally well stocked and heavily laden, so that their plunder brought wealth to the plunderers, and ruin to the unfortunate owners. About the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, the Creole boatmen from St. Louis to New Orleans had frequent occasion to guard against surprises. When the keel-boats and rafts started on their downward course, it was no unusual sight to behold the greater part of the early St. Louisians crowd to the bank of the Mississippi to witness their departure. Very anxious and affectionate were the leave-takings, between the *voyageurs* and their friends.

The Creoles' lively carols, as they kept time with the stroke of their oars, often was the signal for buccaneers to prepare for action, and to rush from their places of waiting. Armed at all points, they stealthily and suddenly made towards the vessels, and compelled their astonished and terrified crews to surrender at discretion, or to run them on shore. This latter device, however, was a vain alternative. There the bandits would follow their helpless prey, and would divest them of all that was valuable, generally leaving them at liberty either to continue their route, or to return to their port of departure.

This system of buccaneering was carried on with great success, and it rarely happened, that a boat passed those robbers unseen. Seldom, too, did they find one which they did not pillage. Their depredations had the effect of nerv-ing brave men, to embark on the flat keel-boats; and, the badge of a scarlet feather, defiantly placed in their hats or caps, meant a challenge to fight on shore or river, should any bandit appear in sight. Numberless tales of daring and stirring adventure were current, along the Mississippi's course, towards the close of the last and early in the present century.

One such romantic incident, we shall here venture to relate. In the spring of 1787, a barge, belonging to Mons. Beausoliel, had started from New Orleans. It was richly laden with merchandize, and bound for St. Louis. As the navigators approached Cottonwood

Creek, a southern breeze sprung up, and bore their vessel swiftly onwards. This the robbers quickly perceived, and immediately they despatched a company of men by land, and higher up the river, for the purpose of heading the crew. Such a manœuvre was successfully effected, in the course of two days, and, at an island, since called Beausoliel's Island. The barge had just touched the shore, the robbers boarded it, and then ordered the crew to surrender. The men were disarmed, and guards were stationed in every part of their vessel. She was soon under sailing orders for their destination, and Mons. Beausoliel gave himself up to despair. He had spent his whole fortune, in purchasing the barge and its cargo. Now that he had been deprived of both, they must have shared the fate of many similar ventures. However, fortune had store for him, owing to the sagacity and heroic daring of a negro, who was one of the crew. By his cunning and courage, that dusky slave rescued his property from the robbers.

Cacasotte, the negro, was rather under the ordinary height, very slender in person, but of uncommon strength and activity. The colour of his skin, and the curl of his hair, alone told he was a negro; for the peculiar characteristics of his race had given place in him, to what might be termed beauty. His forehead was finely-moulded, his eyes were small and sparkling as those of a serpent, his nose was aquiline, his lips were of proper thickness; in fact, the whole appearance of the man, joined to his known character for shrewdness and courage, seemed to indicate, that under better circumstances, he might have shone conspicuous in the history of nations.

So soon as the robbers had taken possession of the barge, Cacasotte began to make every demonstration of uncontrollable joy. He danced, sang, laughed, and thus, he soon induced the captors to believe, that they had liberated him from an irksome slavery, and that his actions were the natural ebullitions arising from a sense of freedom. His constant attention to their smallest wants and wishes, too, won the pirates' confidence, and while keeping a watchful eye on the other prisoners, they permitted Cacasotte to roam through the vessel, unmolested and unwatched. This was a state of things the negro much desired. He next seized upon the first

opportunity to speak to Mons. Beausoliel, and to beg permission from him, to wrest the barge from the hands of those dangerous intruders.

The negro laid his plan before his master, who, after a great deal of hesitation, acceded to it. Cacasotte then spoke to two of the crew, who were likewise negroes, and he engaged them in the conspiracy. Cacasotte was cook, and it was agreed between him and his fellow-conspirators, that the signal for dinner should be that also for action. The hour at length arrived. The robbers assembled in considerable numbers on deck, and stationed themselves at the bow and stern, as also along the sides, to prevent any rising of the men. Cacasotte went among the pirates with the most unconcerned look and demeanour imaginable. So soon as he perceived his comrades had taken those stations he assigned them, the head conspirator took his position at the bow of the boat, and very near one of the robbers, a stout herculean man, who was armed *cap-a-pie*. Everything being arranged to his perfect satisfaction, Cacasotte gave the preconcerted signal, and immediately the robber near him was struggling in the waters. With the speed of lightning he and his confederates rushed from one buccaneer to another, and, in less than three minutes, threw fourteen of them overboard. Then, with an oar, Cacasotte struck on the head those, who attempted to save themselves, by grappling the running boards. Soon he and his companions shot, with the muskets that had been dropped on deck, those who swam away. The deck was soon cleared, while the robbers remaining below were few in number, and they were unable to offer any effective resistance.

Beausoliel then deemed it prudent, to retrace his course for New Orleans, which he reached, and there gave an account of his capture and of his liberation to the Governor. Whereupon, the latter issued an order, that boats bound for St. Louis, in the following spring, should all go in company, so that their crews might afford mutual assistance, in case of necessity. Spring came, and ten keel boats were each provided with swivels and guns. Their respective crews, being thus well armed, took their departure from New Orleans. The *voyageurs* were determined, if possible, to destroy that nest of robbers. When they neared Cottonwood Creek, the foremost boat

perceived several men near the mouth. These were in ambush and among the trees. The anchor was immediately dropped, and the first barge, on arrival, waited until the other boats should ascend. In a few moments, these appeared in view, and a consultation was then held. As the result of united deliberations, it was determined, that a sufficient number of men should remain on board, while others should proceed on shore, to attack the buccaneers. The boats were rowed towards the shore, in a line. Soon those, who had been appointed for commencing the attack, landed, and they began to search the island, in quest of their foes, but in vain, for these had all disappeared. Three or four flat boats were found, in a bend of the creek, and these were laden with all kinds of valuable merchandize. As may be supposed, this was the product of their captors' depredations. A low hut was discovered, likewise, and this proved to be a dwelling for the robbers. In it were stored away numerous cases of guns, destined for the fur trade. Ammunition and provisions in abundance were found. The greater part of this booty was put on board the boats. Afterwards, it was restored to the respective owners, who lived at St. Louis. This energetic proceeding effectually dispersed the robbers, for they were never afterwards discovered. The arrival of ten barges together at St. Louis was quite an unusual spectacle. The stirring adventures, which caused it, happening in the year 1788, this was denominated in after times, as *L'année des dix Bateaux*, or "the year of the ten boats."

About the year 1792, several trading voyages were made up the Missouri River, by Frenchmen and Spaniards of St. Louis, and connected with a company formed there, by an Irishman, named Todd, under the protection of the Spanish Government. The object of this speculation was to monopolize the whole trade of the Missouri. A journal, detailing one of these voyages, and drawn up by John Baptiste Trudeau, the first school-master of St. Louis, is still preserved in the Department of State, at Washington. It appears, that the petitions of many people to the government, for grants of land, were based upon the ground of services rendered in those expeditions. Having thus alluded to Mons. Trudeau's school, it may be well to observe, that the early interests of female education, from 1779, were in charge of an

accomplished and a kind-hearted widow, Rigauche, in whose academy were instructed all the elder and most educated of the St. Louis ladies. For her services, their schoolmistress was at last rewarded, by a grant of the public land.

CHAPTER IX.

Difficulties between the United States and Spain regarding Boundaries and the Mississippi Navigation—Cession of Louisiana to France—Catholic Annals of St. Louis towards the Close of the last Century—The Hunters and Trappers of the West.

DIFFICULTIES, which existed between the American colonists and Spain respecting boundaries, and the navigation of the Mississippi, had been growing towards the close of the last century. A treaty, signed in October 1795, was thought to have adjusted those differences. However, practical arrangements had not been observed, so as to prevent future misunderstandings and complaints. Alleged infractions of the spirit and terms of the treaty of 1795 had been committed by the Spanish authorities. Therefore, when Thomas Jefferson was elevated to the presidency, that renowned statesman energetically remonstrated and urgently demanded redress. Those difficulties were at length arranged, by a turn in European politics.

The Duchy of Parma, to A.D. 1800, had been under the government of a hereditary prince, married to the Infanta, Maria Louisa, daughter to King Charles IV. of Spain. Soon after his great victory at Marengo, on the 14th of June, the First Consul of France—not less endowed with great genius for forming political than in directing military combinations—sent General Berthier to Madrid, charged with most important instructions. Among other negotiations was the proposal, to enlarge the Duchy of Parma, and to erect it into the Kingdom of Tuscany, on condition of Spain retroceding its extensive colony of Louisiana to the Republic of France. This object was effected, by the Treaty of St. Ildefonso, which was signed October 1st, during the same year. Afterwards, the Intendant of Louisiana Province was notified, about July, 1802, and a Royal Decree was issued at Barcelona, on the 15th of October, the same year, announcing the cession of Louisiana to the French Republic. Again, a Royal

Order, dated at Madrid, on the 18th of January, 1803, commissioned Manuel de Salcedo and the Marquis de Casa Calvo, Brigadiers-General in the armies of his Catholic Majesty, to carry that same Decree into effect. Accordingly, Mons. Pierre Clement Lausat, having been appointed the French Republican Commissioner and Colonial Prefect, the Governorship of New Orleans, and the command of all Louisiana Province, were delivered to him, on the 30th of November, 1803, with the necessary formalities, while observing the conditions of that treaty. Afterwards and when a retrocession of Louisiana to France took place, the people of St. Louis manifested the deepest regret and dissatisfaction, notwithstanding the circumstances of their early French colonization, and of their being, for the most part, of French descent.

Then Don Carlos Dehault Delassus was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Louisiana, and Colonel in the Spanish army, and he usually resided in St. Louis—called also, of the Illinois. The military post there, and its dependencies, must now be abandoned, by the Spaniards. It was not, however, until the 31st of December, 1803, that the Spanish authorities in New Orleans authorised Don Carlos Dehault Delassus, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Louisiana, to transfer its possession to Mons. Pierre Clement Laussat, or to any other person, appointed as agent or Commissary, on behalf of the French nation. This Provincial Prefect had issued a proclamation, announcing the fact of their altered relations to the people of Louisiana, and it is dated New Orleans, sixth Germinal (March 27th), in the eleventh year of the French Republic (1803). It alludes to their former separation from France, as identified with a most disgraceful period in her annals, under an administration weak and corrupt, after a dishonourable war, and at the termination of a peace, blighting in its infamy. Then follows a highly-wrought eulogy on Napoleon Bonaparte, a man uniting in himself the exalted genius of conquest, with the rarer talent of realising and securing all the substantial fruits of victory; possessing in an eminent degree, all the attributes of French spirit, grandeur, magnanimity, and justice; the terror of his foes, and the hope of his allies; born to replace France on her proudest basis, to extend her limits, and to wipe out every foul blot from her annals; one, whose penetrating foresight discerned the real interests

of his country, and who espoused them with an inflexible constancy of purpose ; in fine, one determined to make the Louisianian restitution to France the signal triumph of his first treaty of peace, and who desired to secure the colonists a glorious and happy futurity, so that they might cultivate on a prolific soil the profuse blessings of a bounteous nature. Then was it announced, that the General of Division, Victor, brother in arms of the first Consul, and so famous in putting to flight Suwarrow's retreating hosts, and in serving through the late Italian campaign to the final glorious victory at Marengo, should fill the honourable position of Captain-General, over the French Colony of Louisiana. He was to bring with him a part of those legions, the celebrity of whose valour and exploits had filled the world, and had reached even to the far distant shores of America. The announced mission of Victor was to maintain peace and amity with the neighbouring people, to protect commerce, to encourage agriculture, to people the desert wastes, to extend a welcome and a fostering hand to labour and industry, to preserve inviolate the rights of property, of custom and of opinion, to reverence public worship, to bring virtue into honour, to preserve the dominion of the laws, and in the amendment of them, to conform strictly to the suggestions of prudence and experience ; to keep up a steady and vigilant police, to introduce lasting order and harmony into every department of public justice ; to knit every day, more closely, those ties, which a community of origin, of customs and of opinions had engendered between that colony and the mother country. With him, was to be associated the provincial prefect, Laussat, and the judge delegate, the citizen Ayme, who would enable them to exult in their regeneration as Frenchmen. A compliment is paid furthermore to the Spanish Government, for its past benignant administration, and for its close and steadfast alliance with the French Republic. This new arrangement seemed to afford pretty general satisfaction to the people of Louisiana, for the most part of French extraction.

We shall now return to the Catholic Annals of St. Louis. Father Bernard was succeeded by Father Ledru, who officiated from 1789 to 1793. After him came Father Didier, who remained there from 1793 to 1799. A letter from the Bishop of New Orleans, dated May 1st, 1799,

notified that he had recommended to the King, James Maxwell, Vicar-General of the Province of Louisiana, over the English and American settlers, so that he might give attention to the whole clergy of the province, and convert all immigrants to the Catholic religion. The diocese of New Orleans had been organized in 1793, and this, at the time, included the whole of Louisiana. Again, Father Didier, at St. Louis, was succeeded by Father Janin, who officiated from 1800 to 1804. These priests were the regular pastors of that church, in the last century; but, the records of St. Louis Cathedral show that occasionally, other clergymen—passing missionaries or priests from neighbouring settlements—officiated. St. Louis had grown, from only 120 inhabitants, in 1764, to about 1,000, in 1804; and yet, the little wood or log-built church of the parish, was the only temple in the town. The inhabitants, with very few exceptions, were Catholics. A census of the upper province of Louisiana had been taken, by order of the Lieutenant-Governor Delassus, at the close of the year 1799. Then the entire population was estimated at little more than 6,000 souls, including 880 slaves, and 197 free persons of colour. It is interesting to trace the growth of the various settlements, at this time. The dates of entry are varied, and the population was then distributed as follows:—St. Louis, founded in 1764, had 925 inhabitants; Carondelet, 184; St. Charles, founded in 1762, had 875; St. Fernando contained 276; Maries des Liards had 376; Maramec, 115; St. Andrew, 393; St. Genevieve had 949; New Bourbon possessed 560; Cape Girardeau, founded in 1794, had 521; New Madrid, founded in 1787, had 782; and Little Prairie consisted only of 49; the total amounting to 6,028 souls.

That dreadful scourge, the small-pox, began its ravages in St. Louis, on the 15th day of May, 1801. A malady so strange, and the treatment of which was then so little known, proved signally fatal among the inhabitants. So dreadfully impressed were the survivors, that long afterwards, they remembered well *L'année de la Picotte*, or "the year of the small-pox."

As in the case told in Roman story, the founders of Rome, Romulus and Remus, when infants were suckled by the wolf; so, the first colonists of St. Louis were not only nurtured, but they were clothed, while their city was maintained and enriched, by the wild animals. The flesh

and furs of these wood-ranging denizens were a prized object with the settlers, and keenly they engaged in pursuit. The wild deer, the large turkeys, the prairie fowl, and the innumerable game of the woods, delicious fruits, wild and cultivated, grain and vegetables, roots and grass, rewarded the industry and skill of agriculturists and hunters; while the townsmen were even then building up a commerce, afterwards so colossal in proportions. Fishing boats were on the Mississippi, and on the adjoining lakes and creeks, whence were taken, in great abundance, the large buffaloes and catfish, as also the more delicate silver-fish, which served to vary the dietary of the inhabitants. Trade was mainly carried on in kind, and exchanges of produce and value were of ordinary occurrence. It must not be supposed, however, that primitive banks of circulation were unknown to the enterprising traders. On the contrary, even then, under a peculiar form, those mediums for commerce had a local existence. Besides, the currency of furs and peltries, almost cumbersome as the iron money of the Spartans, the store-system securities had a real circulation. The following Bill of Exchange is the French copy of a genuine document. "Bon pour six livre de Barbue, a St. Louis, ce 25 7bre, 1799.—Antoine Roy." This is the English translation: "Good for six pounds of catfish, at St. Louis, this 25th September, 1799.—Antoine Roy."

The exciting adventures of the heroic backwoodsmen, engaged in hunting and trapping, should fill whole chapters of romance in the relation. In some shape or form, those were the first geographers and geologists, whose verbal reports led enterprising colonists and merchants into the wildest districts of Missouri. In 1802, James Pursley, an American, with two companions, left St. Louis, on a hunting expedition. These reached the sources of the Osage river. A most unpropitious and versatile fortune, after three years of adventure and hardship, brought Pursley, afar off into Sante Fe, Mexico. Having lost all his outfit, and having been repeatedly plundered, a solitary gun was only left in his possession. The Mexicans were near hanging him, for attempting to make a little gunpowder to charge it. This case is illustrative of the vicissitudes of the hunting and trapping life. However, as one of the pioneers of the Far West, Pursley had the honour of being probably the first American, who tra-

versed the great plains, stretching between the United States and New Mexico.

As hunters, trappers, and *voyageurs*, great numbers of the men were absent from their homes, for the greater part of each year. Before the era of swift steamers had commenced, the period, necessary for a voyage from New Orleans to St. Louis, usually ranged from four to six months. Many an accident had occurred, meantime, which prevented the adventurers from ever seeing again the faces of parents, brothers, sisters, wives, children or kindred.

The hunters and trappers of the west—albeit now passing rapidly away—led an arduous and eventful life; but, not all have left behind them a history, invested with the permanency, imaginativeness, and charms of James Fenimore Cooper's backwoods-heroes and descriptive scenes, as found in his glowing romances. Bravely and usefully, withal, even if unchronicled, they were pioneers of civilization, and the original founders of cities, states, and nations. The names of many adventurous men, however, are well remembered. Not St. Louis only, but the more distant parts of Missouri, had furnished rude homes to many a brave settler, whose life was exposed to various appalling vicissitudes and dangers.

CHAPTER X.

Transfer of Louisiana Province by France to the United States—Provision made for its Government—Anglo and Irish-American Population—Early Trading Transactions—Catholic Missionaries in St. Louis.

SCARCELY had the preliminaries for the transfer of Louisiana and of its inhabitants to France been decided on, when a new departure in policy caused another material change, in the destinies of these far Western colonists. In Europe, a tremendous contest had been carried on, chiefly by England and France. While the latter power had been successful against all her antagonists on the Continent, the former held command over the sea. The expensive wars, in which Napoleon Bonaparte had been engaged, and those complications of policy induced as a consequence, wisely determined his action on the part of that wonderful genius, who then swayed the destinies of Europe. A far-seeing conception that the territorial

transfer of Louisiana should disembarass France in guarding from England a distant colony, even if the United States' government were satisfied with the mouths of the Mississippi being in possession of a European power, as also the reasonable expectation of strengthening mutual friendships and interests, fully justified the French government, in their act of ceding, for a valuable consideration, jurisdiction over their recently acquired province. Negotiations were set on foot, for this purpose, so early as the 30th of April, 1803.

With a foresight which the lapse of time has stamped with an impress of the greatest political sagacity, the President, Thomas Jefferson, concluded a treaty, by which France sold Louisiana to the United States, for fifteen million dollars. Governor Claiborne and General Wilkinson were appointed Commissioners by the government of the United States; and on the 20th of December, 1803, at New Orleans, the possession of Louisiana was transferred to them, by Mons. Laussat. Amos Stoddard was then a captain of artillery, in the service of the United States, and stationed at Kaskaskia, where he received the necessary despatches. We are indebted to him, for an admirable historical account of Louisiana. He was constituted, by the French Republic, an agent to receive from the Spanish authorities possession of Upper Louisiana. Accordingly, when all preliminaries were duly arranged, he arrived at St. Louis, in March, 1804. Under seal, before witnesses, and in the name of France, he received possession of that province, on the 9th of that same month. The archives, the papers and documents, which concerned the inhabitants of the district and of their property, were delivered, and an inventory was made, a receipt being taken, at the time, so that evidence, for what had been given and received, might remain for the Kingdom of Spain and for the French Republic. There were only one hundred and fifty houses, a log church, and three straggling streets in the town of St. Louis, at that time, with two distinctive American families. The very next day, Captain Amos Stoddard transferred the whole of his official trust to the United States. The American authorities formally took possession of Louisiana, on the 20th of December, during that year. When such transfer had been completely effected, and when, in the presence of an assembled

population, the United States flag had replaced that of Spain and France, tears and lamentations showed how greatly the ancient inhabitants were attached to the old government and traditions, as also, how much they dreaded a change of rulers, which the late Treaty of Cession had procured. However, they soon ceased to regret that change, as likewise, the breaking up of old associations and usages. Energetic influence and impetus were almost immediately given to commerce and agriculture; the new settlers, for the most part, were citizens of character and integrity, while well disposed to respect the manners and customs, as also the innocent, happy social intercourse, affecting relations among the old and new inhabitants.

Congress soon provided for the temporary government of that territory, thus acquired by the United States. Immediately, Amos Stoddard was appointed, to exercise all the powers and prerogatives of the former Spanish Lieutenant-Governors. On taking possession, he issued an address to the inhabitants, in which was announced to them, that he was commissioned as first civil commander of Upper Louisiana, and that he had been appointed by the authority of his Excellency, William C.C. Claiborne, Governor of the Mississippi Territory. He was invested with powers, derived from an Act of Congress, and sanctioned by the President of the United States, to secure and preserve the rights, civil and religious, of all the people. Furthermore, it was promised, that the plan of a more permanent territorial government for them was already under the consideration of Congress, and that it should be completed, so soon as the importance of such a measure might warrant.

Under the provisions of the Act of Congress of 26th March, 1804, the country was constituted a dependency of the United States, under the name of the District of Louisiana. On the 1st of October during the same year, William Henry Harrison, then Governor of the Indiana Territory and of the Louisiana District, instituted American authority there, by the establishment of a code of laws for its government. The transfer of the country from Spain and France to the United States, and the introduction of American jurisdiction necessarily increased an immigration of the Anglo-Americans, and people from other more distant countries. About this time, also, another valuable

acquisition of territory, along the Mississippi, extending from the mouth of the Illinois to that of the Ohio River, and up this latter to its source, was procured. Certain stipulations were entered into with the friendly tribe of Kaskaskia Indians. Those possessions laid the foundation for great and increasing material prosperity in the growing Republic.

When the American flag was first seen in their place, A.D. 1804, the French of St. Louis constituted a large majority of the residents; the commerce and wealth of the country were in their hands; their religion, their language, and their customs prevailed. For many years after, those Creoles gave tone and character to society. By degrees, they have become absorbed into another civilization; in many cases, their possessions have passed into other hands, and their early monuments have disappeared. Their language is now a foreign tongue in St. Louis, but the history of their days and times can never cease to be an essential part of the past, and it has materially influenced social characteristics of the present inhabitants and of their noble city. French courtesy and good breeding, blended with high courage and daring, have united with American enterprise and perseverance, to mark the commencement of a new era.

At the time before mentioned, according to Stoddard, St. Louis contained about one hundred and eighty houses, and a population, within its district, of some two thousand two hundred and eighty whites, and of some five hundred blacks. Three-fifths of the population of Upper Louisiana were Anglo-Americans. Captain Stoddard continued to exercise the functions of civil and military commandant, under the authority of the United States, but with the laws, usages and customs of the Spanish Government still in force, until they were altered, repealed, or modified, by General Harrison. This commander and the judges of Indiana were officially directed to visit St. Louis and to form a code of laws there, for the government of that western district. General Harrison, with Judges Griffin, Vanderburg and Davis, went to St. Louis, and made that code of laws, towards the close of 1804. The first courts of justice were opened and held that autumn, or in the beginning of winter, in the old picketed fort near the present intersection of Fourth and Walnut Streets. Those tribunals were called Courts of Common Pleas. Soon after,

a Supreme Court was established for the District of Louisiana, and it was composed of three judges.

About this time, the immigration of the Anglo-Americans was mostly directed to the district of Ste. Genevieve, on account of its lead trade and other advantages. It was in a business and commercial point of view deemed to be the most promising field for investment and occupancy, within the territory to which enterprise was now directed. Some of the most valued and estimable immigrants to Missouri, and who, at first, were located as residents of Ste. Genevieve, subsequently found a much more desirable scope in St. Louis, for the exercise of their talents, energy, and industry. There was one Indian, who was called by the French *Le grand Santeux*, or "The big Chippeway," who was in the habit of visiting St. Louis, and of getting drunk. While in this state, he insulted everybody who came in his way; and yet, so weak were the colonists, that they were obliged to treat this vagabond with some regard, for fear of driving him away dissatisfied. Any dissatisfaction shown by the townsmen might induce him to raise the war whoop, and to bring down on the place a thousand hostile warriors.

To the French and American elements of population in St. Louis, the Irish contingent was soon added, and in the earlier part of the present century. Among the most distinguished and influential of these latter, the names of O'Fallon, Walsh, Dillon, Chambers, Mullanphy and Lawless, were chiefly connected, with the social and political life, as also with the commerce, town-lots, and landed estates, in and near that city. Mr. John Mullanphy had secured a valuable city property, which descended to his children. One of these, the Hon. Judge Bryan Mullanphy, a most accomplished, able, and highly educated gentleman, bore a foremost part in every religious, charitable and patriotic movement, that engaged the energies of his co-religionists and fellow-men, whether in Ireland, to which his sympathies were so closely drawn, or in the United States, of which he was a native. A fond recollection of mine is having the friendship of this good and distinguished man; while intimacy with him was all the more agreeable, as it was early secured, and continued to his lamented death. His active public and private life was nobly engaged, in works of charity, usefulness, and duty. The sterner virtues of courage and of

manliness he possessed, in an eminent degree, as hereafter we may have occasion to illustrate.

When the government of the United States sent Colonels Louis and Clarke, with Major Pike, to engage on their expedition in 1804, and to explore the sources of the Mississippi, the Arkansas, the Kansas, and the Platte rivers, hunters and trappers had already formed their companies, and had preceded them. In the early part of the present century, currency for small trade transactions at St. Louis consisted of what were called "Peltry Bons," issued principally by business men, and expressing on their face, to be good for so many pounds of shaved deerskins. These were received and paid out, in almost all exchanges for meat, bread, sugar, coffee, and taffia—a very cheap species of rum—then the only ardent spirits used in the country. The merchants of St. Louis collected all the shaved deerskins they could get, and then sent them, as remittances to the Eastern States, by sea, through New Orleans, or by land, through Pittsburgh. From such isolated efforts at first, the Missouri Fur Company was formed at St. Louis, in 1808. The conductors sent an expedition, under Major A. Henry, to the Yellowstone river, and established a number of trade-posts upon the Upper Missouri. One fort was built beyond the Rocky Mountains, on Lewis river, and another on the southern branch of the Columbia. This was the first post established, upon the waters of the greatest river in Oregon territory. The hunters likewise, had the honour of being its builders and occupiers. Among the Ottos and Missouris, a considerable fort and a trade establishment were formed by Mons. Loisel, of St. Louis. These were on Cedar Island, a little above the great bend of the Missouri river. Many other stockades were erected and garrisoned.

On the 3rd March, 1805, the country west of the Mississippi was erected into a new territory of the United States. The name it then bore was the territory of Louisiana. In that same year, General James Wilkinson, then Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, was appointed governor over the district of Upper Louisiana. He superseded General Harrison, and still retained his command over the army. At this period, in each of the established military districts—erected into counties, in 1816—a civil and military commandant had

been appointed. Thus—Colonel Meigs for St. Charles, Colonel Hammond for St. Louis, Major Seth Hunt for St. Genevieve, and Colonel T. B. Scott for Cape Girardeau, took charge of their respective stations. The organization of courts superseded the jurisdiction of these officers, who had also exercised civic functions. In the year 1806, General Wilkinson established the Fort of Belle Fontaine, on the south side of the Missouri river, and a few miles above its mouth. It was, however, mostly abandoned, he being ordered down the Mississippi river, to arrest the progress of Aaron Burr's conspiracy. This departure took place, towards the latter part of 1806, or early in the year 1807. In 1808, Meriwether Lewis was appointed Governor of that Territory, and he exercised the law-making power, with the Judges J. B. C. Lucas and Otho Shrader until 1811. On the 12th of July, 1808, the first paper printed west of the Mississippi, had been started in St. Louis, on sheets of ordinary writing paper, by Joseph Charles. At first, it was called the *Missouri Gazette*; afterwards, the name was changed to the *Louisiana Gazette*; and, again, it reverted to the old title, on the 18th of July, 1812, when the number for that date contained the law of Congress, organizing the territory of Missouri, in its second grade. This paper subsequently changed ownership and name, so that at present, it is known as the *Missouri Republican*. It has now an enormous circulation, while its offices and machinery are at present of imposing appearance and extent.

At different periods, previous to 1811, a number of Delaware, Shawanese, and Cherokee Indians built villages along the banks of the St. Francois and White rivers. A special privilege had been granted to them, by the Spanish authorities. To the year 1812, these sons of the wilderness conducted themselves peaceably and to the satisfaction of the white settlers; yet such was not the case, so far as other Indians were concerned. A few Creeks, Choctaws, and Chicasaws formed settlements upon the same waters. Those red men were considered as outlaws, by their respective and more peacefully inclined nations, while their depredations among the whites were serious and frequent.

The Catholic Church and her ministers had a great civilizing effect, on the morals and manners of the population. Yet, no permanent priest was in St. Louis, until

1811. Bishop Porro, who had been appointed over the See of new Orleans, died in Rome, on the eve of his going to the United States. But, the church of St. Louis was not altogether neglected. The continuity of its records is unbroken. Sometimes they are written by the Trappists, from the Monastery of Our Lady of Good Help, near Cahokia,—now deserted and called the Monks' Mound—sometimes by the Priest of Florissant, or of the Pastor at Ste. Genevieve, and by others. The names of Fathers Maxwell, Olivier, Flynn, Guillet and Dunand, fill up the period of transition. Father Savine was stationed there, from 1811 to 1817. His name and memory were reverently traditional among the older settlers.

CHAPTER XI.

The Territory of Missouri formed—The Missouri Fur Companies—Duelling—Fatal Duel between John B. C. Lucas and Thomas H. Benton, as also between Spencer Pettis and Major Thomas Biddle—Progress of the Catholic Church—Admission of Missouri as a State into the Union—Increase of St. Louis.

IN the year 1810, the population of St. Louis reached to about 1,400 souls; and in 1815, it had increased to about 2,000. A Governor and Legislative Assembly were nominated for the territory of Missouri, in 1812, and the right of being represented by one delegate in Congress was obtained. On the 4th of July of that same year, it was advanced to the second grade of government, by Act of Congress. The first Council consisted of nine members, and the House of Assembly of thirteen. In the winter of that and of the succeeding year, the first Missouri Legislature sat in the old house of Mr. Joseph Robidoux, on Main Street, in the present City of St. Louis. I had the pleasure of knowing the old gentleman mentioned, at a period long subsequent.

The Missouri Fur Company was dissolved in 1812, and during the same year, John Jacob Astor organized a great Fur Company in St. Louis, which laid the foundation of the immense wealth he afterwards acquired, and which he chiefly invested in the City of New York. Most of the former members, belonging to the old Fur Company in St. Louis, established independent houses, evincing a motive to outfit private adventurers, for prosecuting the trade, through the interior of Missouri. About this

time, also, a new company was formed; but, in reality, it was only the revival of the old Missouri Fur Company, while new partners were added. Their hunters and trappers made way, even to the Rocky Mountains; but, in many cases, their tales of perilous adventures perished with themselves. Among those adventurers was an Irishman, afterwards Colonel Fitzpatrick, who tracked most of those wilds, and who long afterwards became Pilot of the Plains to General Kearney, during the Mexican campaign of 1846, in his triumphal, bloodless, and remarkably expeditious march to Santa Fe. Although the finest kind of building stone was to be procured even on the site of St. Louis itself; still the houses there were built of squared logs or of sawed frame-work boards from the first foundation to the commencement of the present century. In the years 1813 and 1814, the first brick house was erected in the town, by William C. Carr.

In such a new and semi-settled condition of society, human passions and ambition had active scope for development; nor can we be surprised, if their exercise led to abuses, and crimes, which every good citizen should have reason to deplore. The reckless and demoralizing habit of bravado and duelling caused some leading spirits, to engage in deplorable encounters, which terminated in fatal results. The establishment of the newspaper press fanned rather than allayed such rencounters. In one case of great notoriety, John B. C. Lucas, an early and a most respected resident in St. Louis, under the United States Government, was engaged. He was intimately versed in civil jurisprudence, which was the rule of action there, in French and Spanish times. A Frenchman by descent, he at once became familiar with the habits, manners, and customs of the old settlers. For a long time, the examination and adjustment of the proprietary interests were intrusted to him, as an officer of the government. Political feeling often ran high, in those early days. The *Western Emigrant* was started on the 17th of May, 1817, and subsequently it was intituled the *St. Louis Enquirer*, when edited by the celebrated Thomas H. Benton, it also appeared. This career involved him in several duels. An ardent, a most zealous and dauntless champion of the Democratic party he proved to be; but, a fierce political quarrel arose between himself and John B. C. Lucas, a leading lawyer, who repre-

sented the Whig or Federal section of politicians, and a challenge ensued. Lucas was wounded, and so the first duel ended. Not satisfied, however, with the result, he demanded a second hostile meeting, after the interval of a month had elapsed. Benton was not slow to accept the encounter, but with a proviso, that it should terminate in the death of one or other of the parties engaged. According to arrangement, mutually accepted, both the principals were to advance towards each other, from the opposite angles of a large field near the city, and with rifles to fire and re-load, when either might choose his moment for shooting. A large number of spectators was present, to cheer their favourite personal or political champion. Benton appeared, having his shirt sleeves exposed and even rolled up, while taking aim at his opponent with steady nerves. Being a practised rifle-man, and having advanced only a short distance, he delivered the first fire with deadly aim, while the bullet lodged in the heart of Lucas, who fell to the ground on the instant. The account as given is faithfully rendered from the narrative of an eye-witness, and present during this fatal duel. The subsequent career of the great statesman and orator, Senator Benton, is imperishably blended, not alone with the history of the State of Missouri, but with some of the most momentous issues that ever affected the general politics and fortunes of the United States.

At a much later period, on the 29th of August 1831, a ferocious duel was fought on Bloody Island, in the Mississippi River, and opposite to St. Louis, between Spencer Pettis and Major Thomas Biddle. The first was the challenger, and in consequence of Major Biddle's defective eye-sight, he insisted that the distance between them should be five feet only ; so that, when the word of the second was given, both men fell at the first fire, and mortally wounded. Many fatal encounters of a similar character could be recorded, in those days when passions were more easily excited, and when the mis-called "code of honour" was so frequently in fashion to settle public and private quarrels.

The Rt. Rev. Louis William V. Dubourg, born in San Domingo, was consecrated third Bishop of New Orleans, Diocese of Louisiana, September 24th, 1815 ; and, coming as a priest to St. Louis in 1818, on the 25th March, 1824,

the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, C.M., was consecrated as his coadjutor, with the title, Bishop of Tenagre, *in part. infid.* But, in 1826, the upper part of Louisiana was formed into a distinctive Diocese, having its seat at St. Louis. The newly appointed Bishop Rosati was distinguished for his great learning, deep spirit of piety, and very amiable character. With his advent, the Catholic district of St. Louis entered upon a new course of progress. Bishop Dubourg was afterwards translated from New Orleans, and he died Archbishop of Besançon, in France, in the month of December, 1833. Bishop Dubourg was by education a Frenchman, by principle an American, and by vocation an apostolic priest. He thoroughly identified himself with the people, among whom he lived and worked. The Catholic Church owes to him the origin of the Sisters of Charity in America, and the foundation of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. All his labours were great; but he, least of all men, seemed to know his own merits. He possessed a galaxy of virtues, while he had a mind and a heart, which made his record one of the brightest among the American Hierarchy. The first work of the new Bishop was to erect a church. The old log chapel, after forty years of service, in the language of the holy priest Father de Andreis—appointed Vicar-General in St. Louis—was falling into ruins. This representation, resulted in the erection of a large brick church,—the second structure deserving such a name,—of the Cathedral Parish. This church, constructed on Second Street, and now demolished, was erected in 1818. On Christmas Day of the year 1819, Divine service was there performed, for the first time. Several meeting-houses, for various Protestant denominations, were built in St. Louis, but, for the most part, at a subsequent date.

In 1818, there were in the whole of Upper Louisiana only four priests, and seven chapels, with about 8,000 Catholics. The chapels were at Ste. Genevieve, Kaskaskia, St. Louis, Florissant, Prairie du Rocher, Kahokia, and New Madrid. When Bishop Rosati first arrived at St. Louis, and fixed his episcopal seat there, he was accompanied by a body of clergymen, whom he had gathered in Italy. These priests were Rev. Messrs. De Andreis, Rossati, Acqueroni, Ferrari, and Carretti, with four Seminarists. The three first belonged to the Congregation of the Missions.

The people of the Missouri territory petitioned Congress

for authority to form a State government, in the year 1818. A bill was accordingly introduced, into the House of Representatives, during the session of 1819; and, although from connection with French and Spanish slave-owners, slavery was maintained, yet, it contained, among other provisions, one clause, providing for its gradual extinction, and prohibiting the further introduction of slavery or involuntary servitude, "except for the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." It added, "that all the children, born within the said State, after the admission thereof into the Union, shall be free, at the age of twenty-five years." This proposition produced a vehement discussion in Congress, and it excited an intense interest throughout the whole country. The celebrated Thomas Jefferson prided himself on being the devoted friend of liberty; yet, by a shameful inconsistency of speech and action, he pronounced for a continuation of slavery, and John C. Calhoun formulated the doctrine of individual State sovereignty—containing the very essence of anarchy—as against the supreme general constitutional authority of the United States. Those able and influential men were violent opposers of the restricting clause. Notwithstanding, the bill passed the more popularly constituted House of Representatives; but, it was afterwards rejected, in the more oligarchically elected Senate. After an interval, that same bill was again brought up the ensuing session, and an animated discussion ensued, which lasted several weeks. An arrangement was then entered into, by the advocates and opposers of the slavery restriction, and this was afterwards designated the "Missouri Compromise." Like most of the great political and historical half-measures, or hollow truces concocted, when important principles or interests are at stake, that compromise contained within it the germs of future disintegration, national sufferings and grievous calamity. It led on to the bitter slavery and anti-slavery contests, between North and South; after a prolonged party struggle, it occasioned, after a lapse of many years, the deplorable Confederate Rebellion; yet, on the other hand, it eventuated in the triumph of freedom, and the utter extinction of slavery, in the United States, apparently the only dangerous antagonistic force, that could ever seriously affect their domestic harmony, and weaken their gigantic power and resources, in the

face of any foreign enemy. Those terms adopted were, that slavery should be tolerated in the future State of Missouri, but in no other part of Louisiana, as ceded by France to the United States, north of $36^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude. Accordingly, the people of Missouri Territory were authorised to form a Constitution. When approved by Congress, it was arranged, that Missouri should be admitted into the Union, on an equal footing with the original States. A convention met at St. Louis, June 12th, 1820, and elected David Barton president, and William G. Pettus, secretary. The delegates formed a Constitution, which was laid before Congress, early in the session of 1820-21. That Constitution contained a provision, by which it was made the duty of the legislature, to pass laws "to prevent free negroes, or mulattoes from coming into and settling in the State, under any pretext whatever." It was argued, by some of the members, that such prohibition was a direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, which they had sworn to support. Missouri thus far had contended for every inch of ground, in her passage from a territorial to a state government. She was now again the subject of contention and of debate, and finally of compromise. The "restrictionists" and "anti-restrictionists" were in hostile array, while the old contest was renewed, and carried on with a spirit, which in many instances was quite unjustifiable, and the evil effects of which were long afterwards perceptible, in enmity existing between the descendants of those contending parties. After several months' time, and when thousands of dollars had been squandered, in debating and wrangling over the subject, a resolution was finally passed through both Houses of Congress. It provided, that "no law shall be passed, by which any citizen of either of the states of this union shall be excluded from any of the privileges and immunities to which such citizen is entitled under the Constitution of the United States." In compliance with the specification in this act, the Legislature of Missouri, on the 21st of June, 1821, passed a solemn public vote of assent to the fundamental provision, contained in the above resolution. This declaration was transmitted to the President, James Monroe, who, on the 10th of August, 1821, issued his proclamation, and gave Missouri her place, as the twenty-fourth State, entering into the Union, and as the eleventh State, added

to the original thirteen confederated States, which signed the Declaration of Independence.

In the earlier part of the present century, various Indian tribes were accustomed to visit St. Louis, and to encamp on rising ground, now within the precincts of the city. A curious instance of their astonishment is related, when the first steam-boat, ascending the Mississippi, and called the "General Pike," came to the wharf, in the year 1817. Those who lived there at that time well remembered the fear and consternation of most, among the residents who saw that craft breasting the sturdy river current, without the help of sail or oar. They bore in recollection, likewise, the execrations and forebodings of the nervous and excitable *voyageurs*, who felt and knew, that the days of the warp and *cordelle*, and of the red feather in the cap, were speedily to pass away. The keel boat and the barge in course of time disappeared, and with them have ceased to exist the hardy *voyageurs*. A large number of Indians were then encamped upon the hill, a little west of where the court-house in St. Louis now stands. When the "General Pike" was seen buffeting the waters, and steadily moving up against the current, she was truly an object of ineffable astonishment to civilized and uncivilized man; but, more especially, to the Indians. These, together with the whole population of the town, ran together to the wharf, towards which the steamer was advancing. As the boat approached shore, the Indians receded, until they reached the highlands, about where the court-house is now situated. Nearer than that to the steamboat, no persuasion could urge them to go; even although their best friends—such as General Clark, Mr. Chouteau, and others—offered to accompany them on board.

The first attempt, to navigate the waters of the Missouri River, was made in 1819, by Captain Nelson, from Louisville, Kentucky. The steam-boat was called the "Independence," and it reached Franklin—now Boonslick—on the 19th of May, thirteen days after departure from St. Louis, but only having seven sailing days. She met with numerous delays, owing to the shoals and snags on the Missouri River, as also on the banks, where she had often to discharge passengers and cargo. From every settlement along the course of navigation, the admiring settlers flocked in hundreds, to greet that

arrival with joy and acclamation ; for, they justly considered such an auspicious event, as fraught with their future prosperity. The inhabitants of Franklin saluted the " Independence " with a salvo of cannon, which the vessel reciprocated. She returned from that place to St. Louis, on the 5th of June, taking freight for Louisville. After a sail of twenty-seven days from New Orleans to St. Louis, the steamer " Harriet," Captain Armitage, arrived at the latter port, on the 2nd of June. In company with nine keel-boats, which were towed by her, the steamboat " Johnson " left St. Louis, this same year, and, on the 6th June. She was bound for the Yellowstone River, with some companies of United States' troops on board, and she lay at the mouth of the Missouri River for several days.

During the years 1817 and 1818, three new buildings, brick or stone, were erected, for warehouses. Annually, the population of St. Louis kept on with a gradual progression, until, in the year 1820, the exact enumeration was returned at 4,598 residents. During this year, the zealous and saintly Father De Andreis died, universally regretted by all classes.

The first paving at St. Louis was executed in the latter year, with dressed stone, placed edgewise. During the three consecutive years, from 1819 to 1822, the progress of building was rather slow ; yet, several new houses were erected. In 1821, the first brick pavement was laid, and the population then numbered considerably over 4,600 persons. In 1822, St. Louis, by charter, was erected into a city, when its buildings began to increase in size and importance. Steamboat communication with more distant places was established ; trade and commerce were active ; while manufactures, on a small scale, were initiated by the residents. The old Court House—a portion of which still remains—was commenced in 1826 ; while Jefferson Barracks, some eight or ten miles southwards from St. Louis, had also been erected. On the 4th of July, the Anniversary for the Declaration of American Independence, the United States' troops removed thither from Bellefontaine, and on the 25th and 26th of the same month, Colonel Rene Paul surveyed that ground, on which the barracks now stand. The growing requirements of the place called for the creation of other enterprises. The Centre Market was established in 1827, and

the United States' Arsenal was built on a fine site at the West Bank of the Mississippi, during the same year. The first ferry was established at St. Louis, when it plied between Cahokia, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River, and that shore, on which the Arsenal is now built.

Although Commissioners had been early appointed to select a suitable site in locating a permanent seat of Government for the State of Missouri; yet, Jefferson city had not been laid out for some years subsequent, nor was the State Capitol commenced there until 1838. This is now a very progressive city, and very finely situated on the south bank of the Missouri River, as also in a very central position for State purposes. The new Capitol there was first occupied by the Senate and House of Representatives for Missouri of 1840-41.

CHAPTER XII.

Gradual Progress of St. Louis—Visit of the renowned French General Comte Henri Gratien Bertrand to St. Louis—His Reception and Appearance—Manners of the early French Residents in Missouri—Adventure on the Mississippi River.

WHILE the year 1818 was one of great prosperity for St. Louis, a mania for trade and speculation brought re-action; and comparatively slow was the growth of population, for years subsequent, as in 1828 there were only about 5,000 inhabitants. These only increased to 5,852 in the year 1830. This number rose to 6,397 in 1833; to 8,316 in 1835; to 12,040 in 1837; and to 16,469 in 1840. The following year, the citizens numbered 19,063; in 1843, the population had increased to 28,359. Immigration now set in most briskly; there were 34,140 enumerated for 1844, and 36,265 for 1845. These latter were years of busy activity; houses of a fine description were rising, in all directions; streets were laid out, public improvements and buildings were begun or in process of completion. The Irish and Catholic element increased each day, especially persons belonging to the mechanic and labouring classes; while witnessing their industry and happiness, it gave me inexpressible delight to hear more of the Irish language spoken among our exiles at that time, than ever before or since I have heard in old Ireland.

About the time of my arrival in St. Louis, the celebrated

French General Henri Gratien Comte Bertrand visited St. Louis, where he was received with great popular demonstrations, especially from the old Creole inhabitants. The steamer on which he arrived was immediately boarded by the mayor and by a throng of the citizens, who had prepared an address to be presented by a representative committee. I need hardly state, that Father Dahmen was in a transport of delight, when welcoming such a distinguished General of the Grand Army, and his former companion in arms. It was the good fortune of the writer also to be admitted on board, where with much ceremony the chief men of the city were introduced to the former Aid-Major General of Napoleon Bonaparte's Imperial Army. The son of Bertrand, a tall and slender young man of bronzed complexion, stood by his aged father's side, and received also a welcome greeting. The great interest of that occasion, however, was centred on the brave, able and faithful follower, who shared the illustrious emperor's exile, and who had witnessed his death in the lonely island of St. Helena. I had a full and near opportunity for observing all that took place and for recording my present recollections of Bertrand's person and appearance. He was then advanced in his seventieth year; rather under the middle size; his pale but well-preserved features were regular and really handsome; his bearing was stately and dignified; his graceful and courteous manners were admired by all the beholders; his head was firmly set and erect; his countenance was slightly sallow and full of animation; his eyes were remarkably expressive and ardent; his forehead and temples were bald, but fringed above his ears, and on the back of his head were most becoming crispy and curled locks of hair. The address and speech were couched in French, and Bertrand replied also in his native language, with fluency, emotion and emphasis. Afterwards he left the steamer with his son. A carriage was in waiting to conduct them, in the first instance, to the Planter's House; while the St. Louis *Chasseurs a Cheval*, a local volunteer cavalry company, and composed mostly of French Creoles, formed a guard of honour, accompanied by the Irish Montgomery Guards, the St. Louis Greys, and other volunteer companies in full uniform, marching in advance. The visitors were received at the Planter's House with great ceremony and cordiality by the commandant and

officers of the United States regular army, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, about ten or twelve miles south of St. Louis. Thither the distinguished guests had been invited to a grand banquet, while after a short rest in the city, they rode with a cavalcade that whole distance. After being thus fêted, and on their returning, a citizens' committee had chartered a large river steamer, having a band of music and a great number of ladies and gentlemen on board, for an excursion about twenty miles northward, where the junction of the Missouri and the Mississippi takes place. The United States stars and stripes with the French tricolour floated above and around the stem, sides and stern of the vessel; while some thousands of people lined the wharf and sent forth cheers on its upward passage, as Bertrand stood in acknowledgment on the deck, with hat in hand and head uncovered. A similar burst of enthusiasm awaited him on returning from this trip, and during the whole period of his stay in St. Louis. He did not long survive that American visit. Soon afterwards he returned to his native city, Châteauroux (Indre) in France, where he died on the 31st of January, 1844. In after years, his remains were removed to that magnificent mausoleum, erected over the Emperor Napoleon's body, in Paris; and, on more than one occasion of a visit there, the writer gazed upon the marble tomb inscribed with Bertrand's name—recollecting well his living presence; then, an awe-inspiring sentiment, naturally associated with all the surroundings of that spot, was uppermost in the mind, while contemplating the shadows of fallen ambition and of human glory.

The first French settlers of Missouri were frugal, industrious, simple in their tastes and habits, while enterprising and adventurous as a race; and when I had my earliest knowledge of their city, French was very generally spoken by the descendants of those colonists. Their character for integrity, affability, and politeness was very apparent, even to a casual observer; while their respect for religious men and observances was probably the result of that teaching, afforded by their early missionaries, still fostered by the distinguished and amiable bishop who then ruled over a vast territory, and who, with a small but zealous body of clergy, ministered to the wants of numerous Catholic churches and stations.

Whenever we took our weekly walks from the Semi-

nary, and especially southwards in the direction of Carondelet, the students generally entered some Creole house, and endeavoured to speak in French with the members of the family. Our defects in the misapplication of phrases, genders, moods and tenses, as no doubt of pronunciation, were very readily excused ; while we learned to esteem our friendly and agreeable entertainers. Sometimes we lingered in conversation with our friends the Irish wood-cutters near the Arsenal, and formed a very intimate acquaintance with themselves, their wives, and children, in their humble shanties. Their skiffs were always available for a row out in the river, and it was an exercise in which we delighted.

On one of those occasions, while rambling along the Mississippi, the writer had an adventure which proved anything but agreeable, and which was attended with considerable peril. Seeing the boats and oars tempting as usual, I entered one of the skiffs, having unreflectingly loosed it from its fastening on the banks. As the passing steamers on the river plunged their way through the middle channels they generally left behind them a trail of wave, which extended to the shores and flowed into the boats. To my horror, I found the skiff, into which I went, rapidly floating away from the bank ; its bottom was covered with water, which had not been bailed out. I took up the oars, which I tried to fasten in the oar locks so as to return ; but I found they would not work for me, against the force of the current. I was soon drifting out into the middle of the river. A thought struck me that the skiff might be out of repair, and leaking, as I looked at the quantity of water now over my feet. An instant and I should have been swept out into the middle channel, helpless and hopeless of escape. I had not much time for consideration. In a confused state of thought, I plunged into the river determined to swim back to where my fellow students stood on the shore, and in a state of great excitement at what they had witnessed. The distance was not great, and in still water I should have trusted to reach them without any fear of the consequences. However, encumbered with my clothes as I was, the river being deep, and the current there running strong, it required every effort I could make to stem the rush of water. I felt after a hard struggle that I was nearly exhausted, yet I resolved

to battle for life, and with some undefined feeling, that I was not then destined to meet a watery grave. Just at that moment, and most unexpectedly, my knee struck against a reef of sunken rocks; I was now able to walk through shallow water onward towards the bank, and to receive the congratulations of my companions, who did not realize the danger I was in, as they saw me so pluckily contending with the billows, and gradually drawing nearer the shore. My clothes were dripping wet, while we all hurried home to the seminary. There, of course, when I had changed for dry garments, I received a well merited reproof from Father Paquin, because of my rashness and want of prudence. The good Irishman to whom the boat belonged never expected again to see it, and forgave me the loss, thankful, he said, that my life was saved. However, I was very glad to learn afterwards, that the boat, having drifted for a long distance down the Mississippi, was finally secured and returned to its rightful owner.

Well do I recollect, and shall ever gratefully remember, the kind personal interest manifested towards myself by Judge Mullanphy, who occasionally called to see our theological seminary. While a student, I was invited to visit him, and had the right of *entree* at his law office, when I got occasional permission from our superiors to go out into the city. This gentleman, who received his education in France, had a just and refined taste for the Greek and Latin classics, besides a perfect acquaintance with English, French and German literature. I believe he had a practical knowledge of one or two other languages. Whenever I knocked for admission at his office door, he came to open it, and always received me with great cordiality. In a moment his law books were set aside, and I had usually to submit to the ordeal of a searching examination in the French or Latin classics. The former language he pronounced most correctly, and with a true Parisian accent: his intonation and knowledge of the prosodial rules in the scansion of Vigil's and of Horace's lines were faultless. His conversation was always agreeably varied, and remarkable for sudden transitions in the choice of subjects; but what chiefly arrested my regard was his remarkable interest in and correct knowledge of Irish history and Irish politics. He was a native American; yet, he seemed to cherish some great hereditary regard for the Emerald Isle.

CHAPTER XIII.

Purchase of a Seminary and Grant of a Site for a new Church—Very Reverend John Timon, C.M.—His Father's Connection with St. Louis—Delineation of Character—Volunteered Work and its Results—A Change of Residence.

As St. Louis was now in a transition state, and as our seminary was regarded to be only a provisional and temporary tenement, a man remarkable for his eminent piety and zeal for religion came up from the Lazarists' present house at the Barrens, to make arrangements for its transfer. Applotments were being laid out in squares for building, and street lines were to intersect them at right angles, for such is the fashion in most American cities. No property, when adequate compensation had been guaranteed the owner, was exempted from the city decrees, when it lay within the municipal boundaries. Our seminary had been situated within the Soular Addition to St. Louis—the estate of a Creole Catholic gentleman whose fine brick mansion was near us—an through it were marked off for new streets the whole of that fine property.

The Very Reverend John Timon, Superior General of the Lazarists in the United States, was the son of an Irish gentleman long settled in St. Louis, where his son was born. Both were very well acquainted with the early settlers of the city and their descendants. The Rev. Father Timon, in particular, had unbounded influence among the Catholic citizens, and he had long exercised missionary duties to their great spiritual edification and advantage. His friend, Mons. Soulard, most generously presented a large square of ground for the erection of a new Catholic Church, while he sold on very reasonable terms his mansion for the use of the Lazarists and their seminarists.

At the period of which we treat, Father Timon was beyond the middle stage of life, but remarkable for his energy, ability and business capacity, as also possessing the most agreeable and happy disposition. He was rather small in stature and spare in form, but of vigorous constitution and having a countenance beaming with affability, dignity and expression. His unostentatious works were ever employed, on behalf of the Order to which he was an ornament, and for the general interests

of the Church, especially of the United States. He was also a true and patriotic American citizen, while he often encouraged us to manifest our love and zeal for the country of our adoption, by becoming good priests; and by preparing ourselves with great care and study, to glean that harvest of souls, destined to be garnered for the Catholic Church among the natives. To stimulate our zeal, he often related during our hours of recreation those remarkable conversions he had been instrumental in effecting, and he assured us, that his non-Catholic country people would be desirous to hear our instructions publicly and privately, as they were an inquisitive and acute race, actuated by a desire to know and embrace the truth. In after years, Father Timon was consecrated first Bishop of Buffalo, in the State of New York, October 17th, 1847, and he departed this life on the 16th of April, 1867. Then he was succeeded by the present Right Reverend Stephen Vincent Ryan, C.M., consecrated on the 8th of November, 1868, and still actively engaged in carrying on the work of his former friend and superior.

The senior Mr. Timon—then over eighty—soon claimed the privilege of a father to make frequent visits to his son, of whom he was justly proud; nor was that all sufficient, for the sprightly and social old gentleman must be introduced to the seminarists, with all of whom he was on very intimate terms, while he delighted to relate droll Irish stories and anecdotes for our special amusement. Nothing could be more agreeable than his manner, and the gravity of his son was not proof to his sallies, which were pleasantly directed against our worthy superiors, whenever the good old man thought them too little disposed to humour our inclinations or to relax the house discipline in our favour. However, it was understood on all sides, that these jokes had no more serious object than making our hours of recreation pass more enjoyably, as under the circumstances our visitor was a privileged character.

At one of the evening recreations, Father Timon came in to meet the assembled students, and he informed us, that soon we might be in preparation for a flitting to Monsieur Soulard's fine house, that a large plot had been secured on which foundations and walls had been already placed, that these should be torn down and transferred to another site, where the present church of St. Vincent

de Paul stands. About this time, also, the slight rafters supporting the plank flooring of our temporary church had given way one Sunday, while a numerous congregation was present. A panic ensued. Several persons having been seriously injured in their over eagerness to escape through the doors and windows, High Mass had been interrupted until something like order was effected, and it was found that only in one particular section the floor had sunk down but a few feet. To save expense, the seminarists unanimously proposed to Fathers Timon and Paquin that they should have a holiday, that picks, crowbars and shovels might be borrowed, while they engaged to level the walls, and to root up the foundation stones, so that they could be carried away for the new site. Permission was obtained, and the very next day all went cheerfully to work. A perfect demolition was effected before the day was far advanced, and not one stone was left over another except in a loose state and separated from mortar or cement.

The new house and its garden were soon ready for occupation, and with all expedition we removed our furniture and effects to a much better site. Father Timon remained with us for a few weeks after we had taken possession, as he was obliged to perfect arrangements for building the new church, and to transact local business connected with his Order. He then left, as other affairs demanded his attention, and he promised soon to return, after he had discharged some pressing missionary duties.

CHAPTER XIV.

Laying the Foundation of St. Vincent de Paul's Church—Questing—Easter-Tide Celebrations—Protestant Crusade against the Church in the United States and consequent Riots—Great Floods of the Mississippi in 1844—Great Loss of Life and Property—Death of Father Loisel.

IN the year 1839, the foundations for a new and a large church had been laid beside our former seminary, and in the humble chapel of St. Mary's attached, English speaking and German congregations met at stated hours. Now we had uprooted all those foundations, and the stones were carted away to the better site selected. A new design was formed, and an edifice cruciform in shape was planned; the length including the portico was 150 feet,

the breadth in the nave was 60 feet; and that of the transepts was eighty feet; the adopted style was unpretentious, as the superstructure was of brick, but the form was classical and ornate, both interiorly and exteriorly. Great preparations were making to have all things in readiness, to lay the foundation stone with becoming ceremony and *eclat*, on the 17th March, 1844. St. Patrick's Day had always been regarded as one for special devotion and ceremonial in St. Louis, and the Irish born residents especially honour their national saint with public rejoicings and demonstrations each year when the festival recurs. Meantime the site for a church to St. Patrick had been generously granted by Mrs. Anne Biddle—sister to the Hon. Judge Bryan Mulvanphy, and widow of the unfortunate gentleman who fell in the fatal duel on Bloody Island—and which was to be erected on her fine property in North St. Louis. It stood on the corner of Sixth and Biddle Streets, and even then its foundations had been laid.

On the day appointed for laying the corner stone of our new church, the Irish Montgomery Guards, the Hibernian Benevolent Society, the Catholic Temperance Society, the Young Catholic's Friend Society, with the children of various Catholic schools, in grand array, with bands of music, banners and badges displayed, marched to the site, while a vast concourse of people accompanied the procession and soon surrounded the spot. This was on the corner of Decatur Street, and near the recently designed Park Avenue; for many of the present outlines of St. Louis had then only a recognized position on the map. The feast of St. Patrick that year fell on the Fourth Sunday of Lent; and the hour selected for duly and canonically laying the foundation stone of a temple to the living God—under the invocation and title of St. Vincent de Paul—was in the afternoon, when the Right Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick in his episcopal robes, a numerous clergy and the students belonging to the seminary assisting, officiated in prescribed form, the solemn Gregorian chaunting of the psalms appropriate to the occasion being correctly and effectively sung. The Very Reverend John Timon acted as assistant priest. The bishop preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion, and then the good work was happily inaugurated.

Funds were required, however, to complete the build-

ing, which soon began to rise above its foundations, and the even tenor of our studies was interrupted one day, when the students were paired in couples and assigned different districts in the city to make collections among the tradesmen and the working classes, while these were engaged at their respective employments. The dress of our seminary was a long walking cassock, called a Levi, and it gave our students a distinctive appearance, whenever we walked through the city or its suburbs; and when we went forth on this errand, it was our chief credential among the Catholic workmen and labourers whom we encountered singly or in groups. The task of collecting for any object is usually a distasteful and troublesome one; but, on the whole, we felt rather pleased than otherwise, for we were most generally received with encouraging words and generous subscriptions, small indeed in the separate amounts, but in the aggregate returning a considerable sum. The artizans suspended their work for awhile; and wherever there were many, the lead set by one was usually emulated by another labourer. Sometimes when we followed the men to their respective boarding houses, it was difficult to withstand their proffered hospitalities to eat and drink more than might be good for us; but, as many among our number happened to be strict disciples of Father Matthew, our firm resolves preserved us from yielding to such importunities, and our characters as Catholic Ecclesiastical students were accordingly respected. For two days, we pursued this first experience of a missionary course with zeal and earnestness. Returning each evening to the seminary with well filled pockets, we felt no little delight in being able to render a fair account to our superiors, and to amuse ourselves by relating several original anecdotes, referring to our various collecting achievements.

In those days, we were accustomed to assist in the Cathedral during the ceremonies of Holy Week, and it was nearly two miles distant from the site of our seminary. The bishop carried out the Church ceremonial with great precision and due solemnity. When all was over on Easter Saturday, he had in reserve a gift for Easter Sunday, and this consisted in an order on the Catholic Book Store adjoining the Cathedral, that each student might select a book or books to the value of one

dollar. If any chose to obtain a book of greater price, he was at liberty to add the residue at his own option.

About this period, Protestant intolerance became rife throughout the United States, as a consequence of Catholicity beginning to take deep root, not alone in the chief cities and towns, but likewise in remote settlements and in thinly-inhabited districts. Jealousy was aroused, likewise, because the steady flow of immigrants from Europe was mainly Catholic and calculated to strengthen still more the foundations of the true Church. Conventions and conventicles were at work; evangelical alliances were formed of very heterogeneous elements in creed; preachers and ranters, ignorant and excitable, were engaged denouncing Popery and its imputed abominations; every kind of falsehood and of misrepresentation was resorted to, greatly calculated to inflame the people's minds against Catholics and their doctrines. These were denounced as detrimental to free institutions, and calculated to introduce ideas favouring despotism, especially of a religious kind, the Pope, bishops, and priests being regarded as chief delinquents. Soon the political party of "National Americans" was formed, their avowed objects being to restrict the rights of citizenship against foreigners, foremost among whom were classed the Irish Catholics, who were loaded with the most virulent abuse and subjected to every species of insult and persecution. These shameful practices were greatly instigated by Irish Orangemen. As one of the results, the riots in Philadelphia broke out; Catholic churches and houses were burned and wrecked; mobs held possession of the streets, and blood was shed in those reckless onslaughts. On one of these occasions, insulting tunes, known in Ireland as "The Boyne Water," and "Croppies lie down," were played; nor were these airs publicly heard before in the United States—which proved the complicity of Orangemen as being the most fanatic wreckers. Soon afterwards, the flame spread in different directions. It so happened, that the Jesuits had already built a fine Church of St. Francis Xavier in St. Louis, and near it was their house of residence and a splendid college, then chartered as a State University, to which a College of Medicine had been annexed. To the latter was attached a dissecting house, and owing to some shameful neglect on the part of the professors or students of medicine, human remains were

left exposed in the yard adjoining and seen through interstices of the wooden partition separating it from the public street. Soon a crowd was collected, and then imaginations or passions became strongly excited. Wild rumours flew abroad, that all the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition were being renewed in St. Louis by the Jesuits, that men and women had been tortured and put to death. Cries were raised in the streets, and the mob began to arm for an onslaught on the college. At this moment, the brave Judge Bryan Mullanphy, and another brave Irishman named John Conran, collected a posse of Catholic and friendly Protestant citizens armed with rifles. The American, Irish, and German Catholics assembled in great force around the Jesuits' College, prepared to defend it, if necessary, even to the last extremity. The opposing bands met, and determined on a desperate struggle. However, Judge Mullanphy went boldly forward and asked to be heard by the opposing mob, then sending forth wild yells and imprecations. Having obtained a hearing with great difficulty, and speaking with the coolness and deliberation his true courage and sense of duty inspired, the judge gave a correct and brief explanation of the case, and he declared, that every effort should be made to detect and punish the delinquents, who had offered such an outrage to public decency and to common humanity. The mob finally dispersed, and with them the party of defenders. Terrible rumours prevailed all that day in St. Louis, that our Catholic churches and houses should be burned or wrecked. Some faithful and brave Irishmen had armed for defence of our seminary and contrived to let us know through the chinks of our planked enclosure, that we were in some danger of an attack. It was only on the day following, we learned all the particulars of excitement that had taken place in the city, and when the daily papers had published the details, popular indignation was quelled. Only the natural expression of wounded feeling found vent in the various journals.

In the year 1785, known as 'l'Année des grands Eaux' by the old people of St. Louis, the Mississippi had risen to an extraordinary height; but, in 1844, it far surpassed any flood, recorded in history or preserved by tradition. The winter and spring months of this latter year were severe, and snow had fallen very heavily, especially in the

Northern States and North-Western Territories. In the month of April, a freshet in Arkansas River had poured into the Mississippi, when this stream was already above its usual level, owing to the rains which had prevailed in the valleys of its upper tributaries. In May, another and a greater flood occurred in the Arkansas. Simultaneous rises took place in other tributaries. Towards the close of May, the Mississippi attained a great height at St. Louis; for, the combined floods of the Missouri and the Mississippi had swept on in a mighty moving torrent, covering all the alluvial region. In the month of June, the water had risen at St. Louis to more than four feet over the level of all previously recorded floods. Great accumulations of ice and snow were in the Rocky mountains. About the middle of summer, when rain and dissolved snow on the upper sources of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers had flooded not only the ordinary channels, but all the wooded bottoms, numbers of log cabins and frame houses were seen floating down the vast current of waters. The ravages, caused by this flood, were enormous, while the loss, among herds and flocks, was incalculable. The contents of wood-yards along the low-lying banks were set afloat, while the planks and logs were scattered amid the waves, rolling like sea-billows in mid-channel. Agricultural implements, furniture, barns, out-houses, hay, corn, and floes of drift-wood, as likewise gigantic trees, we noticed for days in succession, floating down in the current, and with a velocity, which afforded sufficient demonstration of the mighty force that propelled them. Several human lives were lost owing to this sudden rise, and because all means of communicating from shore with many unfortunate victims became absolutely impossible. When the flood had partially subsided, dead bodies were found floating in the river or lodged along its banks. Skiffs and light boats were tried in vain as a means for reaching drowning persons. These were quite unable to stem the current.

At this time, the village of Cahokias, below St. Louis on the Illinois shore, and inhabited for the most part by a mixed race of people, descended from early French and Indian settlers, was entirely submerged. Some steamboats put off from the St. Louis levee, and reached Cahokias at a very critical time, while the streets were covered with water to the depth of several feet. Those

poor inhabitants found were removed from upper stories and roofs, where they had taken temporary refuge—the waters momentarily encroaching on their precarious positions. Their excellent pastor, the Rev. Mr. Loisel, at whose house our students had been hospitably entertained before, was rescued with all the members of his kindly flock. The citizens of St. Louis did everything that lay in their power to provide comfortable lodging, clothing and sustenance for those poor people, who arrived among them almost destitute of covering, and even of the common necessities of life.

During this extraordinary flood, many lower streets of St. Louis were covered with water to the upper windows of houses. I have seen communication by boats over the surface, to gain access to the interiors. From the elevated position of our seminary, we could observe one vast water expanse, stretching for miles across the Illinois bottoms and far as the distant bluffs. Here and there, some tops of trees were visible over the waste of waters. An incident worth recording happened at this time. A steamboat of considerable draught had been chartered for a pleasure excursion of a most venturesome character, and numbers of the St. Louis citizens went on board. This vessel found its circuitous and intricate way over or among the forest trees thus submerged. It coasted along the Illinois bluffs, and, after a day's dangerous sailing without getting aground, the voyageurs returned to St. Louis, well pleased with the excitement and fortunate result of their extraordinary trip.

When high water subsided, the pastor of Cahokias and his flock returned to their damp and unhealthy habitations. Then sickness consequent on excessive fatigue or exposure induced much suffering. A slow consuming fever, which continued during the ensuing winter, with some short intervals of relief, at length brought the worthy and devoted priest to his end, in the May of 1845. He departed this life, in the house of his brother at St. Louis, and never was man more generally esteemed and regretted. The honours of a public funeral were accorded him, while the mayor, city marshal and city representatives walked in procession through the streets, the Catholic clergy and our students reciting and chanting the psalms appropriate for that mournful occasion.

CHAPTER XV.

Seminary Examinations and Vacations—Change of Superiors—Father Paquin's Removal to Texas and Death in 1844—Father Raho Superior—Encampment in Illinois—Malaria and its Consequences.

MEANTIME the year was gliding on, and our preparation for the summer examinations continued, while our spirit of emulation and of study was in no manner lessened from information communicated to us, that the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kendrick was to be the sole examiner. When students are aware that a man of consummate knowledge in their course of studies is to conduct the trial, their sense of responsibility is all the more awakened, and their energies are the more excited, even although a kind consideration await them in case of partial failure. So far as I could form an opinion, our very learned prelate was not greatly disappointed with the result of his searching examinations in Philosophy, Theology, Ecclesiastical History and Hermeneutics. His profound knowledge of these subjects was manifested in every question. When all was over, we looked out eagerly for the long vacation, which was to afford us daily walks and excursions through those woods adjoining St. Louis, but which have long since disappeared, as the giant city has encroached on our former solitudes.

During those happy and delightful days, the whole staff of our seminary, priests, students, and lay-brothers—with the exception of one or two left at home to keep house—used often to sally forth for a distant walk, each carrying a small parcel which contained our provision for the day's dinner. When we had selected a retired nook on the banks of a romantic little stream, southwards from the city and known as the Rivière des Pères, or perhaps under the sheltering rocks of the mighty Mississippi, we could always borrow a few necessary cooking utensils from the Creole inhabitants, who lived near, and we then proceeded to kindle a fire and to boil, roast or broil in a very primitive fashion our *al fresco* meal, which we relished all the more, as fresh air and active exercise are great invigorators of appetite. Sometimes we were enabled to capture with hook and line a fresh water fish, and added it as a dainty to our ordinary fare. The summers in the middle states of America are remarkably warm, and the days are often extremely sultry. Yet, after some rest, we found no little amusement in improvised sports ; some-

times snake-hunting, and killing these reptiles was a favourite pastime. We felt rather fatigued on our return to the seminary. However, this did not prevent our filling up the evenings with intellectual exercises of reading and recitation, or with such indoor amusements as we choose to arrange.

About this period, the Very Rev. Father Timon had revisited our seminary; but his mind was ever too actively engaged to heed our ordinary sports or even our studies, for his correspondence and visits were frequent, while his organizing propensities carried his thoughts thousands of miles away, to supply the wants of the growing Church of the United States. Never was his visit less welcome to us than on the present occasion. We often noticed him earnestly engaged in conversation with Father Paquin, and we knew that those conferences boded some regulations affecting ourselves and our seminary. Everything there was provided for our comfort and enjoyment. But soon we learned, that our most estimable director was to remove from us, and that another had been appointed to succeed him. In a few days arrived the Spanish Father Thaddeus Amat—afterwards consecrated second Bishop of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles on the 12th of March, 1854, and who died there May 12th, 1878. His demeanour and appearance presented that grave and sedate countenance we are accustomed to associate with the ecclesiastics of his nation, and his manner seemed to be austere, but he was a truly pious man and of kindly dispositions. However, we could not easily feel reconciled to a change of directors, and the occasion of Father Paquin's leave-taking was one of deep emotion, as we could observe on his part, and of great regret to the students among whom he was so popular.

The mission of Texas, an arduous and a painful one, demanded missionaries in 1844; and this being forcibly laid before Father Paquin by his superior, the Very Rev. John Timon, the good priest at once signified his willingness to meet that want. His services were accepted, and starting for that distant field of labour, his ministerial functions soon commenced at Gavelston and Houston. Yellow fever prevailed in both places at this time; and hastening from Houston to Gavelston, in the latter place, he was prostrated by that plague, on the 9th of August, that same year. He died on the 13th of the month, after four days' illness, a true martyr of charity, and with meek

resignation to the will of God. All who had ever known this amiable man deeply regretted his loss.

Meantime our new church was progressing, while our Sundays and Holydays were still spent in the old chapel, during the hours of High Mass and Vespers. In the summer of 1845, the latter was abandoned, and the former was opened for Divine Service. Father Amat continued to be our Superior only for some months, when he was succeeded by Father Raho, an Italian, who was a great contrast in his lively and agreeable manner, and who became a favourite with the students. When our vacation time came round this year, it was resolved, that we should take advantage of the warm month of July, to encamp on a site beyond the Illinois bottoms, and immediately on the rising grounds over the celebrated coal mines about five or six miles eastward from St. Louis. Elaborate preparations were made for this rough kind of life; sleeping under canvas by night, and ranging the woods by day in quest of game. We had borrowed from our friends a certain number of rifles and shot-guns, while we procured a supply of ammunition sufficient for our contemplated sojourn for three or four weeks. As the chain of lakes extending through the bottoms abounded in fish, we also brought fishing tackle; while two of the lay-brothers accompanied us as cooks and carriers of supplies, the ordinary market-waggons from Illinois to St. Louis serving to deliver our provisions. We had a plentiful store of mattresses, with quilts and blankets to wrap around us those fine nights, whenever we desired to rest after the day's rambles and exercises. Near us was a deserted frame-church, the use of which we obtained from the pastor of that mission. Here we had morning prayer in common as in the seminary; and immediately after it, we assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass, while at a regular hour in the evening we resorted thither, to conclude the day with night prayer and the Rosary. During the day we often went out and procured skiffs which were on the lakes, and also nets to drag their shallows. Sometimes, the haul of fish was very considerable, and more than sufficient to supply our wants. We usually dammed up one of the small springs running from the upper grounds, and thus formed a pool, in which we placed fish, sending them next day as presents to our friends in St. Louis. Practising with the rifle at distant marks, or shooting squirrels and

wild fowl was a daily occupation. Much of our time was spent in reading. Sometimes we sauntered among those tall, over-topping trees and very tangled thickets, oftentimes losing our bearings, and again finding our way after no inconsiderable misgivings, but generally with happy accidents. On one of those days, in company with my friend the Kentuckian, afterwards Reverend George A. Hamilton, we were very near coming to grief. He had, through forgetfulness, put a double charge into a fowling piece, and on seeing some squirrel or bird he took aim, when suddenly drawing the trigger the upper part of the barrel burst with the explosion, and the fragments whizzed by us, while the stock recoiled with great force felling him to the ground. I thought he was killed on the spot, as blood immediately started from his breast and shoulder; but soon I found he was able to rise, and our handkerchiefs were at once applied to staunch the blood. However, he was obliged to visit St. Louis, where the wound was surgically treated; when it was ascertained to be of no very serious character.

Little did we then imagine the unsanitary danger to which we were exposed. It was only the year before, when all those bottom lands had been submerged many fathoms deep, under the floods of the Mississippi; and now that these had disappeared, new stagnant pools of water had been formed, while the malaria, which produces fever and ague, more than usually abounded. This we were constantly inhaling, day and night; and before our vacation term had concluded, symptoms of the localized illness were developed among the priests and students. We resolved therefore to leave those dangerous haunts, and no sooner had we returned to St. Louis, than we were all attacked successively with bilious fevers or intermittent agues. In fact, our seminary became a hospital, and the doctors' visits were not alone daily, but hourly made. The writer has cogent reasons for recollecting, that he was several weeks prostrated with a bilious fever, from which he gradually recovered; but ague followed, and for long months afterwards, at frequent intervals it returned, and seemingly it had an inveterate hold of the system. Under such circumstances, it may well be thought, that studies were pursued with greater difficulty, and ill-health caused them to be very frequently interrupted.

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrival of French and German Students—Emmanuel Domenech—Visit to the Barrens—Boys that had strayed from Home—Cape Girardeau—An Earthquake—Religious Controversy on the River Steamer.

ABOUT this time, a considerable accession to the ranks of our seminarists was made, by the arrival of several French and German students, destined for other Western and Southern Dioceses. Among them were many of distinguished talent, and one of the most remarkable was a lively and an agreeable young Frenchman, Emmanuel Domenech. Thoroughly well versed in French literature, his versatility was recognized in the humorous sallies he was soon able to deliver in the English language, of which he became a diligent and successful student; while during our hours of recreation, he was foremost in athletic and original sports, with buoyant and cheerful temperament sustaining him in every exercise. He was afterwards ordained priest for the mission of Texas, then virtually annexed to the United States. In subsequent years, his health broke down under the fatigues of that laborious mission, and the climate had such an effect on his health, that he was prostrated with illness, which obliged his return to France. Soon after his recovery, appeared in Paris the results of his experiences, travels, and acute investigations, in an admirable work on the Great Deserts of North America, which was most favourably reviewed and received when it issued from the press, with illustrations by the accomplished author. An English translation was demanded, and the Abbé Domenech executed the task in a manner to command the approval of the English reading public. He went over to London and superintended its preparation for printing, while that well known book was produced by the leading publishing firm of Messrs. Longman & Co. A visit made to Longfield in Tipperary, the seat of Charles Bianconi, whose daughter he had religiously attended in Rome during her last illness, induced his subsequent return to Ireland, through which he made a tour, and for the most part in company with the late lamented Canon Ulick J. Bourke, who was an excellent guide. As a result, on returning to Paris in 1863, on the following year, "*Les Gorges du Diable, Voyage et Aventures*

en Irlande, Souvenirs d'un Touriste," par Emmanuel Domenech, issued from the press. As might be expected, it was generous and sympathetic towards Ireland, while it contains many vivid descriptions and anecdotes. During this time, the writer had a great pleasure in meeting again his dear attached friend and fellow-student, who was yet in a very delicate state of health. On returning to France, his abilities as a writer of many other works in his native language, attracted the regards and friendship of the Emperor Napoleon III. Afterwards our correspondence continued, until the breaking out of the disastrous war in 1870, between France and Germany. Then I learned that the Abbé Domenech followed the fortunes of his imperial monarch in the capacity of military chaplain, and that he was present with the army on the fated field of Sedan. I never heard from him since, and I fear that the estimable and learned Abbé Domenech is no longer living.

Towards the latter end of Spring in the year 1846, my illness still continuing, our superior, Father Raho, thought a change of air and scene, with a short rest from studies, might improve my health, and accordingly he kindly proposed, that I should take the steamer and sail down to St. Mary's Landing on the Mississippi, in company with one of the priests belonging to our seminary, who was on his way to the parent institute of the Barrens. A buggy was in waiting to convey us thither, but the journey was over very rugged and primitive roads. I felt very ill and quite exhausted during the drive, but I was much better after our arrival, and when I had a rest of two or three days. I was much interested with the place, which may be regarded as a great cradle of the Western Missions, and soon I had rambled through the premises, then mainly composed of frame and log houses. I am not quite sure, but that a good sized church which was near had been built altogether of wood. A fine farm was attached to the old parent house, college and seminary. Even then, the farm was in a high state of cultivation. Here, indeed, I was very kindly treated by the fathers and lay-brothers so long as I remained.

A singular incident had occurred, only a few days before my visit. Two young boys, apparently from the remote district of the Ozark range of mountains, rambled

away from home, and they had travelled onward, they knew not whither, until they reached the Barrens, and alone thinly and coarsely clad, footsore and jaded with long journey extending over days and nights, but at the time of their arrival, those poor children were near starved to death and worn out with fatigue. The elder of the two could not have been more than nine or ten years of age, the younger was not more than six or seven. These unfortunate strays were at once taken into the house and hospitably treated, for it was soon found that the elder boy had a frightfully hoarse hollow and hacking cough, and that he was in the last stage of lung disease, owing apparently to the fact of their having slept out in the woods without shelter or covering during several cold nights in succession. He was placed in bed; restoratives and food were given, but his days were numbered; he died on the night of my arrival, and I attended with other inmates of the house his interment on the farm. What seemed most singular was the fact that neither child was able to give any definite idea of anything more than their respective Christian names; they knew not whence they came from or where they lived, except that it was in a log house, and near a big river; they knew not the names of their own parents or relations, nor indeed could they furnish even the least clue to discover the place of their former abode. Yet, it was evident from their plain and threadbare dress, that their parents must have been very poor and struggling backwoods settlers. The younger boy soon recovered, and he was then entrusted to my care. He was still an invalid and much confined to my room; the poor boy attached himself to me, as I stroked down his head, spoke to him with deep sympathy, and endeavoured to teach him the letters of the alphabet from a book. I soon found that his religious as well as his secular training had been totally neglected. I endeavoured to give him some idea of God, and to explain the principles and practices of religion; but, I found his mind a perfect blank, nor do I think he profited much by my teaching. He carried firewood to the room, and he managed other little offices; yet, I observed he gazed with childish wonder and delight at every article of furniture, or upon any other artificial object that met his gaze. He was greatly pleased to be shown pictures in a book, and

gratified his curiosity by giving descriptions of their objects and meaning. It was a sad spectacle to witness his helplessness and ignorance, and to reflect on the anguish and anxiety his parents must have felt for both their lost sons. I believe every effort was made to discover the boy's friends—if any he had—by advertisement and by inquiry; yet nothing seemed to have transpired, at least for a long time, and not during the period of my sojourn there. When I left the place, somewhat improved in health, I took leave of the forlorn child, and I never learned afterwards what fortune befel him.

My return to St. Louis was by way of Cape Girardeau, where the Lazarists had built a fine secular college of brick, high over the banks of the Mississippi, and adjoining that French town. There I again rested for a few days, and during that interval, I was able to take exercise on horseback through the back woods. I well recollect on one of these excursions, travelling in company with the priest having charge of that mission; we rode to have a view of the lower swamps, which extend with little interruption to New Madrid, another Creole settlement far away to the south and on the border of the Mississippi. The exhalations were dreadful and dangerous, that came from stagnant pools through which forest timber grew, where toads and frogs were constantly croaking, and where the surface of the still waters was all overgrown with rank weeds and plants that flourish in such situations. I was very glad to escape from that dismal swamp—a sight so loathsome and melancholy; besides, there was every prospect of renewing my fits of ague in such a locality, and the chill of a creeping cold had already come upon me.

One of those days, the 8th of May, while I occupied an upper room of the college, a chill day of drizzling rain came on; and while I was leaning on a window-sill with a book in my hand, I felt a shock and rumbling noise, as if the floor was giving way beneath me. The whole wall seemed to tremble. At first, I thought the students below were rushing out from their class-rooms, and thus causing the vibration. In an instant, however, I was undeceived, for the shock was repeated with redoubled violence, and I then knew it was an earthquake, which is an occurrence not unfrequent in this part of Missouri. I rushed towards the central corridor to wait for the falling

in of the whole house ; but, instantly I hurried downstairs, all the inmates of the college running out into the open air, and we soon found the inhabitants of the town in like manner had left their houses. But there was no return of the shock, and the earthquake was pronounced to have subsided. I felt not a little uncomfortable, however, and wished to leave for St. Louis as soon as possible ; for this was the first—yet not the only—earthquake of which I had experience. Sometimes in that city we felt shocks, yet hardly perceptible, while engaged at our studies or devotions, but they never created any great alarm or surprise.

The river steamer by which I returned to our seminary was crowded with cabin passengers, and among these were numerous preachers and ministers of the Gospel, as they were pleased to call themselves. Owing to the peculiarity of my long black Levi, I was soon distinguished by their epithet of "the young priest." Soon I was singled out, surrounded by a group of preachers, and engaged in a warm controversy on the grounds and doctrines of the Catholic Church, which was fiercely attacked by trained public speakers ; while I was only a bashful student of theology, embarrassed, indeed, by the number and pertinacity of my adversaries, yet not a little encouraged by finding their want of regular scholastic training and logical skill. I stood alone among them, and, I presume, with few Catholics around—for a crowd of hearers immediately collected to hear our discussion. It was my first real trial of strength in controversy, and although a little nervous, I was very well able to meet and answer several futile objections offered by the preachers. They were just returning in a body from a great Protestant Convention in some part of the Eastern States, and their object was to extinguish Popery throughout the length and breadth of the land. After a long continued dispute, my antagonists disappeared one by one, for they found, in my case, it must be rather a difficult task to make a convert, or to present such inducements as should make me desert the ways of the old Church. I soon found, that several of the passengers, who were non-Catholic, but spectators and listeners during the discussion, pressed to congratulate me on the manner in which I had acquitted myself, and in a controversy, which they knew I had not provoked. Probably there

was a chivalrous feeling awakened, as I stood alone, and had to contend against so numerous a band of opponents, whose united efforts were not remarkable for courtesy, discretion, or success. I felt very grateful for the compliments paid to me, by so many strangers; and, I was inspirited, moreover, to hope for future better-sustained conflicts, should it prove my fortune to originate or find them, in a country where priests are specially obliged to render an account of the faith that is in them.

CHAPTER XVII.

Origin of St. Joseph—Erection of its first Church by Reverend Thomas Scanlan—Voyage up the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers—Occupations on the Way—An Arrest—Arrival at St. Joseph.

SOME of the first priests from our seminary had been ordained in 1845, and they were assigned to different missionary stations, throughout the state of Missouri. Among these, the growing town of St. Joseph, on the left bank of the Missouri River, demanded the presence of a resident priest. Joseph Roubidoux, who first visited the place in 1799, as an agent for the American Fur Company, was induced to settle there permanently in 1803. His lonely cabin was erected on that spot, and he was known as a successful trader among the Indians for several years. The whole of that country was then in their possession. A series of cone-shaped hills encircled there a lower plain of several miles in extent, bounded on the west by the turbulent and broad Missouri River, gathered from many confluent streams, which have their rise on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. In course of time, other French and American settlers began to arrive, and these occupied lands in the neighbourhood. In 1836, the Iowa, Sac and Fox Indians ceded what was then known as the Platte Purchase to the United States Government, who transferred that portion of territory procured to the State of Missouri. Foreseeing the prospective growth of the future city of St. Joseph—thus named from his patron—Mr. Roubidoux purchased in perpetuity the lands he had so long occupied, about the year 1843. He then proceeded to lay out a town, which grew into considerable importance; and as such it was chartered by the Missouri State Legislature

in 1845. The year following, the seat of justice was there located, as several good brick houses had been erected, while fine stores and shops were opened, and the population rapidly increased.

Among the most enterprising and intelligent traders in that town, Mr. John Corby, an Irish Catholic and a native of Limerick, had started a successful business house, well stocked with general merchandise, and having large stores for country produce provided for export and import goods. He was then unmarried, and he proposed to maintain a resident priest in his house, until a Catholic Church was built, and a parochial dwelling could be provided. Mr. Roubidoux was willing to grant an eligible site; and accordingly, application having been made to the bishop at St. Louis, the Reverend Thomas Scanlan, a native of Tipperary, was selected to open a mission and there to reside. A small but handsome brick church was soon commenced, and the work of building proceeded very rapidly, while a temporary place of worship was provided in the town. The new pastor was an attached friend of mine in the seminary; he knew that my health had not improved after his ordination in St. Louis; and Mr. Corby had expressed a wish, that I could remove to St. Joseph, which had the repute of being a very healthy location. As the Rev. Thomas Scanlan was obliged to take the steamer for St. Louis to make various arrangements and purchases in connection with his new mission, towards the autumn of 1846, he came to our seminary to visit his former companions; and having found, that I was constantly exposed to attacks of ague, he asked the bishop's permission for my temporary sojourn in St. Joseph, while he engaged that I should there prosecute my Theological studies under his supervision, with a prospect of being soon restored to health. Our kindly prelate, with the approbation of the seminary priests, acquiesced in this arrangement; and accordingly, preparations were made for our long and tortuous navigation of about four hundred miles by water from St. Louis to St. Joseph. Next year it was destined I should complete my studies for the priesthood, and with a few class books and a scanty wardrobe, I felt happy to embark on a fine river steamer, and to see her cleave an upward passage through the broad waters of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.

The boat we selected was the *Amaranth*, and its courteous

captain was named George Atcheson. His wife and children were Catholics; nor would he accept payment from Father Scanlan nor myself, when we appeared at the office on board for that purpose. He told us, it was his invariable custom to carry priests and nuns free, as he knew that they were always bound on some useful mission. When I objected, that I could not pass under either classification, he laughed and said, that it should not be long until I became a priest. We enjoyed much of our generous and agreeable captain's society, while on our watery way: nor was the journey—which lasted fully a week—at all tedious, for at every bend of those magnificent rivers, new and interesting scenes were presented, as we touched at the various rising towns on either bank, to take on or to discharge passengers or freight. It was curious to observe, how our fellow-travellers passed the time each day; some were absorbed in reading, some engaged at cards, others perambulated the saloon and decks, while others seated on chairs at the fore-deck scanned the various objects that came within the range of vision. The peculiarities of our cabin passengers were not less amusing or instructive; some would frequent the refreshment bar at frequent intervals, to indulge a taste for strong or mild drinks, manufactured under a variety of slang names, but known to the initiated by their specialities of flavour; others who were rigid abstainers had ample scope for critical comments on the imbibers; however, only one gentleman on board proved to be an inebriate, and fears were entertained for his safety, as he developed strange symptoms of *delirium tremens*; some passengers were remarkably taciturn and grave, while others were talkative and lively. Under such circumstances, new and agreeable acquaintances and friendships, however temporary, are generally made, while congenial minds tend to conversation and sympathies, natural for the occasion; yet so soon to be dissevered and forgotten, as happens often in our journey through life.

Frequently we had delays along our course, and when the boat stopped to take in or put off freight, we were enabled to land for a short time, and to survey a town or a homestead, while the transfer of firewood from the shore for the furnaces likewise furnished such opportunities. At this time, war between Mexico and the United States had been waging; and not the least interesting exhibition

afforded us was when landing stores for a Missouri contingent of volunteers, not yet fully armed, equipped, or disciplined, but under canvas, at Fort Leavenworth—then in the Indian territory and on the right bank of the Missouri river, but beyond the State bounds. Several hundred young fellows were there assembled, and the arrival of our steamer was an attraction for them to crowd on board, while the passengers were eager to spend some portion of the time inspecting their encampments and occupations, as also the rude preparations made for cooking, washing, and storing provisions. Much enthusiasm for the anticipated march into New Mexico was felt and expressed by the officers and their recruits, as we found on engaging several of the parties in conversation. Drilling and athletic sports seemed to engage most the squads of half-uniformed men and youths there congregated.

At Liberty Landing, in the State of Missouri, we were destined to have an unexpected delay of some hours. It appears the Amaranth had previously come into collision with a flat-bottomed boat belonging to the place, and heavily laden, while on a previous downward passage from St. Joseph. In consequence the boat had sunk. The owner was determined to have an action for damages; and accordingly, when we touched shore, the sheriff of Clay County—of which Liberty was the chief seat—had a strong levy of his baliwick and well armed with rifles, to seize on our vessel. Some of the wild young men on board urged the captain to fight or to cut the cable and escape; but this was expressed more in jest than in earnest, for we had few guns and little spirit of lawlessness on board, to meet the formidable array of backwoodsmen armed against us. Our captain was obliged to go on shore, and to satisfy the decree of court obtained; yet, it involved a necessity of taking a buggy and of driving into Liberty, some few miles inland. There bail or compensation for the loss was secured. Meanwhile an opportunity was afforded the passengers to while away their time, by landing and making short excursions through the adjoining woods. The captain's eldest son, also named George, was an excellent marksman, and rifle in hand, he was successful in shooting some birds and squirrels, which he brought on board as trophies, before the arrival of his father, and the resuming of his trip. Others were equally skilled as sportsmen, and felt a keen relish for this species of exercise.

When fogs prevailed on the river, we were sometimes obliged to lie up for the night, as the channel was uncertain and shifty in its depths and shallows, as also thickly studded with snags and sand banks. Another day's voyage brought us in view of St. Joseph, where we were hailed from the wharf by Mr. Corby, to whom I was introduced, and who then conducted us to his house. We took leave of our generous captain and his son, for nearly all others on board with us had now reached their final destination. When arrived at our new lodging, Father Scanlan and myself were prepared for the course of life we had resolved on. As the days were still warm and the sun bright, our rambles were extended through and around St. Joseph, to make a series of visits, and to become invigorated by active exercise. Sometimes walking and sometimes riding together, especially while engaged on his distant missionary excursions, I soon became acquainted with the people attended by their pastor, and as days passed on I was familiar with those roads that led to their homes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Frontier Scenes—Soc and Iowa Indians—Society of St. Joseph—A Mock Magistrate and his Court—The Denouement.

As in most American frontier towns of new growth—the Indian territory being on the opposite side of the Missouri River to St. Joseph—we had some characteristic scenes and incidents each day and night while I remained there, and which may serve to interest and amuse the reader, as they did the writer, at that period of his sojourn. Business was brisk and lively during the day; the farmers were coming into town or returning homewards in wagons or on horseback, exchanging their country stock and produce from the prairies or woodlands for dry goods, hardware or groceries, procurable at the stores; the Red Men frequently crossed the river in canoes, with their Creole interpreters, to exchange skins and game for blankets, powder and shot, or other articles useful for their wild manner of life; only a few professional men had then settled in the place, but many artisans and labourers were flocking in to build up the town, and to spend their money or to exchange their labour for credit in the shops, as trade was largely carried on by accommodation in kind.

When the business hours were over, with the stores and offices closed for the day, a saturnalia of whim and mirth was usually inaugurated by the young clerks and shopmen, who paraded the streets in a body, sometimes bearing long corn stalks on their shoulders, a pocket-handkerchief floating as a banner from one of those stalks, and an improvised band of discordant instruments playing before their line of march, under the direction of a captain. Tin whistles and horns were blown, kettles and cans were beaten for drums, and nothing could be more comical than their eccentric costumes, colours and evolutions, as a volunteer company. The younger urchins were overjoyed to follow the children of a larger growth, and indeed the staid and older folk could not but feel a sense of humour stirred within them, while witnessing those extravagant antics.

The Platte district, in which St. Joseph is situated, was often invaded, but in a friendly fashion, by the Soc and Iowa Indians, who were not Christians at that time. It was unlawful to sell them any intoxicating liquor, and under a very heavy penalty. I have seen their warrior chiefs, Mas-sour-cut and White Cloud, in 1846 and 1847, while residing at St. Joseph. They then visited this border town, with their tribe of red men, squaws and papouses. These children of the wild woods and prairies usually brought peltries, venison, bear and buffalo meat, with fish and birds of game, to exchange with the merchants for such commodities, as were deemed useful or desirable for their nomadic mode of living. In some cases, they were addicted to thieving, when frequently the shopkeepers and their assistants detected them in the act of hiding fancy articles beneath their blankets. These were usually wrapped over their hunting dress of braided or painted buckskin, interwoven with coloured porcupine quills. Father Scanlan and myself often came down stairs to watch their movements in the shop. I noticed indications of restlessness and covetousness in their glances—which were furtive—when crowding around the counter. I was also surprised at the rapidity and intelligence, with which exchanges in kind were made; for most of the bargaining was transacted by signs, between those sons of the desert and the shop assistants. Mas-sour-cut was reported a great warrior, and he displayed a number of scalps around his neck, as the barbarous trophies of his victories;

Governor over the island, took place during that time I spent at St. Joseph. A German tailor, whose Christian name was Philip, with his wife, carried on a small trade in eggs, butter and vegetables. This poor man was remarkable for his simplicity, industry and frugality. Some of the young townsmen persuaded Philip that he should apply to the Governor of Missouri, to get a commission as magistrate in the town. For the duties of this office they persuaded the poor fellow he could be duly qualified. The lawyer, Loan, and since a distinguished representative of Congress in Washington, undertook the arrangement of preliminaries. Various influential personages in and about town were applied to, in order to have their signatures attached to a memorial on Philip's behalf. The candidate for magisterial honours entered upon the canvas with great eagerness and zeal, having been assured by his friend Loan, that the latter would lend aid, both in settling difficult points of law and in rendering official documents formally valid, as Philip was sadly deficient in English orthoepy or orthography, and still more so in jurisprudence. Thus encouraged, Philip's memorial was duly prepared and numerously signed. Afterwards, it was assumed to have been sent to the governor, then residing at Jefferson City. After the lapse of a sufficient interval, it was again announced, that a large sealed official looking document directed to the simple German's address, had arrived from the seat of government and through the post-office. Loan brought it to Philip with his own hands; the seal was broken, and sure enough, the result more than justified the ambitious tailor's most sanguine expectations. It was a commission written out in a fair hand, authorizing Philip to act as Squire—the American term for magistrate—in the town and vicinity of St. Joseph. Nothing could exceed the pride and joy of the poor German and his wife; even his little children shared in this family enthusiasm. The next thing to be done was to secure an office for the hearing of cases in a central part of the town. Young Jules Roubidoux—always a leader in practical jokes—soon arranged this matter with his father, and one of his untenanted houses was opened for the purpose.

Now it was necessary to get up cases for magisterial adjudication. When the hours of business were over,

and the merchants had closed their stores for the day, Philip and his legal adviser Loan, might be seen arm in arm walking into court. The few attorneys in town followed with a posse of plaintiffs and defendants, besides a large crowd of the general public, to enjoy the forensic scenes about to be enacted. Philip assumed his seat with a grave air, but somewhat with puzzled diffidence in his own judicial lore. On his legal mentor Loan he chiefly relied. But he had not the slightest misgivings regarding the reality of his jurisdiction. It would take more than the wisdom of a Solomon to decide the peculiarly intricate cases, which came before his court. When the plaintiff had made out his statement, and endeavoured to substantiate it by citing witnesses, the defendant and his supporters were equally ready to deny every allegation advanced. What between charges and counter charges, depositions and asseverations, pleadings for and against, the honest-minded magistrate found it a very difficult matter to balance the scales of law and justice. Actions for assault and battery, trespass, recovery of imaginary debts, with books, documents, and I.O.U.'s produced, contracts and engagements broken or unfulfilled, soon involved Philip in a round of decisions from which appeals were occasionally taken. It was quite amusing to witness the bewildered magistrate's earnest desire to discharge his duties faithfully towards all litigants, and sometimes to moderate the ardour and intemperate language of their respective advocates.

"Meisther Loan," he would inquiringly interpose, "how you tink de lawsh sthant in dish cashe for shust shugment?" "The defendant is clearly guilty on evidence," the lawyer would reply. "Den I imposh a vera moush fine. Defendant, you pay town twenty tollars, an' you take cautions not to be so unshoust to plaintiff nexht timsh."

The money was transferred with apparent chagrin and murmurs by the defendant. It was received with equally apparent pleasure and eagerness by the plaintiff. The magistrate's fee was usually paid by either party.

Philip found it a matter of some difficulty to procure "silence in court," for it was invariably crowded with the most boisterous and disorderly characters about town. Loan, however, told the magistrate, that the law empowered him to impose a fine on every disturber present,

who might in the least degree offend against propriety. These penalties were occasionally enforced, and the money was handed to the assessor, Loan, who always told Philip it must be paid into the State Treasury.

One day, old Mr. Roubidoux walked into the office without removing his hat. Loan called the magistrate's attention to this want of common courtesy.

"Meisther Roupidoux, take off your haat, sir," sharply and imperatively cried the offended dignitary. "No," returned the individual addressed, "the law does not oblige me." "Meisther Roupidoux, you are oblisht by de lawsh; you tinksh you knows de lawsh petther dan Meisther Loan an' meeself, but I'll fine you a tollar only dish first timsh. I don't favour de rish man more dan de poor, Meisther Roupidoux."

The dollar was accordingly paid; and thus for nearly two weeks, the greatest possible amusement was afforded the townspeople, and with a recurrence of nearly similar incidents. Philip and the members of his own immediate family were the only persons in St. Joseph, who were unenlightened as to the hoax played upon him. At the close of each day, crowds clamoured for admission around the doors of the office, where this most amusing comedy was being enacted.

At length, Philip awoke to a sense of his ridiculous position, owing to the following incident. A young couple appeared before the squire to contract a matrimonial engagement. The bride was personated by a handsome young boy, dressed in female apparel, a number of curled ringlets falling in profusion over his face. The magistrate, as in duty bound, was about to receive their consent in the usual form, when suddenly an infuriated stranger burst in through the crowd, with a pistol presented, and swearing vociferously at the same time, that he would blow the contents through Philip's brains. "As father of the bride, I forbid the banns," he cried in the most excited and threatening manner. The terrified magistrate at once vacated the bench, and sought shelter behind his friend Loan. Trembling in every limb, he endeavoured in broken English, to appease the wrath of that offended parent. The latter, however, seemed implacable, and vowed he would shoot the magistrate, who presumed to marry a young girl without her father's consent. He endeavoured, meantime, to suit his action

to the word, throwing Philip's guardians aside with furious actions and gesture. "Shentilmens, vor Got's love, shave me," roared the agonised squire; "let ter pe nein murders here. Oh, Got's above, shave me, Shentilmens, shave me!" Nothing but confusion reigned around for a considerable time, until at length the bride's bonnet and curls were torn off in this disorderly *melée*; and although poor Philip's faculties were almost disordered with the apprehension of his own imminent danger, he at once recognised the well known head and features of a shop boy, who vainly endeavoured to escape identification. The dream of Philip's magisterial importance soon vanished. He escaped in great confusion from the office, followed to his own house by noisy and disorderly crowds, on whom he in turn poured out the vials of his wrath and vexation in no measured terms.

Soon after this *denouement*, it was deemed only fair to make some compensation to the simple ex-justice for his loss of time and business, during the interval he had devoted to public requirements. Accordingly, the wags, who had so cruelly hoaxed him, organized a subscription for his benefit, and a liberal collection was the result. However mortifying to the poor German's vanity, this substantial aid afforded him came not amiss. By energy, industry and perseverance, Philip afterwards acquired a little property of his own, but he always felt very sore whenever allusion was made in his hearing to the former exercise of his legal functions.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Mormons in Missouri—Colonel Hall and the St. Joseph Expedition—Its ludicrous Character and Results—Arrival of the Mormons in St. Joseph—Interviews and Controversies with their Pastors—Their Sentiments regarding the Irish and American Catholics—First Acquaintance in the United States with the Mormons.

SOME years before this period, the renowned sect of the Mormons had attempted to establish a footing in north-western Missouri; and about the year 1827, under their founder and prophet, Joseph Smith, they removed from the State of Ohio, to select a site for their city and temple of Sion, near the present town of Independence in Jackson County. Already had they commenced building, and great numbers flocked thither, until about the year 1831,

or later, when the other residents in that neighbourhood rose in arms and drove them away, on account of the antipathy borne towards what they conceived to be a hypocritical and a visionary creed of impostors. Whereupon, the sectaries and their preachers were chased beyond the Missouri river, where they encamped at first in Clay County, and afterwards they left for Caldwell County. There they settled in 1835. Everywhere pursued with popular indignation west of Grand River, in January 1838, Joe Smith hoped to establish his colony at a place called Far West, but again he became embroiled with the outsiders of his sect. The following October, a popular rising took place; the newly founded city of Far West was sacked; several of the Mormons were killed, and the rest were scattered before the storm. However, the prophet contrived to escape with many of his followers; and they fled, under great privations and hardships to the State of Illinois, where they received a hospitable and a kindly reception, owing to a belief very generally entertained, that unjust mob prejudices caused them to be injuriously persecuted. There they arrived in April 1839, and soon they commenced erecting the great city and temple of Nauvoo, on the east bank of the Mississippi River. Notwithstanding favourable attempts at first to extend their colony in that quarter, fatality pursued them; and, during the month of June, 1844, popular tumults were excited, while the Governor of Illinois, at the head of a militia regiment, came to Carthage, in order to regulate matters in the interests of peace. The legion of Nauvoo was obliged to surrender its arms, Joseph Smith and Hiram his brother, John Taylor and Richards were committed to prison in Carthage, pending a trial. On the 27th of June, a furious and an armed mob surrounded the prison, overpowered the guards, and in fine, the gates were torn open, and the prisoners pierced with bullets fell before their assailants. Again were the Mormons dispersed, and strangers succeeded them in the possession of Nauvoo.

The foregoing account may serve to elucidate the following amusing incident. While at St. Joseph, I made the acquaintance of an interesting specimen of a tavern-bar practitioner whom the Americans designate "a loafer," but who then went by the name of Colonel Hall, owing to the following circumstance. When the Mormon

disturbances commenced, in that part of Missouri where they settled, some thirty or forty miles distant from St. Joseph, the young and middle-aged men of this growing town and neighbourhood resolved on having "a lark" with Hall, who, while frequenting the liquor shops, was known to inveigh bitterly against the Mormons. These sectaries had then considerably excited popular Missourian prejudice against them. A false rumour was prepared, and studiously impressed on the mind of Hall. A meeting, accordingly, was specially convened in St. Joseph, where Hall was called upon to preside. He opened the proceedings with a suggested statement, to which he gave ready credence, that the followers of Joe Smith were horse-stealers, cattle-raiders, and plunderers; that they had already taken up arms to invade the district beyond St. Joseph, and that they were actually marching in force on the town. Then he was prepared to receive resolutions fiercely worded, and which called for instant action. Strong speeches and denunciations followed, while excitement at the meeting seemed to reach its highest pitch.

At once a volunteer company consisting of some hundreds was then formed, and officers were chosen, the title of colonel and commander-in-chief being conferred by acclamation on Hall. Now, although valourous as Ancient Pistol in boasting, it was generally known that their leader was an arrant coward, while rendered excessively vain by his new distinction. However, he was persuaded that his regiment should only have a holiday campaign and a triumphant victory, when their foemen were reached. A council of war was then called, and a surprise was resolved on, it being reported that the Mormon forces were few in number, and likely to retreat when the boys of St. Joseph came upon them. The newly appointed colonel was greatly elated, as his men procured ammunition and provisions, seized their rifles, and fell into ranks. While marching onward in the Mormon direction, the cheers of older men, women and children were heard ringing in the ears of their brave defenders.

Precautions were advocated, however, in the council of war, and accordingly scouts were despatched on horseback in advance. When the regiment had marched a considerable distance beyond St. Joseph in the direction advised, some horsemen galloped back in apparent alarm, telling

the colonel and his subaltern officers, that the Mormons were advancing with a large army, and that a battle really impended. His aids instantly suggested, that the colonel should order his regiment to halt, until his military council might determine what was best to be done under the alarming circumstances. By no means unwilling to comply with so prudent a counsel, Hall's countenance was observed to be clouded, and his motions were nervous, while he cast uneasy glances from time to time towards the quarter that threatened most danger. Still there seemed to be nothing but the open prairie before him.

Reconnoiterers were once more despatched, and these were recommended to advance with caution to ascertain the exact position of their enemy. At that council of war, all the exposed conditions of their force were dwelt upon, and the numbers of their foes were feared as being excessive. Some advised a retreat in good order, and the colonel was greatly inclined to favour their opinion; while other daring young men declared, that were the Mormons numerous as the army of Xerxes, still should they courageously press on, and heroically accept the wager of battle. Soon again did the scouts return with news, that the enemy was in full retreat, and not so formidable in number as they appeared at first view. It was then stated, they must have found that Colonel Hall's forces were too imposing, and that they deemed discretion the better part of valour. Even the colonel was now encouraged to order a pursuit of the enemy not yet in sight.

A bend of the woods was soon reached, and extending out in a long line from them over the prairies appeared intersecting dark objects, which caused a repetition of the alarm. These were the overlapping stakes of a farmer's fence-rails. Back rushed the scouts with the report, that those upright figures were men in battle array. Another council of war was held, and the officers advised, according to the approved military practice in such cases, to halt the main force, and to send forward several skirmishers. As commander-in-chief, on whom so much responsibility devolved, Colonel Hall was recommended to remain securely in the rear, and as the battle was more or less vigorously contested, to send forward occasional reinforcements, when messengers might arrive,

to indicate the chief points of attack and defence. Nothing loath, the prudent commander assented to that course, giving order for the vanguard division to advance. A vigorous shout was raised by the skirmishers, as they rushed on; but, keeping well to the skirt of the wood, some contrived to advance before others and soon reached the fence rails—for such they were—that stretched out into the prairie. Firing then became pretty general, and the front ranks were enveloped in smoke, from which an occasional aide-de-camp made his way to their commander's station to ask for reinforcements.

So obstinate proved the struggle, that after some time, Hall found his supporters beside him reduced to a corporal's guard; and he manifested great anxiety about the issue of the fight, fearing that his regiment in front should be annihilated. At last he was told, by a returned aide, that a final charge was to be made, although his soldiers had no bayonets; but they were resolved to punch at the enemy with the muzzles of their rifles, and thus decide the fortunes of the day. "Not a single man can be spared, colonel, for this charge," cried the flurried and excited messenger. "Hurry up to the front, and cheer on the boys with your presence!" Colonel Hall trembled all over, but ventured to remark, he thought the men should be called off, so that all might retreat in good order to St. Joseph, as the Mormons were determined villains who would not give way. "Why d—n it, colonel," retorted the messenger, "before we get back half a mile from this spot, the fellows would surround and massacre us all. Come on, man, and fight like a soldier, or you shall perish where you now stand." With a slow movement, the colonel advanced in a state of puzzled uncertainty, his guard outstripping him by a long distance, until all were wrapped round in the smoke of battle. Then shouts were raised to cease firing, to charge the enemy, and to give no quarter. When the war-clouds began to lift from the field, a brave rush was made by the St. Joseph volunteers; and with the muzzles of their rifles crashing against the fence-rails, all further obstruction was at an end.

The colonel was then informed, with the mock seriousness demanded by the occasion, that the fight was over, that the enemy had been forced to fly for refuge into the woods, and

that nothing remained but to level the barricades, behind which they had taken their previous stand. "Were many of the Mormons killed and wounded in the battle?" demanded Hall. "Plenty, but they carried off their dead bodies from the field," was the reply; "and now that the fight is over, is it not time to liquor, colonel, and let the boys make their way home?" To a proposition always so grateful to their commandant, he readily assented; but, on the march homewards, various jokes and innuendoes conveyed the idea, that the Mormons were absent from the field of action, that his ready credulity had been too grossly practised on, and thenceforward, that his military title and career must prove a topic for merriment and ridicule among the citizens of St. Joseph. Notwithstanding, he was good humoured, if subdued in tone and temper, whenever allusions were made to the Mormons, against whom he entertained a settled rancour; and when the town was invaded by these sectaries, it was quite evident he bore them a grudge. However, he laboured more by indirect insinuations than by open denunciations, to prejudice the residents against them.

During that winter of 1846-47, the Mormons had resolved on collecting their scattered members to build up their tabernacle, in the far distant territories of the United States; and as St. Joseph offered a good point for departure across the plains, when the spring grass began to appear, their preachers and leaders ventured once more to face the hostile Missourians on the way to their destination. Accordingly, on the plain below St. Joseph, a considerable number of men, women, and children were encamped, with horses, horned cattle and covered wagons, intended for the overland journey leading towards the Rocky Mountains. It was a pitiable sight to witness and hear of the poverty and privation to which they had been subjected, after their dispersion in Illinois; nor could one help admiring the courage and fortitude, with which their misfortunes were borne, while yet they hoped for a goal of rest. Whenever they visited St. Joseph in groups or as individuals, the townspeople for the most part shunned and scowled contemptuously on them. However, they soon learned, that in Mr. Corby's store their wants might be supplied at a fair rate of dealing, and they expended considerable sums of

money from the public purse, which their preachers appeared to control. Furthermore, when the short winter evenings came on, some of the best educated and most intelligent of their socialistic community were welcomed to our circle around the stove. There we learned much concerning their peculiar tenets, their mode of living, their recent adventures, and their projects for the future regulation of their career.

One of the Mormon preachers lent me the Book of Mormon—the pretended patriarch of America in their curious system—and I merely glanced through this forgery of Joe Smith, to be amused with its tissues of absurdities and inventions. It was pretended, that this book had been inspired, that it contained the history of the lost tribes of Israel in America, and that it was of equal authority with the books of the Old and the New Testament. Many a pleasant and friendly controversy had Father Scanlan and myself with the preachers. These were all ready to acknowledge, that the Catholic Church was the Church established by Christ, and if it had not been defiled by after corruptions, there should have been no necessity for a new revelation; while all the Protestant sects in their estimation were beneath contempt, and had no authority or mission from God. I recollect a great point made by them was to assert, that their sect alone in the world carried out the Church government of Christ, as stated by St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians: "And some, indeed, he gave to be apostles, and some prophets, and others evangelists, and others pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, unto the edification of the body of Christ," etc. chap. iv., verses 11, 12. All of the foregoing orders, those Mormons claimed to possess, and they were not a little surprised to learn, that the Catholic Church was able to prove her literal possession of such agents in all countries and in all ages wherever her sway extended. At this time, there had been no revelation regarding the doctrine of polygamy; but, their creed was a strange admixture of lies and truths, of errors and moralities, very ingeniously framed, yet containing many glaring inconsistencies. At the time, I was able to distinguish the leading Mormons by their respective names, which I have now totally forgotten; but, several of the preachers and pastors were men of keen intellect

and of resolute character, apparently convinced on all the requirements of their creed, and labouring with great zeal and ability to discharge the trusts assumed for their simple-minded dupes.

One piece of information I was pleased to learn on their authority, that during the times of persecution, Irish and American Catholics were held to be innocent of participation in the popular tumults, that assailed and scattered their community. Nay more; I had been made aware of the fact already, that during the life-time of their prophet Joe Smith, Catholic bishops and priests were courteously received and hospitably entertained by him, whenever they had occasion to visit his growing city of Nauvoo; and they often spoke in praise of his personal kindness and generosity. I shall communicate another matter, which chiefly concerned their after fortunes. When they found Father Scanlan, Mr. Corby and myself alone in the store, they revealed unreservedly some of their council secrets; and, at that period, they were quite undetermined, as to whether they should settle within the territories of the United States, having previously received no protection as citizens of the Republic, or should adventure in the wilds of British North America, where they might divest themselves of all allegiance to their home government, and become British subjects. We understood, too, that the contingent, which now reached St. Joseph, was only the advanced guard of explorers, and that when they should have determined upon the unknown site of their future settlement, thousands of Mormons were expected to arrive there, and to build up with their practised energy a city and a temple like to those Jews of old, after their dispersion among the Gentiles. This resolve has since been accomplished, and it is probable some of my former acquaintances are still living in Salt Lake City, where the celebrated Brigham Young became their patriarch, prophet and ruler, as also the promulgator of a newer revelation, including the institution of polygamy.

This, however, was not my first contact with the Mormons, about whose vicissitudes in Missouri and Illinois I had been apprised by the newspapers in Ireland, before I landed in 1842, on the shore of the United States. My impressions were then grounded on imperfect information, and I had not learned to regard the Mormons in a favourable light. When I had taken passage by the canal boat,

plying on the Susquehanna and Connemagh Rivers between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and which by an ingenious invention of two Irish engineers, Messrs. Taaffe and O'Connor the patentees, had been transported in sections over the Alleghany Mountains by means of traction engines; to my horror, I found I had few but Mormons as fellow passengers on board, and under the direction of Pastor Whipple making their way westward to Nauvoo city. However, a Northern Irish Presbyterian emigrant was my companion most of the way, and he too shared my dislike and fear, in being associated with the Mormons, even for the shortest possible time. At first, we entertained great distrust about their honesty, and we took the captain and his boatmen into our confidence, the better to secure their protection, as we could not afford to forfeit our paid passages. Soon, however, we had made the acquaintance of Pastor Whipple, and received from him an expose of the Mormon doctrines. While slowly wending our way, through some of the most romantic and enchanting scenery in the world—that of Pennsylvania—we beguiled the time occasionally with discussions, which the pastor engaged in with great insistence, yet in a manner calculated to mystify but not enlighten the Presbyterian and myself. The other Mormons, men, women and children, were usually mute but interested listeners, and all seemed to me to be honest, well-meaning and decent persons, enthusiastically devoted to their leader and to his teaching. He preached to them each day, once or twice; nor could the Presbyterian or myself avoid being amused listeners, although we were not proselytes. At Pittsburg all parted company, and we wished the Mormons a further prosperous journey.

CHAPTER XX.

The French Trapper and Interpreter, Justin Gros Claude—Life at St. Joseph—Visits and Excursions—Arrival of the celebrated Indian Jesuit Missionary, Father De Smet, at St. Joseph, on his Return from the Rocky Mountains.

AMONG the French trappers and interpreters that came from the Rocky Mountains to St. Joseph, I happened to meet one highly intelligent Creole adventurer, named Justin Gros Claude. For twenty-six years he had lived among the Crow Indians, and had shared all the vicissitudes

of their tribe, during that lengthened period. I noted the 7th November, 1846, as that day on which I made his acquaintance, and learned from his conversation many curious particulars of Indian life and manners, with several of his own wild excursions and feats, while traversing the Rocky Mountain Ranges. He informed me, likewise, he had kept a journal of his most extraordinary adventures, interspersed with many original observations.

During my residence at St. Joseph, I applied very sedulously to the study of dogmatic and moral theology ; while I still remember with gratitude and affection the great kindness of Father Scanlan, who once or twice a day gave me a considerable portion of his time to hear my apportioned lessons, to propose and resolve difficulties, and in every manner to prepare me for a call to the higher orders, which I had not then received, but which I was expecting to qualify for the ensuing Pentecost. In return, the best I could do was to assist him in his missionary labours, and on Sundays, by serving his Masses, and by catechising the few Catholic children St. Joseph then had, I was delighted, to render some aid. Moreover, I had the very agreeable task committed to me at intervals, by instructing some good residents of the town, in the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church ; and these afterwards became converts, having received the graces of Baptism. Soon they were zealous members of the flock, and our very particular friends ; for, at that time in St. Joseph, if Father Scanlan's congregation was small, the individuals composing it were of good social position, very respectable, and very moral, as also personally highly popular with the non-Catholic portion of its residents. Many long years have elapsed since Father Scanlan the pioneer pastor of St. Joseph has gone to his eternal reward ; but, never was a young priest more respected and loved than he, while the private house then temporarily occupied by his flock was frequented also by Protestants on Sundays, to hear a plain but a very instructive discourse. Such was the mustard seed as sown, in the first instance ; soon it grew up to be a flourishing tree, and with the subsequent growth of St. Joseph, on September 13, 1868, the Right Reverend John Joseph Hogan was consecrated as its first bishop.

No scholastic restraint was then imposed on me, and I had frequent invitations to share the hospitality and to

make frequent visits to Catholic families living in the neighbourhood. With the good pastor of St. Joseph, I took some few rides in different directions through this district, while he was obliged to discharge missionary duties for scattered members of his flock. The One Hundred and Two River and English Grove Settlement, where a Jesuit father formerly erected a small log church, had a few Catholic families, chiefly German, as residents. The town of Weston, favourably situated on the Missouri River's left bank, was then a place of some importance, and pastoral visits were extended there, as some German, Irish and American Catholics formed a small congregation. The northern part of the Platte district was beautifully diversified by woods, streams and extensive prairies; the southern portion was more uneven, and for the most part thickly wooded. Wild plum, cherry, mulberry, and hickory trees abounded. These lands were well suited for agriculture, herds or flocks, and they were capable of yielding large returns to the industrious husbandman.

As I had learned to ride in Ireland, and was fond of the exercise, I was never at a loss for the loan of a good riding-horse from the Catholic farmers living near the town; so that I need scarcely say, I felt a rapture of delight, when mounted for a long day's journey, and for an invigorating although sometimes fatiguing ride. Happily after my removal to St. Joseph, my fever and ague disappeared; I soon began to revive in health and spirits; I was full of resolution and inclination to employ my time in the best possible way, so far as studies were regarded, while my friends as well as myself deemed that considerable relaxation might not be an advantage rather than a disadvantage to a constitution lately rendered weakly owing to a pretty constant illness.

I recollect on one of those occasions, I happened to spend a day and night with an excellent Catholic Irish-American farmer named Rodgers, whose house and farm were not far from St. Joseph. On my return the next day, Father Scanlan informed me that he was most agreeably surprised by the arrival of the celebrated Jesuit Indian missionary, Father De Smet, who had descended the upper waters of the Missouri, attended by some of his Indian converts in a canoe, until he had reached Council Bluffs, where he had taken a steamer for St. Louis. On the downward passage, a brief delay was made at St.

Joseph, to take in passengers and lading. Learning that a Catholic priest had been stationed at St. Joseph, and having some friends and acquaintances there, Father De Smet landed, visited Father Scanlan and his other friends, to whom he gave a brief but glowing account of those providential successes attending his labours, and which must ever in after time be inscribed on the brightest historic pages of the Universal Church. Time did not admit of a lengthened stay, and after a short interval, he was obliged to seek the steamer. How greatly disappointed I felt, in not having the opportunity of seeing and hearing that illustrious missionary, I need hardly recount: for, I was told his appearance was fresh and comely, that he was in the full vigour of his mental and bodily faculties, while his manner and address were such as to render him engaging and delightful even on a first recognition.

A few years later, however, I had the great happiness of becoming acquainted with that courageous, holy, and self-denying man in the city of St. Louis. I met him frequently at the University College, where the Jesuits had their residence, as also at the social gatherings of our priests; and soon, our acquaintance warmed into a friendship of the most endearing character, and continued to the latest period of his edifying and valuable life. Many were the interesting anecdotes he told me about the Indians—their manners and customs, which it should fill a volume to relate. Even after my departure from that country, where we spent so many years, as being Procurator General of the Jesuits and United States Agent for the Red Men of the Rocky Mountains, Father de Smet made three distinct visits to the European continent. He then took Ireland on his way, because he had been charged with important duties and commissions for the Irish branch of his Order. Always I was privileged to receive and sometimes to entertain him for an evening, when we travelled back in memory and conversation to old associations and to absent friends. The last of those occasions was when he visited Dublin in December, 1871, and he was then in quest of Irish novices, to be trained for the work of the Indian missions. Already he had published in the United States some beautifully descriptive accounts of his glorious missionary career, and most interesting anecdotes of his

own adventures; but, he then assured me, he had additional important reports to make, and which he hoped, on his return to America, to embody in a series of published volumes. He promised I should have them sent to me as a present and as a pledge of our friendship. I urged him to set at work, and to send them without delay for publication, for I could well perceive his health had given way after life-long labours and anxieties, and I feared he should not be spared long to complete them. Many years have now elapsed since Father De Smet, in company with the Most Reverend John Hughes, Archbishop of New York, and at the special request of Daniel O'Connell, sat in the well-known triumphal car, which was used to convey him to the monster Repeal meeting at Donnybrook.

Father De Smet took leave of me for the last time, as he stated, and with evident emotion; nor could I divest myself of the reflection and conviction, that his anticipation must have proved true. He did not survive for any lengthened period, afterwards, and he did not fulfil his promise to send me his meditated publication. It is to be hoped, his papers have been preserved in St. Louis, and that they shall yet see the light; but, I have heard nothing since regarding them. His return to the United States, at that time, was the fourteenth or fifteenth voyage he had made across the Atlantic, and chiefly on business connected with the spiritual interests of his beloved Red Men, who affectionately called him the Black Gown, and the Good Father, who spoke to the Great Spirit for his Indian children.

CHAPTER XXI.

The O'Toole Family—A Discussion on Slavery—Journey to Independence—Hospitably received by a Deist Host—Crossing the Missouri River to Kansas—A visit to the Davy Family at Independence—Return to St. Joseph—Incidents of Life there—Departure from St. Joseph for St. Louis, in May 1847—Mr. John Corby, the Originator of Railways through Missouri—The Pelicans.

DURING the time I remained in north-western Missouri, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of an old Irish settler and a widower, Mr. James O'Toole, who had purchased a fine farm, on which lived his son—also named James—and his wife, both natives of Missouri.

The latter had several young children. On more than one occasion, I visited this excellent and agreeable family, and as old Mr. O'Toole had arranged a journey to Independence on the southern side of the Missouri River, he proposed that I should accompany him. Besides being a man of uncommon intelligence and abounding in native wit, he had traversed the State of Missouri, in all directions during his earlier life, and following his avocations as a travelling pedlar, he had realized a competency, which enabled him to settle down in comfort for the remainder of his days. He was a zealous Catholic, and extremely well read in books on religious controversy; so that wherever he stayed, even for a single night, he was almost sure to dilate on topics, which presented newer lights respecting the Catholic Church, than most of his Protestant hosts had previously entertained. In fact, he had established for himself the character of a lay missionary, and his instructions were for many the first seeds of faith, which afterwards effected their entire conversion.

I was sure to have a few days of enjoyment and not a few fatiguing rides before our return. It was winter time, and the cold was pretty severe, while the roads were hard with frost. Before setting out, I accompanied Mr. James O'Toole, jun., to a neighbouring forge, so that our horses might be newly shod, and have frost-nails well fastened to their shoes. I well recollect, the forge was kept by a highly intelligent Yankee, who had settled on a farm there, only a few years before, while he plied a good trade at the anvil, assisted by two stout young sons. This blacksmith and farmer had the moral courage to avow himself an abolitionist in a slave state, such as Missouri then was; and, I felt greatly interested and delighted, with the progress of a discussion between himself and my companion on the subject. "Mr. O'Toole," said the blacksmith, "this State of Missouri should be a fine one to live in, but that it is ruined in its resources owing to the misfortune of having slaves to work instead of free labour to develop it; and all the more, while there is an insufficient number of negroes to aid farmers and manufacturers in their operations, there are quite too many to allow white labourers to settle among us, and so it shall always be kept in a backward condition." Knowing well the pro-slavery feelings and

prepossessions of my friend, I was amused beyond measure to hear his incoherent and heated defence of the institution, which was sure to fail before the Yankee's unanswerable arguments. "But," interjected the slave owner, Mr. O'Toole, "it is for us a necessary evil." "Unless we desire to make it so," retorted the Yankee, "it need not be; and I hold, that there can be no such thing in reason as a necessary evil if we are willing and able to abolish it." "Why," replied my friend, "slavery was introduced by the English and Dutch colonists, before the War of Independence, and as the Constitution of Missouri has been framed by southern men and influences, we must take things as we now find them." "Do you not know, Mr. O'Toole," returned the Yankee, "that we had little regard for English rule and laws when the war of independence was over; since one by one the Eastern and Middle States got rid of slavery, in accordance with the original declaration, 'that all men were created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Now could not Missouri undo the evil she has done, and thus benefit the entire state by drawing energetic white settlers here as immigrants?"

As I had been a cordial hater of slavery under every shape and guise, I quite enjoyed my friend's discomfiture, and professed my convictions to be guided by the force of his opponent's arguments. I parted from the liberty-loving blacksmith with a warm shake of the hand, hoping that his sentiments and principles should one day prevail. Fortunately, similar opinions are now all prevalent, not alone in the State of Missouri, but in all the former slave states of the Union.

When ready for the start, our route lay for the most part through the woods and onward in the direction of the Missouri River. For myself, the wild forest scenery had always an attraction. Old Mr. O'Toole beguiled the way with funny anecdotes of his boyhood spent in Ireland, and of his adventures in the United States, especially through the State of Missouri, while his theological lore was placed under contribution, particularly in the polemic line, and in a manner to show that he had all the leading Scripture texts at his fingers' ends, with chapter and verse to correspond in quotation.

What interested me still more was the multifarious acquaintance he had along our course, and the cordiality with which he was greeted by the backwoodsmen, at whose houses he had so frequently called in bygone years. He was well known to be a character in his way, and a very amusing exclamation of one among these friends on seeing him was thus laughingly expressed: "Bless my soul, Mr. O'Toole, I thought you had been in Purgatory long ago, but I am delighted to find you are still alive and well." "I tell you what," rejoined the ready-witted senior, "I might go farther and speed worse." Although this was a reply attributed to Father O'Leary, under nearly similar circumstances, yet it tickled immensely the backwoodsman's fancy, for he deemed it to be an original sally of the old man.

That my companion was popular I could well perceive; for with that hospitable spirit, then so universal among the early settlers of Missouri, we were repeatedly invited to alight and have refreshment, while our horses were well fed and tended during our occasional rest. Among other places along our road, I recollect we spent one night with a Mr. Campbell, who had attached to his farm a hotel, known as the White House, for the accommodation of travellers. He was a very particular friend of Mr. O'Toole, and after a long day's ride we alighted towards evening at that hostelry, where as usual my travelling companion was most kindly greeted by the family, and I was introduced to them. Our rooms were provided for the night, and soon we found ourselves on terms of friendly intimacy with all the inmates of that house.

Our host was a man of very considerable intelligence and full of humour; but, I had previously learned from Mr. O'Toole, that he professed no religion, and I soon felt convinced that one of our chief reasons for resting there was, that the old man might open the fire of polemical argument against Mr. Campbell's infidelity, for such indeed it might well be called. After supper—I forget indeed who introduced the controversy—Mr. Campbell announced himself a Deist, and a denier of all Revealed Religion. I soon found that Mr. O'Toole, with all his natural intelligence and theological reading, was not a match for his opponent, who questioned the authority of the Bible. Thus, at one fell swoop he disposed of my friend's armoury of texts and quotations. Unfortunately,

a cheap edition of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" had been largely circulated throughout the United States before that time, and it had tended to confirm in unbelief or it had unsettled the religious opinions of many persons. I was now obliged to take a leading part in the discussion with Mr. Campbell, and to endeavour, by entering on the arguments demonstrating the possibility and reasonableness of Divine Revelation, to convince him that his objections were founded on misconception and want of real information, while the historical character, authority and sacred teaching, in the books of the Old and New Testaments, were calculated to satisfy the highest intelligence and to promote the most perfect system of morality humanity had ever learned. The life of Christ and the founding of His Church were topics on which we dwelt, and the controversy was prolonged to a rather late hour before we retired to rest. Our host was a very agreeable and, I believe, honourable man, notwithstanding his infidel proclivities; but, I greatly regretted that his fine-looking children, consisting of grown sons and daughters, should be brought up under such parental influences. When we took leave of Mr. Campbell next day, he very courteously refused to accept any payment for our accommodation and entertainment at his hotel, while he even expressed a desire that we should again return and make his house our home.

Having reached that point of the river for crossing, and where an Irishman named Morrissy had a charter for plying his ferry-boat, our horses and ourselves went on board. While waiting our boatman's convenience to start, we held some conversation with him; and Mr. O'Toole, knowing his character for exaggeration and his volubility of speech, drew him out into some boasting expressions and stories, which amused us not a little, because we conceived them hardly credible, although told apparently in good faith. After heartily indulging in laughter at the poor man's expense, my friend cried out in a vein of ironical good humour: "Oh, for God's sake, Mr. Morrissy, don't spin such yarns while we are crossing the river, or you'll raise the wind and carry us down with the current." We landed near the present site of Kansas City, in Jackson County, and then only a small town, chiefly inhabited by French Creoles and a few Germans. There the Reverend Bernard Donnelly had been lately

stationed, and as he was a fellow-student at the seminary, we received from him a kindly welcome and remained at his house over night.

This place was then a border town at the junction of the Kansas with the Missouri River. Beyond the former, which gives name to the present State of Kansas, only the wild Indian territory then extended. Along the river banks stretched a low chain of rugged limestone rocks, and loosely on the rocks were to be seen most curious petrified specimens of shells, in almost endless variety and of various sizes. These I examined with great interest in the morning, and before starting on our ride to Independence, whither Father Donnelly accompanied us. Our way was through a beautifully wooded region, even then well opened and covered with farmsteads, for that county had taken a start in improvements. We passed through a large glade of several hundred feet in breadth and extending for some miles in length. There all the forest trees had been uprooted or broken some few years before, owing to one of those fierce tornado storms, which are so frequent throughout the United States. The site of the former Mormon settlement we saw likewise, while several of the primitive log cabins, erected by the Prophet Joe Smith, were then in a state of wreck and decay.

One of the leading merchants and property holders of Independence was an elderly gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Davy, and who had settled there soon after the town had been laid out in 1824. With him Mr. O'Toole had some business arrangements to make, and for two or three days we were his guests. Mr. Davy was a fervent Catholic, and universally esteemed for his integrity and capacity in all his mercantile pursuits; he was also a generous benefactor of the Catholic Church, which he had been mainly instrumental in building there, and it was under the pastoral care of Reverend Bernard Donnelly. Being a widower, his household arrangements were in charge of a coloured woman, a faithful servant of a respectable character; and who, from having been a born slave in his family, obtained her freedom through the bounty of her master. As was usual in Missouri, the religion of masters or mistresses mostly indicated that followed by the slaves; or when the heads of families belonged to no particular religious denomination, the

negroes were generally Methodists, the singing of hymns and the excitement of camp meetings having a special attraction for them. Most usually, however, their moral training was altogether neglected.

The worthy merchant, Mr. Davy, lived in a style of ease and comfort, which the appointments of his fine business house sufficiently indicated. He had a family of sons and daughters, some of whom were at home, while others had been placed in Catholic colleges and convent-schools for the benefit of their education. While there, nothing could exceed the kindness and courtesy of our host and of his agreeable family. For myself, it was a holiday-time, nor did I care to hasten my friend Mr. O'Toole's arrangements for departure. The son of Mr. Davy, named Allan, soon introduced me to many of the townspeople; while, being a high-spirited and an adventurous youth, his thoughts were bent on raising a local volunteer company for the Mexican War then progressing. This meant sacrificing his commercial—or as I believe his legal professional—prospects and studies for a long time. I endeavoured to dissuade him from a course to which his father and family were opposed, but he seemed bent on following the troops already engaged, and under the command of General Fremont. I had some pleasant rides and conversations with that very agreeable and intelligent young gentleman, through the fine district of country around Independence; yet I know not if his military project miscarried, after my taking leave of him and starting homeward on our return journey. The last day's ride was a fatiguing one, as the frost was intense, and it hardened into ice the rudely-constructed unmacadamised roads, cut up into uneven surfaces by the traces of waggons and horses. There was danger every moment of our animals stumbling, if we did not proceed slowly and with caution. It was near midnight when we arrived, very weary and benumbed with cold. On rising at a late hour next morning, while the veteran Mr. O'Toole seemed nothing the worse after his journey, I found myself stiffened all over with rheumatism; while that first attack left its impress on my recollections, and an undesirable inheritance, which no after time or treatment was able wholly to eradicate.

So wore on the winter and the spring of 1847, while I

had opportunities for hearing many strange adventures of the early settlers in the Platte district, during the evenings often devoted to social converse. One incident, as I recollect, was the defence of a log-house near St. Joseph against the Indians, by a brave Creole squatter and his sons, whom I well knew. The marauders had attempted to burn the cabin over their heads, and some of the Indians were shot during the attack, which was prolonged until succour arrived, and the Red Men were beaten out of the settlement. While winter lasted, the Missouri River was frozen over at one time, so that numbers of wolves crossed it from the Indian territory, and destroyed several sheep on the farms around St. Joseph. The hunting to death of those wild animals afforded employment and pleasure to all the young men, who were eager with dogs and rifles to exterminate the intruders.

Lawlessness and deeds of rapine were rife in that district during the early times. Our friend, Jules Roubidoux, related one evening, and with evident glee, a narrative in which he was concerned with many other men. It appears a gang of horse-stealers had penetrated into the thinly-settled country of Platte, and had commenced operations on an extensive scale by capturing horses belonging to the farmers, and by forwarding these animals to remote towns, where they were sold and converted into ready cash by the thieves. A plan was laid for the capture of about half a dozen of the gang, and it succeeded. They were subjected to a rough and ready trial by a jury, empannelled on the system of Lynch law. The proofs of guilt were held to be sufficient, but when it came to the question of punishment, for a long time their lives were in jeopardy, and the robbers were in an agony of terror. Some of the crowd assembled voted for hanging them outright from the nearest trees; but, at length, it was agreed to put ropes around their necks, and only just move their feet from the ground by a gentle pull of the ropes, letting them down half hung and almost choked, with their faces black and contorted. Afterwards, I believe, they were handed over to the more regularly constituted authorities, and condemned to penal servitude by due process of law.

The ice on the river, breaking up towards the close of spring, was an interesting sight to witness, as great floes were constantly tilting up along the middle course with

crackling noise, and masses were still descending the middle stream from the Rocky Mountains. During this time, the young and active Indians appeared in considerable numbers, and with shouts of joy and excitement, their amusement was to jump from one floe of ice on to another, fearless of the danger to be incurred by sliding off them into the deep and rapid current below. I was amazed at their dexterity and agility, while I feared every moment such an accident must have occurred, without a possibility of rendering a drowning man any assistance. However, nothing of the kind occurred. Meantime, Mr. Corby had obtained a charter from the Missouri State Legislature for establishing a ferry at St. Joseph, and a most serviceable boat was built, on which I was one of the first to cross over into the Indian territory, when the river was completely freed from ice. At this point I would judge the Missouri to be fully half a mile in width; but, the boat, furnished with great swinging oars, took an oblique course of very nearly twice that distance, to stem the force of its mighty current. I witnessed also the departure of the first Mormon contingent from St. Joseph, on their migration over the plains to the Rocky Mountains, and I bid farewell to many of them at the levee when parting. Almost daily, other families and groups of emigrants with their horses and canvas-covered waggons went on board—the men well armed with rifles and supplied with ammunition, to guard against Indian depredations. Nothing of more particular interest remains to be recorded; but, before the month of May came round, I received an intimation from St. Louis, that it was desirable I should return and prepare for the reception of Holy Orders. Father Scanlan timed his annual visit to St. Louis, so that both of us should start together, and we re-embarked on the Amaranth once more, as we had been invited by our good friend the captain, whom we invariably called to visit whenever his steamer touched at St. Joseph. I took an affectionate leave of Mr. John Corby and of other friends, who came on board to see us off, when I bid a last adieu to St. Joseph, on the 8th of May. We had a most enjoyable passage of some days, sailing down the river.

In Northern Missouri, its great agricultural region, the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, already completed, runs on a line, lying due east to west, with very little

deflection. This latter was the first line of railway projected in Missouri. About the early part of 1846, it only had an ideal existence in the brain of the enterprising and intelligent Irish merchant, Mr. Corby, then a wealthy and respectable business man and a considerable property-holder. On a trip up or down the Missouri river, and connected with mercantile affairs, that gentleman found a number of influential citizens from many of the river-towns, as fellow-passengers on the steamer. High freights and passage expenses, snags and sand-bars, accumulating produce and delayed merchandise, policies of insurance and wrecked steam-boats, irregular mails and very slow waggon-express lines, formed the subject of daily conversation among the cabin passengers. Mr. Corby thought it a fitting opportunity to reveal his remedy for those evils. He had been a practical and successful contractor on Eastern public works, in the earlier part of his life; while he knew how to form a rough estimate of labour and expense, when he had a just conception regarding the nature and amount of work to be performed. Facts and figures were produced with all the skill and readiness of a well-informed mind, and by an experienced accountant. The ideas of Mr. Corby were forced upon the minds of his audience, and with an impression the more enduring, because found to be original, yet withal eminently reasonable. Nearly all his fellow-passengers promised co-operation, in a project for constructing the St. Joseph and Hannibal Railroad. Some promised to engage the editor of a county or town journal to dash off an article or two on this important subject; others declared they would speak to Mr. So-and-So, their local Senator or Representative, to elaborate Mr. Corby's ideas in the shape of legislation at Jefferson City. Many were willing to lend material aid and moral influence to forward his project, when a time and an opportunity for action might arrive. But, Mr. Corby was the efficient actor. On his arrival in St. Joseph, various articles appeared in a local hebdomadal, *The St. Joseph Gazette*, on the subject of this projected Railroad. These contributions emanated from the pen of that worthy Limerick merchant. The flame caught and spread; a meeting was convened at St. Joseph; resolutions and a statement in favour of this Railroad were addressed to Missourians and their representatives in the State Legislature. A charter was soon

obtained for the company, of which Mr. Corby became one of the first and most indefatigable Directors. This design, although postponed for a time, was not wholly abandoned. In a few years, Mr. Corby lived to see the full embodiment of his own idea. To his project, the succeeding Pacific Railroad popular demonstrations formed an echo, and other railroads of the State might be regarded as so many reverberations. The distinguished Senator Benton, a highly gifted Statesman and chosen Congressional Representative of the First electoral District of Missouri, justly claimed the honour of having suggested a great national highway across the American continent on to the Pacific ; at a later period, he advocated a construction of the present Pacific Railroad. But, to Mr. John Corby fairly belongs the credit of having practically started a project, that led to an adoption of the present judicious railroad system in Missouri.

Another highly intelligent Irishman, Mr. James O'Donoghue living at St. Joseph, and whom I had the pleasure of knowing very intimately, conducted preliminary surveys in 1849, along the intended Hannibal and St. Joseph line. Afterwards, he reported most ably and favourably—as a practical engineer and surveyor—the result of his examination and inquiries.

One of the most interesting sights on our downward trip was to observe the pelicans, a family of large birds, distinguished by their white or black colours and heavy long bills. The skin near the throat is more or less distended. It is indeed a pleasing experience to behold a flock engaged in fishing. A dozen or more are probably seen, flying on heavily and with flagging wing over the river, their long necks doubled on their breast. They generally choose a rapid for the scene of their exploits, and beginning at the upper end, they float down with the current, fishing as they glide, with great success, particularly in the eddies. Suddenly a little ruffling of the water arrests their attention, and with wings half closed, down each plunges with a responding plash, and in an instant he emerges to the surface. The beak is held aloft, a snap or two is made, the huge mandible of the pouch is seen for a moment largely distended. Then it collapses as before, and heavily the bird rises to wing. Again it beats over the current with its fellows, to enjoy another gorge. Their pouches are frequently so

crammed with fish, that they cannot rise into the air, until they have relieved themselves from their load. This they do very quickly, in case of danger, for they are exceeding wary and shy to come in contact with or range of the rifleman. On board we had several practised adepts with their trusty rifles ; and, on several occasions, a good shot sent many a dead body floating down the Missouri. In one instance, the yawl was lowered out upon the river, to bring one of those birds of enormous size on board, and it was carried as a trophy to the limit of our destination.

CHAPTER XXII.

Reception of Holy Orders, Subdeaconship, Deaconship, and Priesthood—Very Reverend Stephen Badin, first ordained Priest in the United States present—Visit to the Mayor Judge Mullanphy—Appointed Assistant Priest to St. Patrick's Church, St. Louis, by the Archbishop—Round of Duties—Traits of the Great Irish Famine in St. Louis—Noble Conduct of the Mayor—An Instance of his personal Courage.

WE arrived in St. Louis, on the 14th of May—a passage of six days from St. Joseph—and soon we disembarked. After returning to the seminary, an early visit was made by three candidates for Holy Orders to the Cathedral Residence. In 1847, the city of St. Louis had been erected into an Archiepiscopal See, while His Grace the Most Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick became its first Archbishop. We were now to be examined by him, preparatory to our reception of Orders, and having passed this ordeal successfully, we were directed to prepare by a spiritual retreat, which was conducted for us by one of the Vincentian Fathers. Accordingly, we received Subdeaconship on May 27th, deaconship 28th, and priesthood on the 29th, in the Cathedral, and at the hands of His Grace the Archbishop. My companions were also class-fellows in Theology, Reverend James Duggan, afterwards Bishop of Chicago, and Reverend Patrick Ward, pastor of Liberty, Clay County, in the north-western part of Missouri. I well recollect, the oldest ordained priest in the United States, Very Reverend Stephen Theodore Badin—then extremely old and retired from missionary duty—was on a visit with the Archbishop, and he assisted at our Ordination. After the ceremony we were introduced to him, and that

venerable French ecclesiastic said he took the privilege as being the first priest ordained in the United States, and as we had been the latest at that time, to give us advice of a practical character, which was truly most valuable; while we received it with expressions of thankfulness, as we were overjoyed to meet and converse with such an apostolic man, for even then we were well acquainted with the particulars of his arduous missionary career, through an interesting work, which had been previously published by the Very Reverend Martin John Spaulding, D.D.—afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. This was intituled “Sketches of Kentucky,” and several pages were devoted to record the adventures of Reverend Stephen Theodore Badin.

That very year, my good friend, Judge Mullanphy, had been elected Mayor of St. Louis, and one of my first visits the day of my Ordination was to thank him for his many kindnesses to me. He received me with hearty congratulations, and expressed a desire, that I should often see him. This I promised to do, and then I returned to the seminary, to wait my future missionary destination. I celebrated my first Mass on the feast of Corpus Christi, June 3, in the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, and on the Altar of the Blessed Virgin, in one of the transepts.

Before receiving my appointment as assistant priest to St. Patrick’s Church in the city of St. Louis, I had an interview with the Archbishop; and he, too, gave a most paternal and friendly advice, which made a deep impression on me at the time, and which ever since has remained in my memory. He knew that I was fond of study, and that I had a great turn for reading and general literature; but, he wisely observed, when we embrace a profession, it should be our first duty to acquire all the knowledge necessary to discharge it fully and conscientiously, so that we ought avoid, as far as possible, all extraneous duty, until we had become well versed in what was most essential. Therefore, he said, lose no day, that you shall not apply some part of it to the learning of dogmatic and moral theology, as also, to the reading of commentaries on the sacred Scripture. The History of the Church and the Lives of the Saints he recommended, also, as full of interest and edification, while he deemed it all important to have a favourite

book of devotion to nourish piety within the soul. Then careful preparation for preaching was recommended. So far as a busy course of missionary duty allowed, I tried for some years afterwards, to follow these instructions; and, as I was obliged to rise each morning at an early hour, and spent most of my hours after dark at study and reading, I found how useful was the practice, however defective the performance.

At this time, Reverend William Wheeler was pastor of St. Patrick's Church, and the district under his charge extended a considerable distance through the northern suburbs of St. Louis, so that we had a large number of Catholics to serve. That district now comprises at least more than a dozen churches and congregations. Although the Church of St. Patrick was of plain style, and built of brick, for the most part; yet, we were then obliged to live in the upper part of a large frame house adjoining it, the lower portions being set apart for a parochial Catholic male school. There my clerical duties commenced, about the middle of June, and I well recollect the very first person I was called upon to anoint on his sick bed happened to be a young man, nearly of my own age, not only a native of my own town in Ireland, but actually a schoolfellow in our earlier years. This I only learned, after the Sacraments of the Church had been duly administered. Each morning I celebrated Mass for the Community of American Sisters of Charity—Sister Benedicta, Superioress; and on the Corner of Tenth and Biddle Streets they had erected a Female Orphanage for the accommodation of nearly one hundred children, mainly owing to the munificent aid given by Mrs. Anne Biddle, owner of a fine property in that part of the city. The remainder of the day was fully occupied with the various active duties of my sacred calling.

✧ The painful news of Irish famine, ship-fever consequent on its effects, and the crowded state of emigrant sailing vessels, awakened loudly-expressed complaints, at all the sea-ports of the United States that year; for, a pestilent and deadly plague broke out on board various ships, while hundreds died at sea without even the consolations of religion, and the vessels were found to be pest-houses when they arrived at their destination, discharging numbers of their passengers attacked with malignant typhus. Hospi-

tals to receive the unfortunate victims had to be erected at every sea-port, and quarantine regulations were rigorously enforced at a vast expense. Although St. Louis was at least twelve hundred miles from New Orleans, yet daily were steamers coming up the river, and crowded with sick persons in a state of utter prostration. Many men, women and children died on the upward passage, and their corpses were either buried in sand-drifts along the banks, or heaved overboard, to seek un-noted graves beneath deep and broad waters of the Mississippi. As the survivors landed, generally at first on the levee near St. Patrick's Church, messengers or deck-hands, mostly Irish, came from each vessel, and we were obliged to hasten on board, sometimes to find groups of infected persons on deck, and lying in what we believed to be a moribund state. Extreme Unction had to be administered in haste, before the patients could be landed or be removed to the City Hospital maintained by the City Rates, and consigned to the care of the Sisters of Charity. Early in the stage of suffering and panic, I waited on the noble-hearted mayor, and on representing to him the actual state of things, he accompanied me to one of the newly-arrived river steamers, and, with tears in his eyes, he witnessed one of those harrowing spectacles. He thereupon gave me a *carte blanche* to order cabs for transportation of the patients to the City Hospitals, not only then, but on every future similar occasion; and, he directed me to send any charges incurred to the City Accountant, who was instructed to pay the bills. His Honour the Mayor had ample provision made for their reception in the City Hospitals. With that prompt benevolence characteristic of Judge Mullanphy, he hastened at once to convene a meeting of the City Council, and measures were instantly taken to erect hospital-sheds on an island below St. Louis, where sick emigrants were to be landed, and where a staff of doctors and of nurses was soon engaged to attend on them. This was done regardless of expense, and the arrangements not only gave universal satisfaction, but they were attended with considerable success.

Not only was the mayor an active member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, then lately established in the city, but he now took a leading part in the formation of a local Irish Emigrant Society, which was founded by himself and many of the respectable citizens of St. Louis.

In one of the newspapers having a large circulation recollect writing an article to promote its establishment and while in the city and disengaged from duty, I pro regularly attended the meetings of its council. I believe the mayor was seldom, if ever, absent.

That Irish Emigrant Society endeavoured with great zeal and charity to meet the exigencies of the strange wretched condition, to provide shelter for widows and orphan children, as also work for those capable of being employed. Frequently had I been aboard the steamer after landing, and the scenes I witnessed were hardly rendering beyond description. Sometimes whole families with perhaps one or two individual exceptions, were found in the last stage of typhus, and scarcely able to bear removal in covered vehicles provided for their transit to hospital. Grateful indeed, were many poor creatures to the attention bestowed on them, when His Honour the mayor walked among beds, in which lay those stricken down by ship fever. Often would he address words of comfort and promise, which greatly cheered forlorn and breaking hearts. Besides his own active and frequent personal supervision, the good mayor frequently supplied me with liberal donations, for the benefit of surviving members of those unfortunate families. To others of the city priests, he was equally accessible, and at all times most liberal and thoughtful, in supplying whatever might be required for necessitous persons.

Before dismissing the subject, I shall present another trait of the mayor's character. The following instance of courage and decision characterized the resolute John Mullanphy, sometime in 1847. A City ordinance had been passed the Common Council for the purpose of running a new street through the property of a certain rowdy individual, who wanted to obtain more than recognized compensation; this latter person had declared his intention of sending a rifle bullet through the man, who would attempt to remove his palings. "Then I will be the first to open them first," said the mayor immediately, when affrighted officials told him the nature of this threat. He then directed an armed *posse* to attend him, all set out according to arrangement, and found their opponent standing behind his fence, where a breach must be made. The mayor then directed his subordinates to file on either side, and on seizing an axe in his hand, cried out: "Cover the r

steadily with your pistols, men, and the moment I have struck at his fence, if he dares to fire on me, riddle him with bullets." Instantly, the mayor wielding his axe with a vigorous stroke, smash went the slight palings, and the craven bully, finding himself thus braved, thought discretion the better part of valour. He shouldered the loaded rifle, and, with some idle vapouring, he retreated. Soon the mayor and his companions opened the space required for their new street, without further resistance being offered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Rapid Increase of St. Louis and Catholic Work in the District of St. Patrick's—Reverses of the Picture—Drinking Houses and their Evils—A Night Call and a Riot—A Man Shot, his unexpected Recovery, and his Escape from the Officers of Justice.

THE varied engagements of a missionary priest's life required unremitting attention and activity among the people intrusted to his care, in such a sphere of duty, and in a state of society, such as then prevailed in our district of St. Louis. As may well be surmised, those exercises were far from being monotonous, since the population was rapidly increasing each day; and while houses were springing up around us as if by magic, our Church of St. Patrick soon became crowded to its utmost capacity on Sundays and holydays of obligation at our different Masses. The rule then followed in all our city churches was to have a *Missa Cantata* with a sermon at the last Mass; and, as two priests were, at least, attached to each secular church, we usually alternated every Sunday in the discharge of one or other office. The vastly greater number of our people were Irish; however, many were native Americans and Germans, with representatives of other nationalities. These were employed in every sort of occupation during the week-days, and yet it was customary with a great many to assist at the early seven o'clock Mass, before engaging at their respective callings and daily work. Nothing could be finer than the genuine spirit of Catholicity manifested by nearly all the residents in our quasi-parochial district; and, judging by the number that frequented our confessionals, and who presented themselves for Holy Communion on the Sundays and greater

festivals, no congregation could give truer satisfaction and edification to their priests, than that which had been afforded by our own people at St. Patrick's. It is true, indeed, that many—especially among the men—were frequently absentees from the discharge of those religious duties; but, they generally alleged, as excuses, the nature of their calling, the incessant demands on their time, or the inconvenience arising from their migratory habits. However, these difficulties were often overcome by a little arrangement and influence exercised through members of their families, so that they soon began to experience how groundless were the causes assigned for postponement.

To this agreeable condition of affairs there was a serious drawback at that time, for the chief drinking saloons and low grogeries were thickly grouped along the levee in our part of the city; the chief mercantile warehouses and stores lying more to the south, and along the right bank of the Mississippi. The great majority of the hard workers on board the river steamers, known as deck hands, were Irishmen, who led very wild and reckless lives, who lived much together in a vicious circle of demoralizing companionship, and who spent too frequently and thoughtlessly their hard earnings in drink, while the vessels lay to preparing for their next trip. As bravos, nearly all wore sheathed dirks or bowie knives in their belts, and, under the influence of drink, these were sometimes drawn in broils and used with murderous effect. The city police declared, that they had more trouble in quelling disturbance and in seizing delinquents there, than in all other parts of St. Louis put together; and, as nothing but disorder reigned in those open public-houses, whose keepers were mainly Irish, we—their priests—felt greatly shocked and scandalized, at those scenes which were so frequently witnessed on their premises. In vain did we endeavour, by remonstrance and exhortation, to prevent this evil; in vain did we administer the pledge of total abstinence to whole groups of our people, destined to keep it only for a short time; in vain did we urge them to seek other quarters, and to abandon their hard mode of living for more steady city work, or better still, to take advantages of facilities always afforded to every industrious and steady man in the United States, to

become the owner, in fee-simple, of a farm in the interior: nothing could be done to change their habits of living, and while high wages on public works, or acting as deck hands or as firemen on board steamers, tempted them to follow the courses to which they were accustomed; it, unfortunately, too often happened, that waste and extravagance, bad companionship and intemperance, brought many to an untimely grave. The cases of *delirium tremens* were numerous and frightful enough to behold; and, it was sad indeed to know, that many a hale constitution was utterly wrecked, and many a stalwart man was carried off by a sudden death, unannealed and unanointed. Yet, strange to relate, nearly all of those wretched creatures had the greatest possible reverence for their priests and for that Church, of which they proclaimed themselves unworthy members.

I recollect on a particular night having retired to rest, a sudden and violent knocking was heard below; and almost immediately afterwards, the door not being fastened for the night, several men ran upstairs to my very bedroom with loud cries, that a man had been shot on the streets, and they knew not if he were then alive. They told me, moreover, that he was an Irishman and a Catholic. I arose and hurriedly put on my clothes; then I hastened to the place, where that river-man lay, and in a house to which he had been brought. On the way, I learned from the messengers accompanying me, on the morning of that same day he had been declared the victor in a prize fight which had been arranged to come off near the city. As usual in such cases, his backers and admirers must needs treat him and have a carouse, in one of the public-houses near the levee. They prolonged such a meeting until late at night, and when issuing forth to seek their respective lodgings, excited as they were by drink, their yells and outcries attracted the attention of the city officers, who were gathered in force to quell the disturbance. A riot ensued, and soon the police, who were armed with loaded pistols, were assaulted by the rioters in a body. Many of these were arrested and brought off as prisoners. The prize fighter was the recognized leader of the band, and having seized a bar of iron which he found on the levee, with terrible force he was about to attack one of the peace guardians, when the latter drew his pistol and fired, the shot passing quite through the man's stomach.

He fell at once, and an immense effusion of blood ensued. When I arrived at the house to which he had been removed, I found the City Marshal and a strong body of police in possession, with a crowd clamouring around the door to procure admission. Way was made for me, when at a running pace I reached the spot, and I was soon ushered into the wounded man's presence. The surgeon had succeeded in bandaging the wound in some measure, but a basin that was near had been nearly filled with blood, which the wretched man was vomiting forth almost incessantly. However, he recognized me as a priest, and weakened as he was, I thought him to be mortally wounded, when his hands were thrown upwards, and he was able barely to ejaculate: "Father, Father, I am dying fast!" The surgeon and police officers then left us alone, and I proceeded to hear the unfortunate man's confession as best I could; and, to prepare him for Extreme Unction—the administration of Holy Viaticum being impossible under the circumstances. I had actually to stand in blood beside him, and at long intervals to wait, until he was able to cough away the heavy clots of gore that came from his throat. The danger in which he was now placed completely sobered this remarkably fine looking young man; so that, with great fortitude and true penitence, he prepared for death and he was anointed before I left. I never saw a figure of nobler symmetry; and, being of almost gigantic height, it was evident he had been endowed with prodigious strength and muscular power in proportion. He was well known, to have been a desperado; and yet this man, addicted to such a stormy course of life, wept like a child when he wrung my hand on taking leave. I then thought he had not long to live.

Soon afterwards, however, he was removed to the City Hospital, and I was quite surprised next morning on receiving a message, that he there desired to see me. On my arrival, I learned that the bullet, which the surgeon could not find in the first instance, had been extracted from his body, that his wound had been bandaged anew, and that even hopes of his recovery were then entertained. I spent some time in conference with the penitent. His restoration appeared to progress slowly, but his fine vigorous constitution and youth were greatly in his favour. The police were constantly on the watch within

and without the hospital ; for that moment, when he might safely be brought to answer a criminal charge to be preferred against him before the City Recorder, was expected soon to arrive.

Notwithstanding their vigilance, and in a manner unknown to the Sisters of Charity and to their hospital attendants, the delinquent found means to select his opportunity, to leave the room in which he had been so long confined, and to get on board a vessel under way and then leaving St. Louis. The authorities were completely hoodwinked and baffled ; for, the river-man succeeded in escaping to parts unknown, and nothing appeared afterwards to give any expectation of his capture.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Irish Catholic Settlements of Armagh and Downpatrick on the River Merrimac—Appointed Pastor of the Colony—First Sunday at St. Patrick's Church—Invited to Speak at House's Spring—Romantic Scenery of the Big River and the Bark Hills—Preaching before a large Assemblage of non-Catholic Hearers—Second Visit and Results.

SEVERAL years before this period, an Ulster priest, named Father Donnelly, had induced several Irish families, chiefly from St. Louis, to take possession of a large tract of land, which they purchased on or near the banks of a beautiful and clear stream, called the River Merrimac. This colony dwelt about forty or fifty miles west from St. Louis, and it was thus distinguished : viz., Armagh Settlement in Franklin County, along the south banks of the Merrimac, where there had been a log church erected and dedicated to St. Patrick ; Downpatrick settlement in Jefferson County, on the north banks, where another log church had been erected, while the latter was dedicated to St. Bridget, and, I believe, one has since been erected to St. Columkille in that same settlement. It so happened, that Father Donnelly began to fail in health, and the archbishop deemed it necessary to recall him to St. Louis, where a charge involving less physical labour was assigned to him. I was selected to replace him, and accordingly, having received notice to that effect, immediate preparations were made for departure. Packing up a few articles of clothing and some necessary books in

a travelling trunk, I resolved on sending for what remained, and to be conveyed by one of the ordinary market-wagons, when I arrived at my new destination. On the evening of September 29th, I left St. Louis by the stage coach running to Jefferson City, and I travelled over a rough unmacadamised road all night. It was bitterly cold. I had an uncomfortable rheumatic sensation towards morning, when I arrived at the stage-hostelry of Mr. Peregrine Tippet, an American Catholic, and one of my new flock. That same evening, I left his place, and I slept at Downpatrick Settlement. Next day, I crossed over the clear waters of the Merrimac on horse-back, and at the usual ford for the Armagh Settlement. There, for the remainder of my stay, I lodged with an Irish family, named Lynch. These people lived about one mile distant from the Church of St. Patrick, which I visited that day, the 1st of October. Beside it, the deserted log-house of Father Donnelly stood, and it then remained untenanted.

On the first Sunday after my arrival in St. Patrick's Settlement, I celebrated Mass within the log church, and preached at the usual time. The senior members of my congregation, men and women, were almost exclusively Irish by birth; their children were mostly natives of the locality. A few American Catholic families were also in attendance. While I was engaged making a short meditation after Mass, my congregation had assembled outside the church door without my knowledge, and had resolved on subscribing for the purchase of a horse, saddle, and bridle, which were to be presented for my missionary requirements. I felt, indeed, very sensible of this thoughtful mark of kindness, when it was communicated to me, and when the subscriptions had been nearly completed. As I professed no great judgment in the purchase of a suitable horse, an American farmer was deputed to look out for one, having all the requisite qualities I desired. Meantime, I was offered the loan of several good riding horses, by the farmers who were present. The purchase was soon made, and I had every reason to feel proud of Tecumseh's paces and performances; for, so I named him—I know not the good reason wherefore—after that Indian chief, who gave so much uneasiness to the United States Forces, in the war of 1812-1814.

On this occasion also, I was introduced to some young

ladies, who rode from a distant place called House's Spring to hear Mass at St. Patrick's. One of these, a Miss Keepers, told me that her aged and widowed mother had been bedridden for some time, and that she would desire very much, I could celebrate the holy sacrifice of Mass and preach at her house. I was promised the attendance of a few Catholics in the neighbourhood, and a large number of Protestants, at any time I might appoint to meet them. I named the following Wednesday. Meantime, the young lady took advantage of a Methodist meeting, which assembled at House's Spring, on that same Sunday evening. She went there, and asked the preacher to announce the preaching of another sermon at her mother's house on the day I had named. This bait took, and all the people present were invited to attend. I believe the preacher in question was under an honest delusion, that the meeting should be held in the interests of his own peculiar sect, and that he was to have been selected as a principal performer on this occasion. The merry young maiden laughed heartily when she afterwards told me about her *ruse*. On Tuesday evening previous to my engagement, attended by an honest Irishman as guide, and with saddle-bags in which my vestments were packed, we cantered gaily onwards through the lonely woods.

Having arrived at the banks of Big River, which winds its rapid and oftentimes swollen current towards the Merrimac, we found it necessary to dismount, and to avail ourselves of the services rendered by a ferryman, who crossed with his skiff occasionally for the accommodation of travellers. Placing the saddles and their usual appendages beside us in the stern, we entered the boat and led our animals swimming after us, while holding the bridles firmly, until the opposite bank was gained. The road led for some distance through river bottoms, and then turned in the direction of the Bark Hills, which diverged at some distance from the thickly wooded valley, through which we had passed. Gnarled white oak and dwarfed trees covered the sides of this elevated range of flinty rocks to the very summits; while those trees and shrubs scarcely found soil of sufficient depth, for any species of vegetable production. The rough and irregular bridle path—as it could hardly be considered passable for the smallest and rudest vehicles—ascended through a

ravine, where, in some places, natural ledges of rock overlap each other like the steps of stairs. Finding it less laborious to climb this steep path, we dismounted and led the sure-footed animals after us, with the bridles attached to our arms. We stopped to draw breath occasionally, on the crest of some commanding height, while the sense of vision feasted on scenes of surpassing magnificence. The wide and irregular valley, through which Big River flows, stretched out beneath our view in a southern direction, extending onwards to the distant and vaporous outlines of the Ozark Mountains, and tracing its varied deflections with a broken series of prominent and oak-crowned heights, along a northward course to its junction with the Merrimac. A brilliant October sunset shed its peculiar gorgeousness over the fading verdure of this almost limitless prospect. The live oak, mountain pine, and cedar, preserved their dark green hues unchanged by nipping night frosts of an advancing season; while the beech, elm, hickory, and different varieties of oak, were then but thinly robed in all the usual shades of decaying autumnal verdure. At certain bends the illuminated river waters appeared through lone forest scenery. A few log houses and cleared patches of cultivated land diversified this prospect, along the valley range in front; but, in far distance, numberless cone-topped hills were covered with wood. And the solemn loneliness of these steep ridges, over which we must yet travel, was only disturbed by the peculiar melancholy notes of ring doves and the rather unmusical warblings of feathered tribes, disporting their gaudy coloured plumage as they flitted around. Over all, a dunish blue haze spread a veil of dreamy and depressing solitude, quite in tone with the unbroken tranquillity of nature's grandest aspects. It was a suitable moment for contemplating and admiring scenes of varied sublimity and beauty, the sun downwards sinking, and the shades of evening imperceptibly deepening on variegated woods.

The house of Mrs. Keepers was situated in a romantic valley, and the surrounding scenery was very remarkable, for its natural beauties of rock, wood and stream. I received a kindly welcome on my arrival, and I celebrated Mass next morning for the family, at an early hour. Before eleven o'clock, the house and green plot in front were filled with men, women and youngsters. Faithful to my

engagement, I appeared at the time named, in soutane, stole and surplice before my hearers, few of whom had ever before heard a priest, and many, I believe, had not even seen one of my profession. I overheard several whispered remarks in the crowd, about the peculiarity of my sacerdotal dress. For about one hour and a half I there dilated on the nature, teaching power, and marks of the true Church; while regarding certain popular errors afloat, and entertained about Catholic morals and doctrine, I endeavoured to disabuse their minds. I concluded by observing, I was sensible that I had already detained them for an unreasonable length of time, and that my statements and arguments were somewhat discursive, because I had been obliged at a short notice, and occupied by other urgent duties, to accede to the request made by one of their neighbours. I promised to attend in the same place, and to resume my course of instructions on that day month, when I trusted I should have the pleasure of meeting again all who were then present. Faithful to my promise, I appeared at the appointed time and again preached; but, owing to the circumstance of a speedy recall to St. Louis, I was obliged to recommend a young German priest, my successor in this pastoral charge, to visit House's Springs at regular intervals. He did so, accordingly, and I had the pleasure of hearing afterwards, that some converts had been there received into the Church. I was likewise informed, that many other people received instruction subsequently, for the reception of Baptism.

CHAPTER XXV.

Pastoral Visits—Sketch of an old Missouri Hunter—Deer Stalking—Wild Animals—Ravages of Wolves—Recall to St. Louis—Hardships encountered on Return.

IN those days, Catholics were so scattered over extensive pastoral charges in Missouri, that it was not an easy matter to visit personally the various families of which they were composed. Yet, this was a task to which I then applied my attention, as well because I deemed it a matter of duty to know my people intimately, and, to ascertain by inspection their actual condition, as also because I wished to take an exact census of the flock, including the children and servants, in addition to the heads

of houses. The rides were to me agreeable, and only healthy exercise, even if sometimes a little fatiguing; but, I accomplished my object in a very satisfactory manner, and I obtained, on the occasion of each visit, the names, ages, and religious qualifications of each member. I thus ascertained what sacraments had been already administered to individuals, the proficiency of adults and children in religious and secular instruction, as also the state of preparation in which they were, or the deficiencies under which they laboured, before administration of sacraments not yet received. These notes I yet hold in my possession, and an occasional reference to them, especially at this time of writing, enables me to recall varied traits of character in humble people of real merit, and to present, with all the greater accuracy, the narrative on which I have engaged.

One of the earliest settlers on the Merrimac was an American Catholic, known by the familiar name of Jack Withington, who had been owner of a fine farm, on which he had erected a comfortable house, and in which he had lived for nigh thirty years, when I arrived in that settlement. He was then passed the middle age, but remarkable for his tall stature and vigorous frame, hardy and healthy in constitution. He was a pioneer of the old school, addicted to the sport of hunting, and rarely to be seen out of doors in any other costume than that of buckskin—the product of his own sporting prowess—and invariably with a rifle or shot-gun slung over his shoulder, ready charged with bullet or buckshot, as fancy or object changed the current of his rambles; but, he certainly presented a most extraordinary figure, as a hunting knife, a shot pouch and powder horn, a tight-fitting leggings and buskins, surmounted with deer-skin coat and cape ornamented with tassels, and a furred cap completed his travelling gear. The frequent crack of the rifle marked his track through the woods, and he plunged unscathed through the thickets in quest of game. Betimes he returned home having a bag filled with squirrels, wild turkeys, partridge and other fowl, which he intended should regale his family and neighbours. It was quite amusing to observe the hospitable complacency, with which he offered such choice viands to his friends; while he could never tire in representing his admirable and unerring shots, under all the conditions in which they

became effective; for, if he had a fair chance at all, his rifle-shooting was deadly. Some walks I had with him through the woods, and some shooting I had tried against birds on the wing or squirrels in the trees, but always with indifferent success. However, with all the enthusiasm of a master in his art, willing to impart some of his own skill to a promising tyro, he gave me the first lessons in shooting, and I have no doubt on the best principles, but my practice was only desultory, and at best, I was never a proficient.

Deer-hunting is an ordinary amusement and exercise for active young sportsmen in Missouri. This exciting sport is pursued, sometimes on horseback where prairies or open glades abound, and sometimes on foot, according to the broken nature of the ground and its intricate passes. There are certain salt springs called "licks," scattered through many woodland ravines, in the interior of this state. Thither the herd of deer is accustomed to resort and drink of such waters, after browsing on the roots or plants of the forest. A circle of hunters, armed with loaded rifles, forms around those haunts, when the deer have been tracked to their covert. A good single marksman, or several sharp shooters, as the case may be, must take station at an opening glade, through which the quarry should be likely to escape. A few excellent beagles are then conducted by an active starter through the ravine. Soon as the deer are sighted, a chase commences in good earnest. Flying most usually in the same direction, the baying hounds and clanging horns herald the direction taken by a startled herd; and the hunters close inwards, to prevent any escape through woodland openings. The short and sharp crack of rifles heard at a particular station usually brings the chase to an end. If aim be well taken, a ball enters immediately behind the poor animal's shoulder, and with the aid of a hunting knife drawn hastily across the bleeding throat, life soon becomes extinct. More than a single deer often falls near the gap, when a sufficient number of hunters may happen to be grouped around this spot, at the right moment. If a shot happen to hit anywhere except through the head or region of the heart, a deer is apt to escape from its pursuers, even though the wound may be mortal. Often on missionary excursions, have I passed scouting parties of my sporting friends with ready rifles, and whiling away time at their

respective posts, with the newspaper or last new novel in hand, until the expected cry should echo from the woods. Having little inclination for fatigues or pleasures of the chase, I sometimes, however, shared in the excitement, with a certain degree of enthusiasm, when accident threw me on the hunter's tracks. Often, too, have I been indebted to the courtesy and kindness of a sporting friend for a haunch of venison, procured by the marksman's skill and steady aim.

Wild turkeys, much larger than our domestic ones in these islands, are hunted through those woods. They usually run through brakes and dwarf shrubs, in a long single file of a dozen or upwards; their whereabouts is betrayed by a peculiar cry, well known to the initiated. The hunter must creep cautiously in their direction; for, the least rustling in leaves or brambles will attract attention and create alarm among those birds. It rarely happens they are aimed at while on the ground for this reason, but when they take wing towards overhanging trees, a skilful marksman must seize his first opportunity, so as to level and fire his fowling piece with promptitude and effect. A noble bird most generally becomes his prize, and afterwards covers the largest dish on his dining-table. In early summer, a strong but not repulsive flavour of wild onions, on which roots those birds are fond of feeding, communicates that peculiar Spanish cookery taste to flesh of naturally agreeable delicacy, succulence and nutrition.

Plump prairie chickens, larger than partridges, and very much admired by epicures, are easily shot by the fowler, when they fly clumsily and slowly from long grass on these western Savannahs. The nimble and sportive squirrel is often brought down from his lofty perch, on some shady forest tree, with shot or rifle bullets. When young, the flesh is tender as that of a chicken. The black bear and grey wolf are found in the mountainous parts of Missouri. These are occasionally hunted and shot by the expert rifleman. Bears' meat is mingled with fatty substance, rather heavy and luscious to the taste, yet exceedingly nutritious, and highly recommended for persons of delicate constitution. A variety of other four-footed and winged animals are hunted in various parts of this state. For some of the buckskin settlers, in thinly

settled districts, sports of this kind become a peculiar and rapturous passion.

During the time I spent at the Merrimac, I often heard, when the short evenings set in and when darkness covered the woods, the distant and melancholy howling of wolves, that in troops were known to infest coverts on the wild Bark Hills. In the silent hours of midnight, such dismal chorus sometimes kept myself and other residents awake, while the farmers' trembled for their sheep, lambs and young pigs or fowl, often becoming a prey to their raids on the farm-steads. Indeed, frequently had the settlers to rise from their beds, during the cold winter nights, and to give chase with dogs, or to fire their rifles, so that the wolves might be scared away from the premises, and that the young stock might be saved from their ravages. On more than one occasion, I had espied wolves, usually in couples, scampering through the woods, but they always retreated, as they are cowardly animals; and, they never attempt to attack a solitary traveller, except during the night, and when they chase together in groups, as also when they are ravenous through hunger. Of children they are not afraid, and I have heard of a few instances told, in which, when alone and straying through the woods, some infants have been attacked and devoured by those animals.

I had scarcely time, however, to do much more than make the acquaintance of my flock, and to find the various wood-tracks—roads they could hardly be called at that time—which led to the various log-houses and farms of the settlement, when a young German priest, Father Stelhé, was appointed to take charge of this district, and I was ordered back to St. Louis to discharge other functions. The secret of this change I kept concealed from the people to the last moment, and it was only when he arrived, and that I had introduced him to the congregation, that it became generally known. He was my fellow-student in the seminary, and a very excellent friend, so that I was able to recommend him with a just appreciation of all his good qualities, and he had that kindness of disposition which soon gained on the affection of the backwoodsmen. He spoke English fairly well. However, I had some difficulty in persuading the people, that the change of pastors should prove an advantage to them and to their settlement; for then, German farmers had come

among them, and those immigrants were very fervent Catholics. Accordingly, as I could not consider Tecumseh, his saddle and bridle, to be a merely personal gift, but as one intended for the indirect benefit of the donors, I resigned possession of him to Father Stelhé ; and, after a stay not extending over two months, I was obliged to make arrangements for responding to the Archbishop's requirements.

In the month of November, returning from the Merri-mac to St. Louis, and accompanied by a stout Irish wagoner, it would be difficult to give an idea of the cold and exposure during our two days' journey. His wagon, loaded with necessities for the city market, and with my heavy trunks, sank repeatedly in the miry roads, and at certain points, we were literally obliged to put our shoulders to the wheels, in order to extricate them from many a deep and muddy rut. Rain drizzled on us, and it sometimes poured in heavy torrents, so that for long distances, the road surfaces were deeply covered with water. The small streams were swollen where we were obliged to cross, and efforts made by the horses to rise opposing banks often resulted in distressing failure. The help of farmers on the roadside was sometimes required, together with our own, in order to bring them forward. My good parishioner seemed to reserve all his sympathies for myself, as he thought I should never be able to stand the cold and hardship. After resting one night at a farm-stead, we prosecuted the journey next day and arrived in St. Louis, without having experienced any sensible injury to health ; although our clothes were thoroughly drenched with rain, during our chilling and most disagreeable drive, sometimes through miry bottom tracks, and sometimes over rough and hilly roads.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Catholic Newspaper Editor—Cathedral Services—The Archbishop's daily Routine of Life—Lenten and Doctrinal Lectures—Conversations—Social Traits at the Episcopal Residence.

SOME short time before my return to St. Louis, a Catholic paper had been started there, and it was called "The St. Louis News-Letter." The publisher and projectors had desired, that it should be under the editorial guidance of a priest, and the Archbishop's consent was

obtained for such arrangement. During the time I had been in the seminary, I ventured on writing some few contributions for the "Catholic Cabinet." Although these had been printed without any name attached, yet were they attributed to the present writer, and such fortuitous circumstance suggested, perhaps, his being selected to fill the post of editor. It was my good fortune to reside in the house adjoining the cathedral, where the Archbishop lived, as also the clergy who there officiated. Each morning, I celebrated Mass at ten o'clock; I was exempt from sick calls, by day or by night; I had only some light duties assigned, such as occasional preaching and visits in connection with the City Hospital, under the direction of the American Sisters of Charity; so that, altogether, I had much time at my disposal for reading, study, and writing. I was quite a novice in the art and practice of writing newspaper articles, of proof-reading, of reporting, of compiling, and of editing at the time; but, I soon obtained instruction, direction and assistance, which greatly contributed to lighten my labours.

The priests then residing at the Cathedral were for the most part French and German; the Reverend Patrick O'Brien and myself were exceptions. While the Archbishop preached in English on most of the Sundays and Holydays of Obligation, yet did we occasionally appear in the pulpit; while French and German congregations, at stated times, heard sermons from their respective pastors, in that language with which they were most conversant. I well recollect, the Archbishop was the earliest riser in the house; he was satisfied with a few hours' rest; and especially, during the fine summer mornings, he was often up at four, and rarely, or ever in bed after five o'clock. Soon afterwards, he was systematically out on the verandah, pacing noiselessly in slippers, that he might not disturb others who were then sleeping, while he was engaged devoutly reciting the greater part of the divine office, so that he might be prepared for the multiplied daily duties and labours, which were sure to occupy his attention afterwards; he went each morning into the confessional about six o'clock, and at half past-six, he commenced the celebration of Mass in the Cathedral; but, nothing could be more admirable than his punctu-

ality in the distribution of time, and the priests all noticed his early morning duties succeeded each other, regular as the clock told the hour. The only difference observable was during the cold and short winter days, when he was obliged to keep his room and to read by the lighted lamp, until the day had nearly dawned, and when he was ready to enter the Cathedral. He breakfasted at an early hour, and then he usually withdrew to the library, which was retired from a parlour and reception room. Some snatches of time he managed to take for reading and writing; but soon, a succession of visitors began to arrive, and while he specially desired to see those who had real business to transact, he received others with a patience and courtesy, which often must have been greatly tested if not strained. "Oh, dear," he would sometimes pleasantly remark to his priests at table, "how some people can never learn to shorten their unnecessary visits;" while he often observed, that the more he found persons disposed to indulge in talk, the less was he prepared to receive either correct information or practical suggestions on those affairs, which interested and engaged his attention. The most distinguished citizens and strangers, Catholic and Protestant, were often to be seen in his ante-room waiting their turn for an interview, and always more than delighted when the opportunity was afforded them. To the priests and religious, the Most Reverend Peter Richard Kenrick was ever affable and accessible; for, he knew, they rarely or ever intruded on his time and occupations, unless a real necessity existed, and seldom was a project submitted or a difficulty presented, that it did not receive careful consideration and a safe or practical solution from him.

The Lent of 1848 was now approaching, and having arranged the daily services in the cathedral, which were apportioned among his priests, the Archbishop allowed me to announce in the "News-Letter" that, after the conclusion of the devotions, he would deliver, each evening, a lecture on the Evidences of Christianity, or on Divine Revelation, or on the Mysteries of Religion, or on the Church, or on her Doctrines, History, Laws, Sacraments, Ritual Observances or Discipline. The gratifying result of such announcement was seen in a large and an intelligent congregation, that filled every

available space in the fine but not over large cathedral. A great proportion was found to be non-Catholic, and composed also of some among the leading citizens ; while the owners of pews very considerably and obligingly vacated them, to allow ladies and gentlemen of a different persuasion to hear those discourses with greater convenience and ease. It was scarcely possible to understand how the archbishop could find a moment's time to prepare and arrange the heads of these discourses, much less to deliver them in that orderly and logical manner in which they were moulded ; but, they were, indeed, most instructive to the priests as to the laity present, for while each lecture evinced a profound knowledge of the subject, it was enforced by reasoning and illustrations, which carried conviction to the minds of all dispassionate hearers. Having obtained permission to give a weekly but a very succinct report of each lecture in the paper, I endeavoured to comprise the chief points within a rather limited space, while I was conscious of an inability to report from memory the exact connection, although I noted down, soon after their delivery, the salient topics which had been discussed. After a while, however, I found that the Archbishop was accustomed to jot down, on a small sheet of paper, the divisions of his sermon for each evening ; while he trusted to a well-stored memory, for the abundant matter his theological erudition had gleaned, and a measured fluency and accuracy of language came to his aid without any apparent effort. I was fortunate to procure those notes after they had been used, and soon the Archbishop undertook to revise my reports, before they were sent to the printer. I have reason to know these *resumés* served a very useful purpose, and they formed a feature of the "News-Letter," which was particularly interesting to all its readers.

The result of this course of instructions was to bring an additional number of non-Catholic visitors to the cathedral, and as their interest and spirit of inquiry grew with the repetition, so many of them desired interviews with the Archbishop, to receive further explanations and instruction. Several well-disposed and distinguished persons were thus prepared for admission into the Church. Whether conditionally or unconditionally administered, Baptism was received by many, and afterwards these

became practical and fervent Catholics. Not alone the Archbishop, but several of his priests engaged on the duty of catechising and receiving converts of the greatest respectability and of a thoughtful, intelligent class. As in the Apostolic time, the Lord daily added to His Church those who were to be saved, so St. Louis began to acquire a distinction for Catholicity, which it has since greatly increased, as manifest from the number and size of its churches, chapels, religious institutions, colleges, and schools, at the present day.

While residing at the cathedral, it was a truly pleasant reunion, to have our Archbishop present at our early dinner and at our evening meal. Notwithstanding his habitual reserve, regarding matters of confidential secrecy, and of business transactions which were under consideration, he was communicative enough on other topics, always giving a tone to and leading conversation on subjects of public interest and importance, or relating anecdotes which were novel and instructive, while he promoted hilarity and good humour by the introduction of sly jokes and a refinement of wit, which the French and German priests could not always well understand in the English idiom, until they had time for reflection and explanation. Sometimes he conversed with them in their respective languages, which he spoke with remarkable fluency and correctness. He often preached both in French and German, as the circumstances of churches or congregations required. I heard from himself, that the celebrated and gifted Irish poet, James Clarence Mangan, gave him the first German lessons in Dublin; and, he always had the most unbounded admiration for the genius, as also compassion and consideration for the weakness, of his former tutor, whose latter years were clouded with timorousness or melancholy, and who, notwithstanding his occasional inebriety, was, nevertheless, a most gentle and lovable character. The extent of the Archbishop's charities could never be known from himself; however, I suspect the unfortunate poet knew well where to find a benefactor in his former distinguished pupil, nor would aid be refused, if prudence did not suggest the propriety of not ministering to gratifications, which tend to make some men their own greatest enemies.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Varieties of Editorial Life—A Mission for the Military—Termination of Editorial Anxieties—Mission of Hannibal—Inaugurated by Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Harrison—Upward Trip on the Mississippi River—Arrival in Hannibal—Domestic and Social Enjoyments.

It often happened, when the Archbishop had a few moments of leisure, he contributed some of its very best articles to "The St. Louis News-Letter." For this reason alone—if for no other—the writer often regretted he had not been able to preserve a complete file of that journal while under his editorial supervision. One, indeed, he had, but it was lent in bound shape, and it could never afterwards be recovered by the writer. In it, he had been at some pains to collect reliable information for a series of historical articles, intituled "Catholic Missions of Missouri." For this object, the old French Register in the Archbishop's keeping was often perused by the writer, and it served a useful purpose. The paper was non-political, but in its main features it was a Catholic, religious and social periodical, diversified with literary essays, reviews, and selections. I well recollect one of the Archbishop's pleasant sayings, in reference to the latter class of contents, "Selected sense is much better than original nonsense;" and, I believe every judicious literary person will be ready to endorse the opinion, while every editor of a review, magazine, or newspaper, must have constant proof of the mediocrity, if not worthlessness, of numerous contributions submitted to his censorship. From the writer's brief experience of editorial life, he well understands how difficult it is to decline very poor articles submitted for insertion, and then to avoid giving umbrage to the authors. Another very troublesome matter to deal with is the generally unreasonable suspicion, that he ought to know everything on almost every imaginable subject, and to answer all questions addressed to him, without even a moment's time for reflection or inquiry.

During this time, likewise, a large military force of volunteers from Missouri and from other adjoining States had been collected at Jefferson Barracks to prosecute the war against Mexico. Under a Catholic Hungarian leader, Colonel Korponi, who had now received a commission from the United States, those men had been enrolled and

were under drill ; while, as seemed to me, the greater number of his recruits were St. Louis Catholics, being chiefly Irish and Germans. At this time, Colonel Morrison of the United States regular army was the officer then in chief command, and he had been lately wounded in the battle of Monteray ; yet, strange to say, his wife was a Mexican lady and a Catholic, while his excellent young daughters were also brought up in that Faith, by their amiable and pious mother. He and Colonel Korponi applied to the Archbishop, on behalf of the United States government, to obtain a chaplain for the volunteers then embodied, as also with an offer to place him on the army list with officer's pay, and a servant-soldier to attend him. However, the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick replied, that he could not then spare a priest for the service ; but, he proposed to send out three priests from the city, one a German, with Father O'Brien and myself, to conduct a mission in the military chapel, and to hear the confessions of the men, many of whom most earnestly desired to comply with their religious duties, before starting on the campaign. Colonel Morrison most hospitably provided us with lodgings in his house, and we were treated as members of his own family, for the three days we spent there. Hours were arranged most conveniently for our religious exercises in the chapel, and for military drill ; so that, we had Colonel Korponi and Colonel Morrison's family, as almost invariable attendants during our frequent services. Thus they set an excellent example to all the Catholic soldiers. Nearly all of these were induced to present themselves at confession, and especially on the Saturday evening before the close of our mission, duties as confessors engaged us until a late hour at night. On the following Sunday, High Mass was celebrated at an early hour, and it was my privilege to preach the parting sermon. The regimental band played at our request some patriotic airs in the Barracks' square, before leading the whole military force to the chapel ; while there some grand pieces of sacred music were rendered with much taste and fine effect. Colonel Morrison—professing no particular creed—and his family assisted ; while not alone the Catholic but the non-Catholic soldiers were present. It was a most edifying sight to behold that great number who received Holy Communion, and with all the external appearances of great recollection and devotion. We

were afterwards assured, that our mission gave pleasure even to those Protestants, who could find room within the chapel; since its capacity was too limited for the large regular and volunteer force there embodied, and our Catholics were allowed priority of place, as a matter of right and of necessity. On that evening, attended by the Commandant, Colonel Morrison, we were much interested with the military parade and evolutions of the "Blue Jackets" or regulars of the United States' forces, and of the volunteer recruits, who had not yet received their uniforms, but who were otherwise armed and equipped with muskets, belts and bayonets. While guests with their gallant Commandant, we ventured to suggest, that we believed the destination of the marching contingent should be across the plains to New Mexico, nor did he contradict our assertion. We thanked publicly their commanders and the troops then assembled, wishing success to their expedition, while praying for their safety and welfare. When driving away for St. Louis on Monday morning, all the soldiers assembled in undress, and gave us a parting cheer, which we acknowledged standing and with hats raised.

The time was fast coming, however, when the editor of "The St. Louis News-Letter" was destined to be released from his editorial duties. Owing to a combination of causes, want of sufficient capital on the part of its publisher, want of a sufficient number of subscribers, and, perhaps, owing to want of punctuality in the payment of all their subscriptions, or irregularity in their reception—not to mention its own inherent defects—the paper came to a premature end. One day, the proprietor announced his intention of discontinuing it, as he had not means to keep it afloat. Its sudden cessation, therefore, had to be announced; and, although on account of the cause it advocated, the writer regretted those circumstances that required its stoppage, yet personally, the editorial life had been rather irksome than otherwise to him. Neither was it in any way remunerative; for while promised a salary at the start, no payment was obtained at the finish. This, however, was the least of his concerns, and now a new missionary career was open, while it promised a field of usefulness, attended by no inconsiderable amount of labour and privation. Yet, it presented, likewise, some special features of attraction.

About this time, in the town of Hannibal, lived Mr. William Henry Harrison and his wife, both of whom had become converts to the Church while residing in St. Louis. They removed afterwards to the growing town mentioned, which was beautifully situated about 150 miles north of St. Louis, and on the right bank of the Mississippi. The gentleman, to whom allusion has been made, was a native of Virginia; his truly religious and accomplished wife having been born in St. Louis, and of Protestant parents, she was, nevertheless, educated in a Catholic convent, where she received instruction and embraced the true faith with their consent. The conversion of Mr. Harrison took place about the time of their marriage. Having removed to Hannibal, he engaged in the legal profession; and being a man of undoubted talents, energy of character and capacity, he was soon enabled to secure a practice commensurate with his abilities. He had secured a portion of ground in the rising city, on which an elegant house was built. As some Catholic inhabitants there desired earnestly to have a priest reside among them, a plot had been secured, on which to erect a Catholic church at some future date. Moreover, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison had applied also to the Archbishop for the services of a priest, who was to reside with them, and to become, as it were, a member of their family. An enterprising and a successful trader, Mr. John Dowling, a native of Dublin, had already established a large beef and pork curing house in the southern part of Hannibal, and to which pastures were attached; so that, he engaged a horse should be kept and cared for missionary purposes; while the small congregation hoped to contribute something, towards their future pastor's support. A vast range of country, north, south, and west of Hannibal had some scattered Catholic congregations and groups of residents, who, at the time, were without regular ministerial attendance; and now the Archbishop set before me the wants of that district, the prospects it presented, the defined limits of a new missionary charge, and the instructions which were necessary for its inception. Matters were accordingly settled for my departure. I received a supply of vestments, a chalice, some ritualistic, theological, and other books, as a gift from the Archbishop, who also purchased for me a good riding

horse, saddle and bridle; while adding my own small stock of books and other effects, I prepared for a new field of labour and duty.

I took leave of St. Louis on the 8th of May, 1848, and I went on board a steamer, bound for the Upper Mississippi, towards evening. It was the St. Louis and Keokuk packet; and as those were the days for steamboat passenger traffic, it was necessary to make early application, to secure a berth for the night. That steamer left the landing at St. Louis every evening about four o'clock, and it reached Keokuk in Iowa, at noon on the day following. An animated scene was always presented in day-time at the St. Louis levee; but especially in the vicinity of the upper river packets, at the time of their departure. Nothing was to be seen but hurry, bustle and preparation. Gangs of deck-hands are hurrying over a platform extending from the boat to the levee, while replacing the morning freightage of agricultural produce, with all kinds of merchandise consigned to traders living in the river-towns and villages of Illinois and of Missouri. With these are commingled merchants, farmers, emigrants belonging to all nations and speaking various languages, officers of the boat, hawkers, newsvendors and a motley group of clerks and busy mercantile runners. Having ascended to the state saloon, with the *upper ten*—at least ten times multiplied—and having had the good fortune to secure our berths at an early hour, we had the comfortable assurance that we should not be sent to repose on a carpeted cabin floor, where supernumeraries and late arrivals were then usually accommodated with a "shake down" bed for the night. Being seated at first, second or third table for supper was a mere matter of chance. First choice was the result of preoccupation, tact and patient perseverance, when seizing on a certain chair placed in position, and holding on to it with desperate tenacity, until the gong sounded its signal for action. All the passengers were seldom served until the cloth had been loaded and its dishes removed, at least a second or a third time. Different kinds of characters are to be found jumbled together—good, bad and indifferent—the man in black, with starched cravat and sanctimonious look, usually a clergyman or a preacher, the reckless-looking professional gambler, the homely,

honest farmer, in his bright Kentucky jeans, the village doctor or lawyer in well-brushed, threadbare broadcloth and shocking bad hat, the travelling agent, clerk or merchant, as also nondescript dandies, whiskered, scented, and fashionably dressed, evidently desirous of making a favourable impression on the minds of many fair young ladies on board. On the lower deck, you have a motley group of wearied and sleeping boatmen stretched on benches, bales and boxes, negro firemen poking furnaces, hauling chunks of wood or bearing shovels full of coal for their supply, blustering mates and engineers, curious or listless emigrants, gazing on scenes new and strange to them, if not altogether interesting. Perhaps those latter are revolving in mind their present prospects and means, or forming hopes that brighten in anticipation of a future farm tract of land, "in those grand old woods" or on the edges of prairie levels. Perchance, they are endeavouring—at least the Irish contingent—to realize the force and truth of these sweet, simple ballad lines :

"They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair."

The boat is now fairly under way, skimming rapidly past lines of brick and stone buildings, as also boats of every size and build, closely wedged together on the levee that fronts St. Louis, and for miles above the point of debarkation. The domes, spires and towers of this city gradually recede ; squares half built upon are left behind ; suburban mansions thickly crowning the heights and occasionally scattering down towards the waters of broad Mississippi are yet in view. These objects soon disappear, when the shades of evening close over the landscape. The American Bottom vapours, on the Illinois shore, curl upwards slowly and heavily, reeking with white exhalations of a disagreeable and an unsalubrious nature. Long low ranges of hills, partly cleared and partly wooded, run along the river bank on the Missouri side, with a pleasant cottage peering out here and there through different openings. The confluence of the Missouri and of the Mississippi, called by

the French Father Charlevoix "the finest in the world,"—this is not the opinion however of those who have travelled extensively—takes place about eighteen miles above St. Louis. Here, as he truly says, "the Missouri enters with the pride of a conqueror." It communicates a peculiar muddy yellowish tinge of its turbid waters to the clear dark waves of the more smoothly flowing Mississippi. The city of Alton occupies the first remarkable promontory on the Illinois shore above St. Louis. It affords a pretty view from the junction of the two great rivers. Bottom lands now lie on the Missouri side, and rocks on that of Illinois. That northern angle of land, formed by the great river confluence, is called "the Point." It is intersected by sloughs, marshes, impenetrable thickets and woods. It is inhabited only by a few Creole wood-cutters and farmers, who appear better inured to ague and fever than most other people. They are found more willing to risk health in such localities, because of the abundant product expected from farming these rich bottom lands. In addition to herds of home raised cattle, which roam through these tangled woods, the browsing provender afforded tempts many animals to stray hitherwards from the interior of northern Missouri, so soon as winter fairly commences. When the first springing grass came up on the prairies or in the back woods, cattle migration and predatory inroads usually sought another direction.

So long as any light remained, I was out on deck to view the scenery; but soon, the shades of night coming on, and seeing that my horse was cared for on the lower deck, where he was fastened, I retired to my cabin room for rest, and slept soundly until morning. Night closes in, as we wend our way upwards against the broad current of the Mississippi, having left Alton far behind; but, as on other upward and downward trips, I have seen that whole range of shore on either side, why should these shades of midnight close such beautiful landscapes from the reader's mental view? Forests are passed, unrelieved by any sign of clearing, save here and there the rude hut of a woodman, with long piles of split and corded chunks bound together in graduated lengths, and intended as a supply for steamboat furnaces. These cords of wood are usually surmounted by a pole, bearing the hieroglyphical inscription on a cross board, as I have

seen it, "Wod for sail," and thus indicating a probability of the schoolmaster being abroad, but absent from those localities. Long, low, straggling, thickly-wooded islands dot the placid surface of the broad river, and owing to their beautiful grouping, they turn up picturesque or grand scenes at every bend. At Cap au Gras, a beautiful prairie extends back from the river bank, in one unbroken expanse to bluffs, which are removed at a distance of several miles. A few detached groves and groups of trees may be said to relieve, but not to interrupt, this fine view. Passing Illinois River on the right, the Cuivre (Copper) River enters the broader Mississippi on the Missouri side. Again bluffs begin to frown on the left bank as we ascend. These rocks—which are generally very steep—seldom rise however more than two or three hundred feet above water.

As morning dawns, Clarksville on the Missouri shore appears in view. This town is small; it had a few good houses, and a busy steam flour mill perched over the river bank. The mill carried on an extensive business grinding flour for that town and the adjoining country, besides supplying an export demand. A short distance above, and about one hundred miles north of St. Louis, is Louisiana, a thriving, handsomely situated and well-built town. It forms an outlet on the river, for a rich farming country, lying to the rear. It rises high but not steeply, from the river side; it has an excellent landing; even then it had some steam flour mills and manufactories, keeping up a puffing and constant, if not a very extensive, trade. Some fantastically shaped hills arise above, below, and rereward; whilst a steam ferry boat ran between it and the Illinois shore. A great many Irish labourers, when I first saw this town, were engaged on the levee, which is now constructed, as also in laying down a plank road, running back to Bowling Green, the chief seat of Pike County. Salt River, a pretty considerable stream, which might readily be rendered navigable for small steam-boats to a great distance beyond its mouth, enters the Mississippi just a little distance above Louisiana. The scenery is here very remarkable and beautiful, both above and below this junction.

Rocky promontories and deep ravines, through which rivulets generally flow, next break upon the sight, until

we approach the rising city of Hannibal. It is seated on the Missouri side of the river. This town is rather recessed from view, as our boat approaches. It is sheltered on the north, by steep ranges of cliffs, that bend rather inwards, and at right angles with the Mississippi. In the lower part of the city, a stream, named Bear Creek, runs slowly and serpentinely into the Father of Waters. This stream cleaves an opening between ranges of hills, rising north and south. In the latter direction, one of these hills boldly projects over the Mississippi, and from the top is afforded a fine view. Although its sides were crowned to the summit with large trees, many of which have been cleared away, it seems a matter for surprise, how nature could raise such productions on those stony steps, or how the art of man could effect a footing, to succeed in his work of clearance.

This "beetling rock" is known as the Lover's Leap, and it is connected in tradition with an Indian legend and a heroine. The latter is said to have precipitated herself, like another Sappho, from the top of those cliffs, under the influence of a maddening and disappointed passion. A large pork-packing establishment, belonging to an enterprising Irishman, a Mr. John J. Dowling, was built beneath, and his property then extended along the river at Hannibal. This gentleman, the proprietor also of Lover's Leap, was an industrious, and a persevering man of business, of known integrity and of rare intelligence. His former partner in business was a grand-nephew to the celebrated Archibald Hamilton Rowan, of '98 memory. The young man also bore the name of Archibald Rowan.

The morning after leaving St. Louis, and as the steamer neared the landing at Hannibal—having already communicated the date of my departure and the name of that steamer on which my passage had been engaged—I was greeted by Mr. Harrison and by Mr. Dowling—then strangers to me—while both took care to have my luggage effects and my horse conveyed to their respective destinations.

On reaching Mr. Harrison's home, I was there received by his amiable and accomplished wife in a truly agreeable manner, that thoroughly indicated hospitality and welcome. Some fine young children, boys and girls, were waiting those caresses, which children expect

elders to give, before their own friendship can be secured. I was conducted to my room, where my trunks were stowed for the present by the negro servants, who were slaves, belonging to mine host and hostess; my books were arranged in their case; a table was provided for my reading and writing; sometimes I occupied the parlour or dining-room, as fancy or circumstances urged; and what pleased me extremely was to find the children of an age to sit at table admitted to all our meals, and thus to acquire that respectful demeanour, which I believe to be best formed by giving them a familiarity with the usages of good society, and by that wholesome restraint, which the presence of well-bred parents or superiors is always sure to impart. Out of doors, the children were frolicsome enough, but they were taught to make little noise in the house. I soon discovered, that Mr. Harrison was very highly educated and well-informed on a variety of subjects; he was particularly conversant with the laws, as also with the constitutional and general history, of the United States. He was very generally read in English literature and he had a good knowledge of books; while he was fluent in conversation, which was always delightfully varied, and, as a public speaker, he was animated and eloquent. Good-nature and good-humour were delightfully blended in his character; he was high-spirited and brave to a degree that made me fear he might readily be involved in some dangerous political or personal rencontre; he was an ardent Democrat, as opposed to the Whig party, and he was a leading orator on all public occasions. At meals, I was often instructed by his dissertations on political and social subjects; while sometimes for amusement, I took up the *role* of Whig arguments, to draw him out the more in discussion on theoretical principles and practical politics. In return, he seemed extremely interested by whatever information I was able to afford him, referring to Ireland and to the British Empire. Sometimes we were joined by gentlemen, especially of Mr. Harrison's political tendencies, and it was really very interesting to assist at or join in their discussions. Mrs. Harrison was usually an interested and intelligent listener, sometimes joining in these conversations; for most educated ladies in the United States are earnest and ardent politicians, or concerned about public ques-

tions. Altogether, looking back through a considerable vista of time, I know not if ever I experienced more really instructive and rational conversation, or of a more agreeable and intellectual character, than that which I recall to memory, in connection with my former residence at Hannibal, and with the most respectable Harrison family, for many reasons so endeared to me, owing to their unvarying courtesy and kindness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Extent of and Arrangement for the new Mission—Various Stations and Engagements—Hannibal, Palmyra, St. Paul's, Bowling Green, and Milwood—Social and Religious Usages in the latter Settlement—New London.

THE vast extent of missionary district then assigned to my care was almost limitless, although exactly defined, so far as I had charge of Catholic centres, and the Catholics immediately surrounding them. In Hannibal, a temporary frame house had been already erected, to serve as a place for worship, and it was on a plot of ground belonging to Mr. Harrison, in close proximity with his residence. Here, on the first Sunday of each month, I arranged to celebrate Mass and to preach at a convenient hour; and, if a fifth Sunday happened to fall within the calendar month, it was understood by the people, that I repeated there the same round of duty. About twelve miles distant was Palmyra, the chief seat of Marion County, at that time; and, as a few Catholics dwelt there and in the neighbourhood, it was arranged, that I should meet them in the house of an Irish drapery merchant, Mr. Conroy, on the second Sunday of each month.

Whenever I was about to start for a distant ride, I usually went over to Mr. Dowling's residence, where I formed the acquaintance of his partner, Mr. Archibald Rowan, then a comparatively young man, who was fond of riding, and I allowed him to have Nimrod for this purpose. We became great friends, and he was careful to have my horse ready and in good condition for the journey. Young Mr. Rowan did not long survive my arrival in Hannibal, for he died in the summer of 1848, and he was buried in the Presbyterian grave-yard. This was near the city of Hannibal. Although present at his

interment, with many others, I know not if any monument now covers his remains. While walking to the grave with the minister of his persuasion, I was able to furnish him with some interesting particulars, regarding the distinction Archibald Hamilton Rowan had acquired in Ireland, as a patriot, and as a man, having a fine private character. This information, I was pleased to find, he communicated to the auditory around my lamented friend's grave; for, it is the practice of most denominations, in the United States, to pronounce a funeral panegyric on a deceased person, at the time of interment.

Speculation was then rife in Hannibal, in consequence of a railway projected, and since constructed, between that city and St. Joseph, on the Upper Missouri, a distance of nearly 200 miles. For long after the commencement of this century, there was only one house on the site of a town now containing over 30,000 inhabitants. During my residence there, only the one great pork and beef packing establishment existed; now breweries, distilleries, flour-mills, tobacco factories, and wood-carving manufactories, have been erected. Besides a Catholic Church, Presbyterian, Methodist, Campbellite, Baptist, with several other meeting houses are there. A plank road has been laid between Hannibal and New London, the chief town of Ralls County, on the southern bank of Salt River, but I suppose, like others of the kind, it has proved to be a failure. Hannibal is the most important City in the state, north of St. Louis. It furnishes an outlet for exporting vast quantities of agricultural products, such as Indian corn, grain, beef, pork, fruit, hemp, tobacco and butter. It is fronted by a good levee, and there are several well paved streets and fine brick warehouses and stores near the river. The more distant streets are probably not yet sufficiently graded and improved, for the area is still extending. A narrow, low island, sixty miles in length, extends on the Illinois side, opposite this city. Through that island a road has been opened over the level and to the distant bluffs. Covered with a thick growth of wood, and intersected by ponds and sloughs, at tolerably low water, that island connects with the main shore. A steam ferry-boat plies between Hannibal and the Illinois landing. In my time, that island was much frequented by fowlers and fishers. The packet, at that period, generally discharged much freight and many

passengers at Hannibal on her upward trip, and received a like proportion on her downward passage.

About twenty-five miles west of Hannibal, and in Ralls county, a number of American Catholic farmers had settled, and these were mostly immigrants from Kentucky. They had already erected a log-church, within an enclosure devoted to a cemetery, and a farm comprising one hundred and sixty acres was an adjunct, on which stood a deserted log-house and a few out-offices, formerly tenanted by Father Lefevre—and then Bishop of Detroit—who had founded that colony, and who had built the church, dedicated to St. Paul, for their accommodation. Here I appointed to meet the people on the third Sunday of each month, in order that they might have an opportunity of assisting at Mass, and of preparing for confessions and Holy Communion. To reach this station, a very considerable stream—called Salt River, from various saline springs, along its course—had to be crossed at a ford, usually rather high for a horse to wade across. Often it became necessary for the rider to kneel on the saddle or to stand upright, while guiding the animal an oblique course at that spot, and through the water. As, on these missionary excursions, I always carried my vestments in saddle bags, unless the water was low, I was obliged to unfasten them from the stirrup-leathers and to place them hanging from my neck, until I had reached the opposite bank. When a freshet or flood happened, a ferry-boat on the bank, kept by one of my flock, was available for the purpose of crossing. An old Kentuckian farmer, Mr. Ralph Leake, was my host most generally on the occasion of my visits thither; and, as I sometimes remained nearly a week at his house, I often celebrated Mass there for convenience of the family and of their neighbours, as the log-church of St. Paul was nearly two miles distant, and only resorted to on Sundays, or as it might happen, on holy-days of obligation. My occasional delays were varied by daily rides to visit aged or infirm persons, who lived at places somewhat far apart.

It happened that sometimes I returned to Hannibal for special reasons; but, as the fourth Sunday of the month was devoted to visiting a settlement of Maryland Catholics living at Milwood, Lincoln County, and as this was nearly sixty miles due south from Hannibal, either position favoured me for at least a two days' ride, which I

made of it, whether going or returning. I usually spent an intermediate night at Bowling Green, the seat of justice for Pike County, but then a small village; and, as there were only a few Catholics there, I stopped at the house of a resident, formerly a Dublin tailor, always celebrating Mass for the family and their friends on the morning of my departure. This round of duties was almost uninterrupted, for the two years I remained in Northern Missouri. As it continued during the intense heats of summer and the rigorous colds of winter, it may well be supposed I generally reached my various stations wearied after a long day's ride, and quite disposed to sleep soundly for the night.

Here, I should mention, that my dear people at Milwood had a special claim on my affection and gratitude; for nothing could exceed their attention and hospitality to me, whenever I reached that station. Owing to the fact of so many families all closely related and named Mudd—descended from one of the original settlers who emigrated to Maryland with Lord Baltimore—and they having founded that Catholic colony, it was known far and near as the Mudd settlement. Other Catholics having gathered there since that time, and several of these being Irish and German, the old distinctive appellation has been dropped, although habitants of the name there are still numerous and respectable.

Among my dearest and kindest friends were George Mudd, M.D., his most excellent wife, and their large family, with whom I nearly always resided, when I paid my monthly visits to this section of country. That I contrived to accomplish at latest on a Friday evening, for I knew that the log-church, there erected and dedicated to St. Alphonsus Liguori, should be occupied for a considerable portion of Saturday in hearing the confessions, not only of the adult white settlers, but also of their slaves, who were taught by their good masters and mistresses to observe that important duty. They were also taught their catechism, and these fervent Maryland Catholics, for the most part, had night prayers in common, before the members of their respective families retired to rest. What chiefly excited my admiration was the fine hospitable spirit evinced by the host and hostess, who had a large table spread on each Sunday, not alone for the entertainment of their immediate rela-

tives and friends, but for numbers of other Catholics, who could hardly be expected to return fasting after Holy Communion to their distant homes. How pleasurable was the feeling, placed beside my generous hearted entertainers, to look around and behold a scene of real enjoyment and hilarity, blended with a mutual courtesy and friendship, more nearly approaching the love-feasts of the early Christians than any other conventional feastings the writer can now imagine. And, indeed, the like kindly spirit was evinced in the happy homes of other good Marylanders there, if not to the same lavish extent, at least in a degree commensurate with their means and opportunities. At that time, Dr. George Mudd was an approved physician and in excellent practice, while he had purchased a valuable farm, on which stood the first humble church he fostered into existence. In this connection, it should be mentioned, that his brother, Henry T. Mudd, was a highly-respected and an intelligent member of that congregation, eminently possessing similar hospitable and generous instincts. His wife was a most amiable and religious lady, while they had a large family of sons and daughters. For many years past, Dr. George Mudd and his wife have closed their earthly career, lamented by all who had the happiness of ever knowing them, but in the assurance of a never ending reward in Heaven. In the month of March 1890, Mr. Henry T. Mudd, at the ripe age of seventy-four, departed this life. At the time I speak of, he had been married to a Miss Dyer, by whom he had a numerous family of children before her death. A second time he was married, and to an Irish wife, formerly Miss Mary O'Brien, a native of Cork County, but long settled in Missouri. Both of these ladies were truly amiable and exemplary. Mr. Henry Mudd served as sheriff of Lincoln County; he was also one of its elected magistrates serving as County Judge, and an extensive general merchant in Milwood. There he resided, and there he was possessor of a fine estate, the acquisition of his own industry and intelligence, as it was the reward of an honourable career and of unswerving integrity. He was also a most devoted Catholic, and on that account the more admired, even by those of a different persuasion; while he was universally respected for his religious and moral character,

so well deserving private confidence and commanding public trust.

Returning from Milwood to Hannibal, it was usual to stop for a night at the hotel in New London, the chief seat of Ralls County ; and as that establishment was kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Smith, both of them excellent Maryland Catholics, I generally celebrated Mass there before leaving the next morning. At that time, they were the solitary Catholics, I believe, of that town and neighbourhood ; now there is a Catholic church, St. Peter's, in the place, and attended by the priest resident at St. Paul's settlement. Such were the stations I very regularly visited ; but oftentimes, I was obliged to seek out scattered families in the backwoods, and far from my line of route, so that for days in succession, I might be said to have lived on horseback. Now that district is divided, and under the charge of no less than three priests ; while the Franciscan Fathers from Quincy, in the State of Illinois, have some special places assigned there for occasional missionary visits.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Travelling through the Woodlands and over the Prairies—An Instance of animal Sagacity—An Adventure on the Prairie—The Elephant at Bowling-Green.

WHILE the whole state of Missouri south of the great river bearing that name is of a rolling, rugged, or mountainous cast, and consequently for the most part naturally covered with wood ; the greater part of northern Missouri, except along its chief river courses, is composed of prairies, totally devoid of trees, and often ranging over several miles on the upper plateaus between the various streams. For the convenience of building log-houses, of rail-fencing, and of fire-wood, the early settlers in the state usually selected farms in the back woods, near to the rivers and springs, or at least near the belts of trees bordering on the prairies, to combine two special advantageous objects, viz., an extensive range of luxuriant grass for their cattle, and a supply of wood for various farming and domestic purposes. The country roads, although roughly constructed and frequently needing repair, were marked along their lines by peculiar notches on the trees, where they ran through the woods ; while finger-posts often showed the traveller his

bearings and distances from the chief towns or villages. It was different along the open prairie county roads, and where such indications were most needed. Through the woods, farm-houses and their occupants frequently appeared; while there was always an opportunity for making inquiry, and where, as often happened, the hospitable backwoodsman invited strangers to rest themselves and horses, or to partake of a meal, if it were nearly ready at the time of a visit. It was always agreeable to travel through the woods, because there were signs of animal life and some variety of vegetable productions; besides, there was an agreeable shade from the sun's rays in summer, and a shelter from winter's extreme cold, owing to the thick and tall forest trees uniting over head, or the dense jungles of brushwood, which prevailed throughout those primitive forests. Farm-carts and market-wagons with their drivers were frequently met or passed, while horsemen and sometimes women riding in company, bent on friendly or business visits, gave and returned greeting to the passenger. In the more solitary and shady places, moreover, it was convenient to alight, and to pass the bridle over one's arm, so as to enjoy short intervals of pedestrian exercise. This enabled the priest, also, to read his office with little interruption, or even to prepare a sermon for any requisite occasion.

The conditions of travelling over the extensive prairies of Missouri were then of a far different character. In summer time, there was no protection afforded from the direct blaze of the sun over head, and all around the wayfarer's line of journey; while in winter, the cold wind was sweeping along, and sometimes laden with sleet or snow—a source of great discomfort or danger to the traveller, who might easily mistake and miss his course, if not very well acquainted with the ordinary track of road, there unfenced and unprotected, as also lying out on a level plain. The lightest clothing must be worn in summer, and an umbrella is absolutely necessary to protect the person travelling from scorching rays. Then, the monotony of view creates a feeling of solitariness and depression, for hours that must elapse ere these extensive plains can be crossed. In my early years, I had committed to memory nearly all the Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore, and I had learned to sing them with their respective beautiful airs. I found it to be a resource and a solace, to begin my

repertoire of songs, when I was completely away from human sight and hearing out on the prairies, and to continue that agreeable and intellectual communing with the very essence and spirit of incomparable lyrics and music, especially as I was not liable to be criticised for my defective harmonies and indifferent vocalism. I often found the long and wearisome road beguiled by this method, and the prairie crossed to my wished-for belt of woodland, before I looked at my watch, to ascertain that several hours had glided by, as if the siren I had invoked were capable of whiling away the time and of witching me from more gloomy cogitations. Sometimes, I recited the Divine office, little interrupted by external objects; and sometimes, I read a book or periodical, carried along with me, to improve or engage a lonely hour.

As an instance of animal sagacity, I shall only mention, that one day while thus engaged and walking before my favourite horse Nimrod, and with the bridle loosely pendant from my arm, suddenly he gave a series of checks, I did not at once advert to; but soon he fetched a caper with a flank movement, which brought him right before my view. I then noticed, that the two saddle-bags, having been unevenly balanced on either side of his back, the lighter one of them—still held by its brace to the stirrup-strap—had toppled over to the opposite side of the saddle, and thus the weight was inconveniently distributed for the poor animal. Not only did he know the cause by instinct, but he even calculated its remedy. I then replaced and confined the lighter wallet to its proper position, and approvingly stroked the neck of poor Nimrod, who seemed delighted at the success of his device.

During one of my missionary excursions across the prairie, I had desired to visit a respectable family, living in a remote part of the woodland country, and far removed from a church. Having diligently inquired about the road and direction I should take, before entering on a wide expanse of prairie, which stretched out in one vast unbroken plain to the verge of a distant horizon, and having had the point of woodland I should strike pointed out to me, I trusted to the course of a bright summer sun, then culminating to its meridian, and to the bearings of a road sufficiently defined by occasional travel, yet partially grass-grown at that particular season between

wagon-wheel traces, which stretched along it. The glare and heat of solar rays soon became most oppressive. An umbrella, which served under the sun of summer as a screen to me, was not sufficient to preserve my horse from the intense heat and from stinging gad-flies, which goaded him almost to madness. He often reared and plunged, so that frequently I was obliged to dismount, in order partially to relieve the poor animal from some troublesome insect, which had alighted on his ears or nostrils. I felt excessive thirst, owing to an oppressive heat, and water was not to be found, as no farmstead appeared in sight. Soon my instructions were misconceived or my directions were at fault; for, when I expected one direct track of roadway, which should guide me to that nearest point of a distant wood I kept in view along the entire route, I found two prairie roads diverged in different directions. After the best consideration I could give the matter, and guided in a great measure by the sun's course, and by the woodland point yet many miles in advance, I selected one of these roads; but, after travelling a considerable distance, I found myself altogether bewildered and quite astray in my calculations. The road taken appeared to be a mere private wagon-track, which led to some distant settlement entirely beyond my range of vision. Not a single human being could I meet, who might be able to afford me the slightest information. A sudden thought struck me, to retrace my course and to bear more towards the east, as I might come in sight of the town of Bowling-Green, which stood, I knew, on an elevated prairie plateau. My poor horse was covered with sweat and panting with fatigue, nor did I feel less faint and broiled with a heat, quite sufficient to cause instant sunstroke, but for the protection afforded by the umbrella. Still removed the woods appeared, but their outlines were perceptible only occasionally, and at an almost interminable distance. I did not even know, after some time, their salient points or bearing; so that, they furnished me with no direct indications, to guide my lonely and haphazard journeying.

The sun was now fast sinking towards the distant western rim of a grass-grown expanse on every side, and the heat was becoming less intense. Still no vestige of a human habitation or any individual could be seen. I began to despair of a lodging, save on the open prairie,

cation of cold water and friction of a dry towel, however, disposed me for a most refreshing sleep. Before appearing at breakfast the following day, I fear, that family with whom I lodged had been detained beyond an accustomed hour for their morning's meal. Soon afterwards, I departed by a well-known road, intending to take a *detour*, which should lead me by a more circuitous but better known route to the house of that family I had intended to visit. I arrived there, in due course, and baptized a negro child, already some months old; for rare indeed were the visits of missionary priests to those houses of Catholics, several miles removed from even the nearest station and settlement of their co-religionists.

In very warm seasons, the wells and cisterns, in and around Bowling-Green, are quite dried up, and it becomes a matter of difficulty to obtain water. A disappointment of this nature was once occasioned, owing to the drinking capacity of an elephant belonging to a travelling menagerie, as I heard it humorously related by a resident of that place. A pond, near town, had been growing small by degrees and beautifully less as the summer advanced, when the manager led his enormous elephant down to the brink. The wondrous suction-pipe of his flexible trunk soon gathered the last remaining drops from the lowest depths. A panic spread among the townspeople; for the first day's exhibition having partly satisfied a laudable curiosity, the caravans filled with wild beasts were on the move for another camping ground. The manager received notification to depart, and in no very complimentary terms, on the part of the enraged inhabitants. The huge elephant, while moving his cumbrous bulk along the line of march, was an object of supreme aversion. Imprecations, loud and deep, assailed his pendant ear-flaps; but, those unfriendly denunciations he appeared to receive with stoical indifference, making all sorts of wry mouths and trunk twistings at hooting *gamins*, that gathered to witness and urge his departure.

CHAPTER XXX.

Party Distinctions and Tactics—A Barbecue at Hannibal described
—Opposition Speeches—Electioneering Anecdotes.

WHILE residing with Mr. Harrison, I had a good opportunity afforded me for learning some operations and party secrets, with regard to the mode of conducting political movements, especially for the acquisition of State honours and offices. There were then in Missouri the two great rival parties of Democrats and Whigs; yet, it should be difficult to explain at present those exact lines of policy, which then divided them. The State Constitution laid down all those great principles and limits within which legislation was to move; and every intelligent Missourian was perfectly well acquainted with its provisions, which are printed, and in every home. The several American State Constitutions thus recorded have a great advantage over an unwritten constitution, untangible and tangled in its obscurity, owing to indefiniteness of reach and interpretation, even where the keenest intellects are employed in the closest study and comprehension, since it is only ideally existent, and generally but subjectively and individually apprehended with vagueness, as in the oft referred to constitutional traditions for these kingdoms of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. All the particular constitutions of the various States must be in conformity or not conflicting with the universally accepted Constitution which regulates the general government of the United States. This is also clearly set forth for the understanding of every citizen having average and ordinary intelligence. With state politics were those little coteries—known as the caucus—chiefly concerned, whenever their members assembled in secret conclave at Hannibal. The objects of the Democratic and Whig leaders were to select suitable candidates for one party or the other; the qualifications were, that these should be sensible, popular, and available men of respectable character and standing; for the higher offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Senators, and Judges, talents and ability were especially requisite; but the ordinary representatives in the State Legislature were usually selected, at that time, from the various classes, into which the whole

community was divided. After the selection of those candidates requisite to form an entire ticket for the day of election, various devices were adopted to bring the constituencies together, and to have public speakers named to address them with effect. On such occasions, it was the custom, likewise, for opposition orators to assemble, and to have their turn in answering those arguments advanced, and in presenting the claims of rival party candidates, for approval of the electors.

A barbecue is considered to be one of the most cheery and powerful means of attracting a large audience for electioneering purposes, in the great centres of population. This generally involves a large expenditure of money, subscribed by the political party, whose candidate has been invited or who intends to address a public meeting. The object is to provide an open air feast for all comers. While I was at Hannibal, the two rival candidates for the office of Governor of the State of Missouri were Major Rollins, Whig, and a Mr. King, Democrat. As Major Rollins was the invited party on this occasion, so the Whigs were to bear all the expenses of entertaining the multitude, who were expected to flock, not alone from the town but from all the surrounding country. I was my first opportunity for witnessing such a spectacle, while Mr. and Mrs. Harrison insisted I should accompany them to hear the speeches. I was, indeed, nothing loath; my curiosity and desire to obtain information were alike piqued and gratified, while I was present as an interested spectator of the whole proceedings, which I shall here endeavour to describe.

A beautiful and shady grove in a valley near the rivulet, known as Bears' Creek, which flows through Hannibal on its way to join the Mississippi, had been previously selected. On the evening before, a large platform had been erected, on which was an elevated tribune for the speakers. The space in front had several ranges of sawed planks, to serve as select seats for those ladies and gentlemen, who were expected to favour the Whigs with their presence. At some little distance, similar ranges of planks were fastened down in couples to tressels or supporters beneath, and those were destined to serve as tables for the *al fresco* entertainment. Large piles of firewood had been collected for cooking purposes. Then were stakes driven down and having

cross bars set up with hooks and strings appended. Immense cauldrons and large pans were provided, in a tent that was near; while plates, and but a scanty supply of knives and forks, were prepared for distribution and use on the day following. Major Rollins was received with all honour by his party, when he arrived as their guest the day before that meeting. At the rather early hour of ten o'clock, a vast concourse of persons assembled around the stand set apart for the speakers. The chief ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood were conveyed by stewards to seats reserved for them; and what was specially remarkable, the courteous Whig selection made of the Democratic ladies and gentlemen for choice positions, by their entertainers of different political views. The agricultural, mechanical, and labouring classes were satisfied to obtain standing room in the circle without; for, even in the United States, social distinctions are the rule, and not the exception, at public and private assemblies.

I noticed it as singular, that Major Rollins' arrival created no outward manifestation of enthusiasm on the part of his supporters, except uncovering their heads as a mark of respect, while he mounted the platform, and afterwards ascended the tribune. He then commenced a very able and an eloquent speech, which was carefully prepared, and which was effectively delivered. It evoked applause from his supporters at frequent intervals. He ran through all the leading topics of the day, and dwelt in an argumentative manner on the laches of the Democratic party in reference to Missouri State improvements and finances, of course promising great reforms, should he and his party succeed to power. That gentleman had a fine presence on the platform, and he had a mind stored with legal and general information. For two long hours the speech continued, and it was followed throughout with interest and attention by all who were assembled.

Meantime, the culinary operations were progressing at some distance from the place of meeting; yet, not so far, but that the smell of savoury viands filled the air, and it was wafted with increasing intensity on the olfactory nerves of the audience, as the Major drew his fine peroration to a close. Then it was announced by a gentleman of the Whig party, that luncheon, to which all were invited, should be ready after a brief interval.

This time was spent by the crowds in discussing the merits and arguments of the speech just delivered, while groups rambled round the fires which were lighted in the open air, where an immense number of joints were roasting, and where the cauldrons were seething with others, which were boiling for the banquet, now nearly ready to be served up. Several oxen, sheep, venison, hogs and poultry were in requisition, and vegetables were thus prepared, to an amount that quite astonished me; but there were many hungry people to be fed, and a great number had come from far distances.

The usual time for dinner in the United States is between twelve and one o'clock. The latter hour approached, however, before the tables began to groan with their load of refreshments and delicacies. It was certainly a busy scene, as the cooks and attendants rushed with their smoking dishes from the fires to the improvised boards and benches, that extended in long rows beneath the trees. It was a point of honour and of etiquette, that the ladies should have first place at the tables; that each fair guest should have at least one plate, knife and fork; while it was the care of all the gentlemen present, that their wants should be fully attended to, before others were served at the principal tables. The most *recherche* viands were prepared for them. All who were present seemed to possess that best of sauces, a good appetite, while the whole entertainment, with some singular and bizarre features of originality, passed off in a state of universal hilarity and enjoyment.

Standing room at the tables was as much as might be hoped for, by the gentlemen; and nearly all were satisfied to recollect, that hands were made before knives and forks, as the former were principally engaged in holding a bone of fowl or a slice of meat in one, with a piece of bread in the other. Meanwhile, jokes and smart sayings circulated among the various groups. The backwoodsmen, especially, were not over particular in seizing on what first came within their reach, and jack-knives, which most of them carried, served to take considerable slices from the rounds and joints spread out on the grass, on which many of them lay prostrate, in quite an Oriental fashion, and giving way to different antics in their recumbent position. The adjoining rivulet supplied the only drink used on this festive occasion. After some

time, all were satisfied with their repast. A signal was then given, that speaking was to re-commence; and all hastened to resume their selected stations, and to hear those orators, who had been told off for the afternoon speeches.

The next speaker to ascend the tribune was a Colonel Richmond, a leading Democratic lawyer and politician of Hannibal. He delivered a very able reply, grappling closely with the statements of Major Rollins, and defending the Democratic party from those charges he had levelled against it. The Colonel alleged their economic administration of the State taxes, and their safe management of its finances. He pointed out their various State improvements, as effected already, and their projected works, as highly creditable both to their prudence and enterprise. This was a very lengthened speech, likewise, and it was not inferior either in matter or treatment to that of the preceding one. The Colonel was very heartily applauded by his friends and sympathisers. The day was now declining, and a Whig lawyer of Palmyra named Thompson followed in a very discursive speech, which although spoken in an impassioned and fluent way was vapid and tiresome, because it was chiefly intended to waste time, and to prevent the possibility of an answer from any opposition speaker. My friend Mr. Harrison had been named to reply, and he was prepared to deliver a speech, which doubtless should have been worthy of him and that party to which he belonged. However, the meeting was fast dissolving, and as the shades of evening had set in, the auditors began to disappear. The tactics of the Whigs thus defeated his purpose. An hour after the meeting had finally closed, the town of Hannibal was in a state of absolute quietude, and the country people had left for their respective homes, some of which were far distant.

Expedients adopted to secure the return of popular representatives at frequently-recurring presidential or state elections, and devices employed by the candidates themselves, are oftentimes exceedingly ingenious and amusing. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the following anecdotes, however, although they were told to me, while I was in Hannibal. When the celebrated General Jackson was a candidate for the presidency, his party found it necessary to secure the popular vote, in a certain

benighted district in the State of Missouri. A few clever lawyers from St. Louis were delegated to carry on this canvass. A day had been appointed to harangue the multitude, that assembled in large numbers round the platform and within the county town. One of those orators began to descant on the brilliant military services of Jackson in the war of 1814-15; and afterwards, he alluded to the general's staunch democratic principles. "Wall, neow, capting," said a sturdy backwoodsman, "mought I ax if Gin'ral Jacksing's a rig'lar Missourian, an' what he did for the people of this here state?" "A very fair question, friend, which I'll answer," returned the lawyer. "General Jackson settled away far west in Missouri, and there opened store for the special accommodation of farmers, who were at the mercy of Yankee speculators, charging big prices for their 'notions,' and taking in exchange treble the amount in *prodooce*. It's well known, the honest general, in the dearest of times, never charged more than a picayune a pound for sugar and coffee." The welkin rang with popular acclamation. "Huzza for Jacksing! Bully for the gin'ral! He'll carry Osage County, sure!" And the result of that election gave "old hickory"—as he had been called—a triumphant majority.

Homely illustrations often carry a point at barbecue and other meetings, in the teeth of laboured and grandiloquent orations. An honest farmer, but little distinguished for eloquent harangues in the Legislature, gave some cause of umbrage to his county constituents on a certain occasion. A practised speaker and a political opponent made the most damaging statement he could urge before the assembled rustics. When L—— was allowed the privilege of replying to this orator, casting a fierce glance at the latter, and with folded arms, he cried out in the phraseology of a backwoodsman: "If I'm not as good a hand to jine a speech together, or so glib at high falutin' as P——, I'm a consarned sight more honest in a gin'ral way. Now, men, let me ax yerselves—for I acknowledge the corn—if each of yer had a rifle, that sent a ball right smack at a squirrel a tarnation number of times, and that it missed fire once, would yer not rather nor throw it away peck the flint and try it again? I guess as how I'd do, in the case: and I reckon I know too, as how you'd do, every individooal among yer." The appeal was con-

clusive and told effectively on the crowd. A loud chorus of voices rang out: "Go it, old hoss, and run P—— off the track! Darned if we don't peck the flint and try L—— again!"

On a certain occasion, a local office seeker made his circuit ride among the Ralls County farmers, to secure their votes for an approaching election. The contest between himself and his rival was expected to be a very close one. Turning a little out of his course by mistake, he crossed the county border, and came upon a field where the owner was holding the plough and driving his steady team of horses over the furrows. "Good day, squire," cried the candidate; "I reckon you heard, that I'm runnin' for the Legislatur for Ralls County, and I want your vote and interest for the contest a comin'." "Wall, then, sirree," returned the sturdy farmer, who was somewhat of a humourist, and who soon discovered the mistake made by his visitor, "I must go home and ask the ole ooman, and if she hev no objection, I'm your man. Jist take the plough handles, and lick away until I return." The candidate "gee-wooad" and plodded backward and forward, turning up the furrows in a very workmanlike manner, but every now and then casting a longing glance, expecting the return from his house and promised vote of this constituent. After a considerable delay, the latter appeared, bestowing on the industrious candidate due praise, for the great number of sods he had so neatly turned. "Well," said the aspirant for legislative honours, as he resigned the plough handles to the farmer, "I hope the old woman has no objection to your voting for me?" "None in the world," returned the farmer, "only she remarked to me, as I happen to live over the line in Munroe County, I have no right whatever to give a vote in Ralls!" The candidate, not a little out of humour, on account of lost time and labour, walked towards his horse, lifted the bridle from a fence-stake, mounted and rode away, while he noticed a suppressed smile on the face of the agriculturist before resuming his field operations.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Distant Sick Call in Winter—A Great Flood in Salt River—Sad Accident of a Death by Drowning—The Body recovered and interred in St. Paul's Cemetery—Offer of a Protestant Church for missionary Purposes—A Minister's Troubles—Mistaking a Road in the Backwoods.

I WELL recollect once having been called from Hannibal to visit a female parishioner, who had been taken suddenly ill at St. Paul's Settlement. It was in the depth of winter. The roads and rivers were perfectly frozen, whilst snow covered the ground to a considerable depth. Travelling was exceedingly difficult over unmacadamized roads, cut up with wagon tracks and foot-prints left by animals. Arriving at Salt River, which was covered with ice, I dismounted, and led my horse over it with perfect security. On the bank, where I remounted, there was a farm-house and out-offices belonging to a Mr. Perry, who had been married to a member of my congregation. His father-in-law, old Mr. Ralph Leeke, with whom I designed stopping for a few days, lived about two miles further on my road, which led for a considerable distance through Perry's farm, situated in the alluvial bottom lands. Some members of his family I saluted on passing in the dusk of that evening. Having attended the sick woman and returned again to the house of Mr. Ralph Leeke at a late hour, I felt sufficiently fatigued to be desirous of rest. The day following, a thaw set in, the snow melted, and rain began to fall. Towards evening, Perry rode up to the house of his father-in-law, and bringing his wife and children in a wagon. He told us, that the ice had broken up on Salt River, and that a flood in it was rapidly rising. From the quantity of snow now dissolving, he feared the river should flood over the banks, and thus encroach on his farm and homestead. Dreading to remain in the house with his family over night, he had secured a large number of hogs then fattening for market in a pen, having husked a sufficient quantity of Indian corn to feed them. His cattle and horses were allowed to range at large; while his household effects were stowed away in an upper apartment, to remove them from the anticipated rise of water, so far as he could possibly do under existing circumstances. Lodging was provided for himself and

family that night, in old Ralph Leeke's hospitable mansion.

A large family party sat down to supper. Although our topic of conversation for some time was the probability of a moderate rise in Salt River, we were anxious to assure Mr. Perry there could be no fear of the water reaching his house. This likewise appeared to be his own opinion; yet it was evident, some uneasiness on the subject crossed his mind at intervals. Still our conversation became cheerful and unrestrained. Perry had often expressed his desire to become a Catholic with his good wife—for he professed no particular form of religion—and I had given him some instructions, lent him books, usually of his own choice, and had lately promised to procure him a controversial work on the occasion of my next missionary visit to the settlement. He asked me, if I had now brought it; for he hoped its perusal should settle his convictions and crown his conversion. I had to apologise for my omission, having been called away very hurriedly to visit my patient, and I had not time to make the usual provision for my monthly missionary trip to St. Paul's Settlement. "Well, then, Father," said Perry, in his usual pleasant way, "I thought I would have the pleasure of reading this book, and in the name of God be ready for Baptism in a month or two; but then, if anything happens to me between this and your next visit, I must hold you accountable for the consequences." Poor fellow! These words seemed almost prophetic of his approaching fate, although making little impression on me at that particular time. After spending an agreeable evening, terminated by catechetical questions put to the children, and to which he devoted special attention, knowing they were equally applicable to his own case, all the family joined with me in night prayers. At early dawn, Perry had his horse ready for a ride down to his farm.

He soon returned in great agitation of mind and he then reported, that the bottoms were all flooded, whilst only a portion of his own houses appeared over water. He had been able to approach sufficiently convenient to hear the hogs sending forth their own peculiar wailing, whilst struggling against their impending fate. His idea was to construct a raft with ropes and planks. On this frail contrivance he would endeavour to paddle

sufficiently near to rescue some of their number. With such purpose he had returned, both to give directions to his family, and to secure as many ropes and chains as possible. He could not swim, and the water was sufficiently deep in places around his house, to render this object most perilous for a man so circumstanced. We all implored of him to run no risk, as the chances were against his rescuing the hogs; and consequently, we argued that it should be better to let them perish, unless he could contrive other and safer means to reach them. The poor man listened to our advice and seemed to give assent; yet, hurrying his preparations, he said, that some of his neighbours were already waiting his return, and had promised to assist his efforts. After breakfast, which was then ready, his devoted wife and two of her eldest boys insisted on going with him to the water's edge. I had resolved myself, after completing the morning's office, to follow them; meantime advising Perry to make no rash attempt, until a skiff or boat could be procured, for I had hardly a doubt that one might be found on either bank of the river.

An hour had scarcely elapsed when I was on horseback, and anxious to obtain a view of the flooded bottoms, I made a short detour through the woods, until I reached a height looking over them. Thence, I could observe Perry's houses, with the roofs barely discernible, whilst one vast expanse of water covered his clearings and spread away under gigantic cotton trees, the veteran growth of those alluvial soils. In some places, cattle were wading or swimming through the flood. Instantly I turned my horse's head to the high road, and I was just descending an incline, when I saw Perry's two boys running towards me, and crying out with most heartrending lamentations that their poor father was drowned. It would seem, he had constructed a sort of rude raft with the assistance of some neighbours. Accompanied by one of them and mounted on horses, some vain attempts were made to reach the hog-pen, although noise had entirely ceased from that quarter. The ice was yet floating, and finding some of it packed against one of his fences, Perry and his friend swam their horses near this point, hoping to reach the out-offices which were not far apart. In spite of his companion's remonstrances, and the hopeless nature of

his attempt, Perry scrambled on to a fence, but could proceed no further. Both men were now quite benumbed with the cold water. His companion led Perry's horse swimming as near to the fence as possible. In a vain endeavour to reach the animal's back, the owner slipped his hold, fell into deep water and was drowned. His companion could not save him, and only barely escaped a like fatality. I shall never forget the anguish of poor Perry's bereaved and broken-hearted widow, who had been brought in a state bordering on distraction to a farmer's house which was near; for she had seen her husband perish, from that spot where she stood at the water's edge. Vain were all our efforts to comfort or console her; it was an agony of grief too deeply seated, even for after time wholly to remove.

Some days afterwards and the dead man's body was recovered; for as the waters were still increasing, it was not possible to reach the spot until boats had been procured. The angry state of Salt River prevented me from returning to Hannibal at this place, and the ferry boat had been carried away by the flood from its moorings. I was obliged to take a route by way of New London, where, I had no doubt, a ferry boat could be found. So broad, strong and rapid was the current, however, that I dare not attempt the passage until a week had fully elapsed. I spent the interval in a round of visits to various Catholic families. I also assisted at poor Perry's interment, in St. Paul's graveyard beside my church.

Whilst I attended this district, a Protestant—I think a Baptist—congregation in a neighbouring settlement had some difference with their preacher whom they dismissed. For a time their meeting-house was closed. Soon after this occurrence, a message was conveyed to me, by one of my own congregation, that if I choose to avail myself of the privilege, their church should be placed at my disposal for Catholic service and preaching. My friend was duly authorised to make this offer. I had just reasons for declining; for, in the first place, the situation was too remote from my ordinary circuit, which I was only able to travel with great physical exertion and fatigue, while my duties among my different Catholic congregations were more than sufficient to preoccupy all my time. Again, I had reason to fear, considerable difficulty might arise, if I assumed the

responsibility of preaching for an extern flock those doctrines of my own Church, regarding which I knew so much prejudice and misconception prevailed in the minds of many Protestants. Besides, I could not be sure that in this quarrel the flock might have been more in fault than the preacher. I have no doubt, however, that could I spare time, I might have been able to find my way to a compliance with their wishes, and without any unworthy compromise of religious principle on my part. I think it probable, also, that after a fair and candid statement of Catholic doctrine, I must have found many willing to embrace the true faith; for I had some experience of the readiness, with which many of the native Americans flocked to our humble missionary churches, and had, in many cases, prepared themselves to become converts.

It is no easy matter for the most talented, pious and well intentioned minister to please critics and coteries, often formed among the members of his own sect. It requires from him the exercise of great tact and discretion. In a certain case, which occurred at Hannibal, I recollect a Presbyterian congregation and church had secured the services of a Yankee preacher, distinguished for gentlemanly manners and address. He was also a man of considerable learning, high spirit, and eloquence. However, some differences grew up between himself and his hearers, in reference to the payment of a suitable salary and to certain other congregational matters. The very origin of this preacher rendered him unpopular with members of his flock, for the most part emigrants from southern slave states or native Missourians. The preacher was also charged with being an abolitionist; and this accusation alone was sufficient to render his position an uncomfortable one. At last matters came to a crisis: the preacher decided on throwing up his pastoral charge, and returning to his native place. But on the Sunday when this determination was announced to his assembled flock, they were destined to hear the following words among other strong matters addressed to them: "My brethren," said the preacher, "as I am soon going to leave you, let me relate an anecdote about my native place. I leave the application to yourselves. In the town of Plymouth, in New England, there were many of my fellow townsmen engaged in the fisheries for a

long time, but without any marked success. Some of their families were actually in want, and had often to depend upon other business people there to save them from starvation. A few more successful fishing seasons followed. As shoals of fish frequented the coast, the fishermen made profitable captures, grew rich, purchased real estate, retired from business, and began to look down on their former benefactors. They refused even to pay their just debts. Ignorant, purse-proud, and supercilious, they were hated by all their fellow citizens, and they had an opprobrious name applied to them which continues to this day. They were called 'The Cod Fish Aristocracy.' Now, when most of you first came to Hannibal and elected me as your preacher, I had as much money as enabled me to purchase lots, and settle many of you very comfortably, waiting your own time for payment. In some instances, this I never since fully received. Many among you were then in very humble circumstances, and I laboured hard to promote your spiritual and temporal welfare. You voted me a miserable stipend, after we had built a convenient and handsome church. You refuse to pay me that wretched salary, now that you are mostly in prosperous circumstances, and that other rich Presbyterians have come to increase our congregation. You fawned on me, when I had means of my own; and when I had freely spent them for your sake, and became poor on your account, you are ungrateful enough to insult and despise me. You are the most wealthy and numerous denomination in this rising city, and yet you are the very meanest. I am sure, in now bidding you adieu for ever, I cannot but pity the unfortunate successor, that shall be selected as a minister to 'The Hannibal Cod Fish Aristocracy.' No doubt the feelings, and, perhaps, the consciences, of many amongst the preacher's audience felt hurt by these reproaches; but, certainly, no substantial manifestations of sympathy or respect were given on his departure for the East. The name thus bestowed was considered well applied to his delinquent flock, and the Cod Fish Aristocracy of Hannibal also passed into a proverb.

Roads leading through the backwoods in Missouri were then only certain broad spaces cleared of timber and brushwood. Each settler was obliged to labour or pay a proportionate tax for smoothing their surface or filling

deep ruts with stones or logs of timber, at certain periods every year. The county court judges send a road inspector to supervise this business. A certain farmer of my acquaintance, a little notorious for his partiality to "red eye," or corn-made whiskey, was returning homewards with horse and wagon, after having completed his market traffic in Hannibal. The night began to fall, and soon it became pitch dark, especially under the canopy of tall trees. However, our friend's intellect and power of perception were somewhat confused after his deep potations. Finding a glade opening beside the high-road, he turned the horse's head in that direction, and for a time his wagon wheels went crashing through briars and hazels, hills and hollows, along this route. Soon, however, the nonplussed driver found himself unaccountably brought to a halt, at the end of a scrubby *cul-de-sac*. In vain he tugged at the reins and at the wheels, while belabouring the poor worried animal. There was no possibility of finding an exit from this labyrinth of brush. He shouted for assistance, but no help was near. At length, vexed, overcome with weariness, and, perhaps, owing to free libations, he poured forth all sorts of abuse and maledictions on the road inspector, who had not kept this road in repair. He even threatened to denounce that functionary before the judges of the County Court. Tired of this vituperation, he then turned into the wagon, where he slept on to the early hours of morning. Good fortune brought him release, as friends had followed the trail of the missing farmer. But all laughed very heartily, as the toper still insisted he had not left the high road, and that the road-inspector should be called to account for neglecting his peculiar functions.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Irish Speculator and Colonizer, William Muldrow—A Steam-boat Trip up the Mississippi—Rise and Fall of Marion City—From Tully to Edina—Prairie Scenery—Rev. Denis Byrne, Pastor of Edina—Appearances and Prospects of North-Western Missouri at that Time.

ONE of the most enterprising of settlers in the northern parts of Missouri was William Muldrow, an Irish Presbyterian from Ulster, who embarked with others on great schemes to establish colonists there, and especially of his

own persuasion. In 1830, they formed a Presbyterian settlement, church and college at Philadelphia, near West Ely, about fifteen miles north-west from Hannibal. Marion college was there founded on the manual-labour system; it was incorporated by the Missouri Legislature in 1831; and before the year 1837, upwards of \$70,000 were expended in the way of improvements. Seven teachers and 116 pupils then gave promise of great success. The intelligent settlers there were mostly Irish Presbyterians with their children, at the time when it had been visited by the writer; but, a few Catholic families also lived near the place. With nearly all the leading residents I became acquainted, and with many I was on terms of friendly intimacy. The bitterness of irreligious bigotry and party feeling had there no place in our intercourse; the free social atmosphere of the United States, in which they then lived, had tended to correct many an error and remove many a prejudice. With the ministers and preachers of all denominations, I kept on good terms, for hatred to Popery was fast dying out, and our Catholic people were among the very best of the citizens.

His success as a colonizer urged William Muldrow to attempt a similar enterprise in the extreme north-western parts of Missouri. Accordingly, he made a prospecting tour through those tracts then thinly inhabited. There is no incident or chain of incidents connected with the history of Clark county more remarkable in character, than the real estate transactions of William Muldrow, when he visited that district of the State.

The early settlements of St. Francisville, of Waterloo, and of Luray had just begun; only seven years had elapsed since that trio of pioneers, Serry Wayland, George Heywood, and Samuel Bartlett, had pushed their way from Tully through tall grass and brush on to the wild and solitary banks of the Fox River. Then the few hardy pioneers, who penetrated to the almost unexplorable uplands, were roaming the untracked prairies in a crusade against the aboriginal wolves or engaged in single combat with an occasional bear, the solitary aristocrat of the woods and prairies. About the year 1835 or 1836, Muldrow had persuaded certain parties to embark in one of his most remarkable philanthropic enterprises. This was nothing less than the establishing of a magnificent institution of learning in the centre of

what was then a complete wilderness. His project for founding institutions of learning in Missouri, proposed that wealthy and benevolent subscribers should furnish him a sufficient sum of money to enter two townships of land in Missouri, on which to erect seminaries or colleges of learning on the manual-labour principle. To carry out his speculative objects, Muldrow engaged gentlemen of means and of philanthropic proclivities, named William Green, Jr., S. B. Hunt, and I. M. Diamond, all of the state of New York, and he thereupon gave them a beautiful and glowing description of the western country, and especially extolling the State of Missouri. After exhausting his descriptive powers in impressing upon the minds of the complainants false, erroneous, and unwarranted opinions in relation to the country, and predicting its future greatness, as also after discanting on the great want of intellectual improvement in the far west, and dilating extensively upon the great benefits which should result from a useful and higher education for young men, he obtained the required funds.

Under this agreement, the enterprising William Muldrow actually received 28,000 dollars in cash, from his patrons. The plan by which Muldrow proposed to render his institutions self-supporting was a novel one, and to most people it must appear extremely visionary. In the centre of each township was to be laid off 4,000 acres of land, which should be held by Muldrow and parties advancing the money as trustees for the benefit of the college. This was to be situated in the centre of that tract, while the rents, issue, and profits of said 4,000 acres were to be applied to the support of his institution. A belt of land surrounding this college, and consisting of about 1,063 acres, was intended to be laid off in town lots. These lots were to be sold by Muldrow, and the proceeds were to be paid over to the New York parties, as profits on their investment, except one-sixth part and an additional ten per cent. of the whole. This was to be reserved by Muldrow, as compensation for his services. It was further agreed, that Muldrow should have from another tract of the township 2,800 acres of land as a consideration for his services.

He entered only one township, however, and that about the centre of Clark county. It was much smaller than the plan above detailed called for, consisting of an

area two miles square, and consequently containing in all only 2,560 acres. This tract of land, the original entry of which was made under such romantic conditions, extended on its north border from the centre of Johnson street in Kahoka, to Clark City on the north-east corner. That whole tract lay in a square south of this line, and its south-west corner was near the present site of the Star school-house. The tract to be laid off in town lots consisted of a strip eighty rods wide, entirely surrounding and within the limits of the four mile area. Afterwards Muldrow described this tract of land as near the centre, and he predicted that it should eventually be the capital of Clark county. The reader can now decide for himself, whether Muldrow is entitled to the reputation of a prophet, or merely to the credit of having extraordinary business sagacity. Although in making his entry of land, Muldrow reduced the extent of the college grounds from the stipulated amount of 4,000 acres to the smaller tract of 1,497 acres, he did not fail to enter the 2,800 acres for his own use. This tract included the ground, upon which the present town of Kahoka and most of its additions are now laid out.

Before the circuit court for Clark county, in 1838, a suit against Muldrow was brought by the New York parties who furnished the cash for this scheme, and who were not satisfied with the way in which their investment was likely to turn out. The suit was settled on the plan of arbitration. William Muldrow became the owner in fee of the lands on which Kahoka is now situated; he afterwards gave a deed of trust on the lands. In this however his wife did not release her dower interest. The land was sold under the trust deed. When the county seat was established at Kahoka many years later, the circuit judge would not approve the title to the public square, on account of that unrelinquished dower interest. The court-house was, therefore, located outside of the town of Kahoka, at that time, and this was one of the reasons why the temple of justice stands off in one corner, remote from the business portion of the city. As Mrs. Muldrow's dower was only a life interest, it ceased at her death, which occurred several years ago, and the title to the land on which Kahoka stands is now perfect.

It was said by some of the citizens who remember Muldrow, that he was very proud of his large possessions

in Clark county. At one time, while riding over the lands claimed by him, he met a school-boy who did not know him by sight. Muldrow accosted the boy with a "Hallo boy! who owns all this land about here?" The boy readily answered: "Old Bill Muldrow; pap says he is the dang'dest scoundrel in the State of Missouri." There was a difference of opinion among old citizens as to the sincerity and disinterestedness of Mr. Muldrow's motives, in devising and executing his singular schemes; but, he was generally held to have been an arrant cheat, and a man void of all moral feelings or principle. However, it is possible, that he was more visionary than tricky, and that his failure was as severe a disappointment to himself as to his deceived patrons.

The luxurious appointments of the old river-steamers, and their very reasonable fares, were inducements sufficient of themselves to venture on a visit, which my former fellow-student, the Rev. Denis Byrne, Pastor at Edina, proposed I should make. Accordingly, I took passage on the Keokuk packet. Bidding adieu for that time to Hannibal, two miles above this young and flourishing city, its rival, Scipio, was soon passed. This name was borne by a village, consisting only of some two or three log houses. Like their famous namesakes of old, both towns commenced as rivals; but, in opposition to the known facts of Roman and Carthaginian history, fortune in the new world left Hannibal the conqueror. There is a possibility, that Scipio may yet rise superior—a contingency however not anticipated at present,—while it may be regarded as rather improbable even at any future period.

Coasting along the fine open prairie, on which it stands, Marion city next appeared in view. A hack car was there to be found waiting for the Palmyra mail and passengers. The incomplete appearance of embankments, thrown up along the river, exhibits vain efforts made by former inhabitants to keep out the Mississippi high waters. A few miserable storm and wave-worn frame-houses then remained but in shattered forms, and in solitary positions, as wrecks of this once vaunted city-site. A few wretched houses only were then tenanted at the landing. An old frame church still braved the river Manitou, although the shingled steeple tottered to its fall when I last saw it. How many a shrewd Yankee

was deceived in his speculations, on the street lots Marion city, the history of which is a singular one.

We have already alluded to William Muldrow, and his mania for founding colonies; here his eye sprang over what he deemed to be an eligible site for a rising city, and accordingly, he secured that ample site on the Mississippi River by purchase. Taking a *detour* from Palmyra, on returning from one of my missions to Hannibal, I had already rode over that deserted city-site which, with its projector, has been already immortalized by two among the most popular of our modern novelists. It lay within my pastoral charge, but only one Catholic family lived in or near it.

Some of our readers may no doubt be enabled to recollect on our first arrival in the United States taking notice of a map conspicuously posted up in various hotels and public places of the Eastern cities, and purporting to give the squares, wharves, and public buildings of Marion City, on the western bank of the Mississippi River, twelve miles above the present city Hannibal. This chart was elegantly lithographed, the names of the streets were given, and the description of the site such as could not fail to captivate the imagination of the mercantile or professional man, the artisan or the capitalist. The consequence was, that numbers without further inquiry, bought lots; houses reframed were procured for transportation, and even distant indication gave promise of a future large city. But these hopes were dissipated on a nearer approach. It was our fortune to have afterwards witnessed the site of Marion City and its local advantages. These consisted of a low and level prairie, intersected by both sloughs, and barely elevated above the river at low water mark, while on the frequent occurrence of high water, that plain was totally submerged. On riding over those bottoms at a comparatively dry period, a horse nearly sunk to his saddle girths in water-morass. The lots, that were formerly sold at high prices, were of course suffered to remain unimproved and neglected; nor could their location even be recognized by the former owners. Shortly after the ar-

of the Eastern people, who had made those purchases, an amusing caricature was etched and exhibited in some of the neighbouring towns, notably in Palmyra. The purchasers were represented in various groups, and sailing over their lots in boats, each busied in examining the chart, and endeavouring to find therefrom by the aid of lead and line the probable location of his property. This drawing was said to be worthy of ranking with any of the productions emanating from the comic and spirited pencil of Hogarth.

It must be known, that the clever and money-making projector of this city afterwards emigrated to the gold regions of California. His fame preceding or accompanying the clever founder of Marion City, Muldrow sought to get rid of an undesirable notoriety in his newly adopted state, by petitioning the Californian Legislature to change his name. To this request they acceded, but his identity leaked out, and on learning the motive that urged his application, the members complied, not however to the exact extent of his wishes; for, instead of bestowing the name of his choice, they baptized him William Water-lots Muldrow. That *exposé* of his enterprising genius was sufficient notice for him to leave for parts unknown, nor is it now possible for the writer to chronicle the closing years of his brilliant career. He is certainly the original of Mark Twain's inimitable Colonel Sellers, and as the world-renowned author was a native of Hannibal, but an undistinguished printer's boy in my time, and then bearing his family name of Clements, so must he have heard there from tradition the many smart doings and devices of William—or as more commonly styled—Billy Muldrow.

For the very neighbourly purpose of taking away business from Hannibal, the citizens of Palmyra had then projected a railway communication of eight miles between their town and Marion City. But the Mississippi would not see its favourite river-town injured. Like an Irish Whiteboy or a Ribbonman, it got up one night, swept away the bottom causeway, served notice on the spot against a repetition of any similar attempt, and threatened summary vengeance, if the Palmyra people would dare to step on the broadcloth of the Hannibal citizens.

An hour's sail takes us up to Quincy, on the Illinois shore. Some distance above it, but on the Missouri side of the river, might be seen Tully and Canton, then in friendly rivalry for a race of progression. As we do not intend to go beyond the limits of Missouri, let us step off the steamer at Tully, it being a frontier town. We may lodge at its homely but inviting hostelry for a night. With the morrow, we rise, for a prosecution of our journeyings. This town often suffers owing to high water, caused by periodical but irregular river floods, for its situation on the Mississippi is rather low. Still, it was well sustained by a fine interior country. Onward we next start for a town, some distance inland, and called Edina.

Stock raising was there the great occupation of a prairie farmer; and the facilities afforded for such pursuit were not elsewhere surpassed. All entered tracts of land generally ranged from 160 to 640 acres; most farms were comprised in the former number, and few were classed under a lower area. In general, cultivated farms had some forty or eighty acres under fence and cleared, although spots were mostly selected so that the latter work might be avoided. Generally, on each farm there was a cosy and solid log-building, having a low loft over its under story, with a detached cabin as a kitchen for the dwelling. Some out-offices were a little removed from each farm-house. The people there, for the most part, were natives of Virginia or of Kentucky. It might probably be an easy matter, for emigrating families to buy improved and very desirable farms, at from 400 to 1,000 dollars, which should include the original price fixed by Congress. Most farmers—especially far from the river—were squatters, and these persons were ready to sell out their land at lower rates, but they always expected cash down for purchases made. Yet a settler might wait his own convenience to enter his holding, at the government land office, which then had its migratory location at Edina. Title was always regarded as quite secure, a pre-emption being obtained.

As the Rev. Denis Byrne hailed from my own part of Ireland, before we had emigrated to the United States, so were we able to revive former scenic and personal recollections, as likewise associations with old friends

and acquaintances. My visit must necessarily be brief, however, for a few days stolen from the routine of missionary duty usually involved arrears of work to be wiped out on return to home. Our rides around that north-western district of the State were few; but, these enabled me to observe much, and to gain some reliable information from my friend, who had a very good knowledge of the people and of their condition. The following short notices must suffice for description.

Land was daily becoming enhanced in value, at that period, as emigration had increased; in a few years, it should have been quite impossible to procure at very low prices any desirable places about that neighbourhood. Scenery on the prairies for the most part appeared monotonous. Yet sometimes it presented a varying character, and often it had the appearance of giant parks or lawns, laid out on a very effective and vast artificial scale. The prospects stretched outwards to an immeasurable distance and they were often bounded only by the horizon. The range of vision was mostly closed by hazy-looking woods. Across those prairies, the roads were quite level and generally smooth for travelling, even during the winter season. Those prairies too are mostly undulating, and thus they afford a fall for rain-water. Occasionally, dry and sedgy courses are met; these are the usual channels for drainage, when much rain or snow happens to fall. I believe, in few instances, can an unvarying level be found for any continuous distance; and yet, any eminence, deserving even the name of a hill, cannot be seen, over those vast open land surfaces. Wild turkeys, deer, prairie fowl, partridges, rabbits, snakes and other wild animals, spring up at every turn, and from every adjoining thicket you approach, as your steed patters gaily along those beaten paths. Occasionally, the baying of dogs and the crack of a hunter's rifle will be heard, for all sorts of game were then most abundant. A kind of scrubby wood, thorn and hazel, scattered along the runs—as dried beds of rivulets are usually called—afford shelter to those wild denizens of wood and wold. During autumnal evenings, the traveller might then observe thousands of rabbits skipping out from and around various coverts.

Throughout all this remote country and on to the northern State lines of Missouri, at least for forty to

sixty miles westward from Tully and Canton, a cash and home market was always presented for country produce. Pork and beef curers or packers, living in those towns, and in Keokuck, on Des Moines River, used to ride into the country, and there buy up cattle, even at farmers' houses. Drovers either bring these animals to market, or the farmer agrees to furnish and to drive so many head, according to contract, towards the middle or latter end of November ; as about this time, animals are generally slaughtered for exportation. The whole farming class of those upper counties of Missouri had the appearance of being a fine, hale, comfortable race of yeomen, plainly but properly clad in warm and thick homespun clothing during the winter months. They wear much lighter fabrics in summer. All necessities of life they enjoyed in abundance. Sickness was seldom experienced, as that part of the country was deemed to be most healthy ; riches no doubt followed at some future day, for those who had the good sense to keep their homesteads, and to occupy themselves in ordinary agricultural pursuits, so sure to remunerate and so easily prosecuted. Fruit trees were not then advanced in many places ; for the date of settlement only extended to a few years back, in most instances. Entered land bore a small proportion to that unentered at that time. You might have travelled across those prairies in several places for miles, without meeting a solitary house, on either side of your track. But, whenever a traveller struck upon the timber lands, homesteads were sure to appear.

Land in northern Missouri is generally of first-rate quality ; it should be thought surpassingly fertile in most parts of the eastern and middle States of the Union. Even in the west, I have known few tracts, so continuous in extent, fit to compare with land in Clark, Lewis, Scotland and Knox counties. Portions of Iowa above them are fully equal, but not superior in fertility ; yet, lands in Missouri generally sold then at a lower price, owing to a greater rush of settlers from New England and the foreign emigration. Iowa had such a preference, in consequence of being a free state. But, in that part of Missouri, not one-half of the American farmers even held slaves. Those proprietors that did in former times seldom had more than a single family of negroes to

cultivate their lands. The slaves had cabins apart from, but near their master's houses. An increasing dislike on the part of farmers to keep negroes was manifest in those regions, when Missouri was a slave state. Work was found to be more efficiently and faithfully performed by white labourers. Yet, few free persons were then employed on newly opened farms. The possibility of escape to Iowa, and a difficulty of recovering them afterwards, was another chief cause why negro slaves were not there in request. Then about twelve dollars a month constituted the ordinary rate of agricultural wages, board and lodging for the farm-hand being included. It might be well for intending emigrants under altered conditions of society to visit this part of Missouri, and to examine its advantages. Nor should it be advisable to purchase land at first, but only to rent farms, which can easily be procured. Application is usually made by renters in the beginning of Autumn or Spring. Chances for favourable purchase afterwards occur. If an emigrant be known to possess money, and if he be desirous of parting with it by an early purchase of land, he may soon find himself palavered, persuaded and deluded by tongues, wily as ever saluted the witching Blarney Stone, to induce a purchase. Besides, by renting first, stock for a farm and implements of husbandry can be advantageously secured, while money can be turned into profitable channels. Everything moreover might be set in proper train for an examination of the surrounding country and for the comfortable occupation of a future homestead and farm. By a Fabian system of tactics, a suitable property might be apt to fall into the hands of an expectant, in sufficient time and on very reasonable terms, for a permanent settlement.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Journey through the North-Western Counties of the State—Sacerdotal Visits—Mission of Indian Creek—Ride to the German Colony of Socialists at Bethel—Description of the Town and Neighbourhood—A Prairie on Fire.

LEAVING Edina, a wanderer in search of the picturesque, or of something still more substantial, the farm and homestead, can travel out westward into the interior. Throughout Knox County, the face of the country was undulating, while abundance of rich public land could then be procured. But, it must be observed, that few religious facilities existed for an exercise of the public duties of Religion. The convenience of good schools was also wanting for children. Also the want of comforts and settled habits of life or refined social intercourse were privations, which the intending emigrant should there expect to endure; for internal communications were hardly established in a country since opened by convenient railways. The Wyaconda, North and South Fabius, with some other considerable streams, flowing eastwardly towards the Mississippi, should then be crossed during our progress southwards. Those streams are usually fordable, where the public roads strike their courses; but, after much rain, high waters are sometimes found to render them unfordable for a few days. Nearer their entrance to the Mississippi, ferry-boats were kept plying at unfordable passes. The scenery in this district of country was diversified and beautiful in character: isolated groves and continuous wood-tracts, undulating and rich prairies, alternate, in a variety of distinctive features. The larger prairies were almost unoccupied, through vast ranges of country; although these fertile lands were in constant process of being entered by industrious and enterprising settlers. Partially improved farms could then be procured at low rates, while they were to be met with in various states of careful cultivation and with rail-fenced enclosures. Were thorn hedges, which are found to grow luxuriantly, more generally planted on the prairies, their landscapes should present additional features of interest.

One of the great spiritual privations, to which missionary priests were then subjected in the remote parts of Missouri, was the difficulty of meeting with and

enjoying the society of brother priests, whose stations were often far remote from each other. My next and only accessible neighbour, the Reverend Thomas Cusack, an Irish priest, had charge of Munroe and some adjoining counties, over which many American Catholics were scattered. It was pre-arranged between us, that usually on alternate months, we should contrive to return and receive mutual visits, which involved a ride of some fourteen or fifteen miles at least; for it was our practice then, to hear each other's confession, and to spend a day or two agreeably together. More time we could not well spare, owing to the extent and constantly recurring duties of our respective missions. We were accustomed to consult with and to advise each other, on various matters of detail, affecting our own concerns and those of the people entrusted to our care. In those days, and in the remote situations we occupied, nothing could be more manifest and gratifying, moreover, than the earnest desire our people had to see their priests frequently, and to confer with them on matters of private and family concern, while their presence in a settlement gave great consolation and confidence in cases of sudden accident or dangerous illness.

Some fifteen or sixteen miles from West Ely, at a place called Indian Creek, a Catholic Church and Congregation had been founded, with a commodious school-house and a residence for the Priest. This pastor, then the Reverend Thomas Cusack, visited Clinton, in Munroe County, where a neat brick Church had been lately built, through the active exertion of a number of Kentuckian Catholics, residents of that town and neighbourhood. He also usually attended a German Congregation, near Indian Creek, and an American Congregation at Bush Creek, in Ralls County, where a neat frame Church crowned the summit of a conspicuous eminence, on the State-road leading to Paris, the chief town of Munroe County. There were daily arrivals there of wealthy American farmers, mostly emigrants from Kentucky, and who desired proximity to a Catholic Church. It should be difficult now to find in the west so few Irishmen, in proportion to the number of Catholics, as were to be met with in that district entrusted to the pastoral care of that resident Irish priest. However, it must be observed, that some Emeraldanders were moving in, with the crowd

of native immigrants; and in a worldly point of view, they should hardly have any reason to regret their choice of location. All through that range of country, lands are of the most fertile description, and farms were proportionately composed of mingled woodland and prairie. There was little public land to be found there, at the time; for much had been monopolized by Eastern speculators, who would have sold it some years ago, on very fair terms. Notwithstanding, town or land monopoly in the United States cities, towns or agricultural tracts, never degenerates into family territorial aggrandisement; it nearly always means a future division of lots and farms among many other proprietors, when the speculator chooses his time for selling out absolutely—a matter not yet well understood in these countries. The system of buying public lands on speculation is now very unpopular, and likely to meet repressive legislation from the general government in Washington. Since the Missouri Legislature pronounced definitely on its system of Railroads, and as a spirit of enterprise and an investment of capital have been directed towards these public works, owners of land about there now look for much higher prices.

On one of those occasions, when I visited Indian Creek, I had entered upon an engagement with Rev. Mr. Cusack, for a long ride together towards the farm of an American family, living beyond a Socialist settlement named Bethel. It was towards the close of Summer or the beginning of Autumn, and our road lay across an open prairie district. On the way we encountered a covered wagon drawn by two horses, and within it was a young looking adventurer from Illinois, who was the driver, with other members of his family. He stopped us to make some inquiries regarding the course he should take homewards; for he told us, he did not like the idea of settling in Missouri. We asked him about his former place of residence in Illinois, and if any Catholic lived there; when not knowing who we were, he said "none of that trash" were near him, and that "he was d——d glad of it." Without revealing ourselves, however, we still inquired, if he knew any persons of that creed, or even what they believed. He then told us he did not, but that he always heard the Pope of Rome was their God Almighty. We then began to explain to him, that such

was not their belief, as we had good opportunities for knowing, and we proceeded to give him a better idea of their doctrine. He listened with a puzzled air, while an elderly woman—evidently the driver's mother—was seated beside him in the wagon. Meantime, she peered with a very fixed gaze on our countenances, as we spoke. At last she exclaimed: "Now gentlemen, I guess you are both a pair of Catholic priests." We thereupon acknowledged she was right in her conjecture. The young man now felt not a little abashed, but we rallied him very good-humouredly, and all who were present united in a laugh at his expense, and in which he also joined. We then wished them good-bye, and pursued our journey.

The county, extending south of Knox, is called Shelby. Just on its northern frontier, we entered a German town and colony, named Bethel. This town was situated on the borders of an extensive prairie, stretching towards the north. A wide skirt of woodland surrounded it to the east and south. The country for several miles around belonged in fee to this peculiar colony. The location of Bethel argued provident foresight and good taste on the part of its founders. Our disposable time for passing through the settlement being rather limited, we only had an opportunity for examining the outward features of that rather handsome town. Its dwellings were all built with brick, except in a few instances; and the frame or log-houses were seemingly intended only to serve a temporary purpose. They were all well constructed, airy and commodious. Several rising buildings on a larger scale were designed for manufactories. Various workshops, where a number of mechanics were assembled in different large houses, were to be seen. The same branch of manufacture appeared to be carried on in each separate establishment. These different factories were scattered through several parts of the town. A large, brick Church, but devoid of suitable architectural ornament, in consonance with its fine proportions, besides a large mansion in which the leading member of this community and his family lived, were conspicuous objects to arrest the attention, even of a passing traveller. The costume and language of these Bethelites were essentially German; their habits and modes of agriculture were also quite characteristic of the Fatherland. Hundreds of acres

were enclosed in large fields, surrounded by very strong rail-fences: Indian corn, hemp, wheat, oats, rye, buck-wheat, potatoes, green crops, fruit-trees, and a variety of garden vegetables, were to be found, severally apportioned out in extensive plots or fields. They grow in quantities more than sufficient for the wants of this colonised district. When passing over the prairie—then for the most part unenclosed—it happened to be hay-making season. Some hundreds of men and women, with youths and even mere children, were engaged in mowing, and in saving for winter provender, whole acres of the long, wild, rank and sour prairie grass. Immense wains, drawn by as many as six or eight oxen, were conveying the saved hay homewards, towards an extensive farmyard, which in itself was a great curiosity. Hundreds and even thousands of cattle roamed through the prairies, which were the property of that Bethel community. Even at this early season, vast ricks of grain and fodder were yet piled in the large haggard, the surplusage of a previous harvest. Large and convenient stalls were erected as a winter shelter for horses and other cattle belonging to the community. Order and system in administering the temporal concerns of that colony seemed to be satisfactory to those most concerned. Its government certainly must require direction of no ordinary care and prevision, in carrying out all the practical details. Each family, we were told, according to the ratio of its numbers, received regular weekly allowances from the products of their united industry. The supply was said to have been more than sufficient for their community wants; the surplusage, if any, we were told, reverted to a common stock, which was directed towards extending mechanical and commercial interests for this very peculiar state of society. Extern farmers, living in the neighbourhood of this joint-stock association, complained, however, that those Socialist neighbours had effectually hampered their individualised industry and exertions, owing to the monopoly of shop, mechanical and agricultural business retained under their flourishing organization. At the large public tavern, where my travelling companion and myself stopped for refreshment; our host presented us with home made Missouri wine, pressed both from the cultivated and wild grape. The former was excellent. The latter was

tartish and hardly tolerable for an Epicurean palate; but in taste and colour it bore some affinity to the common red wines of France and Germany. Our communicative host gave us a good deal of information, regarding the speculative opinions of his fellow-communists; but this explanation he attempted in execrable and hardy intelligible English. The doctrine of illimitable progress in civilization and of human perfectibility was maintained and believed; these Bethelites professed to restore the Apostolic living and practice, when the faithful threw all their substance into a common fund, for mutual sustenance and protection. These illuminati sought an intimate union with the Redeemer; and that attained, the members thought themselves incapable of yielding to sin. Such a perfect state must be sought, it was maintained, and be realized by each member. So well as my memory and apprehension serve me, these were some of their leading doctrines. Their peculiar Church rites, included even dancing instruction, with singing and prayer. Joyous and social practices are united with literary, scientific and some rather unusual forms of religious training. Domestic and moral virtues were insisted on by the chief director and minister, who was named Lyle, at the time of our visit to that settlement. Whether these virtues are always practised is more than I can say. Altogether, the peculiarities of this community deserved a more particular and curious examination, as also a more extended series of inquiries, than we were able to institute, on account of pressure on our time. Our host at the hotel informed us, that all strangers were requested to satisfy their curiosity and desire for information, by visiting their various establishments. Certainly, so far as he was personally concerned, he manifested a most laudable desire to oblige and gratify us by his explanation, and by an observance of the most courteous and polite demeanour. He was evidently a man of education and highly intelligent.

Having passed this town, a few miles' ride brought us to the respectable farmer's house of which we were in quest. There we remained for the night, and we received a good deal of information, regarding the settlement and characteristics of the Bethelites, as these colonists were called. I recollect, as one of the incidents occurring on this night, a far distant view of the prairie on fire; a

terrific sweep of flames spreading and surging along the horizon, and rendered doubly appalling, as darkness and ruddy clouds of smoke presented a lurid and weird spectacle. We remained out in the open air, watching the progress of the conflagration, until it finally died out, and nothing but gloom spread around. As we left for home the next day, we were not able to learn how the fire originated, or how far it had spread. It seemed to us, more than likely, that considerable damage had been done to some of the prairie farms on the northern state borders.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Lecturing in Missouri—Practical Jokes—Removal from Hannibal to St. Paul's Settlement—Land Transfers and Purchases—Baptisms in the Interior—A ludicrous Alarm—Change of Homes—Illness in the Backwoods—Division of missionary Labour.

THE practice of young men and even of schoolboys holding meetings for debates on divers subjects, throughout the towns and rural districts of the United States, has tended greatly to promote and extend the habit of delivering lectures, while these are greatly encouraged by audiences of a tolerant and uncriticising turn in the remote localities. A little knowledge and great self-sufficiency on the part of a lecturer, especially if his vocabulary be copious and his gestures be extravagant, serve to carry him off the platform with the approval and applause of most hearers. I recollect a few examples of rather an amusing character occurring, while I resided in that part of Missouri. On a certain occasion, while staying over night at the hotel in New London, and after one of my missionary excursions, it chanced that an itinerant scientific lecturer had posted placards over the village fences and on the neighbouring trees, announcing the subject of his discourse for that particular evening. A short preliminary conversation I had with him in the public room, gave me no very exalted idea of the depth and extent of his learning. He drew a crowd, however, on that evening, and I was privileged to be one of the audience; but, so vapid and verbose an exposition of any topic I hardly ever heard, and it would be extremely difficult to say, whether pedantry or ignorance most obscured the orator's very rapid delivery.

Again, in the year 1848, while I was absent on a missionary excursion from Hannibal, some adventurer appeared there as an Irish refugee. He induced the leading citizens to attend a lecture he had organized in the Odd Fellows' hall. I was informed on my return, that while giving a rather romantic and exciting narrative of his adventures as a Young Irelander, he assured his hearers, among other absurdities, that he had been a member of the British House of Commons. He disappeared from town, as suddenly as he entered it, probably to continue his lecturing career in some other place. I learned that he spoke with great fluency, if not with eloquence; but I feel satisfied, that he only hoaxed his sympathising auditory at Hannibal, where at that time there were not many Irish residents to expose the impostor.

A Charivari is often the compliment or penalty due to any marriage, presenting peculiar features of incongruity, respecting the age or position of parties. This unpleasant species of persecution to bridegroom or bride usually commences before the house of such newly married couple and after night-fall. The shouts and choruses, produced by a motley crowd are calculated to make night hideous. All sorts of improvised instruments are procured; horns, banjos, fifes, drums, tambourines, kettles, pans and other household utensils serving as accompaniments to the improvised verses that are sung by vociferous vocalists. The burden of these epithalamiums had better be left to conjecture. At one of these celebrations, we knew a wealthy young merchant, afterwards mayor of Hannibal, to take a young sucking-pig under his arm by way of bagpipe. Having vigorously plied his elbow, whilst exercising his vocal powers at the same time, the duet produced was indescribably comic. In fact, this performance was so much admired by crowds assembled, that other instrumentalists present were frequently called upon to cease their thrumming and bellowing, until the audience should hear "a tune from S—— H——'s *Swinee*." The request was obligingly complied with, and the musical treat was often encored. It must be observed, that unpleasant riots or disturbances too frequently close these exhibitions of mischievous amusement.

Our friend, to whom allusion has been already made, was indefatigable in discharging the important civic functions, to which his popularity and the votes of his

fellow-citizens soon afterwards called him. Above all other things, he was known to be exceedingly obliging and good-humoured, however conservatively jealous regarding his functional dignity and its popular discharge. It was customary for idle acquaintances to lounge at times in the Mayor's office, where the best jokes and gossip were known to be circulating, and where the latest news of importance was sure to be enunciated with the arrival of every mail-boat from St. Louis. Such happened to be the state of affairs one day, when a tall, gaunt, simple-minded young backwoodsman entered the office with a bashful and an embarrassed look. "Kin I speak to the Mayor?" was his first query, on casting a furtive glance around the circle of gossipers. "Yes, sir," said the civic dignitary rising with an air of importance and condescension, "I am the Mayor; pray what can I do for you?" "Wall then, Sir," replied the backwoodsman, "I brought a nicely trained young pacing horse to town, and I'll part with him, if I get a fair price. But, I was told by a gentleman I met without, that by the laws of this place, I must go and ask the Mayor to mount my horse, ride him about town, ring a bell to call purchasers to an auction, and see what will be the highest offer made!" This announcement produced a roar of merriment at the Mayor's expense, and it added to the countryman's greater confusion of air and manner. "Go to the d——l, sir, out of my office; how dare you come here to insult me?" cried the indignant Mayor, losing all control of his usual good temper, flying into a towering passion, and failing to recognize the perpetration of a practical joke on the innocent subject of his ire, by one of the wags constituting his own baliwick. The poor young man slunk away greatly alarmed and abashed; but,

"The mirth and fun grew fast and furious,"

within the Mayor's office. It was quite evident, this first citizen did not relish the countryman's proposal; for, notwithstanding a natural hilarity of manner, and with no indisposition to perpetrate a joke himself, some time elapsed before he was enabled to recover his ordinary composure.

After I had remained for a considerable time in Hannibal, and although my stay there was of a most agreeable

character, I resolved on taking up my residence in the deserted house of Father Lefevre, near St. Paul's Church, and to which was attached out-offices with a fenced paddock for my horse. I had a very young boy there to attend to the latter, and to make himself generally useful, although the farm was allowed to become waste and uncultivated. He was the son of industrious and worthy honest Irish parents. I was greatly attached to him, in Hannibal; and, when I promised to take care of and instruct him during my leisure time, not only did his father and mother consent to the change, but the boy himself was quite willing to leave with me for a life in the backwoods. He was then able to serve at my daily Mass, besides he was a youth of excellent and pious dispositions. Every evening, after night prayer in common, we usually retired to rest at a reasonable hour, and arose pretty early the following morning. We were surrounded by Catholic families, who lent assistance in the matter of cooking, while we lived in that lonely hermitage. As my most numerous congregation was there distributed, and as it was most central, I found it also most convenient for purposes of sick calls and for other missionary work, to reside among them. My unoccupied time was mainly devoted to reading and study. Whenever I was absent on missionary duty, the house was locked up, and the boy lodged for that time with one or other of the neighbouring farmers.

Oceans of prairie extended on every side, at the time I travelled from St. Paul's to Milwood; yet, on the occasion of each visit, I found farm fences being extended gradually out on the open. The prairies were relieved by groves of wood in isolated belts, and by large tracts of timber, usually beside the streams. Thousands of cattle were to be seen roaming over the plains; their owners lived in distant log-houses, that skirted woodland tracts, and within those rail-fenced enclosures, that oftentimes stretched far out into the prairie. Abundance of unentered land could be secured at government prices in the open plains, at the period of my visits. This land was of a superior quality; but, being rather remote from the timber, it had not then found purchasers. Yet, it might have been an easy matter, in many cases, to obtain a sufficient supply of timber for

those prairie districts, by purchasing a forty or eighty acre tract, in the adjoining woodlands. These latter, being of greater relative value than the more fertile prairie tracts, were generally occupied, but not in all cases. Occupants, however, would part with their wooded acres at reasonable rates, and often in accommodating portions, in favour of open prairie settlers. They were certainly inclined to demand a price in proportion to the wants and convenience of a purchaser, especially when they knew he had ready money. Cash down was a consideration that often made the seller wish to close a bargain.

Even improved farms were then easily attainable, and at very reasonable prices. No settler seemed to be so attached to his holding as to retain it, if he were offered a good price for his improvements and compensation for his disturbance. I had then a brother, wishing to leave the city of New Orleans, who commissioned me to purchase an improved farm in Milwood, of which place I had given him a good account. To my friend Mr. Henry T. Mudd I applied, and he soon found a settler ready and willing to part with a farm of 160 acres, on what I deemed to be a very low price. So excellent and simplified are the land laws of the United States, that I had no further trouble, than to inspect the Registry of Title in the County Court at Troy, to see that no mortgage or charge had been there entered against it, to record the terms of transfer in a simple form, and to pay only one half dollar to the Clerk of the Court as his fee for the entire transaction. Of course to the former owner, I paid the price covenanted between us, when a new deed and title were made out for the purchaser. A brother—the former occupier having migrated to Texas—is now living on that fee-simple property, near the town of Milwood, and the place has since become greatly enhanced in value. How different this cheap and easy transfer of land, with registered and indefeasible title, as compared with the costly, vexatious and intricate law forms prevailing in these Islands, wherever landed property changes owners. Indeed, the admirable land laws of the United States have been the foundation of American prosperity, while ownership in perpetuity and absolutely for the fee-simple proprietors has within it all the best elements of progression and of

conservatism. Even the very frequent sales and transfers of property are always mutually advantageous to sellers and purchasers, as in the ordinary course of all other commercial exchanges.

We have known instances, notwithstanding, where land had been entered for others by proxy and commission, in various parts of the Western States, and which was of no value whatever to the owners. A case of this kind occurred in Missouri. When the stranger had concluded on coming out to occupy his entered land, after taking with him a surveyor to determine the lines of boundary, and discovering the nature of the soil and surface, that whole tract was offered to the surveyor for his services, and refused by him. Another instance might be given, regarding a person taking land under like circumstances. His entered tract consisted altogether of wet, swampy prairie, without a single bush thereon, and far removed from timber. When the owner had been shown the lines of his land, and when he had cast a hasty glance over it, his disappointment found vent in tears, and unable to give expression to the poignancy of his feelings, he rode away in silence. These lands were abandoned to tax sales, but, we believe, found no purchasers.

On a certain occasion, I was obliged to visit a Catholic family from Maryland, who had been settled for some years in a very remote situation, and far away from the ministrations of a Catholic priest. Their place was some miles distant from Louisiana. No less than five young children were as yet unbaptised, the eldest being at least nine or ten years of age. I remained there for two days giving instruction to these children, who were capable of understanding it. On the evening previous to my departure, the parents invited all their non-Catholic neighbours to witness the solemn administration of the Sacrament of Baptism. The room was quite filled with a number of people. As I knew that several of these belonged to the sect of Baptists, I took care in advance to deliver a discourse on the nature, effects and peculiar ceremonies of the Sacrament of Baptism. Many of the neighbours had been invited to supper, by the hospitable host; and, previous to the entertainment, I held very friendly intercourse with those who were present, and who even expressed a wish for my return to their settlement.

I recollect one ludicrous incident occurring, while the boy and myself spent this very solitary life at St. Paul's. While passing out late one night, I observed something white ranging through the grave-yard, which surrounded the church-site ; and, I stole over towards the fence-rails to observe it more closely, so far as I could peer through the darkness. I was not a believer in ghost-apparitions ; and now, with some degree of alarm, I began to suspect it was a living person clothed in white, and loitering there for no good purpose. Full of this apprehension, I returned to the house for a loaded rifle, with which I was accustomed often to practise at a distant mark. With that weapon alone, I became a pretty good shot. The boy followed me out of the house, as I instructed him, and to the grave-yard fence. Never did I feel in such a state of trepidation, for to my conscience arose the theological and moral maxim of "*Defensio cum modamine inculpatæ tutelæ ;*" yet, without wishing to alarm my companion, I had silently resolved, if I were attacked, to use the rifle with effect. Leaving the boy for a moment there, I entered the grave-yard, and advanced towards the white object, with rifle ready for action ; but soon, it scampered off, and I followed quickly as I could. However, I then ascertained, it was a white heifer, that had broken in from the adjoining prairie grounds through the fence, and had sought an exit in like manner. The poor boy was greatly alarmed, when he stood alone ; but, when told, that I had chased a heifer out of the grave-yard, he also felt relieved from apprehension. Soon afterwards, he became home-sick, and I was obliged to part with him ; for the place was indeed lonely, and he felt as if he were a stranger among the people, notwithstanding their kindness towards him. Besides, the attractions of a home circle and of a city life, with the society of boys about his own age, were inducements too great for enjoying a prolonged sojourn in my hermitage.

Moreover, my own plan of living was soon interrupted ; for, after a little experience in that mode of solitary house-keeping, a good Catholic widow lady, and whose husband had been named Mudd—one of the excellent Marylanders from the settlement more south and to which I have already alluded—insisted that I should break up my poor establishment, and live in her house,

which was very near to the church. Her children—three sons and three daughters—were still young and great favourites of mine ; while most of them were of an age to receive instruction, and during nearly all of those evenings when I was not away on missionary duty, it afforded me great pleasure to teach them lessons in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, the history of the United States, as also the general outlines of universal history, sacred and profane. I was quite delighted with the progress made by my dear young pupils, while I lodged in that house, and nothing could exceed the kindness and attention of their truly religious and amiable mother, nor the docility and affection of her children while I remained.

It was fortunate for me, that I had found there a quiet home, as my fits of ague returned, owing to outdoor exposure and to the night air during my missionary excursions. Yet, I felt it a matter of obligation—however difficult—to fulfil my appointments each month, as otherwise great disappointment must accrue to congregations, who should have assembled at my various stations on Sunday. I recollect one Saturday morning, when starting from St. Paul's for Palmyra, I was unwell, and I anticipated an attack of ague, but I still hoped it might pass away. My good friends thought to dissuade me from starting, as they noticed me looking very pale and chilly, although it was a warm day in summer. Notwithstanding, my horse was prepared, and I mounted for a ride of about fifteen or sixteen miles. As I got out on the prairie, I found myself very weak, but still I rode on towards Salt River, which I crossed at the usual ford. I had travelled only another mile through the woods, when the cold chill seized or me in right earnest. I had only strength to dismount from my horse, and to lead him into a thicket, a little distance from the road, where I secured the bridle to the branch of a tree, under which I fell down quite exhausted. There the shivering fit came on, and after lying prostrate for a considerable time, it was succeeded by a burning fever, which in turn passed away in a profuse perspiration, leaving me weak and helpless as an infant. Although the house of a Catholic, known as Squire Hardy, was less than half a mile on my road, I had not the strength to reach it until the paroxysm had

passed. I then unloosed the bridle and with difficulty proceeded thither, where I received every kind attention from his family, who insisted I should lie down on a bed until I had quite recovered. They earnestly pressed me to give up the idea of visiting Palmyra on that occasion, and they assured me, I should risk not alone my health but my life did I attempt it. However, my mind felt ill at ease, and I resolved towards evening, having recovered somewhat, to set out ; but, I was only able to travel at a slow pace and with difficulty. When I arrived at Mr. Conroy's house, seeing how ill and much fatigued I was, he insisted I should at once go to bed, while the local doctor called to prescribe for me the usual antidote, quinine, to remove the chills and fever. Next Sunday morning my congregation assembled, but I would not be permitted to rise, as in reality I was not able to celebrate the holy sacrifice of Mass. However, I directed prayers at Mass to be recited by one of the congregation in the drawing-room, which served the purposes of a temporary oratory on these occasions. For three or four days succeeding, I felt so unwell, that I was obliged to defer my return to St. Paul's settlement.

The term had now arrived, when I was destined to be relieved from the obligations devolving on me, to visit the Milwood congregation in Lincoln County. A young priest, the Reverend Robert Wheeler, had been recently ordained in St. Louis, and destined for that mission. It then became my pleasing duty to accompany him, when he had arrived at Hannibal, and to introduce him as resident pastor of that charge, which included Bowling-Green and Louisiana, a town on the Missouri river, in which a few Catholics resided. Furnished with horses, we set out together from St. Paul's, and had a long day's ride down to the residence of Dr. George Mudd, in whose house the newly appointed pastor had arranged to reside, invited there as he had been by the hospitable owner. On the following Sunday, we both celebrated Mass, but at different hours in Milwood Church. I then took occasion to bid farewell to the good people assembled, and to thank them for their generous conduct ever manifested towards myself, while I was able to state with perfect truth, and from intimate friendship with my former fellow-student, Father Wheeler, that

the Archbishop could not have selected a better priest to reside among them, than the young man I felt so proud to introduce. My anticipations were thoroughly realized, in the zeal and earnestness with which he entered upon his exemplary career ; but, unfortunately, his health soon became impaired, and after a few years, he was quite unequal to the fatigues of a back-woods' mission. He was then recalled to St. Louis ; afterwards, he returned to his native country, Ireland, but never wholly recovered health ; and several years have passed, since he closed a holy life by a most edifying death.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Removal to St. Louis—Departure from Hannibal—Stationed at the Church of St. John the Evangelist—Mission of the Irish Apostle of Temperance in St. Louis—Anecdotes—Cholera in St. Louis—Death of the Hon. Judge Bryan Mullanphy.

DURING the time I attended to the duties of the mission in northern Missouri, I was only able on two different occasions to take a short run for St. Louis by the river steamer, and to return by the same route. On the last of these visits, and on taking leave of the Archbishop, he informed me, that I was soon to prepare for filling an appointment as assistant, at the city church of St. John the Evangelist, which had been lately built. Other arrangements were to be made, in reference to supplying the religious wants at my various stations. A lately ordained priest was designed to replace me, and to reside in Hannibal, which was gradually growing in size and acquiring an increased Catholic population. Already had I secured the gift of a suitable town plot, from an American Protestant gentleman named Mr. Bates, for the future erection of a Catholic Church in Palmyra. On the occasion of my visits to this the chief town of Marion County, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Corbin, who there presided over the Protestant Episcopal Seminary of Missouri. He was a very accomplished gentleman and a ripe scholar of ritualistic tendencies, and then much interested in the Oxford movement. He showed me through the establishment and its grounds. Having inspected the library, he took down a fine folio volume of the works of St. Gregory Nazianzen in Greek, and on the title-page was the auto-

graph of the late Cardinal John Henry Newman, it being presented as a gift to the Seminary by him, while still a minister of the Anglican Establishment.

In the year 1850, a Diocesan Synod was held in St. Louis, by his Grace the Archbishop. It opened on the 25th of August, the feast of St. Louis, chief Patron of the Diocese; and it closed on the fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost, which fell that year on the 1st of September. At this Synod, conducted with all the regulations and ceremonies suitable for the occasion, many wise and useful statutes were framed, approved, and promulgated—comprised as they have been in Twenty-nine printed and published Sections. Much as he desired it, the writer had not the good fortune of assisting at the meetings of the Archbishop and of his clergy, in the Cathedral; for, although summoned from Hannibal, and proceeding to St. Louis, a severe attack of illness supervened, and during that week, he was obliged to absent himself, except on the day of closing, when he made an effort to attend. As it usually happened, when any of the city priests were seriously indisposed, the Sisters of Charity, who then had charge of the City Hospital, took care to have private chambers for the accommodation of such invalids, and they were especially attentive to their patients. During this time, the writer was indebted to them, for their more than generous treatment and thoughtful kindness. When fully recovered from that distressing attack of ague, it was incumbent on me to leave; since I was obliged to make some necessary arrangements, as a consequence of my anticipated transfer to a different sphere of duty.

When I returned from St. Louis to Hannibal, this change in my position soon became known there, as also at St. Paul's, and the other stations I was wont to serve. The short interval remaining was chiefly devoted to leave-taking of my kind friends in the various settlements, and in making the requisite arrangements for my removal. I assured the members of my flock, I should hope to revisit them if possible, and at no distant period. Especially, my dear friends of the Harrison family were on board the packet with me, to bid me a good-bye, before the vessel moved off from the levee at Hannibal, which I left on the 19th of September, 1850.

While running down the Mississippi, our steamer was

obliged to touch shore for the purpose of taking several cords of firewood on board. A gentleman, who had been imbibing pretty freely "mint julaps," "gin slings," etc., during the passage, and who appeared to be considerably under the influence of drink, took his station near the cabin guards. He also undertook to hurry operations by some incoherent remarks addressed to the deck-hands. Among the rest, he asked a stalwart Irishman, why he was not more lively, and he received for answer a merry rebuff, telling him to mind his own affairs, which he seemed hardly able to do. "Do you mean to say I'm drunk, you rascal?" retorted the tippler. "Faix an' I don't think yer far from it." "Then I tell you what, you are a liar, Paddy." "Musha may be I am," said the Hibernian deck-hand, "and I won't say but I let out a whopper every now and then, an' I'm going to tell a big one now—the sorra sign of licker I see an' you my friend, and you're as sober as a judge!" This sally was received with hearty roars of laughter, and the gentleman addressed was observed to slink away, although before evening he made many another movement to the bar.

The scenes and work of a large city life were now destined for me, when I was sent as Assistant to the Church of St. John the Evangelist, the Pastor being my friend the Rev. Patrick O'Brien. The previous summer had been one remarkable for a fearful visitation of Asiatic cholera in St. Louis, and it was one which pressed heavily on the minds and bodies both of priests and doctors. Throughout my missionary district in northern Missouri, we were completely free from that epidemic. During the winter months it had greatly disappeared in St. Louis, yet as we had a large district then to serve, our sick calls, by day and night, were very numerous.

About the latter end of September or the beginning of October 1850, the celebrated Father Matthew, the Irish Apostle of Temperance, visited St. Louis, but in rather feeble health. However, his labours there were crowned with distinguished success. During the time he remained a guest of his Grace the Archbishop, numbers of the most distinguished citizens waited on him, in addition to those who called for the purpose of taking the Total Abstinence Pledge. At this time a flourishing Catholic Total Abstinence Society had been established in the city through the zealous exertions of its President, Rev. John

T. Higginbotham. While a student in St. John's College, Waterford, he had formerly taken the Temperance Pledge from Father Matthew. As many years before, when I had been a student in the Ecclesiastical College of Carlow, and when it had been visited by the Apostle of Temperance, with several of the collegians I had also taken the pledge. I was able also to present a silver medal, I had then with the others received from him, as a token of introduction to the very revered personage, that had now come to labour in a distant land. The account of his Carlow mission I have already written, and it has been embodied in the Tenth Chapter of that excellent biography of Father Matthew, by John Francis Maguire, M.P., who requested me to prepare a statement of my reminiscences of that incident in the Temperance Apostle's career. The Rev. Mr. Higginbotham and myself did everything we could to promote his mission in St. Louis. During his stay, Father Matthew preached at the chief city churches—especially those most frequented by Irish and crowded congregations—on the Sundays, both at the morning Mass and at Vespers in the evenings. Afterwards, great numbers—particularly of our country people—assembled in the open air to hear an address from public platforms erected; while in all cases, although much exhausted, owing to fatigue and declining health, yet, would Father Matthew continue to administer the Pledge to all the later comers. To the Rev. Mr. Higginbotham and myself, Father Matthew often alluded, and always with the designation of "his beloved disciples," as we were generally present to aid his great exertions in the cause he had at heart.

Some of the episodes during that time were not a little amusing, in relation to the applicants arriving hourly to take the Pledge at his hands. I shall relate one, of which I was an eye-witness. The Archbishop's reception room was usually occupied each day by Father Matthew and his two secretaries, busied with a large amount of correspondence and other business; while some of the roughest specimens of humanity were hourly arriving from all quarters, oftentimes not wholly steady on their legs. I recollect once entering the room, and to my great surprise and indeed amusement, I saw a gigantic Irishman and one of the steam-boat deck-hands, stretched at full length, dirty boots and all, on the Archbishop's elegant

sofa, with back and rugged garments only presented, while his face was turned towards the wall. He was snoring loudly, and evidently steeped in the slumber of an inebriate. After saluting Father Matthew, I alluded to the condition of the sleeping beauty, who was then quite unconscious of our presence; and pleasantly expressing a doubt, if he were a likely subject to keep the Temperance Pledge, even should he take it. According to his usual style of expression, and in a serious mood, Father Matthew observed: "My dear, I am quite sure he will keep the Pledge, so soon as he awakes and comes to consciousness, for he will then be sober, and ashamed of his past course of life, when I speak to him." Want of leisure prevented me from waiting the result of our friend's somnolency; but, I took leave of Father Matthew, and no mother could watch over a sleeping infant with greater care and patience, than did the wonderfully benevolent and venerated gentleman, who was as a shepherd trying to recover the lost sheep, and who felt deeply interested in the welfare and amendment of such a very unprepossessing and unpromising subject for reform.

It is unnecessary here to allude in further detail, to what was then given by the city papers in full; but, it may be stated, that every possible mark of respect was shown to that remarkable man, and by all classes of citizens while he remained in St. Louis. His state of health obliged him to leave for a voyage south, when the approach of our rigorous winter was near; and, when he went on board for the purpose, the leading Total Abstiners and friends he had everywhere made, crowded to the levee, from which we bade him a last adieu. After his departure, I had a letter from him, and dated New Orleans, 20th of January 1851, which I still preserve as a prized *souvenir* of that good man. It is also very characteristic of his zeal for the cause of Temperance. While remaining in Florida and afterwards in Louisiana, he stated, that he then continued "to enjoy improved health."

In the Spring and Summer of 1851, the Cholera reappeared; it was of a virulent type, and its ravages were exceedingly great. Many of our poor people were attacked, and several were carried out of life after a brief illness, with barely time to administer the last Sacra-

ments of the Church. Many others had not even this consolation. Some of those we had dearly loved were thus removed from the circle of our friends and flocks. So sudden and pressing were the calls, even by night, that Father O'Brien and myself remained up to late hours, and then we often lay down only half-dressed, expecting to be aroused by the nerve-shaking knocks, at the front door, and before morning had dawned. I had early learned to believe that cholera was not contagious, and I felt no great apprehension in attending patients; but, I considered that weariness and exhaustion prepared the human system to receive it. The premonitory symptoms of diarrhoea were also to be dreaded, and during that period they were very prevalent. The doctors had prepared and administered tonics, which were preventatives, under such conditions; and, I feel assured, those were often the effective means for saving life and for checking the approach of that dreaded plague. Many a home was left desolate that season, and many a family became wholly destitute. I witnessed many such harrowing scenes; I assisted at many an interment; and afterwards, the care to console, and the anxiety to relieve, surviving and bereaved members of several worthy families, were disheartening and distressing enough, yet appeals to the charities of our well-to-do Catholic citizens were nobly responded to, while the city orphanages were opened to numbers of forlorn children.

One of the most regrettable removals that year was occasioned by the death of the Hon. Judge Bryan Mullanphy, who was attacked by this fell plague, and who succumbed after a very brief illness. All that family care and medical skill could do to restore him was in vain; but, true to the principles and practices of his life, he was assisted in his last moments by the priests of the Church, who were called to his bed-side, and who witnessed with great sorrow his departure. His remains were conveyed to the Cathedral previous to interment, and before officiating in the solemn ceremonies of the Absolution, the Archbishop addressed the large congregation of mourners present, pronouncing a justly merited panegyric on the virtues and merits of the deceased gentleman. A large cortege of his friends and admirers attended the funeral; while the Catholic clergy and laity of the city

felt his loss as a valuable member of their communion, and the great body of the citizens at large deplored him as an able and a respected public character too early removed from his sphere of usefulness.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Visits to Carondelet Seminary—Life in St. Louis—Removal to Carondelet—Visit of Orestes A. Brownson—Trip by Stage Coach to Potosi—Creole Wedding Party.

WHILE I was acting in the capacity of assistant at St. John's Church, the Archbishop was accustomed twice each week to drive in a buggy from St. Louis to Carondelet; since, in the latter rising town, he had now established the Ecclesiastical Seminary for his Diocese, and under the direction of Very Rev. Anthony O'Regan, D.D. He had been President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, but he had lately emigrated to the United States, and had offered his services, in like capacity, to the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick. A large house and garden having been there procured, with another secular priest assisting, the new Seminary had been opened, and several students were placed there to pursue their studies for the priesthood. While the Very Rev. Dr. O'Regan and his assistant professor taught the classes of Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, as also of Ritual and Liturgy; his Grace the Archbishop lectured likewise on Natural Philosophy, and Science, as also on Sacred Scripture and Canon Law; on those days when he regularly visited Carondelet. One day in his house, I was jocosely asked by him, if I should have any objection to a small increase of my modest income, by accepting a little light work in addition to my ordinary missionary occupations; and, when he expressed a desire, that I should accompany him on those days he drove to the Seminary, to give lectures to the students in English Literature, Rhetoric and Composition, I was more delighted to comply with his expressed wishes, than tempted even by the offer of increased remuneration. On each day of our drive, I met him regularly by appointment at the Cathedral; and, I greatly enjoyed his highly intellectual conversation, as he drove along

the way, for his were no common-place remarks, nor were they on ordinary topics.

The Rev. Mr. O'Brien celebrated Mass at an early hour each week-day morning, in our Church, and my duty was to officiate in like manner at the Orphanage, then near us, and under direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The remainder of our days was occupied in the usual missionary and personal duties of other secular priests ; a large number of sick calls falling to our share, and sometimes extending a considerable distance to the west and far beyond the city boundaries. We also visited the workhouse some four or five miles west from our Church. It was only on few evenings each week, we could find time to visit some of our Catholic families, and thus enjoy a little social intercourse. Such relaxation always occurred after business hours were over in the city, and when their members were all assembled for supper. Those simple and agreeable hospitalities we often shared on invitation ; but, we always left word with the servant, where a messenger might find us, for our evening visits were sometimes liable to be interrupted, by the presentation of pressing sick-calls. Our congregation and flock were mainly composed of Irish and American Catholics.

As the post of assistant professor at the Seminary became vacant, about the commencement of September 1851, and as I had been applied to by Very Rev. Dr. O'Regan to accept it, at the request of his Grace the Archbishop ; I now left my charge in St. Louis, and I went to reside at Carondelet. There I became Prefect of Studies, and in addition to my English classes, I had those of Logic, Metaphysics and Ethics, as also those of Sacred Ceremonies and Ritual, with Sacred Scripture. Besides, I had to discharge the duties of Chaplain for the Sisters of St. Joseph, at their Convent in the town ; to celebrate Mass for them each morning in their chapel ; as likewise to give catechetical instruction to those young ladies educated there, once in each week. All this work, left me hardly any spare time to study for my various classes ; and, for necessary relaxation or exercise, there was little or no leisure. Occasionally on Sundays, I went into the city at the Archbishop's request to preach in the Cathedral, but seldom otherwise ; for, our city friends were frequent visitors to our Semi-

nary, while our servant and van-driver supplied us with necessaries for the house or conveyed messages. At intervals, we had visits from some remarkable strangers. I recollect while there, the distinguished Orestes A. Brownson, a Catholic convert and litterateur, had come to St. Louis, where he delivered a course of Lectures, and he had been invited with the Archbishop, by Rev. Dr. O'Regan, to dine at our Seminary. A buggy brought Mr. Brownson out, at an early hour, and when I was alone to receive him. As we had some time left to wait the hour for dinner, he proposed we should have a walk together, in the environs of Carondelet. I had a most enjoyable and instructive conversation with that remarkable man, whose thoughts and opinions were so vigorous and independent, and they ranged on almost every variety of subject. I recollect having ventured to dissent from some views put forth in his Quarterly Review, then widely circulated, and he pleasantly encouraged me so to do; he even allowed, I might have been right in the statement of some principles, but he declared, that a publicist must deal somewhat in rhetorical flourishes to point his arguments, and suit them to popular taste and comprehension. I also well recollect, I told him, I thought he was rather severe, and perhaps intolerant, when reflecting on the various sects of Protestants and their motives, while assailing the Catholic Church, and that from his own experience, in his earnest search for truth, how honestly-minded he had so long remained in error. He then answered, "You are a young Catholic priest, totally unacquainted with Protestant sentiment and habits of thinking, while I am an old and experienced man, having lived my early lifetime among all the sects, and well knowing that they have little or no faith in their own teaching, and few indeed are honest-minded in their profession." "But," I remarked, "ought it not be a well-established maxim, to hold all men innocent of bad motives, at least until we can prove them to be guilty?" "Not at all," said Mr. Brownson, "for there again is the young man's error; hold every man to be a rogue, until you can prove him to be honest." I need scarcely observe, we were all charmed with his philosophical and vivacious conversation, at and after dinner. He left us, however, all too soon, for a return to the city.

After our Summer examinations were over, and vacation commenced, I had resolved to accept the invitation of one among my fellow-students, and now stationed as Pastor at Potosi, in Washington County, some fifty or sixty miles southward in the State from Carondelet. It was situated in that rich mining district, where lead is procured in such abundant quantities. At that time, the town contained about one thousand inhabitants, most of these the descendants of early Creole settlers, while Irish farmers and labourers had settled there in very considerable numbers. The open stage-coach of the day was then the only available conveyance, and accordingly taking place in it with an English Chartist and two young boarding-school ladies, who came from St. Louis, and who were returning home to their families and friends, we set out over a beautifully varied surface of country, and through very romantic woodland scenery. But the hills and hollows along the unmacadamised road were very numerous, so that often we got down to walk up some incline, and to relieve the horses. The Chartist and myself got into conversation, and he began to dilate on the principles of the Charter in an excited manner, avowing himself not alone a hater of monarchy and monarchical institutions, but likewise of revealed Religion, and as he termed it all manner of priestcraft. This was in particularly bad taste, as he knew I was a Catholic priest; but, I was soon able to perceive, that he was an exceedingly ignorant and presumptuous man. While professing myself to be no great admirer of the English monarchical institutions or government at that time, especially as these applied to the people of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, not to speak of the more distant colonies, and while greatly admiring the fundamental principles and forms of a well-regulated republican government, as laid down in the Constitution of the United States; I began to inquire, if he had any knowledge of the Bible or of Church History, or even of general History as applicable to Christianity. His answers were rather equivocal. My young companions and the stage-coach driver were soon interested listeners to our conversation—controversy it could hardly be called—and I found they greatly approved the manner in which I dealt with the Chartist. When we had travelled together for several miles, and at a certain part of the road, two horses with side-saddles were

waiting the arrival of the young ladies, and in care of a young gentleman who seemed to be their brother or a near relative. They very courteously saluted me on parting, while their bow to the Chartist was curt and manifestly less gracious. When opportunity was afforded, for we stopped on the way to change horses, the driver informed me, that he was delighted to find, I had so well replied to the Chartist. When left together in the stage-coach, we did not afterwards exchange many words, until we arrived at Potosi. What surprised me not a little was to find the United States Mail Bags so carelessly thrown in the bottom of the coach; one of these containing newspapers was quite open at the top, so that any person might remove their contents, while the Letter-Bag did not seem to be well closed. In those primitive days of Mail conveyance in the Western States, often letters and newspapers arrived to their consignees completely saturated with the water of the streams and creeks, through which they passed, or perhaps, exposed to heavy showers of rain, as sometimes happened.

Soon I found myself landed at the Reverend Father Fox's comfortable house, and there I rested with him for a few days. I was introduced to many of his people, and with him I had an invitation to the wedding and wedding-breakfast of a newly married Creole couple. We met a great number of their truly agreeable and happy neighbours there; while nothing could have been more delightful than the innocent and joyous hilarity of those French guests. The feast was served in excellent taste on the shaded verandah, and in the refreshing open air. When breakfast was over, dancing and songs succeeded, while they continued so long as we remained. After drinking the health of the bride and bridegroom, wishing them health, long life and happiness, we took leave; and seldom have I been at any merry-making, where unaffected gaiety and simply pure enjoyment were so much evinced. However, Father Fox had arranged for a ride to the still more southern districts, where the great Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob are such remarkable natural curiosities, and where I was promised a treat of most romantic scenery. Previously, we had some rambles to the Lead Diggings around Potosi, where many of the residents were engaged at their mining operations.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Mineral Products of Missouri—The Lead Mines—The great Iron Mountain—Its Appearance—Its Furnaces and Works—Recent Improvements—Modern Facilities of Access by Railway.

THE vast mineral region of Missouri State, lying some distance southward of the river bearing this name, and stretching westward from the Mississippi, below St. Louis, is remarkable for its romantic scenery and inexhaustible deposits of iron, lead, and silver. The whole of this State abounds in other valuable productions, such as copper, zinc, tin, manganese, cobalt, and antimony; whilst various beds of coal, nitrous and aluminous earths, salt springs, thermal and sulphurated waters are scattered over its surface. Diversified with wood and prairie, the soil of northern Missouri is generally rich, undulating, and fertile; but southwards, the country becomes barren, broken and mountainous. Along the river valleys, however, there are many fertile tracts, and several well cultivated farms. Our present purpose precludes general description of geographical peculiarities, as we are only solicitous to direct attention towards one of the most extraordinary natural curiosities hitherto discovered, and as yet little known, on this side of the Atlantic. Without further prologue, we must ask the reader to accompany us on our excursion towards the Great Iron Mountain of Missouri.

It was a bright morning in July, 1852, and a glowing sun had just peered on the horizon. After an early breakfast, the saddled horses of Father Fox and myself, having been fed and watered, were waiting under the shade of some dark-green locust trees, planted before the house of a friend. Father Fox proposed to act as guide, and we were just ready to start for our destination. From the old Lead Mines of Washington County, our rugged road wended southwards over flinty ridges of rock, bristling with shining sparkles of white quartz, crystal and metallic veins. In various spots along our route, the earth had been honeycombed by rude and unscientific attempts at "prospecting," as the mining searches here are technically called. Some of these eyelet holes resembled openings along the side of a rabbit-warren, with earth and gravel carelessly strewed

around; while caverns of larger circumference gave promise of richer mineral deposits, and were worked at a profit to their explorers. Further within thick oak shades and brushwood, the writer was informed, it would be almost dangerous to travel even on foot, owing to numberless chasms left open in like manner. No landscape could excel in wild sublimity and variety that which burst upon our gaze at every bend of a road, sometimes winding irregularly over the brow of a steep hill or precipitous mountain range, with a devious valley and rushing stream, buried in the depths below, and thickly tufted over with interminable woods. The heat was excessive, and our horses warmed with their paces. Umbrellas were not even sufficient to prevent profuse perspiration, although they screened us from the sun's vertical rays. For some short time, we rested our panting steeds under a spreading leafy thicket, and took a little necessary refreshment. A few hours' ride enabled us to complete this journey of about twenty miles, when the object of our pilgrimage suddenly opened before our view.

Neither in relative altitude nor appearance does this celebrated deposit of mineral wealth deserve the name of mountain. It is girdled round, however, with several overtopping and lofty peaks, covered with primeval forests. Rugged and rocky, they afford scant soil for a hardy growth of timber. The substrata are mostly, if not altogether, composed of iron-stone formations. Springs and streams, which gush along the ravine, leave a residuum of red ochreous matter in their channels, resembling the peculiar features of a chalybeate spa deposit. Even earth and loose stones, covering its surface, have a dull and reddish appearance. But the Iron Mountain itself swells gradually upwards from water courses that partially bound it, forming on top a flattened and an irregular cone. The whole of this elevation seems remarkably dried up and barren on the surface. Hardly a blade of grass or a plant, except what presents a most withered and sickly vitality, covers the soil; and it is even difficult to discover anything like clay or mould. Blackish and irregularly rounded boulders, from the size of an egg to that of the largest cannon ball, lie in loose and detached heaps all over this hill. Take one of them in your hand, and dash it against another; one or both of these will be

seen to break into fragments,—the inner superficies of which glitter like recently-parted divisions of cast-steel bars. Such is likewise the appearance presented by steep and ruptured ledges of a quarry, at the lower side of this mountain. Gunpowder was then used to blast away huge masses of almost solid iron. This process was carried on in a cleanly, methodical manner, without uprooting an untold quantity of mineral ore, which the workmen levelled over, and which was destined to serve as a base for lateral operations. Hereafter, when the mountain shall have been cleared away to a dead level, it may become neccessary to excavate a yawning valley far down beneath both hill and plain. From the floor thus solidly and conveniently formed, extensive clearings of ore were made, which when broken into fragments were shovelled into wagons and trucks. These were used to convey the mineral from its bed to the adjoining furnaces.

Some scattered and gnarled trees of scrub or white oak grow upon the sides and summit of the Iron Mountain. At top, their branches are quite dead and leafless. Their shape is fantastic and distorted from root to outer stem. They are mostly of dwarfish size. The sap of roots, trunks, and boughs is even so strongly impregnated with iron, that the edge of a sharp axe is sure to be hacked and gapped in any effort made to cut down this iron-wood growth. Hence, so many charred and blackened stumps appear covering the ground. Very few leaves are found on the living trees, and those were of a sickly yellow hue, as if October had prematurely swept away the vivid green tints of July. Contrast was also remarkable, whenever the eye turned towards the steep heights of wood-covered mountains at no great distance; yet many of the great trees have been cleared away from their sides for smelting purposes. Tufts of creeping and tangled briars interlaced our path in every direction, and not a few venomous snakes were seen gliding tortuously through their intricacies.

The earliest exploration by white men of this mineral district took place before the close of the last century, while the country remained under Spanish dominion. To some French and Mexican hunters or trappers—the first pioneers of civilisation through a trackless wilderness—a discovery of this rich district is attributed. Its value soon became known to a few enterprising men, who

penetrated into a region, then very remote from all other white settlements. Having surveyed and duly appreciated the prospective advantages of possession, they succeeded in establishing claims to large tracts of land, becoming purchasers in perpetuity under the Spanish Government. Certain difficulties having existed between the United States and Spain regarding their relative lines of boundary and the navigation of the Mississippi, these disputes had been adjusted by treaty, in October, 1795; but, alleged infractions of its spirit were afterwards the subject of complaint, on the part of President Jefferson against the Spaniards, and redress was urgently demanded. Towards the end of 1803, the whole of this territory, known as the district of Louisiana, was ceded to France, which country in 1804 transferred its newly-acquired dominion to the United States for fifteen millions of dollars. The rights of original settlers and claimants were reserved, as a matter of course, and gradually the crowd of Anglo-American citizens began to increase in those south-eastern parts of Missouri.

Until within a comparatively recent period, the panther's cry, the howl of wolves or bears, and the screams of wild birds, chiefly prevailed through those mountains and valleys. The crack of a pioneer hunter's rifle was occasionally heard. Until 1821, when Missouri was admitted into the Union as a separate State, the red sons of the forest chased deer and other game within those solitudes.

The superintendent of works received us with courtesy, and showed us over the grounds and through the workshops and forges. These latter were constructed in a valley, below the Iron Mountain. He pointed out and explained every object and process worthy of notice. He also furnished us with reliable information regarding the geological formation of all the surrounding district, which he had carefully explored, and the mineral products of which he had specially examined. The whole of this broken country is considered by its inhabitants, as very healthful and favourable to longevity.

We were informed, and can well believe such statement, that a blacksmith might take any of the loose globular-formed stones lying under our feet, and shape them with little difficulty into such objects as a serviceable horseshoe or a ploughshare, without any further process of smelting, than what might be occasioned by the fire of his own

forge. It is said, that the solid substance of all this mountain, when broken into fragments and thrown into the furnaces adjoining, will not lose, on an average, more than 10 per cent. of *débris*, which is cast in the shape of slag or clinkers. The remainder comes out or is fashioned in the form of blooms or bars, suitable for more complicated foundry or forge purposes.

After rambling over the Iron Mountain in every direction, we next descended to the range of furnaces, tended by a great number of negroes, with several white men directing their operations. Missouri was then a slave state. Besides native Americans, several English, Irish, Welsh and German workmen were employed. The furnaces were kept at a glowing white heat. Abundance of coal, with long ranges of chopped timber, formed the material for supply. In straight grooves, which ran over an inclined plane from the fires, streams of molten iron flowed in continuous torrents and moulds, until partially cooled by the external air and by a stream of water directed along their course. The smelted iron was then broken into even lengths, and piled in heaps, destined for exportation to St. Louis.

The whole space around this Iron Mountain furnished evidences of busy industry. As a centre, it formed the honeyed hive, swarming with labourers, more anxious to extract from, than store within, its bounds. My companion addressed himself to a negro truckman and inquired, "Say, darkey, how do they treat you here?" "Lor bress you, massa," returned Sambo, "de gibes de darkey nuffin but corn bread and fat pork, and den takes it all out ob him poor bones in 'tikerlarly hard work." "Do they give you anything to drink, or any wages?" I asked. "Wall, massa," he said, with a truly comic expression of countenance, "dey dos'nt tink we would know what to do wit money like de white folk, and dey allers allows a berry little bittaw coffee, an' dey charges nuffin at all for berry mean wataw." The merry fellow then began a hearty chuckle of laughter, at his own pertinent observations. His mirth proved contagious. We bestowed a trifling gratuity, and the negro clutched it with a broad grin.

For a long time, want of capital and labour appliances, with remoteness of situation and bad roads, prevented the original Iron Mountain proprietors from extracting the

untold and unknown wealth of this district. They had already secured possession of an iron-producing region, many square miles in extent. Desirous of maintaining a monopoly thus acquired, operations were conducted on a limited scale, with that cautious enterprise, so peculiar to the habits and training of the early Spanish and French settlers. Within latter years, however, a demand of iron for railway and other manufacturing purposes has prodigiously increased all over the United States. As a consequence, large yawning chasms have eaten their way around the sides of the Iron Mountain. Former log-houses and shanties have been displaced by mansions and workshops, as also by groups of labourers' and mechanics' dwellings, much better constructed. Extensive sheds have been set apart for cast, malleable, and foundry iron, as also for iron ore. The greater part of this raw material is now conveyed by rail to St. Louis, where it undergoes transformation to various useful objects in the rolling mills of the Laclede Iron and Manufacturing Company. Here every variety of bar, rod, plate, and sheet iron becomes converted into locomotives, boilers, axles, railings, wheels, and the thousand nameless articles, considered indispensable for domestic and public convenience or necessity. These foundries are worked in conjunction with mining operations at the Iron Mountain, and by the same company. The proprietors have prefixed Laclede as a title to their city rolling mills, in order to honour the memory of Pierre Liguist Laclede, the founder of St. Louis, considerably over one hundred years ago. The wealth of this company is enormous. For years to come, returns from capital already invested can hardly be reduced to any certain estimate.

Having satisfied curiosity to the utmost, our steps were next directed towards the tavern, where our horses had been stabled and fed. It is true, this remote hostelry could not boast much of the delicacies or artistic perfection of its *cuisine*; but we had a substantial and an excellent dinner prepared, nor could we complain of any very extravagant charges on taking our departure.

Earthquakes are very prevalent in this quarter of Missouri. Scarcely any year passes over without the inhabitants experiencing several severe and sensible shocks. Within the memory of man, at the time of which we treat, ground swells had been seen and earth

felt moving, with an agitation resembling that of sea waves. The tops of many hills and mountains around are like huge cairns, completely bare and piled over with loose stones. Fissures on the higher rocks have been noticed, and by persons they are supposed to have formed on volcanic eruptions at a very remote period. northwards as St. Louis—nearly one hundred distant from the Iron Mountain—slight shocks of earthquake are occasionally felt; yet, they appear to little observation, and excite no alarm. The experienced somewhat reminds one of rough jolts on a rut-indented road; but, these rocking only continue for a few seconds.

Since the period of that visit, we have realized the proprietary and capital of the Flourish Mountain Company have been greatly increased. Works have also received a corresponding extension and improvement. During the late civil war, this part of Missouri had been the theatre of some stirring events, and its mining industry interrupted for a time. But since the termination of that sanguinary contest, we have been informed that iron trade has received further development, and latest improvements of science have been employed to produce even greater results. Where skilled labor and mechanics had been counted by hundreds of years hence, they are now reckoned by thousands.

Formerly, pig iron and blooms from the Iron Mountain were drawn on wagons to St. Mary's Land, Ste. Genevieve, beside the Mississippi River. They were stowed on steamers and conveyed up or down the river. They were, however, principally shipped to St. Louis, where the Iron Mountain Company had their large manufacturing establishment. This difficult medium of conveyance added very considerably to the cost of production, especially as the road from south-eastern Missouri met many almost insurmountable obstacles from the broken nature of the country. Owing to their own imperfect rude construction, these difficulties were finally obviated by the efforts of state legislation and private enterprise. A railway has been projected, the Iron Mountain was capable of supplying that peculiar material necessary for rapid

tion. This work was at once commenced, and prosecuted with energy and perseverance.

Missouri and Iowa, although contiguous states, had not been at that time connected by railways. An effort was since made to connect St. Louis with Council Bluffs and other distant places. The North Missouri railroad was afterwards continued as far as Des Moines River in Iowa.

At present, the St. Louis Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad passes immediately near this most remarkable natural curiosity, and right through the centre of a rich mineral district. A train starts from St. Louis at an early hour in the morning, and runs in a line almost due south, by Carondelet City, Jefferson Barracks, Potosi, and under Pilot Knob—the crater of an extinct volcano—perched at a towering height, on the very summit of a lofty cone-shaped and iron-stone mountain. Here the cars arrive before noon, and return to St. Louis in the afternoon. It is necessary to observe, that this daily railway accommodation—Sunday excepted—extends now beyond Pilot Knob, some five or six miles south of the Iron Mountain. Parties desirous of visiting the Missouri mineral region have a speedy and an easy means of transit afforded by this route. Some few years ago, a lumbering stage coach, with rather a doubtful chance of securing place in it for passengers or luggage, was the only public conveyance afforded. That stage-coach road was sufficiently uneven and badly repaired during the summer and autumn season; but in winter and spring, it became almost impassable. Often the creeks and streams crossing its track were unbridged and unfordable. Often the wheels got embedded in deep and muddy ruts or soft bottom soil. Passengers were frequently obliged to alight, in ascending some steep incline, or in descending some precipitous fall towards a deep ravine. Nor has it been an unusual occurrence, for swollen torrents to flow over the feet of stage-coach occupants when running the vehicle through the fords.

Excursion parties by train are now all the rage in St. Louis, and few of its citizens have missed the facile opportunity afforded, with such little sacrifice of time, for visiting the Iron Mountain and the celebrated mineral region adjoining. Even strangers are beginning to extend their trips thither from States more remote.

Whether attracted by commercial, industrial, or scientific motives, impelled by curiosity or love of picturesque scenery, for the sake of health or recreation, few visitors regard this tour in any other light, than as conferring a sensation of truly pleasurable emotion, and of leaving delightful impressions on the mind, so as fully to satisfy both the intellect and the imagination.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Ride to the Pilot Knob, and Rest for the Night—Early Rising and Ascent of the Pilot Knob—The Crater of an extinct Volcano—First Settlers here and their Operations—Grand Views from the Summit of Pilot Knob—Districts of south-eastern Missouri.

ALREADY we have described our visit to the great Iron Mountain of Missouri, but we had another object of curiosity to examine, and accordingly, time was urgent for the prosecution of our journey. Our route lay onwards for about six miles to the Pilot Knob Mountain, which dominates over all the elevated peaks in this romantically wild district of country. The shades of evening were now gathering around us, as we reached Shepherd Mountain, and the fierce glare of sunlight gradually disappeared, when we approached the residence of a hospitable friend of my companion, and with whom we purposed stopping for the night. The scenery along the road we travelled was truly magnificent, and night had fallen when we drew rein before his door.

The owner of that homestead was a worthy Irishman, long settled in this part of the country, and whose well-cultivated farm extended through the undulating surface immediately adjoining that high mountain of our quest, the summit of which presented so singular an appearance, when it came within sight. We received cordial and hospitable welcome from our host, while we arranged with him for an ascent to the summit of Pilot Knob, at a very early hour the following morning, and before the sun had risen. Rather fatigued with our ride for that day, we soon retired to rest, slept soundly, and awoke to dress at break of day. All being arranged for our short excursion, we set forth, and immediately commenced our ascent of the mountain.

As we advanced, the first stages of our journey were neither steep nor difficult, while a clearly-defined foot-path proved, that the number of visitors must have been numerous and frequent, for the way was broad and the tracks were numerous. The primeval forest trees were all around the mountain, and thick brushwood was interlaced over its ironstone surface on either side of our road. After we had ascended a considerable distance, the ruggedness of the upper section was more perceptible, and it was more tiresome slowly to climb and guide our steps rather than to walk. The trees around became dwarfed, the briars were of a puny growth, while large broken layers of stone were completely denuded of vegetation. The rocks were uneven and irregularly piled. We were now in a higher atmosphere, while the breeze was fresh and pure, for only the gray mists of morning had settled over the lower landscapes. By degrees, those began to lift in a thick haze and disperse. The day promised to be warm, although it was deliciously cool at our elevation, and at that early hour.

Yet upwards and crowning the top of the mountain—estimated to cover 360 superficial acres—were to be seen rude and upright boulders, rising in irregular columnar shape, and forming as it were a huge coronet in a sort of fortress or fort-like fashion. This was the most distinctive feature of the whole. Loose and disjointed stones were scattered immediately under its base. These surmounted, our toilsome ascent was thus accomplished. We were now enabled to climb to the summits of some among the lowest of the rough columns, and take our station there, to survey the outline of a nearly circular range of jagged rocks, cresting the highest apex of the mountain, but all in contorted forms. These outlines of crags were singularly and diversely pointed and set, so that we might well suppose, they evinced some violent eruption at a remote period, when they were disjointed from quite a different position. The interiors, on looking over them, presented a deep cavity, and diminishing in its descent for a considerable distance, to where the bottom seemed covered with loose stones. Some stunted herbage appeared here and there down the steep sides of that pit. The huge masses of ironstone all around had a charred or darkish appearance. The cavity was evidently the crater of an extinct volcano, which in times very remote—pro-

bably beyond the historic period—threw up flames like those ascending to the mouths of Etna or Vesuvius, at the present day. But every indication satisfies the beholder, that it must have been long indeed, since those fires were in active commotion. It is very probable, also, that they yet smoulder far away under the surface; and, at some future time, they may burst through, either there or at some other near point, with destructive force.

Both in appearance and composition, the ore of this mountain differs from that of the Iron Mountain. It contains most usually from ten to twenty per cent. of silica, and it is also a specular oxide, very compact and weighty. However, the mountain is interstratified with slate formations, while the plutonic rocks, which rest above, around, and below it, indicate sufficiently an igneous origin for its ore. A great rent or fissure is to be seen on the south-western side, and it extends to the very base of the mountain. A very considerable part of it contains pure iron ore, but the quantity cannot be estimated; for, both above and below its base, such strata have been discovered. It is well ascertained, notwithstanding, that even the surface ore of the country between the Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob might very readily furnish one million tons per annum of manufactured iron, and yet remain unexhausted for several hundred years to come.

Among the earliest settlers in this part of the country, about the beginning of the present century, were Ephraim Stout and Robin Sinclair. The former gave name to a small stream flowing between Ironton and Arcadia, through a very beautiful valley. In 1816, James Tong erected a smelting furnace here, and this is thought to have been the first of its kind in the State of Missouri. However, it was only in 1847, that the Madison Iron and Mining Company was incorporated. Their capital was 500,000 dollars. That same year they erected a furnace, and their operations commenced by smelting iron in 1848, while they erected a steam forge in 1849, and a second furnace was started in 1854. As the business began to increase, by an act of the Missouri State Legislature, in November, 1855, the Pilot Knob Company and an increased capital stock of one million dollars represented the original trading concern. Since

then, that company has attained enormous extension and profits.

Our curiosity regarding the great natural memorial was now fully satisfied, and after a brief inspection of the crested cone, we turned our eyes in every direction to gaze on one of the most varied, wide-spreading, and magnificent prospects that ever met mortal view. About two or three miles to the southward was the rising village of Arcadia, which had only been laid out a few years previously, and which had grown up around a Female High School, where were academic groves to shade and shelter its pupils, within the embrace of that romantic and happy valley, so deserving its classic name.

The sun had just begun to rise over the far-distant and wooded hills towards the east, while red and fiery his disk emerged from an arched-shape to his usual rounded appearance. Singularly beautiful were the effects produced on hill and vale, as they were displayed in burnished relief under the bright rays. Shifting our station to every outward point of the cone on which we stood, we had only to look beneath us on all sides, and to find we occupied a vantage ground over each surrounding eminence. The farm-houses, fences, and clearings were distinctly visible, and scattered through the valleys; but the woods were vast in area beyond the several farms, although various encroachments had been made on them by the settlers.

The Pilot Knob—for thus distinctively are named the higher plutonic rocks which rise on the mountain summit—is 1,118 ft. above the level of the Mississippi River at St. Louis, about 86 miles distant. Since the period of our visit, great and growing changes have been witnessed in its neighbourhood. It was only in 1857, that Iron County was separately organised by an act of the Missouri Legislature. Some few years previously, Ironton was laid out, one mile southward from the Pilot Knob Mountain, and in a beautiful situation, on the eastern slope of the Shepherd Mountain, containing iron ore, which has been worked also and it has been found to be very pure. A railway now connects St. Louis with this region, and it extends still farther southwards, forming a ready means of communication with still more distant places. Ironton extends into the valley at the base of

Shepherd Mountain ; and, in August, 1857, by a vote of the county inhabitants, it had been selected as their capital seat, and as it grew in population and wealth, it became incorporated a city, on the 1st February, 1859. Chalybeate and sulphur springs are here ; in summer the water is deliciously cool, and the climate is regarded as highly conducive to longevity ; fine hotels have been recently erected, while numbers of fashionable people resort thither from St. Louis, and from many of the western and southern cities. The Arcadia Valley wine is now celebrated, and it has become an article of commerce ; game abounds in the adjoining mountains ; the Ironton ironstone ware is quite a new product from kaoline,—a hydrous silicate of alumina or China clay—of the very purest quality ; while the smelting works, forges and iron factories, interest and instruct the visitor, whether engaged on the pursuits of pleasure, of manufactures, or of commerce.

We could not ascertain the origin of the name Pilot Knob, given to this singular mountain ; but, to us it seems probable, the isolated and towering prominence of the crowning rocks may have been beacons in the past, to guide the early hunters of those regions through the trackless wilds. What more reasonable than to suppose, that as nature had furnished such a remarkable signal station among the intricacies of a mountainous region, the early explorers had found their bearings through the wilderness by means of the distinctive and rocky projections revealed to their view ; for, as at sea, the different points of the compass mark their course for mariners, so, might not the varied outlines of the coronet rocks show their direction to wanderers, in a land where roads were altogether unknown to the inhabitants of a former generation.

The St. François River takes a south-western course from the Iron Mountain and Pilot Knob, while it extends about thirty-five miles southward from the general line in that direction. It joins the Mississippi River between the States of Tennessee on the eastern bank, and Arkansas on the western, while separating in part the latter State from that of Missouri. Along its course, the scenery is extremely beautiful, especially before it enters the alluvial swamps and bottoms.

So early as 1853, by Act of Congress, the St. Louis,

Iron Mountain and Southern Railway had inception ; and, the first section was completed in 1858, so far as Pilot Knob, in Iron County. At first, this was called the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railway, because it extended no farther than the celebrated Iron Mines there in operation. During the period of the great Southern Rebellion, from 1860 to 1865, its further construction altogether ceased. Soon afterwards, however, the able and energetic Hon. Thomas Allen with the leading manufacturers and merchants of St. Louis took counsel together, and concluded by resolving to extend a branch from Bismark on this line through south-eastern Missouri to Belmont on the west bank of the Mississippi River, and immediately opposite to Columbus, on the east bank, in the State of Kentucky. Frequently during the winter months, the navigation of the Mississippi above and below St. Louis had been suspended, owing to the ice formations ; while the trade and commerce of the city had been greatly restricted with the Middle, Eastern and Southern States, during such periodic visitations. Soon, however, the work was commenced and pushed forward with commendable enterprise and energy. Its course lay through a very rugged tract of country for one hundred and twenty miles in length, while the cost was necessarily very great. Nevertheless, it was completed in a satisfactory manner, and it then became the popular route from St. Louis to the Southern States, east of the Mississippi. Again, it was deemed desirable to extend the Iron Mountain line to the States of Arkansas and Texas. By an Act of Congress, obtained July 28th, 1866, a liberal grant of public lands was obtained by the Company. For every mile of Railroad constructed and worked in Arkansas, six thousand four hundred acres were obtainable : this grant extended for twenty miles on either side of the track, and it comprised ten full sections, each of six hundred and forty acres, for the mile completed. Also, a donation of County lands in Butler County, Missouri, was obtained. Ninety-nine miles of road from Pilot Knob to the State line of Arkansas were completed in 1872 ; and, on this Railway, from Poplar Bluff on Black River, Butler County, Missouri, a branch extending to Cairo, State of Illinois, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, was completed, nearly about the same time. This was soon extended in a southern direction,

and all those lines were consolidated and combined under the same management. From Malvern on this southern line, a branch road has been recently constructed to the celebrated Hot Springs, in the State of Arkansas. Its Depot—the Terminus being so called—has been established in South Saint Louis.

Having left the Railroad cars, at Pilot Knob, the traveller in quest of an agricultural location often looks around, and seeing hills and mountains, in every direction, he has been discouraged from settling there, representing to his friends, also, that south-east Missouri was quite too hilly for cultivation. Now saddle horses can easily be obtained, and there is a good road leading directly south to Patterson, thirty-three miles distant. Considering the hilly country through which it passes, that road is remarkably straight and level, having but two hills of any considerable size, between Pilot Knob and Patterson. Leaving Arcadia, at the south end of the valley, the road passes over the first ridge and down the glens of Crane Pond Creek, for ten miles further. Near the mouth of this Creek, there is a large valley, extending from Big Creek on the west to St. François River on the east. This part of the country has been settled since 1808, and it is noted as very healthy. It has in and around its borders upwards of one hundred springs of pure, clear water. At the lower end there is also a water power, that can be made exceedingly valuable for manufacturing purposes. As the railroad, extended south from Pilot Knob, passes through this valley; as there are said to be extensive mines of lead and copper in the vicinity; and as there is a large amount of pine timber that can be floated down the streams, which meet at the lower end, and that can be manufactured by water power at a point where the lumber may be loaded on the cars; there can be little doubt, that the place must soon become the seat of a thriving and a manufacturing village.

Ten miles further south we reach Patterson, a little village that was almost entirely destroyed during the late Confederate war. One of the most interesting objects here is a round hill, some two hundred feet high, on the top of which the Union soldiers erected a fort, and kept a military force, during its continuance. From the top of that hill, there is a fine view of the surround-

ing country. On the north, a continuous range of hills and mountains extends, while at the south, there are no mountains to be seen, but a rich rolling country interspersed with hills and valleys. These are covered with oak and pine timber. Numerous streams of crystal water flow through it. No prairies are to be seen there; but there are some in Dent county, and some in the counties south-east of Wayne county. Between the hilly region and the prairies, lies a large scope of country, that is not prairie, nor yet too hilly for cultivation. In some respects, it is more desirable for settlement than the prairie. It is more healthy, and it is better adapted for raising stock or fruit. At no distant date, the population of this romantic mineral region of south-eastern Missouri is destined largely to increase; while the products of industrial operations must add very considerably to the wealth of individuals and to resources of the State.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Railway System of Missouri—Inauguration of the St. Louis and Pacific Railway—Scenery along the Route—The South-Western Railway—Landscapes and Resources of the District through which it passes—Northern Missouri Railroads—Eastern Communications—Improvements in St. Louis.

As through all the United States of America, the Railway System has extended with unexampled rapidity and growth; so the State of Missouri has not been left unfurnished with lines, spreading out west, north and south, as from a fan-pivot to extreme points of departure for even more remote destinations. The great national importance of having a direct line of Railway from the Eastern States to the Pacific at San Francisco had even then engaged the attention of all thoughtful men throughout the Union. The citizens of St. Louis especially became alive to the necessity for starting a line from their city to the distant State of California, and towards the Western Territories, which were then in course of formation.

Arrangements had been made, which were followed by laying out and breaking ground for a short line of railroad, on the 4th of July, 1851. Extending westwards, this line formed the first link of that chain, afterwards

there, after the forms observed at that celebration, the first sod for the projected railway was turned by the official selected for the purpose. Although present, with a vast concourse of persons and a witness of those interesting proceedings, I cannot now recollect whether the Governor of the State, or the Mayor of the city, or the Chairman of the Company, had been the personage deputed to take the leading position on this occasion of great popular rejoicing.

That great enterprise immediately proceeded and with unexampled rapidity. Thousands of Irish navvies were employed on the first section, for which the surveys and levels had been taken and approved. This extended about forty miles in a line due west from St. Louis. The engineering difficulties were very considerable in a direction broken by the courses of deep and rapid rivers. The Missouri Pacific Railway, now running from St. Louis, passes the Merrimeck, the Gasconade and the Osage, where a remarkable viaduct has been erected, and on to Jefferson City, the capital of the State of Missouri. Thence it continues to Tipton, Sedalia, Independence, and two hundred and eighty miles from St. Louis to Kansas City, the frontier town of western Missouri, on the river, which gives it name, and which, near that place, falls into the broad Missouri. Skirting the southern banks of the latter river, this line takes its direction. The whistle of steam-engines was heard on this road, and on the west side of the Mississippi, for the first time, in the year 1852.

I had often desired to visit the central and especially the extreme south-western counties of Missouri; because I heard from adventurous persons, who had been through those parts, that the scenery was truly romantic, exceedingly varied and delightful. But, the facilities for travel to those remote regions were not then such as they are at present, and the roads—especially through the backwoods—were very rough and badly formed. Few bridges spanned the water-courses. In nearly all parts of the State, rivers and streams are numerous, while wood abounds along their margins. But, along the line of the Pacific Railway the surfaces are usually broken, and varied by several romantic views. South of the Missouri River, the country is generally hilly or gently undulating, and rising in altitude where it stretches towards the

Ozark Mountains. Within and along these ranges the scenery is wild and desolate, but truly grand and magnificent. However, throughout the more distant western counties bordering on the State of Kansas, there are several large tracts of beautifully rolling prairie. The upper branches of the Merrimeck proceed from the broken valleys of the Ozark Mountains. After a devious course, that beautiful and clear stream disembogues into the Mississippi River, dividing St. Louis County from Jefferson County. The Gasconade has its sources among the Ozark Mountains, while those various forks afterwards unite and form a deeper channel. It takes a northern course, falling into the Missouri River, at a town and county named from the beautiful stream itself. The scenery of the Osage River, which takes a devious run from the extreme western bounds of the State and then joins the Missouri River a few miles below Jefferson City, is very remarkable for its picturesque valley scenes. At the junction is Osage City, a very handsomely situated town.

In the south-western regions of the State, the most romantic ranges of mountain are to be seen. Moreover, between them are valleys, through which bright springs and clear running streams flow, giving an inexhaustible water-power for mills and manufactories. Mineral products are not yet wholly explored in that quarter, and these are hardly as yet well developed. From Sedalia on the Pacific Railroad, the inland traveller reaches Osceola, St. Clair County, on the beautiful Osage River, passing through Henry, Benton and Hickory counties. Cheap lands and great commercial advantages caused an influx of settlers there before the Confederates' Rebellion. These western and southern border counties were greatly devastated during and after the civil war. Hardly a living person was to be seen on the roads, when the Missouri Confederate bands had been defeated, and many of the log-houses there were left in ruins. The dispersed inhabitants found their way back or parted with their possessions to other immigrants, when the angry passions of the contending forces were calmed down by a proclamation of peace. Hunting deer, wild turkeys and other game is still the favourite pastime of the back-woodsmen in this region, which possesses a generous soil, for the most part, a fine climate, and a great diversity of surface.

Wild and lawless, indeed, were many of the original squatters on public lands, and who began to reach southwestern Missouri, from the years 1835 to 1840. Those men, rifle in hand, held title only by an absolute claim of their own prescription, paying no taxes, and shooting anybody that dared to enter their lands, if occasion should arise. Thus, outsiders were wholly ignored, and kept from purchasing those tracts of the public domain.

The Spring River country extends through Jasper and Newtown Counties. All small grain does well throughout that region, and it is sure as a crop. Corn has been tried most successfully in the valleys only, and there it is usually a heavy crop. Grapes grow wild, in great abundance and luxuriance. In the south-western parts of this State, springs become everywhere abundant; while the streams, clear, full, rapid and undrying, through winter and summer, depend entirely on springs. Thus, those rivers offer the finest and most inexhaustible water power for factories. Almost every mile of the numerous streams in that district of country affords power for machinery. Apples, peaches, plums, cherries, and all kinds of garden fruit and vegetables grow abundantly and luxuriantly. Wheat is considered a certain crop, averaging twenty-five bushels to the acre, on all lands, whether prairie, timber, valley or uplands.

On the road from Newton to Sedalia on the Pacific Railroad, and immediately before the war, trains were to be seen hauling out lead from the mines in Newton county, and returning with goods for the south-west and for the Indian country, while herds of cattle, horses and mules, for the Northern markets, continually passed along the roads. Afterwards, wild hogs, a new game and a relict of the times, were left by their owners to propagate and shift for themselves, during the rebellion. These were quite abundant in many parts of Missouri. Especially were they found in the Spring River country, and considered by all who captured them as lawful game. At this period, likewise, unoccupied houses, open fields, and deserted orchards marked in every district evidences of a once industrious, thrifty, comfortable population, driven from their former homes. What the ravages of cruel war had not destroyed, continued prairie fires unobstructed had made a dreary waste. A prairie wolf that came trotting up, careless and unsuspecting, to

within forty feet of some wagons then passing, was killed by a shot from a Spencer's rifle. The country there is beautiful to behold: rich and rolling prairies, with timber near and abundant, as also well watered. The soil, in most places, cannot be otherwise than rich. It is almost exclusively substratified with sandstone. This material is easily adapted for building and dressings. It splits readily as wood, and it is cut almost as easily by knife, chisel or plane. Strange to say, after a short exposure to the air, it becomes more hard and durable than limestone. The chimneys there standing now appear, at a short distance, like beautiful monuments; they are so smooth, straight and accurately outlined. Deer are so abundant, that out on the prairie they look like cattle feeding. The known wealth and attractions of this west country must cause it to rise again from its former desert state to become a well inhabited and an industrial centre, notwithstanding the great number of unknown or absent owners and of uncertain titles, owing to missing county records. More than half of these lands are unsurpassed for agricultural products, growing wheat, oats, rye, barley, buckwheat, corn, cotton, tobacco and hemp in abundance and of the finest quality.

What has been stated of Jasper is applicable to Newton, except that there may be less refuse land in Jasper; however, the good lands of both counties are alike in quality. The streams in Newton county are equally available for water-power. Fruits of all kinds are abundant and good, while Newton county has the additional facility of regular direct communication with St. Louis and the South-west Branch Pacific Railroad. Farmers declare, that it is not at all unusual for stock to go all the year without grain or hay in that county, so generous is the climate, and so abundant is the wild grass. There, too, several officers and soldiers of the United States army have settled, since the end of the late intestine war, and when the forces had been disbanded. There likewise are settled immigrants from Dubuque, Galena, Wisconsin, and Michigan, who are practical miners. At Granby and other portions of the country, those miners have their friends who are industrious mechanics, traders and farmers. The speedy development of extracting mineral wealth in this part of the State has been a wise stroke of policy, and it has

attracted for settlement there numbers of miners and operatives. The Philadelphia Mining Company sent out an agent to develop their mining investments throughout Newton county. Thus, the Sugar Creek, Hickory Creek and Turkey Creek mines were successfully opened. Mineral can now be smelted there, and the product be sent to market, while money in exchange returns to that district. Farmers likewise work with a zest; knowing they have a ready and a remunerative home market for their produce. The late rebellion has established there a new order of things. The chief town of Newton County is Neosho, while that of M'Donald County is Pineville. These are in the extreme south-western angle of the State, but there is an almost direct railway communication from St. Louis to them, while that railway passes onwards beyond Grand River within the Indian territory. During December, 1865, there were over one hundred homesteads entered, in that region. Neosho was greatly destroyed during the war, but since that period, it has begun to flourish, and it now bids fair to become a great commercial and manufacturing town. In the south-west of Missouri are still many thousand acres of unentered government land, timber, and prairie; besides improved farms, some even with fences, excellent houses and orchards, are to be purchased, by all who desire an investment in that region.

Among the Ozark Mountains, there is a valley, lying between two slate hills, where a magnificent burst of about seventy hot springs has been discovered. These vary in temperature from 120° to 140° Fahrenheit. It is remarkable, that about, and even in, some of the hottest of these springs, vegetables and confervæ grow and thrive; and, also, that on the floor and along the sides of such hot wells, little insects are seen sporting in busy action. The confervæ are diminutive, and these thread-like plants spread themselves in fine filaments. This fact must be interesting as it may help to explain, how such aquatic plants could come into quartz pebbles, as also into chalk. These mysteries, however, the microscope has revealed.

In 1852, the United States government granted lands to induce the construction of a Railway from St. Louis, to the western boundaries of the State. Afterwards, the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, incorporated by

Act of Congress, July 27th, 1866, obtained possession of those lands, with ten alternate sections of public land on each side of the road, when completed through any State, and twenty alternate sections when completed through any Territory. This line proceeds from St. Louis, in a south-western direction, branching from the Pacific and Missouri Railway at Franklin, and on through St. Clair, Sullivan, Cuba, Rolla, Lebanon, Marshfield, Springfield, Pierce City, Granby, Neosho and Seneca, not far from the extreme south-western angle of Missouri. Thence, it enters the Indian Territory, and it is intended by a detour southwards, to follow a parallel of latitude, perpetually free from snow, on to San Francisco. At Cuba, it connects with the St. Louis, Salem and Little Rock Railway, and it is intended to penetrate the iron-abounding region. At Pierce City a branch runs north-westwardly to Joplin, now a large town on the State frontiers, surrounded by rich lead mines, and this branch is continued into the State of Kansas. Another branch from Granby runs southwards to the State of Texas; and, no doubt, in the immediate future, this line will be tapped at various other points. In 1872, the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad took a lease of the Missouri Pacific, when the same board of Directors managed both interests; but, a dissolution took place in 1876. At this date, the name of that Company was changed to the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway; ever since, it has had an independent organization. This line is daily increasing in importance and traffic, for the public lands along the route are sold on accommodating terms by the Directors; numbers of settlers are opening up farms through all that region, while flourishing towns and villages are becoming more numerous, thriving and populous. Thus, a distinctive line of railroad from St. Louis branches off for South-Western Missouri, through the Osage country, and over spurs of the Ozark mountains, until it reaches the State of Arkansas. Public land in Southern Missouri is most valuable, being full of rich minerals in unknown quantities and in great variety, both as to kind and quality. The proceeds of land sales granted by Congress are intended for the construction of this road.

The Northern Missouri Railroads lead from St. Louis to the Missouri River, which is crossed by a very remarkable viaduct, having an elevator bridge, alternately

serving the passage of railway trains and steamboats, at St. Charles. It afterwards proceeds through St. Charles, Lincoln, Pike, and Ralls counties, to Hannibal, in one direction; while a branch runs to Moberly and Macon City, and on towards the Northern line of Iowa State. It crosses and joins the Hannibal and St. Joseph Road, at Macon City. Through all the Missouri counties, north of the river so named, railroad communication extends, while the junctions and interlacings are so perfect, and the trains are so well-timed, that the inhabitants can very readily travel, and transmit produce in any direction. North of the Missouri River, the State counties may thus be enumerated, in an order from the extreme north-western to the extreme south-eastern district: viz., Atcheson, Nodaway, Holt, Andrew, Buchanan and Platte Counties—comprised within the territorial Platte Purchase and being a comparatively recent addition to the State of Missouri—Worth, Gentry, De Kalb, Clinton, Clay, Harrison, Daviess, Caldwell, Ray, Mercer, Grundy, Livingston, Carroll, Putnam, Sullivan, Linn, Charton, Schuyler, Adair, Macon, Randolph, Howard, Scotland, Knox, Shelby, Monroe, Audrain, Boone, Callaway, Clark, Lewis, Marion, Ralls, Montgomery, Pike, Lincoln, Warren and St. Charles. Except in a few instances, no peculiar difficulties were presented in the construction of railroads through Northern Missouri, as suitable gradients were easily attainable, nor were the viaducts very considerable, either in height or length. North-west as well as north-east Missouri is proverbially healthy, having an abundance of pure running water, fine and almost inexhaustible stock ranges, and unrivalled facilities for markets, by railroad or water.

The greater part of Missouri State lies southward of the river so named, and taking that as the northern boundary of the southern section, we may follow as before a like system of enumeration: viz., Jackson, Cass, Bates, Vernon, Barton, Jasper, Newton, M'Donald, Lafayette, Johnson, Henry, St. Clair, Cedar, Dade, Lawrence, Barry, Saline, Pettis, Benton, Hickory, Polk, Greene, Christian, Stone, Cooper, Moniteau, Morgan, Camden, Dallas, Laclede, Webster, Douglas, Taney, Cole, Miller, Pulaski, Wright, Ozark, Osage, Maries, Phelps, Texas, Howell, Gasconade, Crawford, Dent, Shannon, Oregon, Franklin, Washington, Iron, Rey-

nolds, Carter, Ripley, St. Louis, Jefferson, St. Francois, Madison, Wayne, Butler, Ste. Genevieve, Perry, Bollinger, Cape Girardeau, Stoddard, Scott, Dunklin, Mississippi, New Madrid and Pemiscot. As nearly the whole of Southern Missouri presents most generally a very uneven and occasionally a mountainous appearance, the natural obstacles were very great, and the expense of railroad construction was proportionately increased.

When I lived in Missouri, nearly all of those counties were inaccessible to the ordinary tourist; at present, there are very few of them, that are not accessible by railroads, or easily reached, owing to their combination with stage-coach conveyances. Having secured her bonds by a mortgage on each line of railroad, the State now derives a good revenue, from those varied internal improvements since effected. They have served, moreover, in a material degree, to develop her resources and to increase her commerce.

Another extensive and well appointed Railway is the St. Louis and South-Eastern, which starts from the Union Depot and crosses the Mississippi River over the great steel bridge; thus communicating with various places east and south, while affording every comfort and accommodation to passengers, besides enjoying a lucrative traffic. The Vandalia Railroad from St. Louis takes an eastern direction through the State of Illinois. It is admirably constructed and managed. The Pullman drawing rooms and sleeping cars are on this line, which is regulated by the Block Signal system, to prevent collision or other accidents.

The stranger arriving from the Eastern and Middle States finds himself rapidly launched by railway on the magnificent steel bridge that now spans the Mississippi, whence but a passing view of the gorgeous scenes beneath and around may be obtained; but, immediately the cars drive into the Tunnel, which finds its level under the streets and houses of St. Louis, to the great Union Depot, at Poplar Street. Here, the various St. Louis Termini of Railroads meet, as at a common centre. The Tunnel was a masterly conception of enterprise; for, by it, the inconvenience of running trains through the crowded and business portion of the city has been completely obviated. Economy was secured in its construction, by working through open cuts; by using the best building

materials ; by combining useful purposes ; as also, by the thorough engineering and workmanlike skill evinced in the plans and execution. Economy has been secured, likewise, for the travelling public, to whom hackney fares are saved ; as also, loss of time, baggage and parcels changing from one stage to another, anxiety, inconvenience and bewilderment, are obviated. Increased facilities are afforded for the immense traffic of the city. The total length of this Tunnel is four thousand eight hundred and eighty-six feet, and its construction cost over a million of dollars. The trains carrying the United States mails, passing along Eighth Street connect by side tracks with the new Post Office, so that the greatest facilities are afforded for receiving and delivering the mails, and with little expenditure of time, considering the weight and number of matters embraced. At the Union Depot, the scenes of bustle and the din of sounds are indescribable ; and yet, order seems readily evolved from disorder, on the arrival and departure of the various trains. There, the Missouri Pacific Railway forms the great fast mail route to the far West ; its tracks are laid with steel rails of the heaviest pattern ; splendid carriages, with sleeping cars attached, are provided ; patent brakes and platforms are secured, with other appliances of comfort, speed and safety. This line runs over a road-bed kept in the very best order, and through a varied and picturesque region of country. Two daily express trains leave from St. Louis, and these are crowded with immigrants or travellers, for the distant Western States and Territories. From Sedalia—now a populous city—a branch line of Railway extends northwest to Lexington, on the Missouri River, which is crossed ; thence it continues to St. Joseph, on the east bank of the same mighty stream. Another branch from Sedalia runs south-west, and it is known as the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway. It crosses the Osage River at its upper branches.

Since my departure from Missouri, the tramp of hostile armies and their destructive ravages were causes of considerable loss to the peaceably inclined citizens. In the western part of the State, the important town of Lexington, in Lafayette County and on the south bank of the Missouri River, was captured by the Confederate General, Sterling Price, on the 20th of September, 1861. During

the Confederate war after the battle of Wilson's Creek, fought on the 10th of August 1861, and where the Federal commander General Lyon was killed, the Confederate General Sterling Price held more than half the state in subjection, nor were the Confederates wholly expelled until the end of that war.

CHAPTER XL.

Revisit to Milwood and Return to Carondelet—The first Migrations through Missouri towards California—Arrival of Rev. Patrick A. Feehan and Rev. Patrick John Ryan in St. Louis—Biographical Particulars.

AFTER returning from my interesting tour through the south-eastern parts of the State, my brother, now settled at Milwood, had arranged for the emigration of other members of our family to Missouri; and, accordingly, about this time, my mother, brothers and sisters had arrived in St. Louis, whence after a delay extending over some few days, I accompanied them on the steamer to Clarksville. There, a covered wagon was prepared to carry us over the prairie road, leading in the direction of Milwood. It was to me a great pleasure, that I should again visit my former friends in that settlement, and it was the more delightful, because of the kindly welcome extended by all to my dear mother, and to the junior portion of my family. Soon, they found themselves quite happy in their new home, and among strangers they were on perfect terms of friendship and intimacy, even before I took leave for my return to Clarksville, where I was to await the mail-packet returning to St. Louis.

While stopping at the tavern, which then served the purposes of a local hotel, I happened to be present at an improvised debate on a speculative subject, "Whether does pursuit or possession confer most enjoyment on man?" This was an intellectual exercise arranged by some of the best educated men of the town, and a few really good speeches were delivered by them. Afterwards, I found the less practised speakers who followed neither preserved the order or method of their leaders; for repetitions of the opposing arguments were frequent, and digressions from the topic were very noticeable, when the younger

men and even small boys caught the president's eye, and were called on to take part in the discussion. Their efforts were not the less earnest and interesting, nor was much expected from their experience or practice; while, it might be hoped, that time and opportunities were still likely to be afforded, for exercising their powers of oratory and mental improvement. The whistle of the steamer, now approaching the landing, obliged me to leave the large public and crowded room before the debate had concluded, and before I could learn the result of a vote on the question at issue.

A few years before this period, reports were received from California, which spread the "gold fever" over the United States, and multitudes of adventurers were swarming from all parts to Missouri. The actual hardships of Californian life were not to be taken solely into consideration; as the outward and return trip presented its difficulties, expenses and dangers. The eminently practical operations of the American people, and their experience in travelling, together with the advices of those who already proceeded on the route, had been the means of diminishing each year the labours and fatigues of travel. The usual mode of proceeding to California, as also the quickest from New York and the Eastern States, was then by sea; but, oftentimes, great delays were experienced at Panama and Chagres, either from the want or insufficiency of means for transportation. This was also the usual return route for the West. But the overland journey, as being less expensive than the voyage by sea, was generally preferred by the people of the Western States, on their outward trip. The mode of proceeding generally adopted was to form a company in a particular locality, to rendezvous at the starting point, which might have been Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, or Independence, on the Missouri; or, if a full company could not be procured on starting, it was afterwards made up at one or other of those points. Three or four persons were partners in a single outfit, which generally consisted of a light covered wagon, drawn by mules, horses or young oxen. Horses or mules were required for riding, at least one or two, and these served to furnish relays or substitutes for other animals, in case of their foundering, or owing to any other accident. Provisions, to serve for four or five months, were taken from the starting point.

The time for starting most approved was when the grass began to make its appearance on the plains, usually at the latter end of April or in the beginning of May. Sometimes feed was taken on to subsist animals on the plains until that time, the object being to get out as early in the season as possible. It was often a mistaken notion of people coming from a distance, to bring all the way a loaded wagon; as all necessities could be cheaply procured in the vicinity of the starting point. We must state, however, that owing to the peculiar circumstances under which emigration was commenced in 1848, the prices of corn and other necessities happened to be high, and the principal causes were, that the crop of the previous year was unusually deficient in Missouri, while the tide of emigration set in earlier and to a greater extent than could have been expected or foreseen. We have known some egregious mistakes to have been made, by persons on their route to Oregon, from the more distant States; for some of those, conceiving the settlements and villages on the Missouri frontier to have been small and scattered, thought it incumbent on them to furnish all supplies before leaving home. It was afterwards discovered, with some degree of surprise, that stores and feed could be procured at more reasonable rates in St. Joseph, than in their own distant towns and cities.

The gains of mining were always precarious and uncertain in California. Some indeed had the good fortune to acquire a large amount of the precious metal, in a short time, but they were always in the minority. For the one person that succeeded, hardly ten acquired what they would consider a competency; and many hardly made their board and cleared ordinary expenses. We were apt to have the most favourable accounts duly reported, while the numbers that got disappointed in their efforts were overlooked in that race for fortune. As most of those who started out only proposed to themselves a residence for a few years, when they intended to return to the bosoms of their families, they were content to put up with all privations, rather than leave the country empty handed. For this purpose, they subjected themselves to great hardships, to toil unceasingly, and after all, they were destined to bring home but a very moderate show of gold. When the expenses of the outfit, and, perhaps, the support of a family to be provided for at

home, were taken into consideration ; when the lost time that could be profitably employed at other work, with the enjoyment of health and of domestic comfort be added, it must be apparent, that a certain competency at home was preferable to the uncertainties of a California adventure. It should be remarked, that during the rainy and winter seasons operations were generally suspended ; and much of the previous gains were required for necessary subsistence during that time. On the whole the accounts received from industrious, enterprising and active young men of our acquaintance, who had returned from California, were at least as discouraging, as in many respects their statements were favourable.

Having said so much with respect to California, it will be only necessary to observe, that the want of Catholic priests in most parts of that region was a subject for special complaint to the Catholic emigrant, who, in case of sickness or accident, earnestly wished to have within reach the assistance of a minister of his persuasion and the consolations of his religion. The same remarks applied to Oregon and to the Territories ; although, in certain locations, the adventurer found himself accommodated in that respect. At the time of which we write, Wilkes' Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition, with the remaining scientific works connected with it, furnished a vast and an interesting amount of information on this subject. The Letters and Sketches of Father De Smet on Oregon were also well worthy of perusal and attention, in reference to the habits and customs of the Indians. In all cases, when Catholics meditate removal to a remote and partially settled country, we would advise the formation of companies and colonies ; not so much for the purposes of mutual protection and assistance, in encountering the dangers of the wilderness, and in effecting its colonization, as to obtain for themselves that spiritual succour they require, and which, under other circumstances, cannot often be procured.

Towards the close of 1852, we had accessions to our ecclesiastical staff, in the persons of two very talented and distinguished young deacons, Rev. Patrick A. Feehan and Rev. Patrick John Ryan. They were destined to remain at the Seminary, until of age for ordination as priests. The former of these afterwards became Bishop of Nashville, in the State of Tennessee, in 1865, and

thence was he translated to become Archbishop of Chicago, after the death of Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley, his predecessor in that see. Over this very important and flourishing diocese, he rules at present, with great wisdom, devotion and ability ; while, in no other part of the United States has the Church struck deeper and more permanent root, than in that portion of the Lord's vineyard entrusted to his charge.

The Rev. Patrick John Ryan was born on the 20th of February, in the year 1831, at Cloneyharp, near Thurles, in the county of Tipperary. At an early age he received the rudiments of education in his native place, and he was imbued with sentiments of piety, for which his natural disposition was so aptly formed. His religious and respectable parents were careful to train their children in the way they should go, and this care was amply rewarded. However, at an early age, the youthful Patrick and his sister were deprived of a father's protecting solicitude. The grave of Jeremiah Ryan is now marked by a handsome Celtic cross, within the ruined nave of Holy Cross Abbey. At the Christian Brothers' School, then established at Thurles, the boy, after his father's death, attended assiduously to his lessons, while his natural abilities enabled him to acquire a good English course of instruction, to about the twelfth or thirteenth year of his age.

While still very young, and having evinced a marked predilection for the clerical state, he was entrusted to the care of a kind friend living in Dublin. He then commenced his classical studies at the school of Mr. Naughton of Richmond street, in the parish of Rathmines. While here, his incessant application to study and his ability as a pupil were noticed both by his teacher and class fellows, many of whom yet reside in the city of Dublin, and who even now recollect his remarkable proficiency in letters, while his cheerful and kindly disposition as a school-fellow gained for him among them a cordial and an affectionate respect. While still at Mr. Naughton's academy, and during the term of O'Connell's imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell in 1844, the enthusiastic scholars would fain present him with a special address. Distinguished even then by his talent for declamation, fine literary taste, and excellent style of reading, young Patrick was selected by his

school-fellows both to prepare the address and to read it on their behalf before the great Tribune, and within his prison walls. Nothing more gratified the youthful deputation than O'Connell's *impromptu* speech in reply. The young blood of Ireland assembled before him felt gratified, for they were complimented in phrases that filled them with admiration; while on the reader were bestowed the most laudatory encomiums, prophetic even of a distinguished career.

Resolving to devote himself to a missionary calling in the United States, Patrick J. Ryan entered Carlow College as an affiliated subject of the Most Rev Peter Richard Kenrick, presiding over the diocese of St. Louis. In Carlow College the young student attained marked proficiency in Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, Pure and Applied Science. He read likewise a course of Theology and Canon Law under very able professors. His mastery of style in Rhetoric and his talents as a graceful elocutionist were at once acknowledged, and he was left without a rival. Frequently was he obliged by the College superiors to put these talents into practice, especially on the occasion of scholastic exercises and of public exhibitions. Distinguished no less by earnest piety and strict observance of college discipline than by his accomplishments and learning as a divinity student, so soon as he could be dispensed with in years, he received successively the minor orders, and afterwards, at intervals, the higher grades of subdeaconship and deaconship. During this time, he contributed many articles to some of the Irish periodicals and newspapers. His contributions were greatly admired by their respective readers. However, his authorship while a student was veiled under some anonymous signature, and confined only to the knowledge of a few confidential friends. Many of those articles are now probably forgotten, by the author himself; but they were productions, for which he received more than the measure and reward of mere popularity and praise. His energies and intellectual gifts were soon demanded, however, in another hemisphere, whither his fame as a student and as an ecclesiastic had favourably preceded him.

The young deacon was most usefully employed for a year or more after his arrival at Carondelet, in directing the studies of our young aspirants to the sacred ministry.

To these he especially recommended himself by his affable and kind demeanour, while his suavity of disposition and genuine goodness of heart greatly endeared him to all. His abilities and accomplishments as a scholar soon became manifest, while his talents for declamation, as he instructed them in the rhetoric classes, were a subject of wonder and admiration to them. The Archbishop requiring his assistance in the Cathedral, gave him the requisite faculties for preaching, and on alternate Sundays or on the chief festivals, he appeared in the pulpit to instruct and delight large congregations. Not only the leading citizens of St. Louis and those most distinguished in intellect and accomplishments flocked to hear his sermons, but even strangers visiting the city and of all religious denominations were attracted thither by the fame of his eloquence, his acknowledged literary taste, his facility for composition, and his masterly arrangement of subjects. In his sermons all the unities were strictly preserved, while their themes were conveyed in sentences clear, cogent, and convincing. His matter was only equalled by his graceful action, thrilling and flexible tones of voice exquisitely modulated, and emphasized in a manner difficult to describe. In 1854, he was ordained priest, and attached to the old cathedral dedicated to St. Louis, King of France. Afterwards, he was appointed pastor of St. John the Evangelist's Church, and he was made Vicar-General of the diocese in due course of time. Owing to the gifts he possesses, no man of his years effected more good for souls than the great but truly humble Father Patrick J. Ryan. His zeal was indeed apostolic, and he was indefatigable in discharging all the duties of his sacred ministry. For twenty years, he allowed no Sunday or chief festival to pass by without preaching his eagerly looked-for sermon. During the civil war he preached to numbers of the Confederate soldiers, who were in Gratiot prison, and with plentiful fruits of baptism. His cordial and sympathetic good nature was constantly exercised with the officials and United States authorities, to procure a mitigation of the inconveniences those captives experienced in prison life, and this generous interference won for him their affection and confidence.

The Archbishop of St. Louis, on his way to Rome in 1868 was accompanied by Father Ryan. They remained

for a short time in Dublin. During their stay in that city three sermons were preached by the latter—one in the Church of SS. Michael and John, a second in the Cathedral, and a third in the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines. Soon after the Archbishop's arrival in the Eternal City with his travelling companion, both had an introduction to his Holiness Pope Pius IX., and subsequently an audience. While he was in Rome, Father Ryan preached the English Lenten sermons in a church situated on the Piazza del Popolo. He also preached two panegyrics—one on his patron saint, the great Apostle of Ireland; and the other on St. Agnes of the Goths. Both of these discourses were attended by the *elite* of English-speaking audiences then in the Eternal City.

After his return to St. Louis he delivered two celebrated lectures—one was intituled, "Impressions of Rome," and the other was on "Church Music." Both were greatly admired by those who had the pleasure of hearing them. A very notable sermon, and one most highly spoken of, was delivered November 8th, 1868, on the occasion of the Most Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan's consecration as Bishop of Buffalo, in the State of New York. He had previously resided as a priest of St. Vincent De Paul's House in St. Louis, and Father Ryan had always entertained for his friend the most affectionate regard.

Burthened with the care of a very extensive diocese, and a number of Catholic congregations daily growing, the Most Rev. Peter R. Kenrick, already advanced in years, as also having a vast amount of duty and business to transact, needed an assistant bishop to aid in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs. His own earnest recommendation to the Sacred Congregation, together with the unanimous approval of all his suffragan bishops, caused the selected candidate, Rev. Patrick J. Ryan, to be accepted by his late Holiness Pope Pius IX. Accordingly, he was nominated as Assistant Bishop of St. Louis, with the right of succession, and his title was Bishop of Tricomia, *in partibus infidelium*. The Bulls for his consecration soon arrived, and on the 14th of April, 1872, this interesting and solemn ceremony was accomplished, the Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick officiating, and a vast congregation filling the church.

Soon after his consecration, the very celebrated Irish Dominican preacher, Father Thomas Burke, arrived in St. Louis, and during the time of his sojourn there, he was the guest of Bishop Ryan. The greatest attachment sprung up between both, and it ripened into devoted friendship. They became inseparable companions; they appeared together on the same platforms as rivals in eloquence, but of a style admitting distinctive varieties. The racy Irish humour and stories of Father Burke in his lectures out of the pulpit told with immense effect before his countrymen and the citizens of American birth, nor could Bishop Ryan attempt that vein of oratory. But the priests of St. Louis asked Father Burke's opinion regarding the sermons of their newly consecrated bishop, after he had listened to them. "Well, in good truth," said Father Burke, "when I heard Lacordaire in Paris, I thought the whole Church could not produce his equal, but now that I have heard your good and great assistant-bishop, I do not hesitate to state, that as a pulpit orator he immeasurably surpasses that celebrated preacher of our Order." It is almost difficult to say, whether the dogmatic or moral sermons of Bishop Ryan were most to be admired. With regard to the former, lucid arrangement, clear scholastic statement, and logical argument are relieved with wonderfully familiar illustrations and comparisons. As he proceeds, attention is chained throughout, and the summing up towards the conclusion is usually terminated by the most terse and ornate peroration. His moral discourses are specially distinguished by persuasive words, appropriate examples, and metaphorical imagery. His fervid eloquence, inspired by his own pious dispositions of soul, cause him to be impressive in the highest degree. At such moments, the play of feeling over his animated features, coupled with his thoroughly graceful and earnest action, make the people regard him as almost inspired. Then, too, his love for our Lord Jesus Christ and his zeal for souls are palpably felt, and bring conviction to the minds of his auditors, that the great truths announced are the result of pious meditation and of careful preparation. Like his cherished friend Father Burke, Bishop Ryan was always ready, and he preached or lectured on a variety of occasions, where religion or charity called him. No doubt hereafter his chief discourses—especially those reported or published in pamph-

let form—shall be collected and given to the public in a shape suitable for preservation.

A year or so after the great fire at Chicago, he preached a very memorable consecration sermon. It is somewhat remarkable, that our celebrated Dominican Father, Thomas Burke, preached the evening sermon. On both occasions, vast congregations were assembled. The citizens of Chicago had thus an opportunity of hearing alternate sermons, from two of the most renowned preachers then in America; while all of Irish birth felt proud beyond measure, that Ireland should have produced two such gifted orators. Through his eloquence in the pulpit, and the interviews sought for, Bishop Ryan's converts are counted by many thousands, and numbers of these are persons occupying the highest social positions. In the populous and flourishing city of St. Louis, this was especially the case.

The bishop is as remarkable for his kindly ways and words, as for his suavity of disposition and true Christian charity. None who know him can fail to observe his unvarying cheerfulness and good temper. In society, he is singularly agreeable and entertaining. His conversation is generally of an instructive character, and mostly calculated to produce some profitable or moral result, whether he speaks or listens. When taking, as he sometimes does, a quiet and lonely walk, a deep thoughtfulness is often observed mantling over his dignified countenance, and this is known to be produced either by the exercise of his private devotions, or by his meditative arrangement, and preparation for some approaching discourse. On such occasions alone, of necessity, does he endeavour to avoid human companionship, but his desire for privacy is very frequently interrupted by unavoidable interviews, or by pressing demands on his attention and patience; often, too, by persons little occupied themselves, who neither regard the exigencies of his time nor the exact limits of a visit serving all the purposes of business or politeness.

The incessant duties of episcopal ministration obliged him to transfer the care of his church to a newly-appointed pastor, soon after his consecration as bishop. Near it he lived and in it he officiated, however, preaching there on the first Sunday of each month. Throughout the State of Missouri his confirmation instructions had been largely

attended—not alone by Catholic children, their parents and relatives, but also by vast numbers of persons not members of the Catholic Church. These were always anxious to be present, and they flocked to see and hear the bishop from far places, and often at much personal inconvenience. In the minds of such persons very happy impressions were usually formed. He dissipated much prejudice, owing to his previous acquaintance with the prevailing sectarian proclivities of each locality, while his themes were appropriate for the occasion and for the congregation.

In 1875, on the occasion of the O'Connell Centenary celebration in Dublin, he was specially selected by the committee to deliver the illustrious Liberator's panegyric, and a request to that effect was forwarded. The Lord Mayor of Dublin that year, Commendatore Peter Paul M'Swiney, invited him to become his guest at the Mansion House during the time he should be able to remain in Dublin. However, pressing duties and engagements obliged the Bishop to decline these solicitations; but, in reply to the Lord Mayor, he declared, when the 6th of August came, he should "offer the Holy Sacrifice on that morning for Ireland's Liberator and Ireland's permanent prosperity." Recalling some youthful reminiscences of O'Connell, he stated, that "heart and soul" he should be in Dublin on the day of the great Centenary.

In the city of Chicago, about 1878, the accomplished Bishop Foley, an Irish-American, and the son of respectable Irish parents long settled in Baltimore, was called to his eternal reward. Dearly attached, and loving each other with a thorough appreciation of mutual affection, this loss was profoundly felt by Bishop Ryan. As a matter of course, he was invited to preach the panegyric of the deceased Bishop at his funeral obsequies. The rare power of his oratory is thoroughly appreciated when he speaks above the dead, and the custom is very usual in the United States. Keenly sympathetic and sensitive as he is to all the genuine feelings of friendship and of love, while at the same time vainly endeavouring to control his pent up feelings on the mournful occasion, he moved the vast assemblage of priests and people who were present to involuntary tears, so touching were the tones of pathos and the outpouring of painful reminis-

cences awakened in the preacher. For several years he preached regularly in St. Louis on the first Sunday of each month, unless, indeed, he happened to be engaged on a similar duty in some remote city of the Union, or on some episcopal visitation of the extensive diocese to which he belonged. This usually regulated order caused that day to be known as "Bishop Ryan's Sunday," when the church was always thronged to inconvenience. There was hardly one of the many Catholic churches built throughout the State of Missouri, during the period of Bishop Ryan's missionary course, that had not its cornerstone laid with imposing religious ceremonies, when a dedication sermon was also preached by the eloquent prelate. His obliging disposition has been furthermore taken advantage of in dioceses and states beyond his own, so that he has preached dedication and consecration sermons without number, in various parts of the United States.

With surprising effect, and admired by all his hearers, Bishop Ryan preached twice within the State House, and before the assembled Senators and Representatives of the General Assembly of the Missouri Legislature. It need scarcely be observed, that the great majority of the members present were non-Catholics; while the eloquent prelate was in no manner restrained from giving the freest expression to his opinions, with admirable tact and exceeding good taste. His lectures offended no sensibilities or shades of politics—they were cast in a high vein of philosophic and statesmanlike thought, that brought to him the enthusiastic greetings of all composing his distinguished audience. About the year 1879, the latest of these remarkable discourses was delivered, and both were fully reported in all the newspapers of the State of Missouri, as also in many other papers without its bounds.

The Public University of Missouri—established in Columbia, one of its growing cities, and centrally situated—is already in a flourishing condition, although but a brief period has elapsed since its foundation. It is usual on opening days, to have inaugural addresses delivered by some able and eloquent public speaker. By invitation, Bishop Ryan was most earnestly requested to discharge this responsible task, on two distinct occasions, and he readily assented to the request of the principal

and professorial staff. These discourses riveted the attention both of professors and of students. As proceeding from a supernaturalised soul, they produced a profound emotion, and they were carefully prepared for a very mixed assembly, in which culture and learning abounded. They are said to have left most deep and lasting impressions on the minds of the teachers and of their pupils, several of whom have been since received into the communion of the Holy Catholic Church. Although appearing so frequently and treating topics in reference to similar objects, it was always remarked, and with surprise, that his sermons were varied, each having its distinctive points of matter and of diction. The bishop generally preached a Lenten course of sermons in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, St. Louis. Among these, his annual Passion sermon, full of feeling, without any noticeable repetition of language, was never missed by a devout and by an interested assemblage. Some years ago, before a National Council of the United States' Prelates assembled at Baltimore, Bishop Ryan preached a grand sermon, taking as his subject "The Sanctity of the Church." This eloquent discourse has been already published. On the occasion of opening the new and magnificent cathedral of St. Patrick, New York, during the summer of 1879, a grand ceremonial was arranged for the day, and Dr. Ryan was specially selected by the Cardinal Archbishop to preach the consecration sermon. In all the New York and in other papers a *verbatim* report of it appeared. Another remarkable lecture was on "Modern Scepticism." This discourse was distinguished by profound insight and analytic diagnosis of various phases through which popular opinion ran, while deductions in favour of the Infallible Church were ably drawn, and marked by the most cogent and convincing arguments. In pamphlet form, it had a wide circulation all over America. In 1882, in the city of St. Louis, and in the large public hall of the Mercantile Library, the bishop delivered a very remarkable lecture, his subject being of a dogmatic character, and negatively expounded, so that it was regarded, both as explanatory and conciliatory, by a large number of the assembled citizens. Among these were nearly all the ministers of various denominations attached to churches in the city. As a matter of course, this was made the text

for many controversial sermons *pro* and *con*, which were reported at great length, not alone in the St. Louis daily papers, but in other American newspapers. These in many forms kept the subject alive, in the minds of their various readers. At Little Rock, Arkansas, much about the same time, he preached a very powerful consecration sermon. Throughout all the chief cities of the United States, his sermons or lectures have been heard by the highest in position of American society. Thus he has spoken in Washington city, in New York, Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City, Cleveland, and Denver; while a large and highly respectable contingent of Protestants was invariably present.

Among the prelates commissioned in 1883, to represent the interests of religion in Rome, he formed one of the United States prelates, some of whom passed through Dublin during the month of October. Among these was Bishop Ryan. While engaged on their important mission, the Coadjutor Bishop of St. Louis had his allotted share of duty, which very fully occupied his time. A course of Advent sermons in English was arranged there for American, Irish, and English residents and visitors. The Most Rev. Dr. Ryan's very remarkable sermon at Rome was delivered on Friday evening, the 7th of December, in the Church of San Salvatore, in Onda. The Bishop selected for his subject "The Incarnation," and he treated this great mystery in a manner that greatly edified all his hearers. He dwelt especially on the human soul of Christ, in a truly grand and sublime manner, so as to move deeply all hearts, and to awaken the most pious emotions.

On his way home to the United States through Ireland, he preached a truly eloquent sermon, Sunday, the 6th of January 1884, in St. Mary's Church, Star of the Sea, Irishtown, at which were present the Lord Mayor, with several of the Aldermen and Town Councillors of Dublin city, together with some of the Irish Bishops, dignitaries and clergy from different dioceses, as also a very select congregation of the laity who attended. This sermon was fully reported in the Dublin newspapers, and afterwards, it was issued in published form. Having been promoted to the titular Archbishopric of Salamis, Bishop Ryan was afterwards appointed by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., to become Archbishop of Philadelphia,

on November 11th, 1884. Since then, he has been requested to preach the Dedication Sermon in Rome, on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of St. Patrick's Church, in the Eternal City, before several Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and clergy, secular and regular. Many of the Roman nobility and laity were also in attendance. This eloquent discourse was greatly admired, and it was extensively circulated. On returning through Dublin, *en route* for his diocese, and on Sunday, 4th of March, 1888, he again preached a most eloquent sermon in the Star of the Sea Church, Irishtown, before a crowded and delighted congregation. His influence in the latest field of his labours is singularly felicitous, while throughout the vast Republic of America, his fame as a pulpit orator of rare gifts and powers is everywhere recognized.

CHAPTER XLI.

The material Growth and Improvements of St. Louis—Public Buildings and Parks—Police and Criminal Department—The great Steel Bridge spanning the Mississippi River—St. Louis Custom House and Post Office—Progress of the State of Missouri.

A SHORT retrospect regarding the material growth of St. Louis and the State of Missouri must aid the reader to understand better the scope of our previous observations. From the beginning of this century, when the old town passed from the jurisdiction of France to that of the United States, the advantages of its site had been appreciated for purposes of commerce; then shrewd men of business began to arrive, and to secure lots or lands by purchase from the original settlers. Stores and shops, presenting fine architectural frontages and of great size, are now built on the sites of the former frame and log houses.

Such was the remarkable extension of St. Louis about this time, that it was feared the supply of water must soon prove wholly inadequate for the wants of its rapidly increasing population. Various schemes had been devised to meet that difficulty; for, many natural and financial obstacles were to be overcome. The matter was often considered and discussed in the City Council, and it was then regarded as of urgent importance. In the year 1832, the first reservoir for supplying St. Louis

with water had a storage capacity of 230,000 gallons. In 1849, the first water-works were abandoned, and new ones were built, capable of containing 7,000,000 of gallons. However, this was deemed altogether insufficient for the wants of a rapidly increasing population. In 1854, another reservoir, having a capacity of 40,000,000 gallons, was added. Modern requirements of the city nevertheless had caused the previous provision to be totally insufficient for a necessary water supply. Accordingly, in 1871, a new site was purchased in the northern part of St. Louis, and at a very considerable expense. It adjoins the Mississippi River, the waters of which pass the city, in a whitish muddy current. From that river, notwithstanding, the present supply is taken. Of course, the water requires careful filtration to render it wholesome for drinking purposes. The water-works are comprised in what are known as the "high service" and "low service" buildings. These latter are quite near the river bank, while the former are distant, fully a quarter of a mile. Pumping machinery is used through means of an induction pipe to draw water from the river. Powerful engines are used, with double-flue Cornish boilers to work the requisite machinery, which is capable of pumping 58,000,000 gallons daily. The buildings are elegantly and conveniently constructed, while they are ornamental in appearance. A graceful Corinthian column, 154 feet in height, contains a stand-pipe, which distributes the water through the city-pipes. A spiral staircase winds around the stand-pipe within the interior, so that access to the summit may be gained, and thence, owing to its elevated position, a spectator may obtain a most commanding and an extensive view over the city.

The old Planter's House on Fourth Street, occupying that square between Chestnut and Pine Streets, was the most spacious and aristocratic—for even in the United States and when I first arrived in St. Louis—the latter term had its usage and significance. It was thrown completely into the shade by the hotels of enormous size and of luxurious appointments afterwards erected, in every conceivable style of architecture and of design. Mercantile establishments and shops have been planned and executed, with a view to ornament and convenience; while many private residences are now fitted up in a style of luxury and taste, commensurate with the wealth

and distinction of their owners. To a large extent, fine villa residences, lawns and gardens, spread far beyond the city boundaries, while they add a picturesque appearance to the suburbs.

The public edifices are of a character to excite admiration. The Court House of St. Louis—commenced about 1839—was completed in 1862. It is a large and a well proportioned building, surmounted by an iron dome of commanding height and of noble design. From its summit—ascended by an iron staircase—a grand view of the city is to be obtained. The building is of the Doric order, and in the form of a Greek cross, with massive columns on the projections. Within it are the Supreme and Circuit Courts, with fine rooms for the various civil courts, and a law library is attached. Appropriate quarters are assigned for the City Recorder, Sheriff, Assessor, Collector and other officials; while within the outer grounds, ornamental fountains, shrubs, and flowers are highly attractive.

Theatres, opera houses, concert halls, and musical academies are numerous; public libraries, literary and art societies abound; public schools and educational establishments of every grade and condition have been erected; universities and colleges, with flourishing academies, afford high education to the wealthier classes of students; markets have been projected and are in use, being of vast size and provided with every requisite accommodation for buyers and sellers of all general commodities; while the various banks, manufacturing and mercantile buildings give an idea of the wonderful trade and business conducted by the leading citizens. The churches and chapels belonging to various denominations are more than proportioned to the enormous population of this comparatively new and still increasing city: although congregations are found for all, and preachers are heard, not alone in the vernacular English of the majority, but in various foreign languages, while the doctrines and forms of religious belief are divergent to a most opposite degree.

The parks of St. Louis are among the finest features of the city and of its suburbs. The great central one known as Lafayette Park, is on elevated ground south of Chouteau Avenue, and surrounded on all sides by magnificent private residences. It covers thirty acres,

and no expense has been spared by the city, in ornamenting its grounds. Landscape gardening is here carried to the highest pitch of perfection. An artificial lake with fountains playing; pagodas, grottos, rare or curious trees and plants; rockeries with garden flowers, creepers, and mosses; the fine statue of General Washington, with another by Miss Hosmer of the Missouri Senator, Thomas H. Benton; these have peculiar charms for citizens and strangers, while bands and strains of music occasionally cheer and delight the lovers of open-air concerts. Again, Tower Grove Park, lying southwest of the city, is still more extensive in area, having 350 acres, with beautiful avenues, drives and vistas. Moreover, O'Fallon Park, to the north, contains 180 acres. But, Forest Park, west of the city, is now the great attraction; for it contains 1400 acres, thus forming a space little inferior in extent to the large Phoenix Park, near Dublin. There are many other smaller squares and parks, elegantly laid out and planted, within the more densely populated quarters of the city. Thus have the wise citizens practically consulted for their health and recreation. The animal and vegetable worlds are counterparts and react on each other. Trees give forth oxygen, and feed on carbonic acid; men and animals produce the latter, and largely live on oxygen. Hospitals, asylums, and orphanages abound in great number, and for every species of disease and destitution. The United States Government, the State of Missouri, as well as the St. Louis Municipality, have their separate institutions here, and these are maintained at no little expense.

The Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis far surpasses in magnitude and architectural beauty any building devoted to like purposes in the whole world. It has three floors, with an extension in front on Third Street of 233 feet. It is built in the modern Italian style. Grandeur and harmony of detail, with happy proportions, and very perfect internal arrangements and decorations, are its leading characteristics. The Chamber of Commerce is where the city manufacturers and merchants, who frequent this palace, receive telegraphic reports from all the markets of the world, as also where they transact general and local business. All the representative journals of the United States, with several foreign ones, are to be found in the reading-room attached to that great commercial centre.

The City Hall is an elegant three-story brick building, extending from Chestnut to Market Streets, and having its frontage on Eleventh Street, in a convenient and central situation. Here the mayoralty and civic offices, with the bureaus of the municipal commissioners and secretaries, are located; while it forms the headquarters for the executive of the city government, so well organized in its various departments.

The police department of St. Louis is a very perfect organization for the detection of crime. The government of that force vests in a board of four commissioners, nominated by the Governor of Missouri, and confirmed by the Senate. The Mayor of the city is *ex officio* another member of this board, and he is always the president. The commissioners hold office for a term of four years, and they are not dependent on local political favour for their places. A truly magnificent building, called the Four Courts, has been provided, as headquarters; it has a central compartment, with sectional frontages connecting wings on either end.

About 500, including officers and men, compose the police force for a city numbering 600,000 inhabitants, and covering an extent of territory fifteen miles in length, by a breadth varying from six miles to two, outlined by an imperfect half-moon shape, extending with its points from north to south. A chief is in supreme command. There are six captains, each commanding one of the six districts, into which the city is divided for police purposes. In each of those districts, there is a station and a sub-station. There are forty sergeants, one hundred special officers, twelve detectives and officers detailed for special purposes, with over three hundred patrol men, including a mounted battalion. Every district and sub-district station-house has connexion, by means of telegraph, with the police headquarters at the Four Courts. Thence the information is instantly transmitted to every station in the city; and, it usually happens, that in an incredibly short time, hundreds of the police are on the look out for the guilty parties. Besides the various offices for heads of departments, as also for armoury and stores within the Four Courts, there is a museum of nearly two thousand highly-finished photographic likenesses, exhibiting police-recorded criminals of all ages and of both sexes, with description of each

criminal, the date of arrest, name of the officer making it, with other important memoranda. The weapons, tools, and instruments of murderers, burglars, counterfeiters, forgers and gamblers are shown. The Criminal Court and the Court of Criminal Correction are here; the former having jurisdiction over cases where felony is alleged, and the latter having jurisdiction over misdemeanours and cases, when the offence charged is not punishable with the penitentiary, and the judge of this court sits in preliminary examinations of felony cases. The Police Court adjudicates on offenders, brought from the various police stations, and charged with minor offences. The jail, carefully guarded both within and without, is in the rear of the Four Courts, and built in a circular form around a large area for promenading and exercise. In the jail yard is set up the grim gibbet, on which several have been already executed. The city marshal presides on such occasions within the jail yard, and he is not allowed to admit over two hundred persons to witness any execution. The Morgue or dead-house occupies a corner of the jail-yard; but, without a written permit from the city coroner, no person is allowed to enter it.

The treatment of prisoners most generally for the lesser criminal offences throughout the United States is founded on the system of utilizing their labour, so far as possible, and of relieving the community from the burden of their maintenance. The following ordinances and statements may serve to illustrate the practice, which has no relation, however, to what are known as capital offences. By the authority of a Law, regulating the labour of state convicts, the Missouri State Penitentiary warden proposes by advertisement to hire the labour of a certain number of convicts, to be worked in the Missouri State Penitentiary, under the rules and regulations prescribed by the Inspectors, in relation to contractors. Bids were required to be made for each convict per day, while the settlements of the State accounts should be made monthly.

While St. Louis was extending its limits, convict labour from the Penitentiary was supplied daily. The prisoners were brought out, under charge of their keepers, who held loaded rifles in their hands, and who stood as sentries all day to prevent their escape. This, in-

deed, could have been no easy matter, for each convict had a heavy iron-ball attached by an iron-chain to one of his legs. This he was obliged to carry in his hands, when moving from one place to another, chiefly for the purpose of breaking stones to macadamise the streets. Each man was obliged to fill two square cases, called *boles*, with the stones he had broken, while this task-work was scored to his credit, as wiping out a day of his sentence. Those offences he committed were tried before the City Recorder, who never imposed money fines for criminal breaches of the peace, but always hard labour penalties. Such punishment was always just, not cruel, and especially was it deterrent; because the culprits were exposed to the public gaze of all passers along their line. It was sometimes amusing, to see a well-dressed scamp endeavour to keep his face screened from observation, by turning up the deep collar of his coat to the very brim of his hat; for convict costumes were wisely dispensed with, and the city was so far saved the charge of clothing, while the labour of the delinquent rowdies fully paid the cost of their maintenance. Even this treatment promoted their industry; since the sooner their *quantum of boles* had been filled, they escaped the sooner in proportion from durance vile. Sometimes the captives were assailed with sly jokes at their expense, and ventured upon chiefly by their acquaintances. Few had the ready resources of the darkey, who thought he diverted suspicion regarding his failings, by his reply to an inconvenient inquiry. A backwoodsman in St. Louis having observed, that in a gang, some negroes were working on the streets, each wearing a ball and chain, attached to his leg, the countryman asked one of them, why that ball was so chained. "To keep de bad people ob de city from stealing it," said the darkey, "heaps ob tieves, massa, about heah."

The most remarkable enterprise and curiosity in connection with St. Louis is the great Steel Bridge, which now unites the State of Missouri with that of Illinois, and which spans the Mississippi River, about the centre of the city, and at a spot selected, after the most careful and protracted consideration of all its relative advantages. This wonderful engineering triumph was conceived by a consolidated Company of Directors, in the year 1868; but, to the genius and perseverance of Captain James B.

Eads, C.E., was chiefly due the practical accomplishment of that work. Preliminary tests were scientifically applied and examined, by the best experts in mathematical investigations and calculations; surveys and examinations of the river-bed were made with the greatest exactness, to ascertain the character of the rock buried deep beneath the muddy bottom; while the stone abutments, on which the three arches of enormous size and span were to rest, formed the most important problem to be solved, in reference to the design and erection of the superstructure. After matured consideration, Captain Eads had determined to construct the piers entirely of solid masonry, and to sink the concreted blocks by means of caissons formed of heavy wrought iron. The first of these caissons was eighty-two feet long, sixty feet wide, and eighteen feet high, while it weighed 500,000 pounds. On the 1st of March 1869, the bed-rock of the river was reached, at a distance of over 90 feet below the surface of the water. This was the preliminary for laying the first blocks of masonry, about 500 feet west of the Illinois shore. By a like process, the other pier was laid on the solid rock, far under the river surface. Afterwards, the last abutment pier on the Illinois shore was laid by caisson, as a great depth of sand had to be removed, before the solid rock could be reached; but, on the Missouri side of the river, less difficulty to find a foundation was experienced, as the west abutment rested on limestone, at the very edge of the water. After immense labour and even with the sacrifice of human life, the enormous blocks of limestone and granite began to rise over the river's surface, so as safely to resist pressure of the mighty current and superincumbent weight, according to scientific calculation, to the end of ages. It is not to be wondered, how financial difficulties at first retarded, but these did not ultimately prevent, the completion of such a gigantic undertaking.

The greater part of the material composing the masonry is a firm magnesian limestone. It is yellowish in colour, and it was taken from the quarries at Grafton, in the State of Illinois. This material, however, was used only under water. From about two feet below low water mark to the height of two feet above high water mark, the exterior of the piers, including those erected on the wharfs at St. Louis, and on the abutments at either shore, is the best quality of granite. Above this layer, the ex-

terior is entirely composed of cut sand-stone. A granite course eight feet in thickness is laid through the channel piers and in the abutments. This was intended to receive the heavy cast iron plates against which the ends of the arches rest, and to resist sufficiently their pressure.

The superstructure of this bridge combines enormous sustaining strength, with lines of the greatest elegance. The style is somewhat similar to that used in the structure over the Rhine, between Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein, but the span there is only 350 feet. The great feature of the bridge built by Captain Eads is, that it accommodates two double tracks of steam railways, besides having footwalks, street railways and all styles of vehicles provided for ; none of these interfere with the others, nor does the bridge impede steamboat navigation in the slightest degree. Of the three arches, which span this bridge, the central one is 520 and the two side ones are 500 feet, from one pier to its opposite. The largest river steamers, with their tallest of flues, are enabled at the highest possible floods to sail well in the clear, through any of those arches.

This magnificent bridge has three river openings, each formed with four-ribbed spandrels made of cast steel. The arches forming those spans consist severally of an upper and a lower curved rib, extending from pier to pier. A horizontal system of bracing extends between those ribs, for the purpose of securing the arches, in their relative distances from each other. The two centre arches of each span are thirteen feet nine and a half inches apart from centre to centre, while the upper member of one arch is secured to the lower one of the other, by a system of diagonal bracing. The roadways are formed by transverse iron beams, twelve inches in depth, and suitably separated. From the opposite ends of the iron beams forming the roadways, a double system of diagonal horizontal iron bracing binds the whole together. The original estimate contemplated an extreme width of fifty feet for the bridge. This was afterwards increased to fifty-four feet, two inches. The extra cost connected with the widening and additional land damages amounted to about 160,000 dollars. The upper roadway is thirty-four feet wide between the foot-walks. The latter are eight feet in width. The railway passages below the carriage way are each fourteen feet six inches in the clear, and eighteen

feet high. The railways are carried over the wharfs on either side of the river, by the erection of five connecting stone arches, each twenty-six feet wide. These are inclosed throughout the distance by a cut stone arcade of twenty arches supporting the upper roadway. They are carried on brick arches into the tunnel, which opens on Third street. On the Illinois shore, the railways reach the level of the East St. Louis railways, by a descending grade of one foot and a half in 100, for a distance of 3,000 feet. The carriage road at the eastern end descends with a grade of four feet in 100. On the Missouri side, the grade is nearly level, as the railroads enter the tunnel.

The Keystone Bridge Company were contractors for the superstructure. However, they had made little progress in their contract to the beginning of the year 1872, owing chiefly to delays in obtaining the proper quality of steel and iron for the work. In the meantime, labours on other portions of the bridge were being prosecuted with vigour, in order to have everything in readiness. The Keystone contract was sub-let to the William Butcher Company steel works, but several unforeseen delays occurred. The first large forgings required by the bridge were steel anchor bolts, five and three-quarter inches in diameter, and from twenty-two to thirty-six feet long. The first bolts when tested were found to be of inferior quality, and those were broken by testing. Each bolt had been required to sustain a tensile strain of 519 tons, without its being permanently elongated. This was twice as much as the maximum strain to which it can be subjected in the bridge. Before this test could be applied to the defective ones, the testing machine itself was broken twice. This involved several weeks' delay. The expense of testing, however, was assumed by the contractors. Several months were lost by various delays, before any bolts were supplied. Nevertheless, all difficulties were finally overcome, and suitable material was supplied. Similar delays were experienced in other parts of the steel works. Several attempts were made to roll the necessary staves, and before the rolls were perfectly formed to accomplish that object. Each failure necessitated the removal of the rolls from the mill to the machine shop, several miles distant, for alteration. As every roll weighed a number of tons, this usually involved a loss of two or

three weeks, before they were in place again and ready for trial. Six months were consumed, before a stove could be offered for testing, and when this was done, the steel was proved to be of inferior quality. Repeated changes had then to be made in mixing the steel. When a satisfactory mixture was obtained, it was only then discovered, that the same degree of strength was not present in all the staves made from it. These results proved the absolute necessity for using the greatest skill and caution in the application of the requisite degrees of heat for making carbon steel. After a great loss of time and money, it was decided, that chrome steel, being the best adapted for the purpose, should be used exclusively in the building of the superstructure.

Still further vexatious delays occurred through the iron work not being performed with due diligence. The Keystone Bridge Company were said to have contracted with other parties to make those main braces, which connect the upper and lower members of the arches together. Those members were considered scarcely second in importance to the steel tubes composing the arches. Specifications which formed a part of the contract stated, that the iron should bear an ultimate tensile strain of 60,000 pounds per square inch. For a long time, however, none of the iron offered by the sub-contractors proved capable of bearing over 54,000 pounds. Like many other obstacles presented, this difficulty was finally overcome. At a cost of over 12,000,000 dollars, this noble engineering structure was finally completed; and now, for many years past, it has been in complete working order, having fully answered all requirements of its enterprising projectors.

Almost simultaneously with the construction of the Cyclopean Mississippi steel bridge, the erection of a new Custom House and Post Office had been commenced at St. Louis, by the United States Government. Those general departments for Federal purposes are now completed, and they are comprised in one grand architectural structure, having a frontage of 232 feet on Olive and Locust streets, by a depth of 177 on Eighth and Ninth. Architecturally considered, the Custom house belongs to no especial order, but it is built after various styles so harmoniously blended, that the whole forms an imposing edifice, while it has an original and a grand effect. This

fine building is three stories in height, with an attic, while the chief front on Olive street has been surmounted by an immense convex dome, decorated so as to correspond with the beauty of the building to which it lends additional grandeur. The distance from the ground to the apex of the dome is 184 feet, and the height of the wing cornices reaches to 96 feet. Each front of the building is divided into three parts, and each central division is crowned with pitched pediments. Over these are ornamented windows to correspond with the general features of the structure.

The United States architect of this grand combination building was A. B. Mullet, who selected the stone and iron materials, not alone from the States of Missouri and of Illinois, but even from more distant places. The whole work was carried out by a local resident Irish architect of St. Louis, Mr. Thomas Walsh, who was held indirectly responsible for management of the entire undertaking.

A few words of description may be desirable. An open quadrangle occupies the centre of the building, its dimensions being 100 by 80 feet. This quadrangle is covered by a skylight over the first story, the whole of which is used by the Post-office department. The interior offices receive ventilation as well as light from the quadrangle, while the Post-office commands both from every side and from the roof as well. The floor of the first story is two feet above the level of the sidewalk, while the basement flooring is twenty-eight and a half feet below, in addition to which, the foundation of the sub-basement extends eight feet below. The space beneath the sidewalk has been divided into two compartments, the basement and sub-basement being thus designated. Including the District Courts, with other public rooms, and the necessary apartments for the various officials, the United States offices are located over the first story, and they can be approached from all sides, not only by stairways, but by elevators. The principal staircase is a model of its kind, huge in proportions, and tasteful in design. This staircase has its outlet at the Olive street entrance; and, as a matter of course, there are others, not quite so elaborate, on all other sides of the building, from basement to roof. In addition to this, there are two large elevators, one on each side of the

companies. The General Assembly of the State of Missouri for 1864 rendered great services, and especially in the adoption of measures, looking to the re-population of Missouri through encouragement given to immigrants. No other State had then formed such a system. The objects had in view by creating the State Board of Immigration were two-fold. It was organized to correct false statements and impressions abroad, relative to the condition of Missouri, and to exhibit what was then but imperfectly known, its great advantages and exhaustless resources. On the third Monday of March 1865, this Board met for the first time, and then were adopted preliminary measures towards perfecting its organization. In the short space of four months, it inaugurated, completed and systematized plans of operation. It distributed immediately several thousand pamphlets and documents descriptive of Missouri, its products and advantages, throughout the Eastern States and Europe. An office for giving ready information was opened in the city of New York. Large numbers of the "Missouri Handbook" were gratuitously distributed throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Besides, the Board issued Maps of Missouri on letter-sheet and circulars. It likewise organized auxiliary boards, through which it received minute and accurate information from the different interior counties of the State, so as satisfactorily to meet the inquiries of persons who desired to settle there. The Board appointed two lecturers, and it employed writers, who were engaged also canvassing the Eastern cities on behalf of Missouri. An address in German, to the Germans of "the Old Country," was issued and forwarded for Continental circulation. Several hundred copies of Hortle's excellent book, "The Struggle for Freedom in Missouri," were circulated in the German States, by the agent of that board in Bremen.

When the great civil war had concluded, as in nearly all the Southern States, some radical changes were effected in Missouri. During June 1865, a new Constitution was ratified by the people. Again in 1869, the fifteenth amendment to the constitution was adopted by the Legislature, and with these modifications, the executive administration now continues. In the State of Missouri, land is comparatively cheap and taxation low, especially in the interior, and apart from the largest cities and

towns ; while just laws give protection to all alike, and ample provision has been made for religious and educational purposes. The entire bonded debt of the state on January 1, 1888, was only \$9,974,000 ; and without increasing the present rate of taxation, which amounts to about thirty cents on the hundred dollars, that indebtedness is likely to be extinguished within the next eight or ten years. The climate is reasonably mild, especially south of the Missouri River, the mean temperature being 53 degrees ; in Spring it is 56, in Summer 76, in Autumn 55, and in Winter 39, while there is no extreme temperature at any season. Situated in the centre of the temperate zone, with all the productions necessary for the support and comfort of human life, Missouri has certainly no superior—and possibly no equal—among the States of the Union, in the elements of material wealth, while offering great inducements to the industrious and enterprising immigrant.

CHAPTER XLII.

Removal from Carondelet to St. Louis—Two distinguished Orators—Apostolic Labours of the Archbishop, and Anecdotes—Progress of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of St. Louis—Ill Health—Retirement to Milwood—Return to St. Louis and subsequent Departure for Ireland—Conclusion.

MEANTIME, the Rev. Patrick A. Feehan and Rev. Patrick John Ryan were destined to remain at Carondelet, until the time arrived for their ordination as priests. Having already made excellent studies, in their respective colleges of Maynooth and Carlow, so were they now required to take charge of the various classes assigned to each. This work undertaken by them afforded to myself a welcome relief, and a change once more for the city of St. Louis. I continued to discharge my duties at the seminary, until the 16th of November, 1852, when I returned to my former position, as assistant to the Rev. Patrick O'Brien, still the pastor of St. John's Church. I had now contracted the habit of sitting up to late hours in the night, at study and writing ; and, as I had over much occupation by day for labour of that description, I devoted considerable time after the daily routine was ended, until my strength became gradually impaired.

I was seldom in bed until after midnight, while I was obliged, as well in winter as in summer, to be up in sufficient time, for the celebration of a very early Mass. Besides, the growth of a numerous Irish Catholic population in our part of the city and suburbs brought with it a constant succession of sick calls, which were frequently sent at very unseasonable hours of the night, although those were often wholly unnecessary, and might be anticipated or safely deferred to the following day. However, a fear of disturbed rest, and the irregularity of retiring to bed at night, induced insomnia, and created a constitutional weariness or languor, which soon proved very detrimental to health. The Catholic priests in St. Louis, at that period, were too few in number, for supplying the wants of the various congregations; and especially was this the case, where the Irish were most accustomed to dwell.

About this time, or perhaps a little before, Senator Benton delivered his celebrated speech in the large area of the Court House in St. Louis, enunciating his policy, regarding the newly acquired territories wrested from Mexico, and in opposition to the action of John C. Calhoun. With several thousands of citizens, I was present to hear his telling arguments, and to admire his vigorous style of oratory. This was afterwards known as the Sarsaparilla speech, owing to the circumstance of his complimentary attention to Dr Jacob Townsend, who—in a truly American fashion of general advertising—had introduced his great specific medicinal nostrum, on the attention of the distinguished Missouri Senator, in a manner to make it historically famous. Somewhat later in point of time, Thomas Francis Meagher appeared in St. Louis, after his escape from Australia, and delivered in one of the great halls of the city a Lecture on that great country, its history and resources, to the great delight of an admiring and an enthusiastic audience. Especially by his countrymen there, he was received with a welcome called forth by his unselfish patriotism, fervid oratory, and romantic career. The writer was afforded this one opportunity for seeing and hearing that brave and gifted man, who was destined afterwards to enshrine his name on the bead-roll of renown, as a heroic general on the side of Freedom and of the Union, during the great Confederate War.

Before the old Cathedral of St. Louis had been erected

into a metropolitan church in 1847, the extent of the St. Louis diocese was vast beyond conception. It was also overspread with numberless Catholic congregations, some of whom were assembled in churches, while the majority were to be met with only at improvised stations. Afterwards, the Diocese proper was confined to the limits of Missouri State. But, during all that time, the Archbishop was incessantly occupied, travelling through such a vast territory, by steam-boat or by stage-coach, or in his private carriage, driven by his faithful negro-servant—a freed-man named William—while engaged on his frequent tours of episcopal visitation, to confer confirmation, to dedicate churches, or to discharge some other requisite functions.

On one of those missionary excursions, in St. Charles or Lincoln County, a creek had been greatly swollen, after a continuous fall of rain; when the Archbishop approached the usual ford for crossing, and being desirous of meeting a pressing engagement, he deemed the turbid water sufficiently low, to order his carriage through it. He was warned both by the Rev. Mr. Cusack, who accompanied him, and by his servant William, that the bed of the current was thought by them much deeper than, at first sight, it seemed to be. However, not wishing to turn back, the Archbishop resolved to try that passage. Soon, the horse plunged over his shoulders in the water, and the occupants of the carriage ran great risk of being drowned, as it awkwardly upset in a deep current. With great difficulty was the Archbishop extricated from his dangerous position, when all escaped to the bank in their wet clothes. Even the horse and carriage were set aright, for the prosecution of their journey. Some years afterwards, when passing the same creek, in company with Rev. Mr. Cusack, he related that adventure, in which he shared, and on the spot, he pointed out the various positions, so as to give a more vivid picturing to the narrative.

Another time, while the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick was travelling by a stage-coach through the State of Illinois, and on missionary duty, the public vehicle broke down, when the passengers were obliged to alight from it, in the midst of a drenching rain-fall. For a long time, they were exposed to the fury of the elements, out on an open prairie, and without the slightest shelter, before the

coach could be repaired. Among his fellow-travellers was a delicate lady, who was likely to suffer seriously the consequences of such exposure; but, the kindly and thoughtful prelate, quite oblivious of every selfish consideration, insisted on wrapping his own warm and water-proof cloak around her, while he remained unprotected from the rain, which poured in torrents. These were anecdotes the writer never heard even adverted to by the Archbishop, who hardly ever spoke of his own actions to others, and who invariably learned to conceal his share in every effort to effect good.

A Catholic paper, intituled "The Shepherd of the Valley," was started once more in St. Louis, and with greater success than attended the former venture. For some time, it was edited by his Grace the Archbishop; but, finding the onerous work of journalism incompatible with his many other avocations, a talented convert to the Church, named Bakewell, assumed the direction, and with his approbation. This paper rendered much service to the cause of religion in the West, and it continued to flourish for many years, until replaced by "The Western Watchman."

The executive labours and financial administration of the Archbishop in connexion with Church affairs were very extraordinary and engrossing, especially at that period. Constantly was he engaged in the work of obtaining sites and title deeds—most generally gifts of land being tendered in St. Louis by Catholic owners of real estate—for the purpose of building churches, religious institutions and schools. He was then sole trustee for all ecclesiastical property, within the bounds of his diocese. Debts had to be incurred, and difficulties had to be faced, in keeping pace with the city's growth and in building up those various and necessary institutes, while funds must be provided for their support and maintenance. An aged German priest of my acquaintance, Rev. Father Heim, had benevolently established a system of deposit for the savings of mechanics, labourers, and servant girls, who had no confidence in many of the incorporated or private banks then in St. Louis.

An excellent and a business-like Irish-American gentleman, Mr. John Byrne, Jun., urged the extension of this scheme through the Archbishop, whose consent was finally obtained; an office was taken near the Cathedral,

books were prepared, accounts were opened, and clerks were engaged ; soon were the immigrants of the operative class flocking to the counters in great numbers, while the business wonderfully extended. The money received was borrowed largely by priests and religious, with mortgages secured from the different Churches and institutions, the revenues of which were pledged for redemption, and the highest current rate of interest was allowed on the deposits. For many long years, that concern was known as "The Archbishop's Bank." Among his many other accomplishments, Dr. Kenrick was an able manager and accountant ; he regularly supervised the working of that establishment in its different departments, checking and balancing the accounts, while regulating outlay and expenditure, with an expedition and accuracy that were perfectly marvellous. However, when the disturbed state of society and of business set into St. Louis, consequent on the Confederate Rebellion, the Archbishop desired to wind up the affairs of his Bank, and thus to relieve himself from further monetary responsibility. On the 12th of January 1861, he issued a brief Pastoral, which called on his people to avoid all occasions of public excitement ; to obey the established laws ; to respect the rights of all citizens ; to keep away, as much as possible from all assemblages, where indiscretion in word or act might endanger the public tranquillity. Hitherto, he had been charged with numberless obligations for all Church property within his diocese ; but, he afterwards proposed, that the priests and congregations burthened with any debt for ecclesiastical institutions should pay one-half of it within a fixed time, when he engaged to wipe off the remainder. This plan succeeded in a most satisfactory way, and the Archbishop's financial transactions in banking happily came to an end.

It is not our intention to trench on the province of his future biographer ; but, we have deemed it not obtrusive to state, that so exactly were his movements and order for life noticed in St. Louis, that it was often stated, men might regulate their watches by observing his ordinary occupations. To some of these allusion has been made already ; yet, it may be remarked, that each evening he was accustomed to take a constitutional walk of three miles, extending from his house on Chesnut

Street to Grand Avenue, and this was the chief physical exercise he enjoyed during the day. At his present advanced period of life, and amid his numerous engrossing and responsible occupations, we learn, that the practice is still continued, and that the venerable Prelate continues to enjoy uninterrupted health and surprising vigour considering his protracted years.

The progressive increase of a Catholic population, throughout the city and diocese of St. Louis, was and is truly wonderful. Religious institutions also kept pace with this growth. Priests and religious communities were gradually supplied to minister for the wants of the faithful. Colleges and schools, convents and religious houses, asylums and orphanages, hospitals and reformatories, conferences and associations, orders and sodalities have been endowed or established on a firm foundation; while every form of human misery has been assuaged, and every object for charity provided, by the Archbishop, his faithful priests and people lending a willing co-operation.

The term had now arrived when my connexion with St. Louis must be severed. Exposed one night of sick-call duty to very severe cold, I had an acute attack of bronchitis, in the spring of 1853. It was succeeded by an almost total loss of voice and a great debility, which completely prostrated me. Notwithstanding careful medical treatment, and the kind offices of friends, my strength was constantly on the decline, and inflammation of the lungs supervened. This attack totally incapacitated me from attending to duty, and for several days I was confined to my sick room. The Doctor now advised my retirement from all missionary labour. For a long period, I remained seriously unwell. Although weakened and prostrate, yet a time of convalescence had set in at last, and I availed of it to visit my mother and brothers, in Milwood. I left St. Louis, on the 6th of June, and I again felt cheered when joining my near relations, as also my other kind friends in that settlement. During the time, I was hardly able to walk without experiencing great faintness; but, I took several drives over the prairie, to return thanks for the kind attentions of many good members belonging to my former flock.

On the 10th of August, I returned once more to St. Louis, but only partially restored. Then, I was told by

my medical attendant, that I should not resume duty, while he hoped, that a good long sea-voyage to Europe might prove effectual in renovating my health. For myself, I had little anticipation at that time of living very long, as even breathing was painful. When the matter was represented to his Grace the Archbishop, and that a change of climate and scene should possibly be of benefit to me, he kindly gave his consent, that I might return to my native country. I was also furnished with letters of recommendation and a testimonial intended for those Irish prelates he had best known. I took an affectionate leave of my dear relatives in Milwaukee, of his Grace the Archbishop, of the priests, and of other attached friends in St. Louis. Having arranged matters for departure, as best I could, towards the latter end of August, 1853, I took passage on one of the river steamers bound for Alton, intending to reach New York by way of the great Northern Lakes. At that time, railway communication between the latter city and St. Louis had not been continuously extended.

Having then formed an assured presentiment, that I was taking a last farewell of an adopted country, endeared to me by so many agreeable associations, and of relatives and friends I did not expect again to meet with in this life; a variety of contending emotions arose, while standing on the steamer's deck, there beholding the levee with its crowded wharfs and St. Louis itself glide rapidly away from the lines of vision. I recurred in thought to its rapid growth, during the decade of years that had elapsed, since I first entered it as a stranger, and had afterwards learned to regard it as a cherished home. The scene itself and the circumstances in which I was placed brought a melancholy train of reflection for a time, until the tall towers, steeples and flues of the city, had faded from view. Then did I begin to recall those earlier scenes and still surviving relatives and friends in the land of my birth, when a mysterious reaction of feeling gave me a fresh and pleasurable sensation, as I yet hoped to reach the shores of old Ireland, were it only there to greet them in the first instance, even if destined soon afterwards to close my earthly career.

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