

Isaac Jogues  
Missioner and Martyr

MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.



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ISAAC JOGUES  
MISSIONER AND MARTYR

AN ADAPTATION OF THE ORIGINAL  
BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN-SHEA

BY  
MARTIN J. SCOTT, S.J.



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## BOOKS OF REFERENCE ON THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA

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- *The Jesuit Martyrs of North America*.—Wynne, S.J.
- *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*—Thwaites.
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## INTRODUCTION

Isaac Jogues, apart from his sanctity, was one of the world's most heroic figures. It is doubtful if history presents a character that surpasses him in generous devotion to the welfare of his fellow men, and in heroic sacrifices in their behalf. The tortures he endured seem almost incredible. We are amazed that a human being could endure what he suffered and survive. But amazing as was his suffering, the spirit of fortitude, patience and forgiveness which animated him in it all is still more astonishing. No wonder that Anne of Austria, Queen Regent of France, declared on hearing the recital of his experiences, that it surpassed the most highly colored romances of fiction.

The story of Jogues is more than a narrative, no matter how thrilling. It is a graphic incentive to all who peruse it, to do manfully for God and country. The labors and sufferings of Jogues had, for the most part, no other witness than the eye of God. But surely he who has God for witness has enough. Jogues lived in the presence of God. God was as much a reality to him as the very people by whom he was surrounded. Hence, he was never alone even when most alone. He never suffered without a companion by his side whose divine complaisance more than sustained him in torments that made even his torturers marvel at his power of endurance.

Some may wonder why God allowed one who served Him so loyally as Jogues, to become the victim of such malice and cruelty as he experienced. They forget that God is Lord not only of Time but also of Eternity. God has His own time and His own way of rewarding those who are faithful to Him. Man has only this life to repay service. God has forever. God does not want us to serve Him for wages like hirelings, or for favors bestowed in this life, but because He is Our Lord and Master. He wants us to serve Him in faith. He will not be outdone in generosity. He allowed His Only Divine Son to be the victim of the malice and injustice of wicked men. But from the Sacrifice of Calvary sprung Christendom.

So, frequently, since that Good Friday, has He permitted evil to work its course in order that His faithful followers might manifest their love by sacrifice, the true test of love. And always, as from Calvary, has He drawn good out of evil. When they tortured and slayed Jogues, the Mohawks were animated by hatred of the Faith which he practiced and preached. When they split his skull they thought they had made an end not only of him but also of his cause. But it was rather the beginning. Where Jogues shed his blood for Christ there is now a shrine of devotion to him and to the Faith for which he died. The valley of his captivity is now dotted with churches dedicated to the God whom he preached to the savages.

On the hill, overlooking the ravine by which, according to the tradition of the place, he made his painful way of escape to the Hudson, now stands the Convent of the Sacred Heart. This ravine is part of the convent grounds. Thus it has come about that where once were heard the blasphemies of those who reviled Christ, may now be heard the solemn chant of saintly nuns whose lives are consecrated to His service. The heathen land painfully traversed by Jogues from Quebec to Albany is now Christian land. Thus the sacrifice of Jogues was not in vain. Nothing done for God is lost. Martyred in a lonely spot in the heart of a primeval forest, Jogues is now in greater honor than many of the renowned men of his day, no matter how celebrated their achievements. It is thus that God glorifies those who serve Him for Himself.

Jogues as a Christian martyr is venerated the world over. Raised to the honors of the altar his name is sacred. He is now Blessed, but before long we hope to salute him as Saint. This biography is an attempt to make Blessed Jogues better known in the United States where he shed his blood for the Faith. He, and his companions, Goupil and Lalande, together with the five Jesuits martyred in Canada, are the first beatified martyrs of the Catholic Faith in the New World. New York State has the distinction of holding somewhere in its soil the sacred remains of Jogues and his fellow martyrs, Goupil and Lalande. At

Auriesville, forty miles from Albany, New York, is the shrine which hallows the spot where these Christian heroes confessed Christ in their blood.

In preparing the life of Blessed Jogues the author has had constant recourse to what is known as the *Jesuit Relations*. These documents comprise forty-one small volumes. One was published each year from 1632 to 1673. They embrace letters sent by Jesuit missionaries in America to their brethren in Europe, and form the most important, and often the only material for the history of Canada for that period. Some of these volumes became so rare that they could not be found even in the great libraries of Europe. The Canadian Government, realizing the historic value of the Relations, assembled and reprinted them in three large octavo volumes in 1848. A further tribute to the value of these documents is the Thwaites edition of the *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, 73 volumes, published in 1896.

Referring to the *Jesuit Relations*, no less an authority than Parkman speaks as follows: "The sources of information concerning the early Jesuits of New France are very copious. During a period of forty years, the Superior of the Mission sent, every summer, long and detailed reports—embodying or accompanied by the reports of his subordinates—to the Provincial of the Order at Paris, where they were annually published, in duodecimo volumes, forming the remarkable series known as the *Jesuit Relations*. Though the productions of men of scholastic training, they are simple and often crude in style, as might be expected of narratives hastily written in Indian lodges or rude mission houses in the forest, amid annoyances and interruptions of all kinds. In respect to the value of their contents, they are exceedingly unequal. Modest records of marvelous adventures and sacrifices, and vivid pictures of forest-life, alternate with prolix and monotonous details of the conversion of individual savages, and the praiseworthy deportment of some exemplary neophyte. With regard to the condition and character of the primitive inhabitants of North

America, it is impossible to exaggerate their value as an authority. I shall add, that the closest examination has left me no doubt that these missionaries wrote in perfect good faith, and that the Relations hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents." *The Relations* for the years 1647 and 1648 give very detailed accounts of the missionary labors, tortures and martyrdom of Jogues.

In procuring material for the present work, the author found that the Life of Father Jogues by Felix Martin, S.J., translated by John Gilmary Shea, contained data of the highest historical value, and of appropriate selection. He has accordingly followed the outline of that work. The English translation of the letters of Jogues and of the Relations is that of John Gilmary Shea. As virtually all of the documents which concern the life of Jogues are drawn from the *Jesuit Relations*, no detailed references to them will be made in the body of the work. Scholars will know how to verify the various abstracts by reference to the *Jesuit Relations* of the specified year. The average reader will prefer an uninterrupted narrative. The aim of the author is to reach the general public, for which reason he has omitted whatever might confuse or distract or lessen the interest.

The author is under deep obligation to Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., the foremost authority in the United States on matters concerning the Jesuit martyrs, for valuable suggestions and assistance in the preparation of this volume. Acknowledgment is also made to the Universal Knowledge Foundation for its translations of various important documents herein embodied. Jogues is only one of eight Jesuit martyrs of North America recently beatified by Pius XI. All these blessed heroes of the cross underwent experiences very similar to his before meeting their fate. The author confines himself mainly to Jogues because he desires to keep within reasonable limits. Those who desire further information on the subject may consult the bibliography at the end of this work.

## CHAPTER I

### THE SAVAGES

While Jogues was a captive of the Mohawks, a band of these savages returning from the war-path brought in as prisoners three young women besides some children. They had killed all the men of the enemy party in battle. As the women entered the village their clothing was torn from them, they were beaten with fists and clubs, and their flesh cut with knives and switches.

One of the women was selected as a victim to be burned in honor of their war-god Aireskoi. As some days elapsed before the human sacrifice was to be offered, Father Jogues instructed the poor victim in the truths of Christianity, and gave her the consoling motives of Faith for her support and resignation. On the day of the human sacrifice the wretched woman had firebrands applied to every part of her body, a sachem crying out at each application: "Aireskoi, we offer thee this victim which we burn in thy honor! Sate thyself on her flesh and make us ever victorious over our enemies." The poor creature, more dead than alive, was finally thrown on an immense pyre and burned to death.

These were the savages, to convert whom, Jesuit missionaries, men of learning and refinement, were to leave the comforts of civilization, and to live among, sharing their rude manner of life, and eventually, many of them, meeting the fate of the Huron captives described above. Before we follow the steps of the heroic missionaries through forests and along rivers and over dangerous rapids in their zeal to Christianize these savages, it is desirable to know something of the life, religion and character of these children of the forest.

The first thing that strikes us with regard to them is their capacity for enduring pain without complaining, or even giving any signs of the torture that racked them. This was a

sort of religion with them. From earliest youth they were trained to all manner of endurance. It was considered a disgrace to wince under torture. The savages did everything that fiendish ingenuity could devise in order to draw a moan from their victim. Ordinarily a captive sang or laughed aloud under the most exquisite and prolonged torture. It was his way of defying his captors and showing his superiority over them. The savages, after tormenting their victim to the utmost limit of human endurance, and getting no sign of agony from him, sometimes tore out his heart and ate it, that they might thus become as brave as their victim.

They despised, on the other hand, a victim who writhed under pain, and left him to the women and children for torture. To sustain, without any show of suffering, the most dreadful agony that fiendish brutality could inflict, was the mark of a true brave. It is necessary to keep this in mind if we would appreciate the heroism of the highly sensitive missionaries, who without the stoicism of the Indian, nevertheless surpassed him in patient endurance. What the savage did for bravado the missionaries did for love of Christ. The Indian gave no quarter and expected none. It seems strange therefore that he did not always die fighting instead of submitting to capture.

But against this there must be put the fact that the savage made it a point to capture rather than kill, unless there were already enough prisoners taken. Moreover, a captive always had hopes of escape. Many did escape while on the long trail to the tribal village. Besides, the fate of a captive rested in the hands of some family of the tribe which had lost a member on the war-path. The captive was given to this family either to adopt in place of the lost one, or to assign to torture and death by way of expiation.

The Iroquois were constantly at war. They embraced five nations scattered from what is now Buffalo to Albany. Of these nations, the one most feared by others was the Mohawk, whose villages were near where the hamlet of Auriesville now stands on the banks of the Mohawk River, some forty miles

from Albany. The Mohawks were the most ferocious nation of the Iroquois Federation. They were bent on the extermination of neighboring tribes, and especially of the Hurons, a people to the north and west of them, and whom eventually they all but wiped out.

Before the coming of the white man among them the religion of the Indians was a sort of nature dread. They believed that all material nature had life, soul and intelligence. Trees, rivers, mountains, winds, beasts, birds and fishes were all embodied spirits, capable of understanding the language of man and of doing him good or harm, mostly harm. If a storm arose it was the anger of the wind-spirit. If the hunt was a failure the spirit of the deer or bear or beaver was offended and must be placated before success would attend the hunt. If a canoe upset and a savage drowned it was the river-spirit seeking a victim for some neglect or offense. And so of all the occurrences of life. They did not attribute effects to natural causes but to some spirit who showed his pleasure or anger by good or malignant deeds. Thus when the crops failed, or a pestilence arose, it was the harvest-spirit or some malignant power which was manifesting displeasure with them.

In this manner they attributed the various events of life to the influence of friendly or hostile spirits, neglecting altogether human measures and precautions against disease, famine and other misfortunes. By their filthy manner of living they invited disease. But instead of attributing disease to some natural cause they laid it to the anger of an offended spirit. It is necessary to understand this in order to comprehend the dreadful position of the missionaries who came among them, and the immense obstacles which had to be overcome in the preaching of Christianity. It was due to the fact that a pestilence was attributed to the wrath of a spirit offended by the presence among them of some articles of Christian piety, that Jogues, one of the most heroic missionaries in the annals of mankind, was cruelly put to death.

Not only did they believe that everything material had life and intelligence, but also that some one material thing or animal possessed a particular spirit, which was a personal deity to be worshipped by a particular individual, and which was a protector for that person against other spirits and calamities of whatever kind. This familiar spirit was called an *oki* or *manitou*. Every Indian had a *manitou* which he worshipped in a special manner. It was by means of dreams that each one knew what was his *manitou*. The object which at a certain age appeared most frequently to one in dreams was for that one his *manitou*. It might be a bird or fish or plant or stone. Whatever it was, the Indian had a symbol of it made which he always carried about his person, and to which he frequently made addresses, prayers, and offerings of tobacco, wampum, furs or weapons. It was real fetish-worship.

At times human life was sacrificed to a *manitou*. It was to placate an offended spirit who was believed to be wroth at the sign of the cross taught children by one of the missionaries, that caused an Indian to tomahawk Rene Goupil. Sometimes a *manitou* was offended, they believed, because prisoners were not tortured cruelly enough. It was a terrible ordeal for the next prisoner after such a supposed grievance on the part of the spirit. Some of the missionaries were tortured under such circumstances, and the frightful torments inflicted on them and their fortitude in bearing them, caused the historian Parkman to affirm: "Few passages of history are more striking than those which record the efforts of the earlier French Jesuits to convert the Indians. Full as they are of dramatic and philosophic interest, bearing strongly on the political destinies of America, and closely involved with the history of its native population it is wonderful that they have been left so long in obscurity."

The religion of the savage was one of perpetual fear. The Indian believed that everything in the world had power to harm, and would exercise this power against him for the slightest offense or neglect. Hence before entering a canoe on

lake or river he threw tobacco upon the water to render propitious the spirit that inhabited it. If he heard the rustle of the leaves caused by the wind it was to him the voice of the tree-spirit in complaint or warning. The howling of the wind was the anger of the spirit of the air. Even the things made by themselves had soul and intelligence. Their fishing-nets were conscious and knew their owners. A peculiar confirmation of this is found in the custom which prevailed of marrying a maiden to a fish-net. This was supposed to make the spirit of the net very happy and in consequence to ensure a good catch of fish.

The savages believed that their manitou spoke to them by dreams. If an Indian declared that his manitou demanded a certain thing the village was scoured for it, and whoever had it gave it up willingly. Dreams had to be imperatively obeyed, even if it meant the sacrifice of one's most treasured possession, or even life itself, either one's own or that of another. For the most part the old, or manitou, was a malignant being. The missionaries were convinced that this was devil-worship. Some of the things which the oki in dreams commanded them to do were so awfully inhuman and flagrantly indecent that it is hard to conceive that they came from human minds.

The Indians were naturally ferocious, but at the instigation of their manitou they became fiends. Some of the things that they did to the missionaries, as we shall see, could only emanate from hell. Besides being naturally ferocious, or at least ferocious on account of their life and environment, the savages were also without any sense of shame or moral turpitude. Their manner of life, lived in common, without any privacy, destroyed all sense of modesty and purity. Every sort of obscenity and impurity was indulged in openly and without any loss of reputation to either sex. Until married a maiden was free to indulge every sex impulse, without detriment to future marriage.

Trial marriages were common, and some of the maidens had as many as twenty such alliances before permanent marriage. Once married the woman became a drudge, a veritable slave. There was no bigamy among the Indians for the simple reason that a man could divorce his wife for any slight cause or for no cause but displeasure. The missionaries relate that in response to what their *okis* commanded in dreams, the Indians at times perpetrated deeds more shameful than any recorded in the worship of the lustful deities of paganism. It is necessary to know this in order to understand the power of the Gospel, which in many cases, and sometimes with whole tribes, completely transformed these victims of satanic domination.

It is also necessary to know the degradation of the Indians in order to appreciate the sacrifice and heroism and virtue of those men of God who left the amenities of civilization to live and work among these ferocious and degraded savages. One of the missionaries, Father Brebeuf, wrote to those of his brethren in Europe who were contemplating coming to America as Indian missionaries in substance as follows:

"The dwelling of the missionary is a miserable hut, made by covering poles with bark. This hut, or wigwam, as it is called, is so fashioned that those inside cannot stand erect or lie down at full length. By day one must remain either sitting or kneeling. At night one cannot stretch one's limbs but must remain curled up. While sleeping the feet are towards the fire, in the center of the hut, and the head is at the outer edge, with the result that while the feet are almost roasting the head is chilled by contact with the cold ground or the snow, which is separated from the head by some branches only, or skins of animals.

"But the most dreadful thing of all is the smoke. It is so dense in the hut that it frequently causes blindness. It smarts the eyes as if salt were poured into them. It makes the eyes so sore that they continually run water for a considerable period.



In winter the water flowing from the aching eyes makes it almost impossible to see when one goes outside. This makes it necessary to have some one lead the missionary in traveling when he is thus afflicted. Next to the smoke is the small martyrdom suffered from fleas, lice and vermin. The Indians do not mind this plague but to the missionary it is torture.

"The food is very coarse and frequently insufficient. Its manner of serving deprives one for a long time of all desire for food. They eat out of a common dish, usually dirty. The dogs eat from the same dish, and usually serve as the dish-washers by licking it. For napkins either one's hair or else the dog's back serves the purpose. The most repulsive uncleanness does not offend the Indians at all. There is so much filth about their cabins and in them that it breeds disease. In their ignorance they think that such disease is the anger of some offended spirit. Or they attribute it to the presence of the missionary, which imperils his life, as at any moment a savage may sink a tomahawk into his skull, under the conviction that he is slaying the cause of misfortune.

"This causes the missionary to live in constant apprehension. He never knows when a frenzied savage may run him through with a knife or knock his brains out with a club, as has happened in not a few cases. What the missionary finds a great hardship is the utter lack of privacy. He can scarcely ever be alone, either for devotions or for necessary rest and the needs of nature. And although he longs for occasional privacy one of his most dreadful sufferings is isolation. He is surrounded by those whose ideas are as far apart from his as the two poles. First of all his knowledge of their language, at least for a long time, is rudimentary, which prevents him from normal conversation. And when he does get command of the language he finds that it is almost impossible to convey any but concrete notions to them. Their world is altogether different from his. Hence he is a stranger in a strange land, alone although surrounded by many. Moreover

he is obliged constantly to be witness of vice which he is powerless to prevent.

"Lying, stealing and lust are as common to these savages as walking. They do not know what shame is. The only hope the missionary has of doing good is with the children, who, if rightly taught and influenced may become the means of civilizing and Christianizing these benighted creatures. This is a dark picture, but it becomes bright when one views it with the love of God in one's heart. The missionary knows that this field gives him an opportunity of proving his love for God in the way that most appeals to God, namely by service and sacrifice. It was thus Christ showed His love for us. It is the realization that sacrifice is the language of love, that makes the missionary rejoice amidst conditions which would ordinarily depress the most stout-hearted.

"Also he knows that sacrifice is the best means of doing God's work. If these savages eventually become Christian it will be in no small degree because the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. The missionary sheds his blood as much by daily torture from disgusting and painful surroundings as by the sword. It is this that gives him that peace and courage which are the astonishment of the savages, and which makes him cheerfully labor for the cause of Christ "

The missionary, Father Brebeuf, who wrote the above description of conditions, exemplified in his own person the service and sacrifice he so earnestly hoped for in those who were to join him.

The Indians had no conception of moral good or evil. Their only standard of right and wrong was the desirableness or undesirableness of the thing in question. What gave pleasure or gain was good, what caused pain or loss was evil. They had no word for God. The missionaries were obliged to invent a phrase to convey the idea of a Supreme Being. They called Him "The Great Chief of Men," and also, "He Who Lives In The Sky." According to the notion of the savages each kind of animal had a king. It was easy, therefore, to make



them understand that man also should have a king, and that He was the Great Spirit.

They believed in immortality after a fashion, holding that after death the deceased continued a sort of shadowy existence in a shade world. Into that world the spirit of everything in this world passed on and survived the shades of men, animals, rivers, mountains, weapons, etc., continuing to exist there. Hence in burying an Indian, the things dearest to him were buried with him, in order that their shades might accompany him. But their belief in a future life did not imply reward or punishment. It is true that there was the bright and happy hunting ground for the brave warrior, and a rather darksome region for the coward, but with regard to reward for virtue, or punishment for moral wrong-doing, there was no idea whatever.

Although burial followed shortly after death it was only temporary interment. At stated intervals of about ten years the bones of the deceased were taken from their various graves and assembled at a designated place where they were deposited with great ceremony. The whole nation gathered for this function. In the burial pit, along with the remains of the dead, were placed wampum-belts, beaver-skins, bows, arrows, pipes, utensils, beads, rings and everything associated with Indian life. The savages believed that all things animate and inanimate were alike immortal, and that with the dead to whom they belonged, their shades passed to the land beyond, where they would serve the same purpose as in this life, but in a different manner. To this day those burial pits are found in various parts of North America, some of them containing every kind of weapon, utensil and ornament with which Indian life was acquainted.

When a savage fell ill there was little or no attempt at curing him by medicine, surgery or any other remedial measure. The medicine-man was called in. Why he was called a "medicine-man" is hard to understand, because he prescribed no medicine and gave no medical treatment. He was a sorcerer

pure and simple. If an Indian were ill, it was, in their belief, because a malignant oki had entered into him. As long as this hostile spirit remained, the man would be ill, and unless the spirit were driven out, the victim would eventually die.

The medicine-man, therefore, proceeded by incantations and various grotesque movements, accompanied by howlings and wild beating of drums, to expel the oki from the victim. Sometimes the medicine-man feigned to receive a communication from the spirit world to the effect that the malignant oki could be expelled only by the torture or death of a personal enemy or by despoiling him of possessions. The Indians regarded such communications as sacred and carried them into effect, at no matter what cost. In this way the sorcerer was able to revenge himself on anyone who was opposed to him. It was thus, as we shall see, that some of the missionaries were tortured or killed, because they branded the doings of the sorcerer as devices of roguery, superstition or diabolism.

Dreams and sorcery were the two most potent factors of Indian life, as well as the all but invincible obstacles to the preaching of the Gospel. In nearly every tribe there were professed dreamers and interpreters of dreams. These were usually the shrewdest men of the community and ordinarily exercised their profession with a keen knowledge of persons and conditions. In consequence, some of their directions and forecasts showed marvelous results. Usually the community was in superstitious dread of these sorcerers, and seldom or never hesitated to carry out their orders. As a result, the missionaries knew that at any hour, or in any place, an Indian brave might sink a tomahawk into their skulls or burn them at the stake, and in so doing be convinced that he was acting by direction from the spirit world. Perpetual fear of preternatural agencies haunted the savage at every turn and greatly influenced his life. All nature was alive and intelligent. He was the sport of all this spirit world, and too often its victim.

Most of these Indians led a roving life, due to the fact that for the greater part they depended on game for their food and clothing. They had settled villages, it is true, but with war parties and fishing and hunting expeditions they were not often resident. Sometimes the whole tribe—men, women and children—engaged in fishing or hunting trips. On these expeditions the squaws were the beasts-of-burden and the toilers at camp. The braves fought, hunted, fished and made weapons. Oftentimes when game was scarce the whole tribe went without food for several days. Again, when game was plenty they gorged themselves.

While roving they slept in the open, or if the weather were too severe for that, in tents made by covering, with bark or skins, saplings of birch which were set firmly in the ground in a circle, bent together at the top and fastened by thongs of leather or twigs. In very cold weather a fire was built in the center of this tent or wigwam. The Indians slept on the bare ground or on animal skins, their feet towards the fire. Frequently while their feet were almost roasted their heads and shoulders were nearly frozen. The sky was visible through the crevices of the wigwam, and the suffering in extremely cold weather was intense.

Worse, however, than the cold was the smoke. The only outlet being the opening in the top of the wigwam, the smoke in consequence was often so dense that the missionaries were obliged to sleep face downward, their mouths and nostrils close to the ground. It penetrated eyes, nose and mouth causing intense irritation and often blindness. The missionaries found this one of the greatest hardships. In the winter, on a hunt, the wigwam was pitched in a clearing of snow. It was so cold that the missionaries could not read their breviary except in the smoke-filled tent, and by the fickle light which came from the fire. This caused them excruciating agony, but they read their breviary, nevertheless.

In the tribal village the Indians lived in huts constructed of logs. The Iroquois received their name from the

architecture, if such it can be called, of their huts or sheds. These were long, low and narrow structures. The Iroquois were known as the dwellers in the long houses, which is the meaning of their real Indian name, Hodenosaunee or "People of the Long House." Each house accommodated five families, and had five fires, a fire for each family.

The name Iroquois is French, given to these Indians because they terminated a discourse by the word *Hiro* which means *I have ended* and *Koue* or *Quois* which was a grunt of satisfaction, or the opposite, according as it was uttered. The Iroquois was the Indian of Indians, and the Mohawk was the Iroquois of the Iroquois. The Iroquois were a confederacy of five nations, dwelling along a line running through central New York, and embracing from East to West the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. As stated previously there was no such thing as privacy in Indian life. Everything was open to the gaze of all. As a result the savages were dead to all sense of shame. They were rather unmoral than immoral. Cruelty, dishonesty, lust were their characteristics. These were the people among whom the Jesuit missionaries came to live and labor, and in many instances to die in horrible torture. No wonder that even the non-Catholic historian, Parkman, has declared that there has been no greater heroism in the annals of mankind than that displayed by the sons of Loyola among the savage children of the American forest.

Let me sum up the Indian character by a quotation from Parkman: "It is obvious that the Indian mind has never seriously occupied itself with any of the higher themes of thought. . . . In the midst of nature, the Indian knew nothing of her laws. His perpetual reference of her phenomena to occult agencies forestalled inquiry and precluded inductive seasoning. If the wind blew with violence, it was because the water-lizard, which makes the wind, had crawled out of his pool; if the lightning was sharp and frequent, it was because the young of the thunder-bird were restless in their nest; if a

blight fell upon the corn, it was because the corn-spirit was angry; and if the beavers were shy and difficult to catch, it was because they had taken offense at seeing the bones of one of their race thrown to a dog. Well, and even highly developed, in a few instances—I allude especially to the Iroquois—with respect to certain points of material concernment, the mind of the Indian in other respects was and is almost hopelessly stagnant. The very traits that raise him above the servile races are hostile to the kind and degree of civilization which those races so easily attain. His intractable spirit of independence, and the pride which forbids him to be an imitator, reinforce but too strongly that savage lethargy of mind from which it is so hard to rouse him. No race, perhaps, ever offered greater difficulties to those laboring for its improvement.

"To sum up the results of this examination, the primitive Indian was as savage in his religion as in his life. He was divided between fetish-worship and that next degree of religious development which consists in the worship of deities embodied in the human form. His conception of their attributes was such as might have been expected. His gods were no whit better than himself. Even when he borrows from Christianity the idea of a Supreme and Universal Spirit, his tendency is to reduce Him to a local habitation and a bodily shape; and this tendency disappears only in tribes that have been long in contact with civilized white men. The primitive Indian, yielding his untutored homage to One All-pervading and Omnipotent Spirit, is a dream of poets, rhetoricians, and sentimentalists."

Such were the people, and such the field of missionary zeal that drew the sons of Ignatius Loyola from the colleges and universities of Europe.

Having seen the savages and their crude manner of living, it is well to turn our eyes to the Jesuit and his mode of life, in order to see what it was that inspired him to make such great sacrifices to bring the light of the Gospel into the lives of these poor children of the forest, who dwelt in the darkness of

base superstition. A narrative of deeds is only part, and that a small part, of a career. The motives which actuate a person are the most important part of his achievements. When notable deeds are actuated by noble motives we have a truly noble character. And when some of the most heroic deeds known to mankind are performed under the inspiration of the most disinterested and most exalted motives which can influence man, we have what truly constitutes the loftiest example of human virtue and achievement.

When we realize that Catholic virtue is the supreme expression of Christian morality we can readily understand the lofty motives which influenced Jogues in the carrying out of a mission which entailed the greatest sacrifices possible to human nature. The deeds of Jogues are so heroic and withal so transcendent that there is no romance of fiction which compares with his career. No wonder that the Queen of France, on beholding Jogues' mutilated hands and hearing of his exploits, exclaimed: "Romances are written every day. Here is one that is true, and that combines the wonderful with the heroic."

In order to appreciate the motives which animated Jogues, and other men of culture and delicacy like him, who braved dangers, hardships, vileness and ingratitude among the savages, we shall now turn to a brief consideration of that Order of men whose members in such great numbers, and under such forbidding circumstances, offered their lives generously and permanently to a career of sacrifice hardly paralleled in human annals.

## CHAPTER II

### THE JESUITS

Christ is the most loved and the most hated person in the world. We say is, not merely was, for Christ is living today. He is the most potent factor in the world. He influences more people than any living monarch. He is bitterly hated as well as passionately loved. From the day that His own people cried "Crucify Him!" down to present time, He has been persecuted and hated as no other being in the world's history. And all the while His response has been to do more for mankind, in every age, than the world's most lauded benefactors. In return for reviling He has showered blessings. He foretold that His followers would meet with the same ill-treatment that was accorded Himself. And down the centuries His followers in proportion to their closeness to Him, have shared His ignominy and borne His cross.

None so loved by mankind as Christ, none so hated by mankind as Christ. A paradox; but only apparently. Christ foretold that there should always be enmity between Himself and the world. By the world He meant not the material earth, but those persons who limited their aims, aspirations, and careers to the short span of mortal life. Christ taught that this world is not the goal but the starting point of man. The world teaches that this life is the beginning and the end of man. Its motto is "Let us enjoy ourselves while we may, for the flower that once has blown forever dies."

Christ says that this life is but the first stage of man's career. He tells us that life is probation and that the grave is not the end but the beginning of real life. Hence there is bound to be antagonism between Christ and the world. Christ stands for the spiritual and the eternal. The world stands for the material and the temporal. These two standards are diametrically opposed. That is why the world hates Christ.

That is why good men love Christ. That is why Christ is so loved and so hated.

We must not be surprised therefore when we see the virtuous persecuted. God allows the wheat and tares to grow up alongside until the harvest. He permitted evil to work its malicious course against His Only Divine Son on Calvary. He permits the forces of evil to work their course even now against His Church and His faithful followers. It has always been so. Persecution has been the badge of those loyal to Him. The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. Perhaps no other organization in the Church of Christ has met with the love and hatred, the admiration and condemnation which has been the portion of that Order of which the heroic and blessed Jogues was a member.

Some time ago a young man who was studying for the ministry in a Protestant Seminary came to see a priest with regard to matters concerning the Catholic Church. The priest asked him how he became interested in Catholicism. His reply was that he had heard so many attacks on Catholicity by his professors that he concluded that it must be something powerful to inspire such opposition. Then he added that people do not hate what is weak and insignificant. Such things they despise. Hatred implies an opponent of strength and power. So he came because he wanted to know something about that Church which was so hated. Eventually this young man became a Catholic and is now a priest.

The Jesuit Order from the beginning has received the highest approbation and encomiums of the Church of God. It has also drawn down upon itself the direct wrath of the opponents of God's Church. The greatest glory of the Jesuit Order is that it has been from its beginning the target for the deadliest shafts of the enemies of Christ's Church.

No one has done so much for the world as Christ. No one has been so hated by the world as Christ. No institution has done so much for the civilization of the world as Christ's Church. No institution has been so persecuted by the world as

Christ's Church. The Jesuit Order has been and is persecuted and maligned. The Jesuit Order could readily win the admiration and love of the world if it would turn from the ideals of Jesus Christ to those of the world. But it has ever worn the livery of Christ and hopes to wear it unto the end.

Now what is the Jesuit Order? What is there about it that draws upon it the assaults of the world in spite of the fact that as an Order it has done so much for the world? This is an interesting study and we hope to show why the world hates it, in spite of the fact that it has done so much for the world and given birth to many heroes like Jogues whom the world admires and praises.

The proper name of the Jesuit Order is The Society of Jesus. It was founded by St. Ignatius Loyola, a Spanish nobleman and valiant soldier. Loyola gathered about him a band of men most conspicuous for learning and virtue. One of these was St. Francis Xavier, who is considered the greatest apostle of Christianity since the Twelve Apostles. Loyola presented himself and his company of disciples to the Supreme Pontiff to be employed as a sort of flying squadron in the campaign the Church was then engaged in against the assaults of the sixteenth century Reformers.

Loyola, having been a military man, gave the efficiency of military organization to his followers. In the beginning he called them a company, and since Christ was their Model and Leader it was named by him "The Company of Jesus" with Christ as its Head and Captain. The Company, by its brilliant achievements for the repression of heresy and the spread of truth, soon attracted the attention of Europe. In proportion as it loyally served the Vicar of Christ it drew upon itself the enmity of the various forces arrayed against the Church of Christ.

The Company was erected into a Religious Order with Constitutions and Rules which are the admiration of the world. Men of culture and piety from every nation of Europe sought admission into its ranks. Within a few years it was

established in every country of Europe and numbered thousands of members. The very heart of the new Order was the Spiritual Exercises, which consist of the practical study and imitation of Christ, the Model and Leader of Christian perfection.

Christ came not only for the salvation of mankind but also for its sanctification. He proclaimed that in His Father's house there were many mansions. He offered to mankind not only eternal life but a particular glory therein. To all mankind He proclaimed: "If thou wilt enter eternal life keep the Commandments." That was His proclamation to all who were seeking salvation. He made a special proclamation to generous souls, to those of lofty ideals. He knew that there are those, and not a few, who are not content with doing only what they \*Mt do in a good cause, but in their generosity desire to do all that they can do.

Such persons are not satisfied with doing only what is obligatory, but seek to show magnanimity and devotion to the cause by offering themselves unreservedly to it. We see this spirit in what we term patriotism. Patriots are those who serve their country disinterestedly and generously. Christianity also has her patriots, those holy men and women, saints of God, who are the heroes of the Kingdom of Christ. These souls, in response to the invitation of Christ to ascend higher than the way of the Commandments, are drawn to special service in His cause by those words of His: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and come, follow Me."

The Commandments are the way to salvation. The Counsels of Christ are the way to special sanctification and consequent distinction in God's eternal Kingdom. The Commandments are the law of life which everyone must observe in order to be saved. The Counsels of Christ are His invitation to generous souls to draw close to Him, to be associated with Him in His mission of extending the Kingdom of God on earth, to be His near companions in this life, in order to be very near to Him in eternal life. In other words,

Christ offers man the opportunity of distinguished service in His cause.

This service calls for a closer following of the Master, a participation in the manner of life He led. Its motive is personal love of Christ who so loved us. Christ for love of us left His heavenly home and embraced a life of poverty and subjection. He appeals to those who desire to make Him a generous return of love, to do so, not by words, nor by what is of obligation, but by the voluntary renunciation, for love of Him, of what He renounced for love of them. For love of mankind He embraced poverty, obedience and self-denial. Those who respond to His invitation to draw close to Him likewise choose what He chose.

This higher life of the Counsels may be practiced in every walk of life from that of the king on his throne to that of the peasant in the field. Saints have worn crowns and have also been clothed in rags. Every career of life is open to close imitation of Christ. But in a special way what is called the religious life is adapted to the practice of the heroic virtues counseled by Christ. Members of a religious order bind themselves by vow to a life of close fellowship with Christ. They hearken to those words of His: "If any man will follow Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me" (Mark VIII. 34.) The religious vows are in a special way the cross of Christ, and he who observes them is truly carrying a cross after Christ. The Jesuit takes the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and in the fulfillment of them finds his way of the cross, his Calvary, his crown.

Every religious order has its own spirit and distinctive features. The Jesuit Order is characterized by its apostolic obedience. At a word from the Supreme Pontiff, the Order will send its members to any part of the world where the cause of Christ needs defenders or promoters. At a word from its own Superior, who is called the General of the Order, its members are prepared to undertake any kind of work, and to go to any part of the world where the interests of God's Church call

them. A statesman is reported to have said: "Give me the Constitutions of the Jesuits and I will rule the world." He overlooked something. The Constitutions are indeed a wonderful body of legislation but they are nothing without the men to abide by them.

This brings us to an intimate view of the formation of the Jesuit. What is it that makes the Jesuit so pliant in the hands of Superiors? What is it that causes men, who for the most part are rulers of men, to be as submissive as children to orders which at times make most heroic demands on human nature? The answer is the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The Jesuit Order is the embodiment of the Spiritual Exercises. These are a brief set of meditations on the Eternal Truths of Revelation, arranged in a particularly practical manner. They are the work of the Founder of the Jesuit Order, and are the very basis and motive of the Society of Jesus.

Briefly, the Spiritual Exercises, which form or transform a man into an ardent follower of Christ, are a series of considerations on the End of man, the means to the End, and the obstacles to the End and the fate of those who miss the End. These are the basic meditations of the Spiritual Exercises and form their first part. Once a man realizes that the great object of life is to attain eternal life, the next step is to present Christ as Model and Leader of those who aspire to generous and devoted service in His Kingdom on earth. The second period of the Exercises is taken up with consideration and study of the life of Christ, with a view to know, love and imitate Him.

As a result of these meditations of the second period, a man perceives that the close following of Christ means the appreciation and acceptance in life of what Christ esteemed and valued. Christ so valued the soul that He declared it of more value than the whole material world. He so valued suffering and privation that having joy and abundance placed before Him He chose sorrow and poverty. What Christ chose must certainly have been wisely chosen. He who chooses what

Christ chose is making a good choice. Consequently the knowledge and love of Christ, developed by prayerful study of His life and character, lead to the desire to imitate Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life. That the following of Christ entails self-denial, self-conquest and self-oblation is forcibly inculcated by the third period or phase of the Spiritual Exercises which deals with Christ in conflict.

In this part we behold Our Divine Lord on the bloody field of His Passion, enduring excruciating pain and dreadful shame. He died in agony that we might live in eternal glory. He is the great Captain of the soldiers of the cross, going before His troops, saying to them, "Follow Me." When a devout follower beholds his Captain, Christ, enduring calumny, stripes and mortal anguish, he must feel that to desire better treatment than his Lord's is unworthy of one who aims at fellowship with Him. Hence the disciple formed on the model of Christ in the Spiritual Exercises is prepared to carry cheerfully with Christ and for Christ whatever cross the duties of life may lay upon him.

When we see, as we shall see, Jogues and others of his Order, bearing tortures which cause the stoutest heart to quail, we shall know whence came the strength and virtue to bear them with such patience and fortitude as to win the admiration of the savages themselves. When we see, as we shall see, Jogues carving the cross on the bark of trees, and constructing it out of sticks of wood, we shall understand that it was from his Master, Christ on the Cross, that he drew his courage to endure what humanly speaking was beyond endurance.

Finally in the fourth period of the Exercises, Christ is presented triumphant, Victor over death and the grave, the glorious Captain of all the soldiers of the cross. This phase of the Exercises animates the lovers of Christ to follow Him cheerfully in conflict, knowing that they who suffer with Him shall reign with Him. The Indians were at a loss to understand the disinterested labors of the missionaries, and their great capacity for suffering. The cross of Christ and the love of

Christ give the explanation. The Exercises of St. Ignatius do not merely give a portrayal of Christ, but cause the one who makes them to put on Christ, as it were. Christ becomes a vital factor of life, a dominant motive of action. It is their marvelous power to influence conduct that gives them their efficacy.

Jogues began his life as a Jesuit by making the Spiritual Exercises for a period of thirty consecutive days. After that, in the Jesuit Order there follows a period of two years of what is called probation or novitiate. During this time the candidate for permanent membership in the Order must give proof of capacity and virtue. He also studies the principles of the spiritual life, and endeavors to form himself on the ideals of Christian perfection. The two years of probation ended, he is permitted to take the simple vows of the Order. He now begins a course of study to fit himself for the priesthood and the apostolate. The duration of this time of study depends on the previous education of the individual.

Ordinarily a young man who desires to be a Jesuit must after college studies, spend in the Order about fifteen years of preparation and study before he is ordained to the priesthood. Jesuits, during the period of study and preparation for the priesthood are called Scholastics. After taking his first vows the Scholastic spends two years reviewing his studies and acquiring so thorough a knowledge of the classics that he will be able to teach them later in one of the Jesuit colleges. Following this classical course he takes up the study of philosophy and science for a period of three years.

He has now been a member of the Order for seven years, of which two were devoted to the novitiate, two to the review of classical studies, and three to the study of philosophy and the physical sciences. By this time the average Scholastic is twenty-five years old. He now interrupts study for a period of teaching. One really never knows a thing until one can impart one's knowledge to others. Teaching is the best way to obtain clear and accurate knowledge. It also matures



and develops the mind. This period of teaching is of the greatest benefit as a preparation for the study of Theology, the Queen of Sciences.

After three or five years of teaching, and at about the age of thirty, the Jesuit Scholastic begins the study of Theology, bringing to it a maturity of mind and character which helps greatly in the proper comprehension of this sublime subject. Four years are given to Theology, but at the end of three years, and usually at the age of thirty-three the Scholastic is ordained to the priesthood. He makes his final year of Theology as a priest. All his studies completed, the Jesuit priest now devotes one year to the cultivation of the spiritual life exclusively. By this long regime of some sixteen or seventeen years the Jesuit has endeavored to fit himself morally, intellectually and spiritually for every emergency of apostolic life.

For the most part the life of a Jesuit is devoted to educational and missionary work. At the time when Jogues left France for North America the Jesuits were virtually the educators of Europe. Their colleges and universities dotted every part of the continent. Thousands of members of the Order occupied chairs of philosophy, theology, science and languages in the foremost educational establishments of the age. At this period they were also renowned preachers and stout defenders of the Faith. With voice and pen they stood forth the champions and propagators of the true religion.

While many of the Order were thus serving the Church of Christ by teaching, preaching and writing in Europe, others in distant India, China, South America and elsewhere were bringing the light of the Gospel to those who dwelt in darkness and error. Portraying the Jesuits in North America, Parkman thus describes their missionary labors: "A life sequestered from social intercourse, and remote from

every prize which ambition holds worth the pursuit, or a lonely death, under forms perhaps, the most appalling these were the missionaries' alternatives. Their maligners may taunt

them, if they will, with credulity, superstition, or a blind enthusiasm; but slander itself cannot accuse them of hypocrisy or ambition."

Again he says: "More Jesuits crossed the sea to urge on the work of conversion. These were no stern exiles, seeking on barbarous shores an asylum for a persecuted faith. Rank, wealth, power, and royalty itself, smiled on their enterprise, and bade them God-speed. Yet withal, a fervor more intense, a self-abnegation more complete, a self-devotion more constant and enduring, will scarcely find its record on the page of human history. Later, after having enumerated perils and sufferings unsurpassed in human annals, he adds: "In all the copious records of this dark period, not a line gives occasion to suspect that one of this loyal band flinched or hesitated. Eulogy from Parkman is praise, indeed, for of all men he is the last to be suspected of bias in their favor.

Guizot, in speaking of the Jesuits and their work at the time of the Reformation, says: "Everybody knows that the principal power instituted to contend against the Reformation was the order of the Jesuits. . . . Every thing, in short, was against the Jesuits, both fortune and appearances; reason, which desires success, and imagination, which requires *éclat*, were alike disappointed by their fate. Still, however, they were undoubtedly possessed of grandeur; great ideas are attached to their name, their influence, and their history. The reason is that they were fully and clearly aware of the principles upon which they acted, and of the object which they had in view. They possessed grandeur of thought and of will; and it was this that saved them from ridicule which attends constant reverses, and the use of paltry means."

Macaulay, although bigotry led him to affirm against the Jesuits the false accusation that the end justifies the means, could not, nevertheless, refrain from enthusiastic admiration of their achievements: "There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life, in which Jesuits were not to be found. . . .They wandered to countries which neither

mercantile avidity nor liberal curiosity had ever impelled any stranger to explore. . . . Yet, whatever might be their residence, whatever might be their employment, their spirit was the same, entire devotion to the common cause. . . . If he was wanted in Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through the desert with the next caravan. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf, where it was a crime to harbor him . . . he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom."

Parkman, Guizot and Macaulay were Protestants. Were we to quote Catholic writers on the subject it might seem like courting praise for the Order.

A recent writer, Henry Dwight Sedgwick, a non-Catholic, in the preface to his *Life of Ignatius Loyola*, says: "The greatness of the Order is plainly measured by the host of enemies that banded together to pull it down. And yet, in spite of all its enemies, it rose again, and to-day its colleges and schools continue to maintain and propagate the Holy Catholic Faith, Apostolic and Roman, in every quarter of the globe . . . the great heritage that our world of to-day has received from Spain . . . is the civilization of South America; and in that civilization, as I am told, the Order of Jesus has been the chief individual factor. . . . Readers of Parkman know what they did for the civilization of Canada; and if anyone is curious as to the place that the Society occupies in the United States to-day, he has but to visit the Colleges of the Jesuits in New York, Boston, Washington, Worcester, and many another city, or, if he prefer, their schools and churches scattered all over."

As educators at home, and missionaries abroad, the Jesuits have left their impress wherever they have labored. The long years of study and discipline are well spent, as the event proves. It may interest the reader to know what constitutes the daily round of duties of a Jesuit living under normal conditions. The Jesuit rises ordinarily at five o'clock in the morning. From five-thirty to six-thirty he spends in prayer and

meditation, studying the life of Christ, with a view to reproducing the spirit of Christ in his own life. Meditation is followed by Mass. Before priesthood, the Scholastics, as those are called who are in their period of preparation for priesthood, receive Holy Communion every day.

After Mass come the duties of the day. But the duties, no matter how pressing, are interrupted at intervals by prayer, recollection, examination of conscience and various devotions which tend to cultivate the supernatural life. The trend of everything they do is to make them men of supernatural virtues, crucified to the world, and living for Christ. Their attitude towards life is that although they must live in this world they must not live for it. This does not mean that they neglect the duties and obligations of life, but that they rate them at their proper value.

The best way to live for eternal life is to discharge properly the duties of the present life. The best way to fill one's station in life is to realize that it is a means to everlasting life. The Jesuit terminates his day of prayer, study and other duties by a final examination of conscience. It is thus by a round of study and prayer, day after day, that he is formed into a soldier of the cross, prepared at the bidding of his superior to go gladly anywhere and to undertake cheerfully any duty that may be assigned him to promote the honor and glory of God and extend the Kingdom of Christ on earth. To work with and for Christ is the life of a Jesuit.

The spirit of the Order founded by Loyola may be expressed by the phrase he himself so frequently used: *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* (A.M.D.G.) which means, doing everything for the greater glory of God. We have presented, of course, the Jesuit ideal. We are all human and have our limitations. But Many, very many members of the Order have attained the ideal. Not least among them was Jogues, of whom Parkman wrote: "Isaac Jogues was one of the purest examples of Roman Catholic virtue which this Western Continent has

seen." Such tribute coming from a historian who was not of the Catholic Faith, carries its own encomium.

Loyola, in his Constitutions and Rules aimed at having the members of his Order imbued with the spirit of Christ, esteeming what Christ esteemed, and desirous of sharing with Him and for Him, suffering ignominy and ingratitude. The Jesuit missionaries among the North American Indians had frequent occasion of displaying in heroic degree the lofty virtues inculcated by the spirit of their Order. As we behold Jogues in torture, and wonder how a human being could endure what he suffered, it will help us to understand his fortitude and patience and forgiveness if we recall the spiritual formation he received by years of the study and imitation of Jesus Christ, his Model and Leader.

To know Christ is to love Christ. To know Christ intimately is to love Him ardently. Ardent love inspires and accomplishes the impossible. It was the strong and personal love of Christ which impelled Jogues and his companions in martyrdom to leave civilization, home and lifelong associations in order to bring Christ into the lives of far-off savages. As Christ left heaven and became man, and suffered and died, in order to show His love for them, so they for love of Him were glad to leave all that was dear to their hearts, and to embrace everything that the heart of man shrinks from.

Unless we understand the underlying motive that inspired Jogues in his apostolic career among the most ferocious savages of a savage country, we shall miss altogether the sublimity of his sacrifice. If one should look upon Christ in His passion without knowing who Christ was and why He was suffering, one might indeed marvel at the spectacle, but would at the same time fail to realize its significance and its tremendous import. So with Jogues. Unless we realize in him the sensitive, cultured man, and the ardent lover of Christ, living and suffering to make Christ known and loved, and willingly giving his life that he might

bring eternal life to those for whom Christ died, we shall fail to perceive aright his way of the cross and his Calvary.

Merely as a man and as a hero Jogues stands out conspicuous among the heroes of all time. But he is more than that. Jogues has been raised to the Altar of God, proclaimed Blessed by the Voice of God on earth, and is numbered among those of whom Christ has declared "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John XV. 13.) Jogues after living for Christ, died for Christ. But as Calvary was not the end for Christ, so the tomahawk that split the skull of Jogues was not the end but rather the beginning for him. "But they that shall be accounted worthy . . . of the resurrection . . . neither can they die any more: for they are equal to the angels, and are the children of God." (Luke XX. 35-36.)

It was to bring this divine life to the savages that Jogues sacrificed his life. It was the love of God, and a realization of the value of the human soul, that impelled him to engage in the marvelous enterprise and career of suffering which we are about to narrate. He was one of the most heroic figures of that heroic band of apostolic men who left the peace and culture of Europe to embrace a life of hardship and disgust amidst the savages of far-off North America. No greater contrast is conceivable than that of Europe and North America in the early seventeenth century. It is necessary to keep this in mind if we would appreciate the heroism of these men of refinement who not only dwelt among the savages but shared their life, except its vices, in all its most repulsive details.

Jogues, as we shall see, endured privation and torture which caused his very torturers to marvel at his fortitude and constancy. He is another illustration that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians, for the land that witnessed the shedding of his blood is now filled with people and clergy of his faith; and the cross, then so hated, now adorns many noble temples dedicated to the worship of Him to make whom known and loved was the main object in the life of Isaac Jogues.

## CHAPTER III

### ISAAC JOGUES

The first man to make known Jesus Christ to the Iroquois was Father Isaac Jogues. He sealed the honor with his blood. And he sealed it willingly. On and off for four years he labored among them as an apostle of the Gospel, living their life, sharing their sufferings and toils, and finally meeting a brutal death at their hands.

Twice he was their captive. First while he was on his way as a missionary to the Hurons, and again as a missionary after having acted as ambassador to the Iroquois previously. He knew he was going to his death when he undertook this final mission, but like a true soldier of Christ he did not hesitate. It is doubtful if ever a man knew the dreadful fate awaiting him as Jogues knew his. He had seen with his own eyes the torture these savages inflicted on captives and consequently knew to a nicety what was before him when he set out on his perilous final undertaking.

Isaac Jogues was born at Orleans, January 10, 1607. His father died soon after little Isaac was baptized, leaving him to the sole care of his mother, a woman worthy of having a son an apostle. Under her pious and prudent guidance Isaac grew up a devout, sensible and cultured child. At ten years of age he entered the primary class of the newly established Jesuit College at Orleans. He pursued his studies there with extraordinary success, attaining notable distinction in the various branches which formed the curriculum.

It was while studying there that he felt a strong call to devote his life to something higher than a worldly career. He was one of those generous souls who do not measure their services by what they must do, but by what they can do. He was not satisfied with doing for God what he was obliged to

do, but desired to give generous proof of his love by doing what was most acceptable to the Divine Majesty. He realized that the Son of God had become man for him, and had sacrificed His life for him on the cross. He wished to show a return of this great love by renouncing everything for the sake of his Saviour. Moreover he often dwelt on the words of the Master who had said: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments." This was addressed to all mankind, who would be saved. But to those who were not content with doing what was of obligation, who sought to be distinguished in His service, Christ said: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and come, and follow Me" Jogues hearkened to this invitation, and decided to renounce everything and follow Christ, the First Apostle, the First Missioner of the Gospel. It did not take him long to choose the manner of his following Christ. The Jesuit Order at this time had missions in various parts of the world, besides its mission of religious education to the youth of Europe. This Order made a strong appeal to the generous nature of the young student, and he accordingly applied for admission into it. He was considered worthy of acceptance and was received as a Jesuit novice October 24, 1624, in his seventeenth year.

The Master of Novices at this time was Father Louis Lalemant, a man conspicuous for virtue and learning. He was not slow to discern the character of the new novice, and observed with great satisfaction the progress which the young man made in the spiritual life. Jogues on a certain occasion was expressing his desire for the missions, having in mind Ethiopia or the Indies, not, thinking of the then little known missions in North America. To his astonishment, Father Lalemant said: "Brother, you will not die anywhere but in Canada." At the time this did not make an impression on Jogues, but later it was recalled most vividly when he lived in hourly expectation of death from the club or tomahawk of the savage Mohawks.

His novitiate completed, Jogues went to the college of La Fleche for his three years course of philosophy. La Fleche was then a celebrated college with some three hundred resident students and two thousand day-scholars. The Jesuit students formed a community by themselves, pursuing their studies with the others, but having their own religious duties and devotions in a separate establishment. While at La Fleche Jogues heard read the account of the Canadian missions by Father Masse, a returned missionary. In all parts of the world the Jesuits were engaged at that period in most perilous missionary work. Everywhere among distant and pagan people they were preaching the Gospel and shedding their blood. Jogues was particularly impressed by the narration of the heroic deeds of his missionary brethren. Especially was he affected by the martyrdom of Blessed Charles Spinola, who in the year, 1622, was burned to death in Japan for preaching the Faith. This martyrdom had the effect on Jogues of inspiring him with a strong desire to shed his blood as a missionary of Jesus Christ. He carried about with him a picture of Spinola's martyrdom, representing him tied to a stake and chanting a psalm while the flames were enveloping him. Jogues prayed constantly and earnestly that he might one day merit a similar fate. Little did he realize how much he was to resemble this blessed martyr, although in a far different land.

Meanwhile duty called him to less glorious fields of labor. Part of his Jesuit training was to teach several years, during the period between the completion of his philosophic studies and the beginning of his course in theology. This brought him to the college of Rouen in 1629.

It happened that at this particular time there were stationed at the college three missionaries recently returned from Canada, Father Brebeuf, Father Charles Lalemant and Father Masse. Brebeuf was afterwards most dreadfully tortured and martyred by the Iroquois. These ardent apostles of the Gospel were awaiting the opportunity of returning to the scene of their sufferings and labors among the savages of the New World. From

their lips Jogues heard of the privations, hardships, treacheries and tortures which ordinarily awaited: the missionary who ventured among these cruel dwellers of the forest. Far from discouraging him, the recital of the horrible conditions confronting the missionary in these distant lands only served to increase his desire to devote himself to labor there for the conversion and welfare of the natives.

Knowing that a vocation to such a sublime career must come from God, who alone could give the strength to fulfill it, he endeavored to win the grace of this apostolate by earnest prayer and the most faithful discharge of his duties. He was now twenty-five years old, and a very successful teacher. Besides he showed unusual talent in composition, as A is indicated by the fact that he was assigned to deliver the annual address at the close of the collegiate year, choosing as his theme a discourse on the Blessed Virgin, to whom he had the most filial piety.

Having finished his period of teaching his next step towards the priesthood was the study of theology. For this, the final stage of his studies, he went to Clermont College, Paris. It was here that he met another Canadian missionary, Father Buteux, who later furnished many of the details which form the groundwork of Jogues' biography. Speaking of him during this period of his career Buteux says:

"It was at this moment that I first saw him, and I sought to know him. I also discerned in him rare prudence and a punctual observance of the Rule. This was all the more noticeable in the college where he lived, because amid such surroundings observance is apt to become less strict. I had an equal admiration and respect for his humility. He displayed it especially then, by his earnest entreaties to his Superiors to be allowed to withdraw from the study of theology, under the pretext of want of ability, and to be sent to America as a lay-brother."

In a letter to his mother informing her of his removal to Paris, Jogues says: "After having been a master, here I am a scholar again. This position is all the more agreeable to me, because it confines me to the study of a holy and sacred science,

which is to render me better fitted than ever to work for God's glory, by disposing me to be promoted to Holy Orders in a few years. This is the grace to which I aspire. May it be granted to me, and then give greater efficacy to the prayers which I offer the Almighty for our whole household."

A year later, 1636, he was ordained to the priesthood. To his great joy he was assigned to Orleans to say his first Mass, at which his mother and family assisted, and at which he imparted his first priestly blessing to his mother, and also gave to her the first Holy Communion that he administered. It was a foretaste of heaven both for his mother and himself.

For his mother it was also a preparation for one of the greatest sacrifices that a mother can make. For shortly after his ordination, Jogues received what was for him the grateful news that his prayer of years was granted, and that he was selected as one of the missionaries who were to go to far-off Canada. His own joy at this prospect of martyrdom was tempered by his tender regard for the feelings of his mother, to whom he knew the news of separation would cause the keenest anguish. He broke the news to her with gentleness and tact, but it was nevertheless a sword-thrust not only for the mother but for the son. But she showed that she was the heroic mother of a heroic son by resigning herself to God's holy will, and begging His blessing on her son's mission. After giving his mother every comfort and consolation in his power, Jogues retired to the novitiate at Rouen, there to prepare himself by prayer and other pious exercises for the apostolic career upon which he was about to embark.

Before leaving this house of prayer to go to Dieppe, whence he was to sail for the distant New World, he wrote as follows to his mother:

"Most Honored Mother: It would be in violation of the first point of duty of a good son towards a good mother if, when ready to embark at sea, I did not bid you a last farewell. I wrote to you last month from Rouen, by Mr. Tanzeau, that I sailed from Dieppe, from which we expected to clear about Holy Week; but contrary winds, and the weather, which has been unfavorable,

have detained us until now, without permitting us to sail. I hope that God will give us a good and happy voyage, both because a number of vessels are going together, and because especially a great many persons most pleasing to God are praying for us. Endeavor also, if you please, to contribute something by your prayers to the safety of our voyage, and chiefly by a generous resignation of your will to that of God, conforming your desires to those of the Divine Goodness, which can be only most holy and honorable to us, since they spring from the heart of a Father full of love for our welfare.

"I hope, as I said on another occasion, that if you take this little affliction in a proper spirit, it will be most pleasing to God, for whose sake it would become you to give not one son only, but all the others, nay, life itself, if it were necessary. Men for a little gain cross the seas, enduring, at least, as much as we; and shall we not, for God's love, do what men do for earthly interests?"

"Goodbye, dear Mother. I thank you for all the affection which you have ever shown me, and above all at our last meeting. May God unite us in His Holy Paradise if we do not see each other again on earth!

"Present my most humble recommendations to my brothers and sisters, to whose prayers, as to yours, I commend myself in heart and love.

"Your most humble son and obedient servant in Our Lord,  
ISAAC JOGUES.

"Dieppe, April 6, 1636.

"P.S. We sail tomorrow, please God—that is to say, the second Sunday after Easter, or Monday morning at latest. Our vessels are already out in the harbor. My affectionate excuses if I do not write to Mr. Houdelin."

The autograph of this letter is still preserved in the family of Jogues, where it is treasured as a relic of the blessed martyr.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE HURON COUNTRY

New France, as Canada was then called, first came to the notice of Europeans about one hundred years previous to the departure of Jogues for that land.

Under Francis I, Verrazano, a Florentine navigator, set sail for the New World January, 1524, on a voyage of discovery. He returned to France, arriving at Dieppe six months later, announcing the discovery of the far northern portion of the New World, and giving an accurate description of the coast-line from what is now New York to the present Canada. It was the first published account of New York Bay and the Hudson River, and formed the basis of a map of the North Atlantic Coast, which is preserved to this day in the Museum of the Propaganda, Rome. This discovery of Verrazano was called New France, a name which it retained for nearly a century and a half. Nothing resulted from this expedition except France's claim to the newly discovered territory.

Some ten years later Jacques Cartier made the first of his three voyages to New France, discovering Gaspé Peninsula, where he had Mass celebrated July 6, 1534. His second voyage was made the year after, during which he sailed up the great river which he named the St. Lawrence, reached Quebec and thence proceeded to what is now Montreal. He took possession of this land in the name of France, but made no settlement there, neither at that time nor five years later when he made his third and last voyage. From Cartier to Champlain is a long span of years, yet it was not until more than half a century after Cartier's last voyage that the French, under Champlain, again turned their attention to their possessions in the New World.

In 1608, Champlain laid the foundation of Quebec, and established a colony there, but it was short lived as the English destroyed it in 1629.

It was during this period that the first Jesuit missionaries came to New France, having been requested by the Recollects to come to their assistance in the new field of missionary activity. In response to this appeal \*\*several Jesuits, including Brebeuf and Charles Lalemant, came to the new country, the advance guard of as noble and heroic a band of apostles as ever carried the Gospel into new lands. It was these missionaries, who were sent back to Europe when the colony was disbanded, who inspired Jogues with the resolution to carry the Gospel of Christ to the natives of Canada. In France he had heard the recital of their labors, sufferings and dangers, and had determined to share them if given the opportunity.

By the treaty of Saint-Germain, 1632, Canada was restored to France, and Champlain was soon sent out as Governor with orders to rebuild Quebec. This he did with remarkable skill and foresight, with the result that it became the center of French influence in early Canadian history. Champlain died some three years later, Christmas Day, 1635. His successor, Montmagny, departed for his difficult post the following year. It was in company with the new Governor that Jogues and five other Jesuits, four of them priests, set sail from Dieppe, April 8, 1636. The fleet numbered eight vessels, and after a voyage of nearly three months, arrived at Quebec, July 2nd. Quebec then consisted of a few houses on the heights, and a fort. There was also a chapel, Notre Dame de Recouvrance, and a residence for the missionaries.

Shortly after his arrival Jogues wrote to his mother: "I do not know what it is to enter Paradise; but this I know, that it is difficult to experience in this world a joy more excessive and more overflowing than that I felt on my setting foot in New France, and celebrating my first Mass here on the day of the Visitation. I assure you it was indeed a day of the visitation



of the goodness of God and Our Lady. I felt as if it were a Christmas Day for me, and that I was to be born again to a new life, and a life is God."

A few weeks later as he was about to start on his journey to the Huron Country he sent the following letter to his mother:

"Dear Mother: At last it has pleased Our Lord to allow me to alight on the shores of New France, the goal of my long aspirations. We sailed from Dieppe, April 8th, eight vessels together, and arrived here eight weeks after our departure. I landed at an island called Miscou, where two of our Fathers serve the French, who have begun a settlement there, and attempt the conversion of the Indians found there. After spending a fortnight, I embarked in another vessel that conveyed me to Tadoussac, where large vessels lie to, while barks and lighter vessels run up the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec, a French settlement which is growing every day. I landed on the 2nd of July, the feast of the Visitation of Our Lady. My health has been so good, thank God, at sea and on land, that it has been a matter of wonder to all, it being very unusual for anyone to make such a long voyage without suffering a little from seasickness or nausea.

"The vestments and chapel service have been a great comfort to me, as I have offered the Holy Sacrifice of Mass every day the weather was favorable—a happiness I should have been deprived of, had not our family provided me with them. It was a great consolation to me and one which our Fathers did not enjoy the preceding years. Officers and crew have profited by it; as but for that the eighty persons on board could not have been present at the Holy Sacrifice for two months, whilst, owing to the faculties I enjoyed, they all confessed and received Communion at Whitsunday, Ascension, and Corpus Christi. God will reward you and Madam Houdelin for the good you have enabled me to do.

"You shall have letters of mine every year, and I shall expect yours. It will be ever a consolation for me to hear from

you and from our family, as I have no hope of seeing you in our lifetime. May God in His goodness unite us both in His holy abode to praise Him for all eternity! For this we must work in all earnestness as long as we live. Let us so husband the time granted unto us that we may do is life what we will wish to have done at our death. And oh! what a comfort on that day for a soul that departs in the satisfaction afforded by conscience, that we have served God with as little imperfection as we could, and that we have endeavored in all things and all places to do what was most agreeable to His Divine Majesty. I believe that such were the thoughts and the motives which have urged us to beg with so much importunity to be sent to these countries, where, there being so much to suffer, we can also give such sincere proof of our love of God.

"Were I able to give you good advice, or were you to need it, I would advise you to place yourself in the hands of some holy director, to whom you should intrust the guidance of your soul, and who would engage you in a more assiduous practice of the sacraments. Devotion, which gives you pleasure, should more than ever engross your utmost attention. Your advanced age and the rest you now enjoy will render you the more adapted for it. I write this to you at a distance of more than a thousand leagues, and perhaps I shall be sent this year to a nation called the Hurons, who live at a distance of more than three hundred leagues. They give tokens of great dispositions for embracing the Faith. It matters not where we are, provided we rest in the arms of Providence and in His holy favor. This is the prayer offered every day for you and our family by him, who is, etc.

"Three Rivers, August 20, 1636.

"P.S. I have just received orders to get ready to start for the mission among the Hurons in two or three days."

At the time that Jogues set out on his mission to the Hurons there were in Canada twenty-four Jesuits, eighteen priests and six lay-brothers, covering a territory extending over a thousand miles, from Cape Breton to Lake Huron. For this

immense field there were six stations or missionary centers. Five of these stations were among the colonists, and one in the heart of the Huron country.

The Hurons were a tribe of some thirty-five thousand Indians, occupying twenty villages on the eastern shore of Lake Huron, which was named after them. They were distant from Quebec about one thousand miles. The ordinary route from Quebec to the Huron country was by canoe on the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, and thence on the Ottawa River to the borders of Lake Huron. While Jogues was at Three Rivers, one of the missionary stations, waiting for an opportunity to start on his long journey to the Indians, there arrived a convoy from the Hurons sent by Brebeuf to Quebec. This convoy was an expedition carrying some Indian youths to the missionary center, in order to have them instructed in religion and in the customs of the French. It was hoped that on their return to their Indian home they would be able to instruct and influence their people.

This convoy, on its return voyage, furnished an opportunity for the missionary's journey to his distant field of labors. His superiors having directed him to accompany the Indian convoy, he set out on his perilous voyage, the only white man of the party. He knew well the ordeal he was facing, which was so graphically described by Brebeuf in a letter to his brethren in Europe: "However smooth the passage may appear, there is enough to appall a heart not thoroughly mortified. The skill of the Indians does not shorten the journey, smooth the rocks or avert the dangers, No matter with whom you may be, you must make up your mind to be at least three or four weeks on the way, with no companions but men whom you have never seen before, in a bark came, in a most inconvenient position, forbidden to move right or left, to be fifty times a day in danger of capsizing or dashing against the rocks.

"You are scorched by the sun in the day-time, and the mosquitoes devour you by night. Sometimes you have to

ascend five or six falls in one day, and at night all your refreshment is a little corn simply boiled in water, and your bed the ground or a rough and bristling rock; generally the sky is your canopy, with an unbroken stillness for your lullaby."

In a letter to his mother Jogues describes some of the hardships which he experienced in the long and painful journey:

"Dear Mother: As only one opportunity is afforded every year of writing to you, I cannot let it pass without acquitting myself of my duty towards so good a mother. I feel sure that you will be happy to acknowledge the special providence with which Divine Goodness has led me, since He has accorded me the grace of landing in this Huron country. I wrote to you last year in the month of August, when on the point of starting on my journey. I left Three Rivers the 24th Day of August—St. Bartholomew's day. I was put in a birch canoe that could carry five or six persons at the utmost. It would not be easy to give you in detail all the discomforts of this mode of travel; but the love of God who calls us to these missions, and our desire to do something towards the conversion of these poor barbarians, render it all so sweet, that we would not exchange our hardships for all the pleasures of earth. The traveler's food is a little Indian corn, crushed between two stones and boiled in water innocent of all seasoning.

"We lay ourselves to sleep on the ground, or on the sharp rocks bordering this great river, by the light of the moon. You must sit in the canoe in a very uncomfortable position. You cannot stretch out your legs, for the place is narrow and crowded. You dare not move lest you capsize. I was forced to observe a strict silence, for I could not understand our Indians nor could they understand me. Another surplus of pain and labor. We meet in this journey some sixty to eighty water-falls which descend so furiously and so far that canoes going too near are carried over and perish. As we were paddling against the stream we were not exposed to this danger; but then we

had often to land and march over rocks and through tangled woods about one league to make a detour, carrying on our backs all the luggage and even the canoes. For my own part I carried not only my own little baggage, but I also aided and relieved our Indians as much as I could; and in the journeys caused by the falls I have mentioned I was compelled to carry on my shoulders a child ten or eleven years old, who belonged to our caravan and who had fallen sick.

"But by great exertion, instead of the twenty-five or thirty days ordinarily required for this voyage, it took me hilt nineteen days to reach the spot where five of our Fathers resided, some of whom have been in this country five or six years. The two last-comers, Fathers Charles Garner and Peter Chastellain, had arrived only one month before me. Thus has Providence vouchsafed to keep me full of strength and health to this day. He grants me grace to be far more contented amid the privations inseparable from our position than if I were enjoying all the comforts of the world. God makes Himself felt with far greater sweetness. He guards us among the savages with so much love, He gives such abundant consolations in the little trials we have to endure, that we do not even think of regretting what we have renounced for His sake.

"Nothing can equal the satisfaction enjoyed in our hearts while we impart the knowledge of the true God to these heathens. About two hundred and forty have received baptism this year; among whom I have baptized some who surely are now in heaven, as they were children one or two years old. Can we think the life of man better employed than in this good work? What do I say? Would not all the labors of a thousand men be well rewarded in the conversion of a single soul gained to Jesus Christ? I have always felt a great love for this kind of life, and for a profession so excellent, and so akin to that of the Apostles. Had I to work for this happiness alone, I would exert myself to my utmost to obtain a favor, for which I would fain give a thousand lives.

"Should you receive these lines, I entreat you, by the bonds of the love of Jesus Christ, to give thanks to the Lord for this extraordinary favor He has bestowed upon me—a favor so earnestly wished and craved by many servants of God endowed with qualities far above what I possess."

It was the 11th of September, 1636, that Jogues reached his destination, the little village of St. Joseph, where the missionaries had their headquarters. As soon as his missionary brethren caught sight of him in his canoe, they hastened to the bank of the river to greet him. He then realized in his own person what Brebeuf had written regarding the welcome which the missionaries of New France would extend to their brethren, on their arrival in the Indian country. "When you arrive among the Hurons," he wrote, "you shall indeed meet with hearts overflowing with charity. We will receive you with open arms, as an angel from heaven. We shall all have every inclination to render you services, but it will be almost beyond all possibility to do so. We shall receive you in a cabin so poor that I despair of finding one in France wretched enough for me to say, 'See how you will be lodged!' Fatigued and harassed as you may be, we can offer you only a poor mat, and at utmost some skins for your bedding; and moreover, you will arrive in a season when annoying little creatures, called *touhac* here—in good French, *puces* (fleas)—will, night after night, prevent your closing an eye, for in these regions they are far more importunate than in France.

"The five or six winter months are besieged with uninterrupted vexations, excessive cold, smoke, and the importunity of the Indians. Our cabin is built merely of bark, but so knit together that we have need to go out to know the state of the weather. The smoke is often so dense, so pungent, and so perverse, that for five or six days at a time, unless you are well inured to it, it is all you can do to make out a few words in the breviary."

Jogues' reception was that described in the *Relations* of 1637, by Father Ragueneau: "I made all the preparations for his reception; but oh, what a feast!—a handful of little dried fish, with a sprinkling of flour. I sent for a few ears of corn, which we roasted for him after the fashion of the country. But it is true that at heart, and to hear him, he never enjoyed better cheer. The happiness felt at these meetings seems to reflect in some sort the joy of the blessed on their entrance into heaven, so full of sweetness is it!"

The journey to the Huron country, so full of sufferings, was but the beginning of Jogues' hardships. Scarcely a week had passed before he was laid low by a fever which brought him to the point of death. With no bed but a rough mat, and no remedies but a decoction of roots, the burning fever would have carried him off, had it not been for his courage and cheerfulness, together with the wonderful charity of his brethren. What made his situation all the worse was the fact that two of the five other missionaries were attacked by the same disease, thus virtually converting the residence into a hospital without the equipment of a hospital. However, Jogues' youth and strong constitution, together with the excellent care he received, brought him safely through his all but fatal illness. The other victims of the malady also recovered after a slow convalescence.

The *Relations* of 1636 give the following account of these days of suspense and suffering. It was written by Father Le Mercier, one of the missionaries who nursed Jogues and his companions back to health.

"We then were almost without domestics. Francis Petit-Pre, the only one in health, was away day and night hunting. This was, under God, our only resource for food.

"On the first days as we had no game, we had scarcely anything for our patients but a tea of wild purslane and sour grapes. These were our first broths. True, we had a hen, but she did not lay an egg every day; and what was one egg among so many sick persons? It was amusing to see us who remained

well watch for the laying of that egg; then a consultation was to decide on the patient to whom it should be given, as most in need of it, and our patients debated who should refuse it. On the 24th of September Jogues grew so much worse that we all thought he must be bled. We had not been able to stay a bleeding at the nose so copious that he could not take any food except with great difficulty. But where find a surgeon? We were all so skilled in this art that the sick man did not know who would perform the operation, and every man of us only awaited the blessing of the Superior to take up the lancet and strike the blow. However he resolved to do it himself, as he had once before bled an Indian successfully. It pleased God that this second operation should also prove successful, and that what was deficient in art should be abundantly supplied by charity.

"God lavished His benedictions on us during this little domestic affliction. Sick and well, none ever were in better spirits. The sick were as willing to live as to die, and their patience, piety, and devotion lightened the care we paid them day and night. As for the Fathers, they enjoyed a blessing scarcely ever granted in France—they received every morning the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. From this treasure they drew so much holy resolution and so many good sentiments, that they loved their position dearly, and preferred their poverty to all the ease they might enjoy in France."

In more than one respect the illness of Jogues and his companions proved to be providential. For afterwards, when the disease invaded the homes of the Indians, the missionaries knew from experience how to deal with it, enabling them to render most effective service to the stricken. Moreover, had the disease first appeared among the Indians, they, in their superstition, would undoubtedly have attributed it to some spell or magic of the strangers, with disastrous consequence to the missionaries. Having passed through this initial ordeal, Jogues now found himself ready for active work among the Hurons. Before we follow him in his heroic efforts for the

spiritual and material welfare of this people, it is advisable to say a few words about the Hurons and their relation to the Iroquois, by whom they were eventually exterminated.

Formerly and at a remote period, the Iroquois and Hurons were the same nation. The Hurons were the original stock. In their own language the word which designated their tribe was Ouendat, or in English, Wendot or Wyandot. The name Huron came from the French, and was due to the way in which these Indians dressed their hair, which made it resemble the bristles of a boar's head, in French hare. Father Chaumonot, who was skilled in Indian languages, stated that the Huron language was the basis of many others: "As this language (the Huron) is so to speak the mother of many others, particularly of the five spoken by the Iroquois, when I was sent among the latter, though at the time I could not understand their language, it took me but a month to master it."

For some reason not known there had been a split in the original Hurons, resulting in two factions, the original Hurons and the Iroquois. The Iroquois withdrew into what is now the Mohawk valley and the land to the west through the center of New York State. Deadly strife existed between these two tribes at the time when Jogues came to Canada. Formerly the Hurons occupied the St. Lawrence region from the Gulf to Lake Huron, but in Jogues' time they dwelt almost entirely along the eastern shore of their lake. The Algonquins, a friendly tribe, stretched along the Lower St. Lawrence, occupied the land abandoned by the Hurons. The enmity of the Iroquois towards the Hurons had for some reason extended to the Algonquins, and later to the French.

Almost from the beginning, Champlain had espoused the cause of the Hurons against the Iroquois. This he did for two reasons, to cement friendship with the Hurons, with whom the trade in pelts was most profitable, and to repel the attacks of the Iroquois against the French and Huron trading parties ascending and descending the St. Lawrence and Ottawa.

Champlain had made several expeditions against the Iroquois, inflicting severe loss on them, one of his campaigns having taken him into the very heart of their stronghold on Oneida Lake, near the present Perryville in New York State.

The history of the Hurons from the arrival of Champlain to the middle of the seventeenth century was one long and fierce struggle with the Iroquois. Every time a Huron canoe ascended or descended the river to Quebec it was in danger from the Iroquois who lay in ambush along the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. If in their expeditions the Hurons happened to be superior in numbers the Iroquois would not attack, but instead would follow stealthily along the route, cut off stragglers, and if they caught the enemy, reduced in numbers, off guard, massacre or capture them. The French were not able to give much protection to their allies as eventually they had all they could do to protect themselves from the Iroquois, who became bolder and bolder as the Hurons grew constantly weaker from the repeated assaults on them.

This was the state of affairs when Jogues began his mission among the Hurons, a mission which was filled with deeds of heroism and devotion whose recital evokes the admiration even of those who do not sympathize with the cause which inspired them.

## CHAPTER V

### LEARNING THE LANGUAGE

The first essential in Jogues' missionary career among the Hurons was the learning of their language. We have seen how in his long journey from Quebec to St. Joseph he was as one isolated, unable to converse with them. During his convalescence he occupied his time by studying under the direction of Brebeuf, the language of the Indians, a language presenting immense difficulties to a European.

There was nothing in common between the French language and that of the Hurons. On the contrary everything about the Indian language was totally at variance with the French. Two missionaries, who in France had excelled in every department of learning, were unable after great application to acquire a sufficient knowledge of Huron to preach in it. Moreover the Indians had no words to express many of the most essential religious ideas. Brebeuf had virtually to create a language to express Christian teaching. As instructor of Jogues he was amazed to find that his pupil advanced so rapidly in this new and difficult tongue. It was not long before Jogues could express himself fairly well in Huron. He was now ready for work as a missionary, but his Superior, fearing that the strength of his new assistant was not yet equal to the arduous labors of missionary journeys, assigned him to duties at headquarters, where he acted as manager of domestic affairs both in the residence and in the fields under cultivation. Both for their own maintenance, and for the instruction of the natives, the Fathers had introduced European gardening at the mission centers. And with gratifying success. From the wheat that was sown they made their own altar-breads, and from their vineyards they were able to produce mass-wine. Meanwhile the Indians were learning a way of obtaining food which would make them independent of the chase to a great

extent, and enable them to live permanently in a place, which would facilitate their conversion and civilization.

To show the Indians that they intended to share their life, the missionaries, as far as possible, accommodated themselves to the customs and food of the savages. Jogues was so successful in adapting himself to Indian ways that he seemed as much at home in his new surroundings as if he had been born in them.

However with all their adaptation and concession to native ways and means, the Fathers nevertheless lived their own religious life. The spirit of the cloister governed them as truly as it did their brethren in community life in far-off France. They had their regular rounds of spiritual duties, beginning with prayer and meditation at day-break, followed by Mass, the reading of the breviary and other pious exercises. The domestic and religious life of the missionaries may be seen from abstracts drawn from their own records. The first is from Father Chaumonot who states in his autobiography: "Our dwellings are built of bark, like the Indians', without any interior partition, except for a chapel. For the want of tables and furniture, we eat on the floor and drink out of cups made out of bark. All our kitchen and refectory ware consists of a large bark platter filled with sagamite, which I can compare to nothing but the paste used for papering walls. We are not much troubled with thirst, for we never use salt, and our food is almost always liquid. Our bed consists of bark, on which we spread a blanket. As for sheets, we have none, even for the sick; but the greatest inconvenience is the smoke, which, for want of a chimney, fills up the whole cabin and ruins all that we wish to preserve. In certain winds it is unendurable, for it makes the eyes ache dreadfully. In winter nights we have no other light than that of our fire, by which we read our breviary, study the language, and do all that is needed. By day, the opening at the top of the cabin serves as a chimney and a window."

Part of the order of the day is thus described by Father Duperron, in a letter of April 27, 1639: "At four o'clock we dismiss the Hurons who are not Christians, and we recite together Matins and Lauds. Then we hold a consultation of three quarters of an hour on the progress or obstacles of the Mission. Then we take up the study of the language until half-past six, when we have supper. At eight o'clock the Litany and Examination of Conscience."

With his return to normal health Jogues began his actual missionary journeys. At first he went in company with one of the other missionaries, and to near-by settlements. His work in the beginning was mainly with children, teaching them their prayers and the catechism, and baptizing those in danger of death. In the midst of these labors a plague struck the land affecting at first the village where the Fathers resided, but gradually spreading and threatening the whole nation. With limited means but abundant charity the missionaries ministered to the plague-stricken, acting as servants, physicians and priests, wearing themselves out in their efforts to give comfort to the afflicted, and to halt the ravages of the disease. But in spite of their best efforts the plague made dreadful inroads on the natives, literally wiping out some villages, and so decimating the village where the Fathers resided that it was abandoned altogether, its remnant of people being dispersed among the other more fortunate villages.

Writing of the plague to his mother, Jogues says: "Although we were every day and all day near the dying, in order to gain them to Jesus Christ, and in spite of the pestilential air we breathed near them and around them, not one of us fell sick. After this we should prove ourselves truly ungrateful did we not thank the Lord for so visible a protection on His part, and did we not henceforward put all our trust in His paternal goodness."

The scourge was not without its blessing, however, as we learn from an extract of a letter from Jogues to his brother Samuel: "During the epidemic the Fathers baptized more than

one thousand two hundred persons. Even in the village where they were the most exposed to the perversity of the people, there were always some anxious to follow the instructions of our Fathers; about one hundred have been regenerated in the waters of baptism, amongst them twenty-two little children."

The plague over, the Fathers were confronted with a plague of another kind which bade fair to wipe out entirely the fruits of their labors, and to bring destruction on themselves. Some Indians who had been among the English and Dutch settlers to the south, on their return spread dreadful reports about the missionaries, saying that it was told them that these men brought calamity wherever they went and that they had in consequence been driven out of Europe. In their ignorance and superstition the Indians believed this report. Moreover, some wicked men among them, whose deceptions and evil practices the Fathers had disclosed, fanned these rumors into a flame which eventually threatened to become a conflagration. Everything the Fathers did was misconstrued. Articles of devotion and pious practices were regarded as so many charms, spells or incantations devised to bring on disease and death.

In terror the Indians went to the Fathers and begged them to desist from their destructive designs. From terror they passed to threats, until it seemed that no human power could stay their wrath as the plague persisted. Under these circumstances it is marvelous that the missionaries, although defenseless, were not massacred. But amidst the most dreadful threatenings, and although the disease was carrying off the people on all sides, no hand was raised against those who were supposed to be the cause of all the calamity. Jogues was greatly impressed by this, as we may see from what he wrote to his mother: "God was far more powerful to protect those who for his glory had thrown themselves into the arms of His providence, than men were wicked to hurt them."

Meanwhile, turning their backs on the missionaries, the Indians sought by their own superstitious practices to stop the



ravages of the plague. They had recourse to the interpretation of dreams, to searching for the spell that was the source of the evil, to the arts of the medicine-man, and to grotesque and lascivious dances, performed for the purpose of banishing the evil spirit who was causing the plague. These and other forms of idolatry and demon-worship were a source of intense sorrow to the missionaries, who in the present state of affairs were powerless to prevent them.

In fact the missionaries were not allowed to enter an Indian village or hut, so great was the repugnance to them and their ministry. Jogues, in a letter to his mother, deploras this ban put upon their entrance to an Indian village: "It had become impossible for us to enter," he wrote, "and we had to endure the harrowing pain of seeing more than a hundred unfortunate people dying before our eyes who in vain entreated for our assistance."

The insults, privations and sufferings of the Fathers at that and subsequent periods constituted a bloodless but real martyrdom. That the missionaries themselves so regarded it, is apparent from their own words. It is a well-known saying that "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians." With this in mind Father Jerome Lalemant declared: "I had my doubts at first whether we could hope for the conversion of this people without shedding blood. I must acknowledge that since I am here and witness what occurs every day—I mean the struggles, the general attacks and assaults of every kind, which the evangelical laborers encounter every day; and at the same time their patience, their courage, the unflinching pursuit of their aims—I begin to doubt whether any other martyrdom is requisite for the end for which we labor; and I have not the least doubt that many would be found who would rather feel at once the keen edge of a hatchet on their head, than endure for years a life such as we have to live here every day."

But the true missionary does not quail before axe, fire or maltreatment. He realizes that his Model and Leader, Christ, experienced misunderstanding, calumny and excruciating

sufferings, and that the disciples should not look for better treatment than that of the Master. He knows that Christ endured pain and shame for him, and he willingly suffers pain and shame for love of His Lord and Master. When the missionary recounts the hardships of his lot he does not do it to lament or to complain, but rather to manifest the grace of God in him which enables him to render service and sacrifice at no matter what cost.

It was in the midst of the discouraging and painful circumstances of this time that Jogues had a most remarkable dream. It made such an impression on him that in after years he was able to relate it graphically to Father Ragueneau, who thus recorded it in the Relations of 1652:

"On Tuesday, May 4, 1637, the eve of the Ascension of Our Lord Jesus Christ, while, after dinner, I was studying the Huron language with Father Chastellain, I felt overcome by sleep, and I begged him to allow me a moment of rest. He advised me to visit the chapel, and rest a while before the Blessed Sacrament, remarking that he was in the habit of doing so, and always to the benefit of his piety, and that in such sleep he had occasionally enjoyed celestial happiness. I arose, but thinking that I could not without irreverence sleep in the awful and adorable presence of Our Sovereign Lord, I went to the adjoining woods, much confused to know that others, even in their sleep, were more united with God than I in the very act of prayer.

"I had scarcely lain down, when I fell asleep and dreamed I was singing Vespers with the other Fathers and the domestics. On one side stood Father Peter Pijart, close by the door, and I was a little farther on. I do not know who were on the other side, or in what order. Father Pijart began the first verse of the psalm 'Give ear, O Lord! to my words.' As he could not continue it alone, we ended it with him. When the verse was ended, I seemed to be no longer in our cabin, but in a place I knew not, when all at once I heard verses sung (I

forget which) which had reference to the happiness of the Saints, and the delights they enjoy in the kingdom of heaven.

"The chanting was so beautiful, and the melody of voices and instruments so harmonious, that I have no recollection of ever having heard the like, and it even seems to me that the most perfect concerts are nothing compared to it. To compare such harmony with that of earth would be insulting. Meanwhile this most admirable concert of the angels excited in my heart a love of God so great, so ardent, so burning, that, unable to bear such an overflowing of sweetness, my poor heart seemed to melt and dilate under this inexplicable wealth of divine love. I experienced this feeling especially as they sang the verse I so well remember, 'We will go into His tabernacle, we will adore in the place where His feet stood.'

"While yet half asleep, I began at once to think that it all was in accord with the words Father Chastellain had spoken to me. I awoke soon after, and all disappeared, but there lingered in my soul so great a consolation that its remembrance filled me with inexpressible delights. The fruit I have derived is, it seems to me, that I feel more drawn, for the love of Our Lord, to pant after the celestial country and eternal joys. Happy moment! Oh, how short! I do not think it lasted longer than it takes to recite a Hail Mary. 'If, O Lord! Thou dealest with us thus in our exile, what wilt Thou give unto us in our home?'" (St. Augustine.)

Jogues regarded this dream as a favor from heaven since its effect was to make him rejoice to suffer for Christ. Indeed he needed strength and courage from above to meet the ordeal which was awaiting him.

## CHAPTER VI

### FIRST MISSION

With the destruction of the village of St. Joseph (Ihonatiria) the missionaries had lost their headquarters and were obliged to establish themselves elsewhere. For the present they chose as their domicile two villages, to which they had made missionary journeys regularly, and in which they had some good friends. The first of these was Ossossane, but named by the missionaries, Conception. Here some of the Fathers took up their abode, which was facilitated by the fact that in the previous year they had built in this place a chapel and also a cabin for the visiting priest.

Evidently Jogues' ministry here was gratifying, for in 1637, he wrote to his brother Samuel: "Our poor Indians treat us as true friends. We have in Ossossane a cabin thirteen fathoms in length. A chapel has been built entirely of boards, which attracts the eyes and the admiration of all the inhabitants. Besides the conversations we hold every day in each cabin, we have a public catechism class every Sunday in our own, where many of the sachems of the nation attend, headed by a family of Christians of seven or eight persons. Thus does God still the tempest and bring peace at His will."

The second village which the Fathers chose for residence was Teanaustayae, which was also named St. Joseph. Here Mass was celebrated for the first time in June, 1638, in the cabin of an Indian convert, Stephen Totiri, who was afterwards captured and tortured with Jogues. It was here that Brebeuf settled, and in the space of a year he had baptized forty-eight children and seventy-two adults.

But this division of the small community into two separate groups, living apart, had many drawbacks and seriously interfered with the apostolic work of the missionaries. Hence they resolved to establish a single missionary center,

where they could consult together on ways and means of carrying on their work, profit by the experience and example of one another, and live, in some fashion, a community life, which would fortify them for their painful and dangerous work.

Accordingly they chose a site at the northeastern part of the Huron peninsula on the banks of the river Wye, near a point where it emptied into the lake, from where as a center they could have easy communication with the whole country. The new headquarters was called the Residence of St. Mary. The French Government so heartily approved of the project as to contribute towards the construction of the establishment and moreover to erect a fort there and garrison it for the protection of the Fathers, a necessary safeguard against the incursions of the Iroquois.

When completed, the establishment was, for the savages, one of the wonders of the world. They came from far and near to see it and to inspect its spacious buildings, the like of which they had never looked upon. What they saw when they arrived at the place was a great square enclosed by palisades, within which were some of the largest buildings they had ever beheld, a chapel, a community house, a hospital intended for sick Indians, and a hospice for traders.

Before long it became a mecca for the Indians, some of whom were attracted by curiosity, but others, especially the Christians, drawn by the grandeur of the religious services. Describing these Father Ragueneau writes: "The beauty of our chapel, which, though poverty itself, is regarded in this country as one of the wonders of the world; the masses, sermons, vespers, processions, and benedictions—all performed with a pomp unknown to the Indians—gives them some idea of the majesty of God, whilst they are made to understand that He is honored all over the world with a worship a thousand times more solemn."

It was to this place that the Indians came for instruction and for devotional exercises. Hither also came or were carried

the invalids, to receive comfort or cure in the hospital. Here too were buried those who sought a last resting-place in the consecrated cemetery within the enclosure, for this, too, was part of the establishment. To Jogues was intrusted the superintendence of the construction of the palisades, which put him in charge of the domestics, and some fifteen laborers, all of whom were French, the only French among the Hurons. Some of these men were *donnes*, that is those who gave or dedicated themselves for life and without pay, to the service of the missionaries. They served in the place of lay-brothers whom it was impossible to obtain in sufficient number for the mission.

Jogues was not altogether taken up with the work of construction, but found time and opportunity for no little missionary work besides. He made frequent journeys to neighboring villages; instructed and administered the sacraments to the visiting Indians who came in considerable numbers to view the progress of the work; and attended to the spiritual wants of all those who were engaged in the establishment.

His construction work completed, Jogues was assigned to what was really his first missionary experience. Together with Father Garnier he was sent to a neighboring nation which had recently come to terms of peace with the Hurons and which up to the present had not been visited by missionaries. This was called the Tobacco Nation, from its cultivation and commerce in tobacco of which it seemed to have the monopoly.

These Indians dwelt at a distance of about thirty miles. It was winter, and as there were no open paths it was necessary to travel, Indian fashion, on snow-shoes. Guides were furnished the missionaries and they set out on their uncertain journey. On the way, the guides for some reason deserted them, leaving them absolutely at the mercy of the elements, and in a country as uncharted as mid-ocean. At the approach of night they made a clearing in the snow, covered the ground

with spruce branches for a bed, and committed themselves to Providence.

At sunrise, having survived the exposure of the night, they started on their way again, having only a general and confused idea of where they were or where they were going. At night-fall they came in sight of a cabin and knew that they had reached their destination. Hospitality is an unwritten law with the Indians. No stranger seeking food or shelter is turned away. Accordingly the missionaries entered the first cabin they met, and were given shelter for the night. But on the morrow they found to their surprise and consternation that the rumors which had done so much harm to their mission among the Hurons, had reached the Tobacco Nation.

Fearing that the Fathers would bring upon them the calamities which had wrought such destruction upon the Hurons, these Indians now entreated the missionaries to leave their village. Their attitude became so threatening that the Fathers saw that it would be impossible to do any missionary work among them. Accordingly they passed to the next hamlet. There they found that the evil rumors had preceded them, and that their cause was just as hopeless as in the former place. However they were not to be discouraged. They passed from one village to another, meeting the same treatment everywhere, until after two months they concluded that for the present this was no field for their labors.

But the good seed had nevertheless been sown. The following year Gamier returned and established a church known as the Mission of Apostles, which became an active center of religion, and which a few years afterwards, 1649, he hallowed by his martyrdom.

Jogues was by now an experienced missionary. It was not surprising therefore that he was assigned to a delicate and difficult undertaking which was to take him two hundred and fifty miles from his base. It came about as follows: The Ottawas, a tribe of Algonquin origin, came from their home on the shores of Lake Superior, to visit the Algonquin tribes

alongside the Hurons. The occasion was the great Feast of the Dead which was celebrated with pomp and circumstance every ten or twelve years. The missionaries took advantage of this assemblage of tribes to make themselves acquainted with those from distant parts and thus open up the way to future missions. The result of their efforts was an invitation from the Ottawas to visit them in the fall when they would be assembled at Sault Sainte-Marie their annual fishing grounds.

Accordingly in September, 1641, Jogues in company with Father Charles Raymbault, who was proficient in the Algonquin language, set out on a journey of two hundred and fifty miles. In a bark canoe, skirting the shores of Lake Huron, they slowly made their way to Sault Sainte-Marie where they were welcomed by some two thousand Indians. Their stay there was brief, as the Indians returned to their home on Lake Superior when the fishing season was over. But they made a strong plea to the Fathers to stay among them. This, however, they were unable to do on account of the fewness of the missionaries and the great work to be done among the Hurons. They promised the Ottawas to return to them at some future day, however, and after planting a large cross as a memorial of their missionary visit, took their departure for their Huron home.

This expedition opened the way for future missionary efforts, as it gave the Fathers a knowledge of the country and of its people. On his return Jogues settled down to the duties of a resident missionary at St. Mary's. It was a short rest before a long and bloody campaign, in which he was to meet with all the savagery of the fiercest of the fierce nations of the Iroquois confederation.

## CHAPTER VII

### CAPTURE

The Iroquois were not only the most savage, but also the most treacherous of all the Indians of North America. Against their foes they employed every device that cruelty and cunning could invent. And every nation that threatened their ascendancy was their foe. It was not plunder or blood that they mainly sought, but power. And they had power. They were dreaded by all their neighbors, who were obliged to submit to them or be exterminated. They became all the more dreadful at this time by the possession of firearms, which they obtained from the Dutch in return for pelts.

The Iroquois were a federation of five nations—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas and Senecas. Of these the nearest to the French were the Mohawks, occupying the eastern part of the Mohawk Valley, from Ossernenon to Tionnotoguen, a stretch of some fifteen miles. When not on the war-path affairs were administered by their great councils, presided over by sachems.

Due to their proximity to the Dutch they had acquired the use of strong liquor, which they obtained in trade. Moreover they had been influenced against the French by the Dutch traders, who wished to have a monopoly of the traffic in furs with them. But they also had their own reasons for hating the French, who were allies of the Hurons and Algonquins, with whom the Iroquois were at war. The French, under Champlain had inflicted severe loss and humiliation on them in the early days before they had obtained firearms from the Dutch. The Iroquois never forgot an insult or injury. Consequently they were as bitter against the French as they were against the Hurons and other Indian foes.

At this period the French had two settlements, one at Quebec and the other at Three Rivers. These posts were protected by palisades only, and a few soldiers. Indeed, if the Indians had known the 'weakness of these settlements they would most certainly have attacked and destroyed them. The growing power of the French infuriated the Iroquois, who determined on their utter destruction. Accordingly in groups of twenty, fifty or a hundred, they lay in ambush along the Ottawa and St. Lawrence to intercept convoys of French or Hurons engaged in traffic.

This was the state of affairs at the time that 'Rogues was about to set out on his perilous expedition from the Huron country to Quebec. Now begins one of the most heroic experiences recorded in missionary annals. It may occur to the reader to inquire how the details of these events were obtained, since some of them occurred after the death of Jogues. There were several sources of information. First of all, escaped captives narrated their experiences to the Fathers, who carefully recorded them. Then there were the letters of Jogues himself, which relate graphically the events of his capture and torture. Finally after his escape from his first capture, he conversed with the Fathers, especially Father Buteux, giving them detailed accounts of his harrowing experiences. It is from the Buteux manuscript that many of the intimate details are drawn.

Previous to the awful fate which was awaiting him Jogues seemed to have had a premonition of it. About this time, while at prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, he begged of Our Lord that he might drink deeply of His chalice of suffering. From the tabernacle he seemed to receive a response to his prayer, and to be assured of God's support for the ordeal that was before him.

Shortly after this experience, he was summoned by Father Jerome Lalemant, Superior of the mission, who proposed to him that he accompany a convoy to Quebec to secure supplies for the mission and to deliver some letters to

the Fathers there, for transmission to Europe. It was a proposal, not a command. But for Jogues it was a voice from heaven and, fully realizing what it might entail, he gladly offered himself for the dangerous expedition. He knew that the Mohawks were on the war-path, and that the river was infested with savage bands ready to pounce upon their prey. Nevertheless, with dauntless spirit he undertook the perilous commission. What made the danger all the greater was the fact that the year before the French had rejected an offer of peace from the Iroquois, which had angered them beyond measure.

In preparation for his dangerous mission Jogues had made a spiritual retreat of eight days, and had gone to confession. With open eyes he advanced on the path before him, realizing to the full its possibilities of peril. "I was not ordered to undertake this voyage," he said, "it was proposed to me, and I volunteered gladly, because I felt that if one of the missionaries was to be captured or killed I could best be spared."

On the morning of June 2, 1642, the convoy took its departure from St. Mary's. It consisted of four canoes, manned by twenty warriors, and carrying besides Father Jogues and Father Raymbault, three Frenchmen, and a cargo of pelts for trading at the French post. After rowing six hundred miles they arrived on the thirty-fifth day at Three Rivers. Their casualties up to this point were the loss of two canoes and the baggage they contained, while shooting the rapids. After a brief stay at Three Rivers they pushed on to their destination, Quebec, which they reached July 12th, without further mishap.

Quebec was a revelation to the Indians. Accustomed to miserable huts or cabins they looked upon the great structures in the French town with wonder. In particular they were impressed by the Ursuline convent and the hospital which were founded and conducted by nuns. The edifying spectacle of these consecrated women gave them a very exalted idea of the Faith which inspired them to make such sacrifices. The Hurons also visited the Mission of Sillery, some two and a half miles from Quebec, established for service to the Algonquins.

After nineteen days of sightseeing and bartering on the part of the Indians, but of careful selection and packing of supplies for the missionaries by Jogues, the convoy was ready for its return voyage. It carried goods which were sorely needed by the Fathers in the Indian country—altar supplies, vestments, books, etc. Besides, Jogues was the bearer of very important letters and documents to his brethren. It was only about once a year that opportunity was afforded the missionaries of communicating with one another or with friends and relatives in Europe. Altogether, therefore, he was in charge of a very precious shipment.

Accompanying Jogues on the return voyage were Rene Goupil and William Couture, *donnes*—that is, men dedicated to the service of the missionaries for life and without pay. Besides these there was a young Huron woman named Theresa who had attended the school of the Ursulines for two years and had made great progress in learning and piety. It was hoped that her example on her return would be a very good influence among her people. She was so devoted to the nuns that it was with difficulty that she was persuaded to leave them to return home. With her was her uncle, named Joseph, a man of strong faith, and most loyal to the missionaries. Altogether this return convoy numbered forty persons. They pushed off from the Quebec landing near the end of July, amidst the hearty Godspeeds of the whole populace who came to see them off and pray God's protection on them.

Arriving at Three Rivers they made a short stay, during which they celebrated the Feast of St. Ignatius, and all received Holy Communion. The Governor fearing for the safety of the convoy, as the Iroquois had lately been active along the river, offered them a military escort, which the Indians declined, considering it a reflection on their bravery. Just before starting, however, the Hurons held a meeting which they dignified by the name of council, for the purpose of fortifying one another against possible danger. One of the leaders arose and said: "Is there any one of us who would

renounce the Faith even if he were to be tortured and burned by our enemies? We are Christians, and do not look for our heaven here but hereafter!" This declaration was applauded and confirmed by all the braves present.

It was on the 1st of August, 1642, that the party of forty, in twelve canoes, embarked on the last stage of the voyage. On the first day they made thirty miles. The day following, August 3d, as some of the Indians were walking along the shore towing a canoe, they noticed footprints on the beach. The party halted, examined the impressions, but refused to be alarmed or to take extra precautions, thinking that the footprints were those of friendly Algonquins, or that if they were of the Iroquois they indicated too few of the enemy for alarm. Suddenly from the near-by woods and bushes was heard the Iroquois war-whoop, and before the astonished Hurons were aware of their danger seventy Mohawk savages were down upon them with gun, knife and tomahawk. The canoes were riddled with bullets, and the party, thrown into disorder and panic, scattered here and there in the woods.

While the bullets were whizzing around him Jogues approached the steersman of his canoe, Bernard, who was not yet baptized, and while all around was confusion and alarm, calmly administered the holy rite of salvation, which was the last priestly act he performed before capture. Bernard afterwards escaped from the Iroquois and always remained a faithful Christian. In relating the event to one of the Fathers in after years, he said: "I thank God that I entered the Church by such a way, and I shall never forget that beautiful day. The self-devotion of my Father was enough to confirm me in my faith. Who could, then, withstand belief? Indeed, these men who come to teach us must be very certain of the truth they preach, and look to God alone for the only reward they seek, for Ondessonk (Jogues' Huron name) forgot himself altogether in the moment of the greatest danger, to think only of me. Instead of seeking safety for himself, he baptized me; he loved

me more than himself. Death here below had no terrors for him, but he was alarmed for my eternal death."

After their first disorder some of the Hurons formed for defense. A band of twelve fought valiantly against great odds, and were holding their own when suddenly, from the opposite side of the river, there appeared from ambush forty Mohawks. At sight of this unexpected assault the Hurons sought safety in flight, but not all of them were able to escape, as the enemy surrounded them from every quarter. The few thus trapped fought on, refusing to surrender, knowing that the torture that awaited them was worse than death. At the head of this brave remnant was Rene Goupil, one of the *donnes*, who was afterwards martyred by the Mohawks. Oppressed by numbers, and unable longer to resist, Goupil and several Hurons, who stood by him to the last, were taken prisoners.

Jogues meanwhile had gained the shore and concealed himself behind some bushes. The Iroquois passed and repassed him without discovering him, and had he chosen to remain hidden he would certainly have escaped capture. However on seeing the utter rout of the Hurons, and the capture of some of them, including Goupil, he arose from his place of concealment and shouted to the Iroquois: "Know that I am their fellow-traveler, and it is proper that I should share their captivity. You can take hold of me; with all my heart I wish to partake of their destiny."

The Mohawks could hardly believe their ears. They thought that this was a ruse for their destruction, and feared an ambush. Thus it was that for a brief space the spectacle was presented of a helpless man inspiring fear and alarm in his conquerors. However, after some little time, seeing that Jogues was alone and unarmed, one of the braves advanced towards him, and in the words of the Father: "He took me by the arms, and placed me with those whom the world calls unfortunate. I embraced Rene most affectionately, and said to him, 'Oh my brother, God's intention in our regard is mysterious; but He is the Lord: let Him do what is good in His sight.' 'As it hath



pleased the Lord, so it is done; blessed be the name of the Lord forever."

Goupil fell on his knees before the priest, made his confession, and also offered up his life as a sacrifice to God. Not knowing the moment that they might be killed or separated, Jogues gave absolution to the Christians of the party, and final instruction to those of the captives not yet baptized, and promptly administered the sacred rite to them. Even before he had finished this holy duty, other captives were led in by the triumphant Iroquois, to be consoled in their sad state by the sight of their Father, who gave them every possible solace of religion and human sympathy. So fortified they awaited their fate.

The convoy of goods was lost to the Mission. Everything of value to the Indians was taken by them. They turned sacred vestments and ornaments into most grotesque uses. But the letters—the precious letters—and documents and books, these were of no use to savages, and were treated accordingly. The loss of a year's supplies and of mission necessities, was a terrible blow to the Fathers at St. Mary's. But they rose above this calamity, as we may see from the words of one of them who wrote: "But God gives us comfort, for it aids our spiritual progress, which is the only allurements to bring us here. Faith makes notable progress among our Hurons. Had this fleet of Huron Christians and catechumens arrived safely, as we expected, the conversion of the country seemed almost certain. It is one of the secrets to be revealed only in eternity. But would you believe that we never roused better courage, both for temporals and spirituals, than since the capture of Father Jogues and our Hurons? I see these tribes more disposed than ever for a complete conversion."

## CHAPTER VIII

### TORTURE

The last one to continue fighting was the chief, Eustace. He held his ground until he saw all around him killed or captured, when he cut his way through the enemy and made for the woods. He had made good his escape, but reflecting that he had promised Jogues that he would never desert him, and now realizing that the missionary was in the hands of the foe, he deliberately returned to the enemy and gave himself up. Jogues was so overcome by this proof of loyalty and devotion that he wept with emotion.

Couture gave a similar proof of courage, and of loyalty to Jogues. When the attack began, Couture fought bravely. But when he saw the Hurons break for safety he knew that flight was the only thing left, so he ran with the others. He had reached safety, and could easily have made good his escape when he reflected that his beloved Father was in the hands of the savages. It did not take him long to decide what to do. He resolved to fight for the rescue of his friends or to share their fate.

Approaching the scene of conflict he was met by five Iroquois, who at once fell upon him. The chief of the band took deliberate aim at him at close range but for some reason the gun did not discharge. Couture fired in return killing his assailant instantly. The rest of the band, infuriated at the loss of their leader, rushed like fiends upon Couture, overpowered him, tore off his clothing, beat him with clubs, tore out his nails, chewed off his fingers, and lastly ran a sword through the palm of the hand that fired the fatal shot. The captive bore this excruciating pain without flinching or complaining, to the exasperation and also admiration of his torturers. Afterwards he told Jogues that as they were piercing his hand he thought

of Our Saviour being nailed to the cross, and this gave him strength and courage for his ordeal.

Writing of the capture of this devoted companion Jogues says: "Would to God that he had escaped, and not come to swell our wretched number! In such cases it is no comfort to have companions in your misery, especially those you love as yourself. But such are the men who, though seculars, and with no motive of earthly interest, devote themselves to the service of God and of the Society of Jesus in the Huron Mission. The moment I saw him, bound and stripped of all clothing, I could not contain myself, and, leaving my guards, I made my way through the warriors who surrounded him, and throwing my arms around his neck, I cried: 'Ah! courage, my dear William; courage, my dear brother! I love you now more than ever, for God in His goodness has made you worthy to suffer for His holy name. Let not these first sufferings and torments shake your constancy. Terrible will be the tortures but they will not last long, and a glory without end will soon follow.' Couture was deeply moved at these words, broken by sobs, and replied: 'My Father, fear not; the goodness of God has granted me too many graces. I deserve it not and far less than all do I deserve the firmness and courage I feel in my heart. I trust that He Who gave it to me will not withdraw it.'"

The Indians could not understand the mutual regard and affection which they witnessed in their captives. They concluded that it was a device to facilitate an escape, or else that Jogues was complimenting his fellow prisoner on his achievement in killing one of the chiefs. Acting on this supposition they rushed upon Jogues, tore off all his clothing except his shirt, and showered upon him blows with fists, sticks and clubs. Jogues fell senseless to the ground. Hardly had he regained consciousness when two savages who had not been present at the beating, made at him like wild beasts, tearing out his finger nails with their teeth, and crunching his two forefingers to the last joint. Goupil was tortured in the

same way, the Iroquois thus resenting on their French captives the rejection of their terms of peace the previous year.

These barbarities, terrible as they were, served only as a prelude to the torture which was awaiting the unfortunate captives. As soon as the Mohawks had reassembled from the pursuit they withdrew to the opposite shore and thence to their own rendezvous where they felt more secure. Arrived there they proceeded to divide the spoils. First they made their prisoners secure. These numbered twenty-three.

The booty was very considerable, consisting of twenty packages of church goods, and articles for the missionaries. Most of these things, although beyond value to the mission, were of little use to the savages. However they were captivated by the novelty of the vestments and the variety of church ornaments. To these children of the forests such articles were a source of wonderment, but the uses to which they put them would have been much more a matter of wonderment to us, if we could have seen them. Suffice it to say that they used for personal dress or adornment the vestments and articles reserved for divine worship. Another cause of gratification to them was the pride they felt at capturing a convoy of the French.

While they were dividing the spoils, and taken up with inspecting their respective shares, Jogues did all in his power to comfort and encourage the captives. Before embarking again to continue their victorious return to the tribal village, the savages carved on the trunk of a tree a record of their victory. Afterwards the Christians erected on this spot a large cross to commemorate the shedding of martyr's blood for Him who bled on the cross for love of them. As the prisoners were entering the canoes, an old Huron captive of eighty years, and who had just been baptized cried out to his captors: "I am too old to be carried away into strange lands and people, if you want to kill me, do so now." He had scarcely uttered the words when a tomahawk split his skull.

The raiders with their captives, having embarked, pushed on to Lake Champlain, paddling their canoes along its entire length. The canoe voyage was a torture-chamber for the prisoners. Hunger, heat, festered wounds filled with vermin, swarms of mosquitoes perpetually stinging them, kept them in constant and inexpressible suffering. Barefoot, bound to the bottom of the boat, unable to move, they were further tormented by the savage play of their captors, who took delight in opening their wounds, digging into them with their long and sharp finger nails, or piercing them with pointed sticks. The agony at times became so great that the victims swooned, much to the joy of their tormentors.

They reserved their worst treatment however for the holy missionary, pulling out his hair and beard by the roots, piercing the most tender parts of his body with awls, besides inflicting every other refinement of cruelty on him that savagery could devise. Much as he suffered in body his anguish of soul was greater, as we learn from his own words: "My heart suffered even more when I beheld that band of Christians, among whom I saw five old converts, the mainstay of the rising church of the Hurons. More than once, I acknowledge, I could not withhold my tears. I was afflicted at their lot, and that of my other companions, and I was full of forebodings for the future. In fact, I foresaw that the Iroquois were raising a barrier to the progress of Faith among a great number of other tribes, unless there came a very special interposition of Divine Providence."

On the fifth day of their journey, Aug. 8, two Iroquois runners met them announcing that at a day's distance there were encamped on an island two hundred Mohawks, who were on the war-path. The Hurons knew what this signified. Indians on the war-path believe that success depends upon torture of prisoners. They also believe that by inflicting pain on others they nerve themselves to acts of bravery.

No sooner were the captives in sight of the encamped warriors than a fiendish yell broke out from two hundred

savages, who at the same time discharged a volley from their firearms, and ran to the shore to greet their tribesmen and to gloat over their captives. Straightway they prepared for their brutal sport. They hastily erected a platform on a hill nearby, and then cut for themselves clubs or thorny branches from the woods, with which to welcome their victims. Forming a double line with space between for a person to walk they extended from shore to platform, each warrior with club or switch in hand to inflict the punishment known as running the gauntlet. Only in this instance there was no running. As a refinement of cruelty they arranged their captives in a line, the oldest and most crippled first, so as to retard progress and prolong the torture. Jogues, as the principal object of their hatred, was placed last in order that being alone and walking slowly, they might vent their fury on him more effectually and with greater rage.

Jogues related to Father Buteux the details of this horrible experience which we give in his own words: "They showered blows on us so that I fell under their number and cruelty, on the rocky path leading to the hill. I thought that I must surely die under this frightful torture. Either from weakness or cowardice, I could not rise. God alone, for whose love and glory it is sweet and glorious to suffer thus, knows how long and how savagely they beat me. A cruel compassion prompted them to stop, that I might be taken to their country alive. They carried me to the platform half dead, and streaming with blood. The moment they saw me revive a little, they made me come down, and overwhelmed me with insults and imprecations, and again showered blows on my head, and all over my body. I would never end were I to tell all we Frenchmen had to endure. They burned one of my fingers and crushed another with their teeth. Those that had been crushed before were now so violently twisted that they have remained horribly deformed, even since they healed. My companions shared the same treatment.

"But God showed us that He had us in His care, and that He wished not to discourage but to try us. In fact, one of the Indians, who seemed not to be sated with cruelty and blood, came up to me when I could hardly stand on my feet, and taking hold of my nose with one hand prepared to cut it off with a large knife he held in the other. What could I do? Satisfied that I would soon be burned at a slow fire, I waited the blow without flinching, only in my heart offering a prayer to Heaven; but a secret force held him back, and he let go. In less than fifteen minutes he returned, as if ashamed of his weakness and cowardice, and again prepared to carry out his design. Again an invisible power repelled him, and he slunk away. Had he proceeded in his attempt I should have been put to death immediately. Indians never let a prisoner so mutilated live long."

The brave Eustace, who had surrendered himself in order to be with the Father, was the particular object of the hatred and cruelty of the savages. They cut off the thumbs of both his hands, and sharpening a stick drove it through the mutilated thumb of the left hand up the arm to the elbow. Jogues witnessing this refinement of torture could not restrain his tears. The savages thought that his tears were caused by his own sufferings. Eustace observing this said: "Do not think these tears are of weakness. No: it is no lack of courage that makes them flow but his love and affection for me. You saw him shed no tears for his own sufferings." To this Jogues, very much affected, replied: "Indeed your sufferings I feel more than I did mine; and in spite of my wounds, my body suffers even less than my heart. Courage, my poor brother: forget not that there is another life; God sees all, and He will reward us one day for what we have suffered for His sake."

After only one night's stay on the island the Indians resumed their journey, those on the war-path going towards the St. Lawrence, and the others with their captives to the Mohawk villages. As the victorious party proceeded homeward they met new bands of warriors on their way out to

join those on the war-path, or on expeditions of their own against the French. Every time one of these bands met the returning braves the awful tortures previously described were renewed. Indeed it is a matter of wonder that the victims survived. This was due to the subtle cruelty of the savages who made it a point in their torture to avoid injury to vital parts until the time selected for the final torture.

They would inflict the most excruciating torment on a victim but always stop short of killing him. In this way the victorious band regaled each party that met them, and at the same time reserved their victims for the great home-coming celebration, in which the captives were to be the principal actors although in a passive but most frightful way. The Indians with their mutilated prisoners continued their way with little interruption until they came to what is now Point Ticonderoga. There they halted to gather flints; and also to perform the ceremony of placating the water-spirits by the superstitious rite of throwing bits of tobacco upon the water.

On the 10th of August the party reached the southern point of Lake George, four days' march from the first Mohawk village. The prisoners although weakened from loss of blood and suffering from open wounds were obliged nevertheless to carry the heaviest part of the baggage and booty. On Jogues' lacerated shoulders they placed a man's burden, but he says: "They spared me somewhat, either because of my feebleness or because I did not seem to mind it much—so great was my pride even in captivity and in the presence of death."

To add to the sufferings of the march the party had no food, their only nourishment being the wild berries they picked in the woods. The Indians endeavored to allay the pangs of hunger by drinking large draughts of water, thus distending their stomachs. As their hunger increased they accelerated the march in order to reach their village, thus forcing the weakened and bleeding captives to a pace that made every step torturous. But in spite of their best efforts the French captives could not hold the pace. From time to time

they lagged behind the Indians, only to be cruelly beaten into quicker motion.

As night came on, during one of these days, it happened that Jogues with Goupil had fallen considerably behind the rest. The Indians in their haste to make a certain resting-place, forgot for the moment the Father and his companion. Jogues advised Goupil to hide in the woods and make his escape from the savages. To this proposal Goupil replied: "But you, my Father, what will become of you?" "For my part," replied the missionary, "I cannot do it: I will rather suffer everything than leave so near death those whom I can at least console and nourish with the Blood of Christ in the sacraments of the Church." "Then allow me to die with you, my Father;" replied pious Rene, "for I cannot desert you."

The convoy was now near the first town of the Mohawks, Ossernenon, distant some forty miles from Albany. It was on the right bank of the Mohawk River, and the village nearest the French on the north and the Dutch on the south. The Mohawks were the easternmost of the five nations of the Iroquois federation which stretched from the present Albany to Buffalo. Ossernenon, now Auriesville, was a tribal village of solve six hundred inhabitants, dwelling in twenty-four low and long cabins. It was fortified by double palisades. This with two other villages, one six miles further west, and the other seven miles beyond that, constituted the home of the Mohawks.

After a march of two weeks the worn-out band of victors and victims sighted the tribal village, at about three in the afternoon, the eve of the Feast of the Assumption. They had heralded their approach by shouts and by blowing through horns of conch-shells. Down the hill to the river bank the natives—men, women and children—rushed yelling, brandishing sticks, clubs, knives and tomahawks. No sooner were the prisoners landed than the infuriated populace fell on them with terrible blows and imprecations.

Jogues was the special object of their cruelty on account of his bald head, as they bore the greatest animosity to

such persons. They stripped him of his remaining clothes, except his shirt, lacerated his legs and arms with thorny switches, beat him on the head and shoulders with clubs, slashed his arms with knives and hacked his flesh to the very bone. Referring to this torture Jogues afterwards said: "I had always thought that this day of so much rejoicing in heaven would prove unto us a day of suffering, and I was therefore thankful to my Saviour Jesus, for the joys of heaven are purchased only by partaking of His sufferings."

Before ascending the hill the triumphant band stopped for a short period to thank the Sun for giving them victory and rich booty. And now was to begin the Calvary of the captives. Now the great show was to be put on for the entertainment of the tribe. Now was to be made evident why the victors did not kill their victims at once.

The tribe—men, women and children—with savage glee formed the lines of the gauntlet, all the way up the hill, to a platform which had been erected. The prisoners were arranged in a long line with sufficient distance separating them to allow free play to the blows which were to be rained upon them. It would seem that after the torment already inflicted the prisoners would be incapable of enduring more, or of walking up the hill unaided. But it was in the Indian code not to flinch under pain. The Hurons rather than give the Iroquois the satisfaction of seeing them show signs of fear or weakness nerved themselves for the dreadful ordeal.

The Frenchmen, Couture and Goupil, with the pride of race, did not want to appear less courageous than the savages. Besides they had the Christian motive to sustain them. But it was different with the delicate missionary. Pride played no part in his endurance. His strength was the Passion of Christ. And he communicated his strength to the others. "On beholding these preliminaries, so forcibly reminding us of the Passion," wrote Jogues, "we recalled the words of St. Augustine: 'whoso shrinks from the number of the scourged, forfeits his right to be numbered among the children.' We therefore offered

ourselves with our whole heart to the fatherly care of God, as victims immolated to His good pleasure for the salvation of these tribes."

And now, truly, the way of the cross began for these soldiers of Christ. At intervals in the procession of the victims an Indian was stationed to slow-up those who might hasten under the lashes and blows. Just before starting the march of the miserables, one of the chieftains addressed the two rows of fiends, urging them, in cruel irony, to give a warm reception to their guests. Couture, being regarded the most guilty, having slain a chieftain, was placed at the head of the procession. Then followed the Hurons, at equal distances apart, Goupil in the middle. Jogues as the most distinguished, closed the line, enabling the tormentors to vent their savage fury to the full on his bleeding form.

The dire march began. It was a repetition in prolonged and intensified form of their worst previous ordeals. Goupil, horribly mangled fell to the ground, unable to rise again. He was dragged along the ground to the platform. Covered with blood and wounds the only white spot visible on his countenance was the white of his eyes.

Jogues besides enduring all that was inflicted on the others, was hit in the middle of the back by an iron ball, which was attached to a cord and swung by a savage. The blow felled him to the earth, where he lay for a time as one dead. Recovering he continued his way to the platform, where further scenes in the tragedy were to be enacted. Hardly had he reached the rough floor of the stage when an Indian dealt him three sharp blows on the back with a heavy club. Next the savage seized the hands of the priest and with his teeth tore out the three remaining finger nails. Continuing their brutal play the Mohawks proceeded to cut off slices of flesh from the legs and arms of their victims.

Jogues as being the most distinguished was treated with the greatest ignominy and torture. An old savage approaching him began to revile him, then he ordered an

Algonquin captive woman whom he held by the arm, to cut off the left thumb of the priest. The poor woman, who was a Christian, recoiled with horror from the deed. But finally under threat of torture and death she obeyed, hacking the thumb off with a sharpened shell, and throwing it on the ground. Stooping, the martyr picked up the mutilated thumb, and, in his own words: "I presented it to Thee, living and true God, in remembrance of the sacrifices which for the last seven years I had offered on the altars of Thy Church, and as atonement for the want of love and reverence of which I had been guilty in touching Thy Holy Body."

The same torture was inflicted on Goupil whose right thumb was cut off. During the agony of it he was heard repeating the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. The blood flowed so freely from the wounds of Jogues and Goupil that the Indians fearing they would bleed to death, but wishing to reserve them for further torture, stanching their wounds, and bandaged them with pieces torn from Jogues' shirt. More dead than alive the captives remained on the platform until night, when they were led by their respective guards to one of the large cabins. Not a bit of food had as yet passed their lips, although their captors had eaten to their full. A little food was now offered them, some roasted ears of corn and water. This was done not to ease their hunger but to keep them alive for future brutal sport. Indeed the sport began almost immediately.

After their meager meal they were thrown flat on the floor of the cabin, and their bodies extended by fastening their hands and feet to stakes driven in the ground. In this position they were unable to move any part of the body. They were now turned over to the children to practice the art of torturing. They began by piercing the most sensitive parts of their victims' bodies with awls and sharp-pointed sticks. Then they cut off thin slices of flesh from their thighs, pulled out the nails from their hands and feet, plucked out their hair and what was worst of all, scattered burning wood-ashes on the quivering wounds of their victims, who were unable to move

the body to shake them off, no matter what efforts they made, to the intense enjoyment of their juvenile tormentors. The wonder is that any of the victims survived the frightful ordeal. It would have caused death from shock to the average man. But these men were fortified by a life of hardship, and were moreover powerfully aided by the grace of God. At last the torture of the captives was over, at least for the time being, but not for long.

The Mohawks were proud of their victory, and were desirous of displaying their conquest to the other villages of the tribe. Accordingly they marched their prisoners first to the town of Andagaron, some six miles to the west. Let us hear Jogues describe some of the details of this march: "My jailer, undoubtedly afraid that he might lose the chance of securing my shirt, took it from me at once. He made me start on my march in this exposed state, with nothing on me but a pair of wretched old drawers. When I beheld myself in this state, I felt bold enough to say to him: 'Why do you strip me so brother, when you have already got all the rest of my property?' The Indian took pity of me and gave me a piece of coarse canvas in which my bundles had been done up. There was enough of it to cover my shoulders and a part of my back; but my festering wounds could not stand this rough, coarse texture. The sun was so hot that during the march, my skin was baked as if in an oven, and peeled off from my neck and arms."

Arrived at the village the captives met with the same treatment that they had experienced at Ossernenon. Again the horrible lines of the gauntlet were formed, again the frightful procession, again the butchery. For two days and nights the captives were exposed to the pain and shame of torture; by day tied to a stake and exposed to every manner of torture, and by night in a cabin fastened hands and feet to stakes for the cruel sport of the children. Describing the experiences of these two days Jogues said: "My soul was then in the deepest anguish. I saw our enemies come up on the platform, cut off the fingers of my companions, tie cords around their wrists, and all so

unmercifully that they fainted away. I suffered in their sufferings, and the yearnings of my affections were those of a most affectionate father witnessing the sufferings of his own children; for, with the exception of a few old Christians, I had begotten them all to Christ in baptism. However intense my suffering, God granted me strength to console the French and the Hurons who suffered with me. On the way, as well as on the platform, I exhorted them together and individually to bear with resignation and confidence these torments, which have a great reward; to remember that through many tribulations we must enter into the kingdom of God. I warned them that the days foretold by Our Saviour had arrived in their behalf: 'Ye shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice . . . But your sorrow shall be turned into joy.'

"And then again I added: 'A woman, when she is in labor, hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but when she has brought forth the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.' Believe then, my children, that after a few days of suffering you shall enjoy everlasting happiness. And surely it was to me a source of great and legitimate consolation to see them so well prepared, especially the old Christians —Joseph, Eustace, and the two others. Theodore had escaped the day we reached the first town; but as a ball had shattered his shoulder in the fight, he died while endeavoring to reach the French settlements."

From this village the band proceeded to Tionnontoguen, the third Mohawk village, seven miles farther west. Here they were submitted to the same kind of tortures as in the other villages but with less cruelty. Doubtless their pitiable condition pleaded for them, or it may have been that they were so frightfully mutilated that there was little else to do to them except to kill them outright, and this, for their own reasons, they were not ready to do.

While in this village, Jogues had the consolation, amidst his sufferings, of baptizing some pagan Hurons whom a band of Mohawks had taken on a recent raid. When Jogues

ascended the platform to under-go the usual ordeal there inflicted, he found there four Hurons who were awaiting torture and death. He gave them all the consolation possible, and briefly instructed them in the Faith. As they expressed a desire to be baptized he performed the ceremony on the two who were to be put to death in this place, and on the other two on the way to the next village where they were to meet their fate. He had to employ great ingenuity in baptizing these converts. The water for the first two baptisms he obtained by pressing into the palm of his hand the wet husks of the corn given him for food. The other two were baptized as they were crossing a stream on the way to the other village, where they were frightfully tortured and killed, displaying amidst their torments remarkable fortitude and resignation.

In this village of Tionnontoguen Jogues witnessed a scene which made his heart bleed. Couture was led to the platform, where a savage hacked at his right forefinger with a sharpened shell, in his efforts to cut it off. Not being able to cut through the tough sinew, he seized it with his fingers and pulled it out with such force that the arm became swollen up to the elbow. But Jogues was more than a spectator of sufferings. His own were even worse than those he witnessed in others. We shall let himself describe them: "Our executioners first commanded us to sing, as is usual with captives. We undertook to sing the song of the Lord in a strange land. Could we sing anything else? After the chant began the torments. . . . They suspended me by my arms, with bark ropes, from two posts raised in the center of the cabin. I thought they were going to burn me, for such is the posture usually given to those who are condemned to the stake.

"To convince me that if I had suffered so far with some courage and patience I owed it not to my own virtue, but to Him 'That giveth strength to the weary,' the Almighty, as it were, left me then to myself in this new torment. I groaned for 'gladly will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may dwell in me' and the excess of my sufferings made me



implore my tormentors to loosen the cords a little. But God justly permitted that the more I entreated the closer and tighter the bonds were drawn. After I had suffered for a quarter of an hour they cut the ropes; had they not done so I should have died. I thank Thee, O my Lord Jesus! for having taught me by this trial how much Thou must have suffered on the cross, when Thy most holy body was so long hanging from the cross, not by cords, but by nails cruelly driven into Thy feet and hands."

After two days of the usual torture in this village they were marched back to Andagaron where they were to learn their ultimate fate. Here they were informed that they were to be burned alive that very day. Jogues thus relates his sentiments on hearing of his frightful fate: "Although there is something horrible in this mode of death, the thought of God's will, and the hope of a better life, free from sin, alleviated all its rigors. I addressed my French and Huron companions for the last time, and exhorted them to persevere to the end, ever remembering in the midst of their sufferings of body and soul Him who had 'endured such opposition from sinners against Himself, that you be not wearied, fainting in your minds'; tomorrow we shall all be united in the bosom of God, to reign eternally."

Jogues accordingly prepared his companions for death. Desiring also to give them absolution in their last moments, he arranged a signal by which they were to request and he was to impart the last absolution. At the last moment the sentence was modified so that for the present only three Hurons were to be burned at the stake. The Frenchmen were spared for future death, or else for securing favorable terms of peace.

The death of Eustace was an admirable example of the effect of Christianity on a savage's soul. This good man was tied to a stake and burning brands applied to every part of his body. Finally one of his executioners slashed his throat with a knife, thus terminating his earthly life but opening the door to life everlasting. Jogues speaks as follows about this final

scene: "While Indians doomed to death usually give way to violent outbursts of fury against their executioners, and to the last breath cry, 'May an avenger arise from our bones', Eustace, prompted by the teachings of Christianity, conjured the Hurons who witnessed his death not to be deterred by this event from treating for peace with the Mohawks, his persecutors and his murderers. Indeed his death was an act of forgiveness. With Eustace perished his nephew, a wonderful young man, who, after his baptism, never ceased repeating, 'I shall be happy in heaven.' He had promised his uncle that he would never abandon him, even in the greatest dangers; and indeed he was true to his word."

The other two Hurons were burned, Paul at Ossernenon and Stephen at Andagaron. Paul, after undergoing the ordeal of fire without flinching was tomahawked. Stephen suffered with like heroism, winning the admiration of his executioners by his bravery. All these Christian converts were an honor to the religion which they embraced, and a credit to the good Father who begot them in Christ. They are an example of the power of Christianity to transform even the most savage spirit. These Hurons were naturally vindictive and sullen, but under the influence of the Gospel they forgave their enemies, and bore their frightful tortures with Christian resignation and fortitude.

Jogues longed for the martyr's crown himself. But that was not to be, for the present. His was to be a longer and more painful martyrdom. He was now to become a slave—a slave of savages; a daily martyrdom without dying—which eventually was to terminate in the martyrdom of a bloody death.

## CHAPTER IX

### SLAVERY

It was the custom with the Mohawks that, if a captive was not killed, he was given as a slave to one of the families who had lost a son on the war-path. The owner had the right of life and death over his slave. Within the village confines no one else had the right to strike or kill him.

After their final torture the French captives were given a period for recuperation. When this was at an end, Couture was strong enough to walk so he was led to the farthest of their villages, but Jogues and Goupil were so injured and weakened that they could not walk. Consequently they were assigned as slaves to families living in the first town. Their condition was most pitiable. There was hardly a sound spot on their entire bodies. Their hands were so mutilated that whatever food they ate had to be fed to them by other hands. Their wounds were open and festering and exposed to the horrible stings of insects and vermin which swarmed everywhere. Their food was corn grits and water. The wonder is that they survived at all. Their appearance was so pitiable that even the Indians began to show them some little kindness, giving them occasionally bits of dried fish or meat.

Meanwhile the Dutch at Albany having heard of the capture of Frenchmen by the Mohawks made special efforts for their release. They sent a delegation to Ossernenon which gave special inducements to the Indians for the liberation of the captives, offering among other things, two hundred dollars, a substantial amount at that time, but to no avail. Not wishing to offend the Dutch by a flat refusal, the Indians told them that they would soon free their prisoners in exchange for some of their warriors held by the French. And this exchange might have been effected had not an event occurred which came near subjecting the captives to new tortures and death.

The war-party of two hundred Mohawks, whom Jogues' band had met on the march to the Mohawk country, had experienced a most humiliating defeat at the hands of the French. They came home breathing vengeance on their enemy. As soon as they learned that the French captives were still alive their rage knew no bounds. Straightway they determined to vent their rage on the prisoners, and proceeded to the place of their detention, but as Providence would have it, both Goupil and Jogues were at that time walking in the fields, discoursing on pious subjects. By the time they returned, the older and wiser heads of the tribe had persuaded the warriors that the captive French were worth more alive than dead, and had succeeded in having their lives spared, at least for the present.

Jogues and Goupil now continued their life of slavery—a most wretched and precarious existence, since they were at the mercy of any savage who might wish to kill them, provided he met them outside the village limits. Indeed it was not long before this fate befell one of them. Rene Goupil in his zeal for souls was accustomed to gather about him little children whom he endeavored to instruct as best he could, and to whom he taught the sign of the cross.

One of the Indians, an old man, saw Goupil showing his grandchild how to make the sign of the cross. Calling to one of the young braves, his nephew, he commanded him to kill the Christian teacher, saying at the same time that the sign would bring evil on the child. The young brave did not need encouragement for the deed. He was already infuriated against the French, because one of his relatives had been slain by them in the recent encounter. Accordingly he waited his opportunity until Goupil should go outside the town limits.

One evening shortly afterwards, Jogues and Goupil were walking in the nearby woods when they perceived that they were being followed by the nephew of the old man and a companion. These came up to them and ordered them home. Jogues and Goupil feared that some new and dreadful ordeal

was awaiting them. They mutually comforted and consoled each other, and became resigned to whatever fate was prepared for them. Jogues said afterwards: "I had some presentiment of what was to happen, and told him: 'My dear brother, let us recommend ourselves to Our Lord and to our good Mother the Blessed Virgin: these men have some evil design, I think.' We had a little before offered ourselves to Our Lord with much devotion, beseeching Him to accept our lives and blood for the salvation of these poor tribes."

They took out their beads and began the recitation of the rosary. Scarcely had they reached the fourth decade, when just as they were approaching the village gate, one of the savages suddenly raised a tomahawk and brought it down on the head of Goupil, splitting his skull. The victim fell forward on his face, uttering the name of Jesus. Jogues believing that his time had come also, bared his head, fell on his knees and awaited a like blow. But the expected blow did not fall. Instead he was told to rise and that he had nothing to fear, as he belonged to another family.

Upon receiving this respite Jogues knelt down beside the prostrate form of his companion, imparted the last absolution, reverently kissed the bleeding body, and covered it with his tears. Goupil was to him son, brother and companion, and his sole solace, after God, in his captivity. The savages dragged Jogues from the martyr's body, and for fear they had not finished him, dealt him two more blows with the tomahawk. "It was on the 29th of September, 1642," says Jogues, "that this angel of innocence and martyr of Jesus Christ was immolated, in his thirty-fifth year, for Him who had given His life for his ransom. He had consecrated his soul and his heart to God; his hand, his very life, to the welfare of the poor Indians."

Jogues was ordered back to the family that owned, or adopted him, as this proprietorship was termed. For two days he remained indoors expecting every moment to meet a fate similar to Goupil's, for he had been informed that his adoptive

family had also lost a relative in the recent campaign against the French. To his surprise, however, his owner treated him kindly and even warned him against going outside the village, unless in company with one of the family. "Be on your guard," he said, "there are some young men determined to kill you." From other sources also he learned that his life was in imminent danger. Some told him openly that he was going to be slain, and one Indian asked him for his shoes, saying that he would soon have no need of them. The apprehension resulting from all this was worse than actual killing would be. Indeed he was suffering a death agony all day long, and for many days.

Notwithstanding the threats of danger he nevertheless determined to find out what had become of the martyr's body and to give it proper burial. But of this, and other intimate details, let us hear the account taken from an autograph letter of Father Jogues to his Superior.

"Rene Goupil was a native of Angers, who, in the bloom of life, earnestly asked admission into our novitiate at Paris, where he remained some months with great edification. His bodily ailments having deprived him of the happiness of consecrating himself in the holy state of religion as he wished, he crossed over to New France, as soon as he grew better, to serve the Society there, as he had not the happiness of giving himself to it in the Old. And to do nothing of his own will, though perfect master of his actions, he submitted himself entirely to the direction of the Superior of the Mission, who employed him for two whole years in the meanest employments of the house, which he discharged with great humility and charity.

"They also gave him the care of tending the sick and wounded in the hospital, a post he filled with great ability, for he was well skilled in surgery, and with equal love and charity always beholding Our Lord in the person of his patients. So sweet an odor of his goodness and other virtues did he leave in that place, that his memory is still in benediction there. As we descended from the Hurons in July, 1642, we asked the

Reverend Father Vimont to let us take him, as the Hurons greatly needed a surgeon, and he consented. It were impossible to express the joy of this good young man when the Superior told him to prepare for the voyage. He knew, withal, the great dangers on the river; he knew how furious the Iroquois were against the French; yet all this could not deter him from embarking for Three Rivers, at the slightest sign of His Will, to Whom he had voluntarily resigned all that concerned him.

"We left there (Three Rivers) on the first day of August, the morrow of the Feast of Our Holy Father. On the second after, we met the enemy, who, divided into two bands, awaited us, with all the advantage which a large number of picked men, fighting on land, can have over a smaller one of all kinds on the water in bark canoes. Almost all the Hurons had fled into the woods, and, having left us, we were taken. Here his virtue was strikingly displayed; for as soon as he was taken, he said, 'Father! blessed be God, He has permitted it; He has wished it; His holy will be done! I love it, I wish it, I cherish it, I embrace it with all my heart.' While the enemy pursued the fugitives, I confessed him and gave him absolution, not knowing what was to befall us after our capture.

"The enemy, having returned from the chase, fell on us with their teeth, like furious dogs, tore out our nails and crunched our fingers, all which he endured with great patience and courage. His presence of mind in so distressing an accident was shown specially in his aiding me, in spite of the pain of his wounds, in instructing, as far as he could, the Huron prisoners who were not yet Christians. As I was instructing them separately, and as they came to me, he reminded me that a poor old man named Ondouterraon might well be one of those to be killed on the spot, it being then the custom always to sacrifice someone to the heat of their rage. I instructed this old man carefully while the enemy was busied with the division of the booty of twelve canoes, a part of which were laden with necessaries for our Huron Fathers. The

spoil being divided, they killed the poor old man almost at the very moment when I had given him a new birth. During our march to the enemy's country we had the additional consolation of being together; and here I witnessed many virtues.

"On the way he was always absorbed in God. His words and conversation were all in perfect submissiveness to the orders of Divine Providence and a voluntary acceptance of the death which God sent him. He offered himself to Him as a holocaust, to be reduced to ashes in the fire of the Iroquois, which that good Father should enkindle. In all, and by all, he sought means to please Him. One day—it was soon after our capture—he told me, while still on the way: 'Father, God has always given me a great desire to consecrate myself to His holy service by the vows of religion in His holy Society; till now, my sins have rendered me unworthy of this grace; yet I hope that Our Lord will accept the offering I wish to make Him now, and to take, in the best manner that I can, the vows of the Society, in the presence of my God and before you.' Having permitted him, he pronounced them with great devotion.

"Wounded as he was, he dressed the wounds of others, not only of the prisoners, but even of such of the enemy as had received any wound in the combat. He also bled a sick Iroquois, and did all with as much charity as if he were doing it to his dearest friends. His humility and the obedience he paid to his captors confounded me. The Iroquois, who had us both in their canoe, told me to take a paddle and use it. Proud even in death, I would not. Some time after, they told him to do it, and he immediately began to paddle; but when he perceived that the Indians wished to compel me to do so after his example, he begged my pardon.

"At times on the way, I suggested to him thoughts of flight, as the liberty given us afforded him abundant opportunity. For my own part, I could not forsake a Frenchman and twenty-four or five Huron prisoners. He would

never do it, resigning himself entirely to the will of Our Lord, who inspired him with no such thought. On the Lake (Champlain) we met two hundred Iroquois, who came to Richelieu when they began to build the fort; they covered us with stripes, drenched us in blood, and made us experience the rage of men possessed by the devil. All these outrages and cruelties he endured with great patience and charity for those who ill-treated him.

"On entering the first town where we were so cruelly treated, he showed extraordinary patience and mildness. Having fallen under the hail of blows of clubs and iron rods poured on us, and unable to rise, he was carried, as it were, half-dead on the scaffold, where we were already, in the middle of the town, but in so pitiable a state that he would have moved cruelty itself to compassion: he was all livid with bruises, and in his face we could distinguish nothing but the whites of his eyes; yet he was the more beautiful in the eyes of angels as he was more disfigured; and like Him of Whom it is said: 'We have seen Him as a leper . . . There was in Him neither comeliness nor beauty.'

"Scarcely had he, or even we, recovered breath, when they came and gave him three blows on the shoulders with a heavy club, as they had done to us. After cutting off a thumb from me as the most important, they turned to him and cut off his right thumb at the first joint. During this cruel operation he constantly repeated 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph.' During the six days that we were exposed to all those who chose to maltreat us, he displayed extraordinary mildness; his breast was all burned by the live coals and ashes which the boys threw on his body when he was tied down on the ground at night. Nature gave me more dexterity than him in escaping some of these pains. After our life was granted us, just after we had, been warned to prepare to be burned, he fell sick in great want of everything, especially of food, for he was not accustomed to theirs. I could not relieve him, being also sick, and not having one finger sound or whole.

"But I must hasten to his death, which wants nothing to be that of a martyr. After we had been six weeks in the country, as confusion rose in the councils of the Iroquois, some of whom were for sending us back, we lost all hope, which in me had never been sanguine, of seeing Three Rivers that year. We consoled one another then at this disposal of Providence, and prepared for all He should ordain in our regard. He did not see the danger we were in so clearly. I saw it better. This made me often tell him to hold himself in readiness. Accordingly, one day when in our mental pain we had gone out of the town to pray more becomingly and undisturbed by noise, two young men came after us and told us to return home. I had some presentiment of what was to happen, and told him: 'My dear brother, let us recommend ourselves to Our Lord and to our good Mother the Blessed Virgin: these men have some evil design, I think.'

"We had a little before offered ourselves to Our Lord with much devotion, beseeching Him to accept our lives and blood for the salvation of these poor tribes. We were returning then towards the town, reciting our beads, of which we had already said four decades. Having stopped near the gate of the town to see what they would say, one of these two Iroquois drew an axe which he had hidden under his blanket, and dealt Rene a blow on the head as he stood before him; he fell stiff on his face on the ground, uttering the holy name of Jesus, for we had often reminded each other to close our voice and life with that holy name. I turned at the blow, and seeing the reeking hatchet, fell on my knees to receive the blow that was to unite me to my loved companion; but as they delayed I rose, ran to him, as he lay expiring near me. They gave him two more blows on the head and extinguished life, but not before I had given him absolution, which, since our captivity, I had given him regularly after his confession every other day.

"It was the 29th day of September, the Feast of St. Michael, that this angel in innocence and martyr of Christ gave his life for Him who had given him His. They commanded me

to return to my cabin, where I awaited, during the rest of the day and the next, the same treatment. It was the belief of all that I would not wait long, as they had begun it; and in fact for several days they came to kill me, but Our Lord prevented it by ways which would take too long to explain. Early the next morning I did not fail to start out to inquire where they had thrown that blessed body, for I wished to inter it, cost what it might. Some Iroquois who had a wish to save me said: "Thou hast no sense; thou seest that they seek thee everywhere to kill thee, and thou goest out still—thou wilt go to seek a body already half putrefied, which has been dragged far from here. Seest thou not those young men going out who will kill thee when thou art past the palisade?"

"This did not stop me, and Our Lord gave me courage enough to be willing to die in that office of charity. I go, I seek, and by the help of a captured Algonquin I find it. After he had been killed the children had stripped him, and tying a cord around his neck dragged him to a torrent which runs at the foot of the town. The dogs had already gnawed a part of his thighs. At this spectacle I could not withhold my tears. I took the body, and aided by the Algonquin, I sank it in the water and covered it with large stones to hide it, intending to return the next day with a spade, when there was no one near, and dig a grave and inter it. I thought the body well hidden, but perhaps some one saw us, especially of the youth, and took it up.

"The next day, as they sought to kill me, my aunt (so called) sent me to her field to escape, as I think; this compelled me to defer it till the next day. It rained all night, so that the torrent was extremely swelled; I borrowed a hoe in another cabin, the better to conceal my design, but on approaching the place could not find the blessed deposit; I entered the water already quite cold, I go and come, I sound with my feet to see whether the water had not raised and carried off the body, but I saw nothing. How many tears I shed which fell in the torrent, while I sang as I could the psalms which the Church chants for

the dead! After all I found nothing, and a woman known to me who passed by, seeing me in trouble, told me, when I asked her whether she did not know what had been done with it, that it had been dragged to the river, which is a quarter of a league from there, and with which I was not acquainted.

"This was false, the young men had taken it up and dragged it into a neighboring wood, where during the fall and winter it was the food of the dog, the crow and the fox. When I was told in the spring that he had been dragged there, I went several times without finding anything; at last the fourth time, I found his head and some half-gnawed bones, which I interred, intending to carry them off, if taken back to Three Rivers, as was then talked of. Repeatedly did I kiss them as the bones of a martyr of Jesus Christ. I give him this title, not only because he was killed by the enemies of God and His Church, in the exercise of an ardent love for his neighbor, putting himself in evident perils for the love of God, but particularly because he was killed for prayer, and expressly for the Holy Cross.

"He was in a cabin where he prayed daily, which scarcely pleased a superstitious old man there. One day seeing a little child, three or four years old, in the cabin, from an excess of devotion and love of the cross, and in a simplicity which we, who are more prudent according to the flesh, would not have had, he took off his cap, and putting it on the child's head made the sign of the cross on his body. The old man seeing it ordered a young man in his cabin, who was starting on a war-party, to kill him; and he obeyed the order, as we have seen.

"The mother of the child herself, in a voyage which I made with her, told me that he had been killed for that sign of the cross; and the old man who had given the order to kill him invited me one day to his cabin to dinner, but when I made the sign of the cross before beginning, he said, "That is what we hate; that is what we killed thy comrade for, and will kill thee too. Our neighbors, the Europeans, do not make it."

Sometimes, too, as I prayed on my knees in hunting time, they told me that they hated that way of doing, and had killed the other Frenchman for it, and would kill me too when I got back to the village.

"I beg pardon of your Reverence for the precipitation with which I write this, and my want of respect in so doing. Excuse me, if you please; I feared to miss the opportunity of discharging a debt I should long since have discharged."

For two months after the martyrdom of Blessed Rene Goupil, Jogues lived in constant readiness for a similar fate. One evening as he lay in his cabin wrapped in a wretched blanket, which was his robe by day, an Indian wanted to take part of it. Jogues spoke gently to him saying: "I would give it to you willingly, but you know it is not enough to protect me from the cold; besides it is my only covering during the day, without it I should be naked, and as you know it is not our custom to go about that way. However do as you choose." The Indian felt so much resentment at this, that he planned to kill the Father.

Accordingly he arranged with the slayer of Goupil to tomahawk the missionary at the first opportunity. While they were discussing their plan, in the very presence of Jogues, not thinking that he knew enough of the language to understand them he learned the particulars of the plot. "I pretended," he writes, "not to understand they were plotting against me. 'I was as a dumb man that heareth not; and that hath no reproofs in his mouth. For in Thee, O Lord, have I hoped.' I loved to recall to my mind Him 'Who was led as a lamb to the slaughter' and I wished to meet death with a prayer to God that He would not 'turn back the evils upon my enemies, and cut them off in His truth.'"

On the following day two women found a pretext for sending him to the field outside the town. Although he knew what this presaged he nevertheless did as he was directed. As he came to the field he saw the slayer of Goupil, but did not show any hesitancy in going to where the assassin stood.

Ready and eager for martyrdom he approached the hatchetman, who for some reason, instead of striking the fatal blow, turned aside, without saying a word, and left the Father standing in astonishment, as one snatched from the jaws of death. In constant expectancy of a treacherous blow Jogues passed his days performing his duties as a slave, and doing all in his power, at every opportunity, for the poor Huron captives whom torture had not yet put an end to.

In order to fortify his soul for the trials it had to meet daily, he tells us that he had recourse to prayer and pious reading:

"I avoided crowded places, and sought solitude: there I entreated God 'to make His face shine upon His servant' and to 'grant him help from trouble.' 'If I have become unto many as a wonder,' I owe it only to God, who so wonderfully bore me up, and who, by a proof of His infinite goodness, often roused my drooping courage.

"I found a refuge in the Holy Scriptures—my only source 'in the trouble that encompassed me.' I venerated them, and desired to die while using them. Of all the books that we were carrying to the Hurons, I had saved only the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, with the comments of Mgr. Anthony Godeau, Bishop of Grasse. I always carried this book with me, as well as an indulgenced picture of St. Bruno, the illustrious founder of the Carthusians, and a little wooden cross I had myself made the best way I could. I wished that wherever I should meet death, which I never lost sight of, it should find me ready, resting on the Holy Scriptures, which had always been my greatest comfort; strengthened with the graces and indulgences of the Most Holy Church, my mother, whom I have always loved, but now more than ever; and lastly, armed with the cross of my Redeemer."

Sometime afterwards he had the good fortune to find the "Following of Christ" and a "Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary," which were probably part of the booty taken by

some raiding band of Indians, and discarded by them as of no use. But to the devout priest they were a heavenly treasure.

Jogues now settled down to the routine work of a slave, no further attempts being made on his life. His condition was indescribable. Whatever clothes he had were in rags. His feet were torn and bleeding from his broken shoes. With the approach of winter he suffered frightfully from the cold. Yet in this condition he was obliged to accompany the hardened savages on their annual deer hunt. The march to the hunting grounds, some sixty miles distant, was for him painful in the extreme. Arrived there he was assigned to women's work, being deemed physically unfit for that of a man. Accordingly all the drudgery about the camp fell on him.

For a time game was plenty and the Indians fared abundantly if not sumptuously. The meat diet and the life in the open were beginning to restore Jogues to health and strength. But one day as his duties brought him to where the Indians were dressing the meat, he observed that before doing so they offered a part of each animal as a sacrifice to the demon of the hunt, saying, "Genius Aireskoi, behold we offer thee meat: feast on it, eat it, and show us where the deer roam." After learning that their meat was used in devil-worship Jogues never partook of it again. He flatly told the Indians that he could not eat of what was immolated to the devil.

From this time on his only food was parched corn and sagamity, and very little of that, as the Indians scorned such food when meat was at hand. He thus described the pangs of hunger which his resolution caused him to suffer: "Often did I enter the cabin at night, without having tasted food the whole day, and I would find my Egyptians gluttonly 'seated over the flesh-pots' smoking full; and although I might allege the best reasons for allowing myself to partake of their fare, I did not once, thank God, fail in my resolution. When suffering the pangs of hunger, I would say to God: 'We shall be filled with the good things of Thy house'; 'I shall be satisfied when Thy

glory shall appear'; 'Thou shalt fulfill the yearnings of Thy servant in the holy city of Thy celestial Jerusalem.' "

As the success of the hunt began to wane the Indians attributed it to the contempt shown their deity by Jogues. This changed their rather friendly attitude towards him into hatred, and in various ways made life almost intolerable for him.

Another instance will show how much the holy priest had to suffer in consequence of their superstitious practices. One of the Indians had fallen sick, and in a dream had learned what would cure him; namely, certain ceremonies and dances in which Jogues was to participate by being present and holding his book of prayers in his hand, as he was accustomed to do when reading his breviary. The relatives of the sick man came to Jogues to acquaint him with his part in the remedial ceremonies. They never thought for a moment that he would object, because they regarded dream admonition as sacred, and to be carried out at no matter what sacrifice or inconvenience.

We can imagine their consternation therefore when Jogues kindly but firmly refused to take part in their orgies. They would not take a refusal however. Still others came and pleaded with him to restore the invalid to health by fulfilling the dream commands. When they perceived him unyielding they accused him of cruelty for letting a man die when he could be saved so easily. Pleading and abuse not availing they got some young men to drag him to the place. But he, seeing them coming and divining their purpose, took to the woods. They gave chase but were not able to come up with him. Even in his weakened condition, Jogues, it appears, was more than their match for speed. Finally, realizing the impossibility of overcoming his opposition, they let him alone, for the time being, but held it against him for future reckoning.

Thus, alternating between sufferings of body and of mind, Jogues dragged out an existence which was virtually a daily martyrdom. He could not pray in their presence, for they accused him of doing so to invoke evil spirits against them. If he knelt, they misconstrued it into an act of sorcery which was



to harm them. Although on the point of starvation he could not touch their idol-offered meat, and little else was to be had. Moreover the severity of a northern winter was adding to his other afflictions. The Indians had an abundance of furs to protect them from the biting cold, but he, although more sensitive to the cold than they, had hardly any protection against it. His body became chapped and raw from the cutting winds of daytime, and the freezing atmosphere of the cabin by night. All around him the savages were warmly covered, while he was kept shivering throughout most of the night.

Anguish of spirit was added to bodily pain as we learn from his own words:

"I thought," he writes, "of my dear companions, whose blood had so lately covered me, and I heard a report that good William had also ended his life in most cruel torments, and that a like end was in store for me on our return to the town. Then the remembrance of my whole life rushed back to me, with all its unfaithfulness to God, and all its faults. I groaned to see myself die 'in the midst of my days,' as if rejected by the Lord, deprived of the sacraments of the Church, and with no good words to propitiate my Judge. Thus tormented with a desire to live and the fear of death, I groaned, and cried to my God: When shall my grief and my anguish come to an end? When wilt Thou 'see my abjection and my labor'; when wilt Thou give me 'calm after the storm'; when shall my 'sorrow be turned into joy?'"

"I should have perished unless the Lord 'had shortened the evil days'; but I had recourse to my support and ordinary refuge, the Holy Scriptures, of which I could recall some passages. They taught me to see God in His goodness, and made me alive to the fact that although deprived of all aids of piety, 'the just man liveth by faith.' I pondered on these words: 'I followed the running waters' to endeavor to quench my thirst. On the law of the Lord I meditated day and night, for 'unless Thy law had been my meditation, I had then perished in my abjection' and 'perhaps the water had swallowed us up.'

"But blessed be the Lord, Who 'hath not given as to be a prey to the teeth' of my enemies, 'for now their hour seemed come and the power of darkness.' 'I was pressed out of measure above my strength, so that I was weary even of life.' Meanwhile I repeated with Job, but in another sense, 'Although God should kill me, I will trust in Him.'"

In order to have some opportunity for his spiritual practices he built a little oratory in the woods not far from his cabin. Here with no protection against the wintry blasts but some fir branches to ward off the icy wind, he spent hours of prayer on his knees in the snow after his work as a slave was finished for the day. Here, before the large cross which he had cut in the bark of a tree, he performed his devotions of prayer, meditation and pious reading, unseen by the eye of man, but an object of admiration to the angels, and the very incarnation of heroic love of God and of fidelity to Him under the most trying circumstances.

As the time approached when it was customary for those of his Order to make the annual retreat, he spent eight consecutive days in making the Spiritual Exercises, as best he could under the conditions. While he was thus engaged in prayer and meditation, his long absence from the cabin was noticed, and some of the Indians spied on him to see what he was doing there so long and all alone. They feared he was engaged in some witchcraft to injure them. When however they found him on his knees, on the hard, cold ground, they knew he was simply praying. As this was distasteful to them they tried in every way to distract him and to frighten him away. At times they would steal up behind him and suddenly break into loud and terrific yells. Again they would rush on him with raised tomahawks as if to strike. But he seemed not to be aware of their deviltries, so completely was he absorbed in his devotions.

"While in the place," says he, "which I had chosen as my retreat, I seemed to be in the company of several of our Fathers whom I had known in life, and whose virtue and merit

I esteemed highly. I preserve a distinct recollection only of Father James Bertrix and Father Stephen Binet; and of Father Coton vaguely. I besought them with all the ardor of my soul to commend me to the Cross, that it might receive me as the disciple of Him whom it had borne, and that it would not repulse a 'Citizen of the Cross.' (This idea had never entered my mind even in meditation.) I was indeed born in Orleans, a city the cathedral church of which is dedicated to the Holy Cross. These pious thoughts so expanded my heart, that when the Indians proposed to return to the village, where I expected to meet death, I set out full of joy."

Some of the Indians were making ready to return from the hunting grounds in order to bring home a portion of the dried meat which they had prepared. Jogues desiring to be of service to the Huron captives at the tribal village, asked leave to accompany the band on this expedition home. It was granted, not to gratify his wishes, but to use him as a beast of burden, to carry a huge load of the dried beef. For eight days he marched over the snow-covered trail, and in the intense cold of January, so overburdened that it passes understanding how he ever survived the journey.

One of this party was a woman who besides carrying her young child on her back was also encumbered by a heavy burden. The band came to a rapid and deep stream, too cold to swim across in mid-winter, and too rapid for thick ice to form for crossing on it. The Indians had made a bridge of a sort at the place by felling a tree in such a way that in its fall it spanned the stream. Across this the agile Indians easily made their way. But the woman, burdened as she was, fell midway and dropped into the rapid icy stream. In falling, the strap which held her pack on her back and which passed over her forehead, slipped down to her neck and was fast choking her to death as she struggled in the water. The Indians did not seem to be concerned, but Jogues realizing her danger of drowning or choking, plunged into the freezing waters and brought mother and child to safety. The child was all but

drowned, and Jogues baptized it then and there. Two days later it died from the effects of the exposure. Jogues was no weakling. He out-ran the fleetest Indians, and could swim fast and far. Unless he were a powerful and rapid swimmer he had never been able to reach and save this poor woman and her child.

One of the Indians on this march was the old man who had ordered the death of Rene Goupil. He seemed to be very much impressed by Jogues' bravery and virtue. One day he offered to share his meal with the Father, who willingly accepted the offer, and started to bless himself before eating. "Don't do that," said the old man, "that's an evil thing to do; that's why your companion was killed, and you will be killed too, if you make that sign, which we hate." "I am ready to die," replied Jogues, as he proceeded to bless himself. This courage won him the respect of the Indian, who not only did not harm him, but rather, from then on, treated him with unusual kindness. Even a savage recognizes heroic virtue.

On his return from the hunting grounds Jogues' clothing or lack of it was a deep concern to him; not only because of his suffering from the intense mid-winter cold, but also because of his regard for modesty. He was covered by a few rags only. Going from cabin to cabin he begged for something to protect his body and his decency. He received nothing but insults, except from one person who threw him a soiled and worn-out piece of cloth. One of the Dutch settlers, who happened to be in the village, seeing his deplorable condition, took pity on him and provided him with some garments. What added to the anguish of the Father was to see the Indians clothed in the sacred vestments which were part of the booty they had obtained by the capture of the convoy. They turned these things into the most grotesque uses, employing altar veils and mass vestments as clothing, and that in an altogether ridiculous fashion.

Hardly had he time for a breathing spell on his return to the village, when he was ordered to make a return march.

Slave, as he was, he must obey even though it seemed impossible for him to accomplish the journey. They loaded him with a heavy pack of corn and started him on his way over the ice-covered trail. But nature was not equal to the ordeal. Repeatedly he slipped and fell, until finally he dropped exhausted, unable to go on. Returning to the village as best he could, he was loaded with insults, and given a duty which was so repulsive that the Indians themselves refused it.

One of the natives was stricken with a disease which made his body one huge ulcer, from which the stench was so offensive that hardly anyone would go near the miserable creature to care for his needs. Jogues was ordered to act as nurse to this man. It happened that the patient was the savage who had torn out the Father's nails, and otherwise treated him cruelly, on his first arrival in the town. Notwithstanding the invalid's loathsome condition and his former cruelty to him, Jogues welcomed this opportunity of practicing Christian charity.

When the Indians returned from the hunt, the family which owned Jogues claimed his services. He rendered such cheerful service, and was so useful, that gradually the family showed a kindlier attitude towards him. In particular the mother of his master treated him with consideration. This woman, whom he called "aunt," greatly admired his virtue, which was of a kind and degree altogether unknown among her people. By degrees the favor shown him by his masters influenced the conduct of others towards him, with the result that they ceased their persecution and even accorded him a measure of respect.

He now determined to do missionary work among his captors. Setting to work earnestly he acquired a sufficient knowledge of their language to converse with them. As the cabin of his master was a meeting place for those who discussed the affairs of the town or tribe, he met here most of the important men of the village. With these he gradually fell to talking about matters which interested them, such as the

sun's passage across the sky, the phases of the moon, the boundary of the earth and so on. They were in great admiration of his knowledge, and on a certain occasion, after he had given them the explanation of various things which had been a mystery to them, one of them said: "How we should have regretted it if we had killed him as we have so often intended doing!"

By degrees he was able to pass from material things to those of the spirit. He spoke to them of future life, judgment, heaven, hell and redemption. They were greatly impressed by what he said, and if conversion did not imply a change of life in conformity with belief, it is probable that they would have accepted the Faith. But steeped as they were in carnal vices, and wedded to superstitious practices, they confined their approbation to admiration only. "All that is good for you," they said, "who live beyond the great water, but not for us." His efforts, however, were not lost. Not a few asked for baptism, especially those who were ill, and also captives who were condemned to torture and death. Besides he baptized children and infants who were in danger of death.

Not satisfied with his missionary work in his own village, he availed himself of the generous liberty permitted him by his master, to make expeditions to the other Mohawk towns where the Christian Hurons were held as captives. He encouraged and consoled these faithful souls, who in spite of every difficulty imaginable held firm to their religion, some of them giving examples of heroic virtue.

This missionary work, so agreeable to the Father, was interrupted after two months by the fishing season. In company with two Indians and his "aunt" he set out for a lake four days distant, where they pitched camp and set to work. His duty was much the same as on the hunt. The Indians dried the fish which they caught, to serve as food for the summer. Their only food during the fishing season was hominy seasoned with the entrails of the fish. This loathsome diet was at first repulsive to Jogues but he eventually got used to it;

saying: "Custom, hunger and want render tolerable, if not agreeable, what nature often abhors."

He often enjoyed a leisure on these expeditions to which he was a stranger in the village. Listen to him describe the manner of his employing his opportunity: "How often in these journeys," he writes, "and in that quiet wilderness, 'did we sit by the rivers of Babylon, and weep while we remembered thee, Sion' not only lauding that Sion in heaven, but even thee, Jerusalem, praising thy God on earth. 'How often though in a strange land, did we sing the canticle of the Lord,' and mountain and wild-wood resounded with the praises of their Maker, which from their creation they had never heard!

"How often on the stately trees of the forests did I carve the most sacred name of Jesus, that seeing it the demons might fly, who tremble when they hear it! How often, too, did I not strip off the bark to form on them the Most Holy Cross of the Lord, that the foe might fly before it, and that by it Thou, O Lord my King, 'mightest reign in the midst of Thy enemies'—the enemies of Thy cross—the misbelievers and the pagans who dwell in that land, and the demons who rule so powerfully there! I rejoiced, too, that I had been led by the Lord into the wilderness, at the very time when the Church recalls the story of His Passion, so that I might more uninterruptedly remember the course of its bitterness and gall, and my soul pine away at the remembrance."

This period of quiet however was not for long. A messenger arrived from the village stating that the Algonquins were on the war-path and had been seen in the neighborhood of the fishing camp. On hearing this alarming news they hastened to break up the fishing camp and return home. But it was merely a stratagem to expedite the return of the missionary to the village, where preparations had been made for his torture and death.

The cause of this sudden action was the reported capture and torture of a band of Mohawks. One of this band

was the son of Jogues' master. Immediately they sacrificed a Huron captive to the shade of this warrior, but his father was not satisfied with the rank of the victim, demanding that Jogues be sacrificed. Accordingly the day was appointed for his death—which happened to be Good Friday—and the missionary was ready and eager for the torture and death prepared for him. But shortly before the time set for his Calvary, a messenger came running into the village announcing that far from having been captured and slain, the Mohawk band was returning victorious, laden with booty and prisoners. The attention of the braves was now turned to the returning band, Jogues being altogether out of their thoughts.

Of the twenty prisoners captured, five were condemned to the most frightful tortures. The women and children were reserved for slavery. By aid of a Huron interpreter the Father was able to communicate with the condemned, who belonged to the Abnaki tribe. He instructed and baptized them before their execution which was deferred for some weeks.

Sometime after the butchery of these warriors, Jogues witnessed the horrible death of three women prisoners belonging to a captured band, all the men of which had been killed in the fight. These were young women who instead of being held captives, as was customary, were doomed to torture. They were stripped of their clothing and horribly beaten and mutilated. Contrary to the custom with women captives one of them had burning brands applied to her body and was then thrown upon an immense pyre. Jogues, ever on the alert to confer a spiritual benefit, seeing her in her death agony ran up to her as if to give her a drink of water, and baptized her.

These victims were immolated in reparation to their god and in fulfillment of a vow. They believed that they had incurred the god's anger because they had not eaten human flesh for six months. Some time previously while they were sacrificing two bears to this god, Jogues heard the following dreadful words: "Justly dost thou punish us, O Aireskoi. . . .

we have offended thee by not eating the last captives, but if we shall again take any we promise to eat them as we now eat these bears."

These women captives were the wretched victims of this vow. Every time that a blazing brand burned into the prisoner's flesh a sachem cried aloud: "Aireskoi, we offer thee this victim which we burn in thy honor! Sate thyself on her flesh, and make us ever victorious over our enemies." The burned body was cut up into portions, distributed through the villages, and eaten.

Jogues was a frequent spectator of scenes of a similar nature, and they caused him the keenest mental anguish. His helplessness to avert the horrible tortures added to his pain of soul. It also made him employ every artifice of Christian courage to afford comfort and spiritual welfare to the victims.

It is no wonder that at this time he poured out his soul in the following lamentation: 'Woe is me, wherefore was I born to see the ruin of my people?' Verily, in these and like heartrending cares, 'my life is wasted with grief, and my years with sighs'; for the Lord hath corrected me for mine iniquity and hath made my soul waste away as a spider.' 'He hath filled me with bitterness, He hath inebriated me with wormwood'; 'because the comforter, the relief of my soul, is far from me'; 'but in all these things we overcome', and by the favor of God will overcome, 'because of Him that hath loved us,' until 'He come that is to come, and will not delay'; 'until my day like that of a hireling come,' or 'my change be made.' "

Truly was he a martyr long before the martyr's crown was placed on his brow. The wonder grows, as we peruse the details of his captivity, how a human being could pass through his afflictions of body and mind and survive. Certainly God is wonderful in His saints. Christianity has her heroes.

## CHAPTER X

### FRENCH AND DUTCH INTERVENTION

After Jogues' capture he was given up for dead by his brethren at Quebec. Both in Europe and America his loss was keenly mourned. His religious brethren, however, envied him his glorious death as an apostle and martyr, and were spurred on by his fate to emulate his zeal. Thus are the patriots of Christ's kingdom fired with enthusiasm by what causes discouragement and failure in less heroic souls.

Joseph, a Christian of the Huron tribe, who had been captured along with Jogues, and had been led into captivity with him, succeeded in making his escape while he was on a fishing expedition to the St. Lawrence with his captors. This was the man who brought to Quebec the news that Jogues was alive, a slave among the Mohawks.

The Governor, Montmagny, on hearing of the arrival of Joseph and the news he brought, sent for him to learn all the details possible about the Father. He was deeply affected by the recital of the frightful sufferings undergone by Jogues, and by the shocking description of his captivity. At the time he felt himself powerless to rescue Jogues by force since the military at his command was absolutely inadequate. He knew that unless he should decisively defeat the Mohawks they would kill all the prisoners, and moreover be a menace to the colony. Hence he sought a way of accomplishing his purpose by peaceful means.

While he was giving the matter his close and constant attention an event occurred which enabled him to start negotiations for the release of the prisoner. The Sokoki Indians were allies of the Iroquois. A Sokoki had recently been captured by the Algonquins, allies of the Hurons. The captive was one of the chief men of the tribe, and in retaliation for

their cruelties to Algonquin prisoners this man was condemned to most horrible tortures. They tore out his nails, cut off two of his fingers, drove a sharp stick through one of his feet and punctured his whole body with awls. A knotted cord was tied about his wrists and drawn until it cut the flesh through to the bone. The pain was so intense that although through bravado he made no outcry, nor gave any sign of suffering, he swooned, and for a time seemed lifeless. However he revived and was reserved for further torture and death.

The Governor, learning of the capture of the Sokoki hastened to the Algonquin village where he was detained, in hopes that as the Sokokis were allies of the Iroquois, this captive might be employed in negotiations for the liberation of Jogues. Accordingly he asked his allies, the Algonquins, to turn their prisoner over to him. On learning his object they complied with his request. The Governor informed the condemned man that he had obtained for him life and freedom. Then he had him conveyed to the hospital presided over by the nuns, who bestowed on him a mother's care, and nursed him back to health. When he was strong enough to travel, the Governor presented him with many gifts, and asked him in return for his kindness, to use his efforts with the chiefs of his tribe to have them intercede with their ally, the Mohawks, for the liberation of Jogues.

The Indian was truly grateful for his preservation, and on his return to his village extolled the goodness of the Governor, and expressed his admiration for the missionaries. He conveyed to the chief men of the tribe the ardent wish of the Governor for the release of Jogues through their intervention. Their sense of gratitude made them favorable to this request, and in April, 1643, they sent an embassy to the Mohawks for this purpose. The perfidious Mohawks promised to comply with their ally's request, and said that they, themselves, would escort Jogues to the French colony, just as soon as they could arrange for the journey.

But the wily savages had no intention of liberating Jogues. Their promise was forgotten with the departure of the Sokokis. However the embassy was not without results. It showed the Mohawks the value of their prisoner, and greatly modified their treatment of him, which henceforward was very much more considerate.

Notwithstanding the friendly attitude of the tribe as a whole towards him, he was constantly in danger from individual animosity. While quietly engaged in his cabin on a certain day, a wild-eyed Indian rushed upon him and began to beat him with a club. Two blows had already fallen on his head and felled him to earth, when someone intervened and saved his life. The would-be assassin was neither punished nor reproved. Fear of sudden attacks kept the captive in constant dread. His one comfort amidst these apprehensions was the kindness and solicitude of his "aunt" who used every means in her power to protect and warn him, and in various ways to show him motherly devotion.

When she was convinced that her tribe had no intention of conducting him to the French colony, nor of liberating him at all, and fearing hourly for his violent death, she advised him to make his escape. If Jogues considered himself only he might easily have made his escape. But he had in mind the Christian captives to whom he was a source of spiritual and corporal comfort, and he also feared that if he escaped, the savages would revenge it by torturing his fellow-captives in this and other villages. Not only was he content to remain a slave for the love of God, but he furthermore placed his life in new jeopardy for love of his country.

Jogues was truly a patriot, not only of Christ's Kingdom but also of his own dear France, as the following event proves. A band of Mohawks was preparing to take the war-path. Jogues learned its destination, which was the St. Lawrence. He determined to warn the French colony of its danger. Finding an opportunity of transmitting a letter to his countrymen, he, at the risk of his life, took advantage of it.

The mere fact of handing a packet to one of the Indians going on a journey towards the French was suspicious in the eyes of the savages. But he took the risk, and the messenger agreed to deliver the letter.

In mid-August 1643, a lone Mohawk Indian, in a canoe, approached Fort Richelieu. As he paddled to the landing he was challenged by the guard. On stating that he had a packet from the Black-Gown for the Governor he was allowed to land, and was escorted to the Governor. The messenger wanted to leave directly after presenting the letter, but was detained until the Governor should learn its contents. Meanwhile a cannon was fired to indicate the termination of the truce. On hearing this the Mohawks, who were in ambush a short distance off, took alarm and fled, leaving the messenger behind. This supposed treachery on the part of the French was the source of renewed animosity against Jogues, as we shall see.

The letter which Jogues sent was written partly in Huron, partly in French and partly in Latin. This was done so that in case it fell into hostile hands it could not be comprehended. The original of this letter is preserved in the archives of the Gesu at Rome.

*"Village of the Iroquois, June 30, 1643.*

"My Lord: This is the fourth letter I have written since my detention as a prisoner in the hands of the Iroquois. Time and paper both fail me, and prevent my repeating here what I have said elsewhere at greater length.

"We are still alive. Henry, taken prisoner by the Iroquois near Montreal, on St. John's Eve, has been brought among us. He did not indeed run the gauntlet on entering the village, nor have his fingers been cut off, as ours were. He and the Hurons brought in with him are still alive.

"Fear constantly and everywhere the ambuscades of these men, for bands of braves leave the village every day to go on the war-path, and you must not think that the St.

Lawrence will be free from these savages before the end of autumn.

"They are here to the number of seven hundred; possess three hundred guns, which they use with great skill; and know several routes to reach the station of Three Rivers. Fort Richelieu arrests them indeed somewhat, but yet does not entirely prevent their raids.

"If the Iroquois had known that the Sokoki prisoner was indebted to the French for his deliverance from the hands of the Algonquins, they would, they say, have spared the French who have been taken and killed near Montreal. But it was already mid-winter when this news came to their knowledge.

"However, a new party has just taken the field. The chief is the very same who commanded the expedition which took us prisoners. They intend to attack the French no less than the Algonquins.

"Do not, I beg of you, take me personally into consideration, and let no sympathy for me prevent your taking any measure that seems to you best fitted to advance the greater glory of God.

"So far as I can divine, it is the design of the Iroquois to capture all the Hurons, if it is possible; to put the chiefs and a great part of the nation to death, and with the rest to form one nation and one country.

"I shed tears over the lot of these unfortunate people, most of whom are already Christians, the rest catechumens, and well-disposed to receive baptism.

"When will it be possible to apply a remedy at last to so many evils? Perhaps when there are no more prisoners to take.

"I have here a record written by our Fathers on what had occurred among the Hurons, and some letters written by

the same Fathers. The Iroquois captured them from the Hurons and handed them to me.

"The Dutch have already made several efforts to deliver us, but always to no purpose. They are now renewing their attempts; but I think it will be with the same result.

"I form a resolution which daily becomes more decided, to remain here as long as it pleases Our Lord, and not to seek to achieve my liberty, even if an opportunity offers. I do not wish to deprive the French, Hurons, and Algonquins of the benefit they receive from my ministry. I have administered baptism here to some, several of whom have already soared to heaven.

"My only consolation amid my sufferings is to think of the most holy will of God, to which I most willingly submit mine.

"I beg your Excellency to have the kindness to have prayers said and Masses celebrated for us all, and especially for him who is in Our Lord.

"Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

"ISAAC JOGUES,"of the Society of Jesus."

The Superior of the mission added the following words when he inserted this letter in the Relations for 1644: "There is more juice here than words. The tissue is excellent, although the hand that formed these letters is all mangled. His style is more sublime than that which emanates from the most pompous schools of rhetoric. . . . Although his words have drawn tears from our eyes, they have nevertheless increased the joy of our hearts. Some of us rather envy than compassionate him."

About five weeks after the letter to the Governor, Jogues wrote to his Provincial in France a long account of the events which had transpired in his captivity. The letter was dated August 5, 1643. Jogues took occasion while with his master at the Dutch settlement at Fort Orange, now Albany, to



send the letter to his Superior over seas. From this account we give the closing lines:

"Although I could in all probability escape either through the Europeans or the Indian nations around us, did I wish to fly, yet on this cross to which Our Lord has nailed me, with Himself, am I resolved by His grace to live and die. For who in my absence would console the French captives? who would absolve the penitent? who remind the Christian Huron of his duty? who instruct the prisoners constantly brought in? who baptize them dying, and encourage them in their torments? who cleanse the infants in the saving waters? who provide for the salvation of the dying adult, the instruction of those in health? Indeed I cannot but think it a peculiar interposition of Divine Goodness, that—while a nation, fallen from the true Catholic religion, barred the entrance of the Faith to these regions on one side; and on the other a fierce war between savage nations, and on their account with the French—I should have fallen into the hands of these Indians, who by the will of God reluctantly, and I may say against their will, have thus far spared my life, that through me, though unworthy, those might be instructed, believe, and be baptized, who are predestined to eternal life.

"Since the time when I was taken, I have baptized seventy persons, children, young people and old, of five different nations and languages, that of 'every tribe, and people and tongue, they might stand in the sight of the Lamb.' Therefore do I daily bow my knee to my Lord and to the Father of my Lord, that if it be for His glory, He may confound all the designs of the Europeans and savages for ransoming me or sending me back to the whites; for many of the Indians speak of my being restored, and the Dutch, among whom I write this, have frequently offered, and now again are offering, to rescue me and my companions. I have visited them twice, and have been most kindly welcomed; they leave no stone unturned to effect our deliverance, and have made many

presents to the Indians with whom I am, to induce them to treat me humanely.

"But I am now weary of so long and so prolix a letter; I therefore earnestly beg your Reverence ever to recognize me, though unworthy, as one of yours; for though a savage in dress and manner, and almost without God in so tossed a life, yet as I have ever lived a son of the most holy Church of Rome and of the Society, so do I wish to die. Obtain for me from God, Reverend Father, by your holy sacrifices, that though I have hitherto but ill employed the means He gave me to attain the highest sanctity, I may at least employ well this last occasion which He offers me. Your bounty, surely, owes this to a son who has recourse to you; for I lead a truly wretched life, where every virtue is in danger: Faith in the dense darkness of Paganism; Hope in so long and hard trials; Charity amid so much corruption, deprived of all the sacraments.

"Purity is not, indeed, endangered here by delights, but is tried, amid this promiscuous and intimate intercourse of both sexes, by the perfect liberty of all in hearing and doing what they please; and, most of all, in their constant nakedness. For here, willing or not, you must often see what elsewhere is shut out, not only from wandering, but even from curious eyes. Hence I daily groan to my God, begging Him not to leave me without help amid the dead; begging Him, I say, that amid such impurity and such superstitious worship of the devil to which he has exposed me—naked as it were, and unarmed, my heart may be undefiled in His justifications,' so that when that Good Shepherd shall come, 'Who will gather together the dispersed of Israel,' 'He may gather us from among the nations to bless His holy name. Amen! Amen!'

"Your Reverence's most humble servant and son in Christ, "ISAAC JOGUES.

"Permit me through your Reverence to salute all my dear Fathers and Brothers whom I tenderly love and cherish in Christ, and to commend myself to their holy sacrifices and prayers.

"Your most humble servant and son in Christ,

"ISAAC JOGUES.

"Rensselaerswyck, in New Netherland, August 5, 1643."

On his return to the Mohawk village, Jogues had but a brief respite when he was ordered to accompany his master on a march of two hundred miles to a tribe which was tributary to the Mohawks. The sufferings on this march were beyond description. The Indians took no provisions with them, counting on finding game on the way. But being disappointed in this, were forced to subsist on wild berries gathered at haphazard. They were reduced almost to starvation before they reached their destination, Jogues, of course, having suffered most of all.

Arriving at the village there occurred an incident which repaid the missionary for all his sufferings. Entering one of the cabins he heard himself called by name, by a young man lying on the floor in his death-agony. "Do you not recognize me, Ondessonk," said the dying man, "do you not remember the good turn I did you in the Iroquois country, and how it relieved you?" "I do not recollect ever to have seen you," replied the Father, "but that matters not: I thank you since you did me a service. What did you do for me?" "It was in the third Mohawk town," said the young man, "when you were hung up, and could no longer endure your intense sufferings: do you recollect an Indian's coming up and cutting the ropes?" "Yes, indeed," replied the missionary, "many a time have I blessed the Lord for inspiring him to do that charitable act. I have never met him since, and I should be happy to see him, and, if I could, show him all my gratitude."

The missionary proceeded to instruct the dying man, who proved to be a most willing learner. Jogues had the happiness of baptizing him and of assisting him as he passed from time to eternity. The savage in pity had severed the cord which threatened the missionary's life; the priest in turn had

broken the chains of this sin-bound captive, and set his soul free unto life everlasting.

## CHAPTER XI

### ESCAPE

Jogues' captivity was drawing to a close. We shall let himself give the details of his escape, as he wrote them in a letter to Father Charles Lalemant, from the Dutch settlement of Rensselaerswyck. His master had ordered him to accompany him on a fishing expedition to the Hudson at a point near this post. This letter is included in the Relations for 1643, and gives first-hand information on the character and traits of the Mohawks.

"On the very day of the feast of our Holy Father Ignatius, I left the village where I was a prisoner to follow and accompany some Iroquois who were going first to trade, then to fish. Having got through their traffic, they proceeded to a place seven or eight leagues below the Dutch post, which is on the river where we were fishing.

"While arranging our weirs for the fish, a report reached us that an Iroquois war-party, returned from the Huron land, had killed five or six on the spot, and brought in four prisoners, two of whom had been already burned at our village with more than common cruelty. At these tidings my heart was rent with most keen and bitter grief, that I had not seen, consoled, or baptized these poor victims. Fearful that something of the kind might happen again during my absence, I went to a good old woman, who from her age and her care of me, as well as from her compassion for my sufferings, called me her nephew, as I called her aunt. 'Aunt,' said I, 'I would much rather go back to our cabin; I am very lonesome here.' I did not indeed expect more comfort or less pain at the village, where I suffered a continual martyrdom—compelled to witness before my eyes the horrible cruelties they perpetrate—but my heart could not bear that one should die without my affording him baptism.

"Go, nephew:' said this good woman, 'go, if you are tired of this place, and take something to eat on the way.' I accordingly embarked in the first canoe going up to the village, always conducted and always accompanied by Iroquois. On reaching the Dutch post through which we had to pass, I learned that our village was furious against the French, and that they only awaited my return to burn me. The reason of it all was this: Among the war-parties Against the French, Algonquins and Hurons was one that resolved to go and prowl around Fort Richelieu to spy the French and their Indian allies. A certain Huron of this band, taken by the Iroquois and naturalized among them, came to ask me for letters to carry to the French, hoping perhaps to surprise some one by this bait; but as I had no doubt the French would be on their guard, I saw the importance of giving them some inkling of the designs, arms and treachery of our enemy. I found means to get a bit of paper to write on. The Dutch did me this charity.

"I knew well the danger to which I exposed myself. I was well aware that if any mishap befell the party I should be made responsible, and the blame thrown on my letters. I foresaw my death, but it seemed to me sweet and agreeable employed for the public good, and the consolation of our French, and the poor Indians who listen to the word of Jesus Christ. My heart was undisturbed by fear at the sight of all that might happen—God's glory was concerned. So I gave my letter to the young brave, who never returned. The story given by his comrades is that he carried it to Fort Richelieu, and that as soon as the French saw it, they fired their cannon at them; that alarmed at this, most of them took to flight all naked, leaving one of their canoes, in which were three arquebuses, powder, ball, and other articles.

"When this news was brought to the village, the cry was raised that my letter had caused them to be treated so. The rumor spread around; it reached my ears; I was taunted with the mishap; they talked of nothing but burning me; and had I been found in the village when these braves returned, fire,

rage, and cruelty had deprived me of my life. To increase my misfortune, another party, returning from the neighborhood of Montreal, where they had laid an ambush for the French, said that two of their party had been killed and two wounded. All made me guilty of these mishaps. They were now beside themselves with rage, and impatient for my return. All these reports I heard, offering myself unreservedly to Our Lord, and resigning myself, all in all, to his most holy will.

"The Commander of the Dutch post where we were, aware of the evil design of the savages, and aware, too, that the Chevalier de Montmagny had prevented the Canada Indians from coming to kill the Dutch, had offered me means of escape. 'Here,' said he, 'lies a vessel at anchor, to sail in a few days. Get privately on board. It is bound first to Virginia, whence it will carry you to Bordeaux or Rochelle, where it must stop.' Thanking him with much respect and courtesy, I told him that the Iroquois would suspect them of favoring my escape, and perhaps do some injury to their people. 'No, no;' he replied, 'do not fear; get on board; it is a fine opportunity, and you will never find a surer way of escaping.'

"At these words my heart was perplexed. I doubted whether it was not for the greater glory of Our Lord to expose myself to the danger of the savage fury and flames, in order to aid in the salvation of some soul. I therefore replied, 'This affair, sir, seems to me so important that I cannot give you an answer on the spot; give me, if you please, to-night to think it over. I will recommend it to Our Lord; I will examine the reasons on both sides, and will tell you my final resolution in the morning.' Greatly astonished, he granted my request. The night I spent in prayer, earnestly imploring Our Lord not to let me adopt a conclusion myself, but to give me light to know His most holy will; that in all, and through all, even to the stake itself, I would follow it.

"The reasons to detain me in the country were the consideration of the French and Indians; I loved them, and felt so great a desire to serve them, that I had resolved to pass the

rest of my days in this captivity for their salvation; but now I beheld the face of affairs entirely changed. First, as for the three Frenchmen, brought prisoners like myself into the country, one—Rene Goupil—had already been massacred at my feet. This young man was as pure as an angel. Henry, taken at Montreal, had fled to the woods; because while he was beholding the cruelties perpetrated on two Hurons roasted alive, some Iroquois told him that they would treat him so, and me too, as soon as I got back. This threat made him resolve to run the risk of starving in the woods, or being devoured by some wild beast, rather than endure the torments inflicted by these half-demons. He had not been seen for seven days.

"As to William Couture, I could scarcely see any means of being of service to him, for he had been put in a village at a distance from mine, and the Indians kept him so busy here and there that I could no longer find him. He had, moreover, himself told me: 'Father, try to escape; as soon as I see no more of you I will manage to get off. You know well that I remain in this captivity only for your sake; do your best, then, to escape, for I cannot think of my own liberty or life till I see you in safety.' Besides, this good young friend had been given to an old man, who assured him that he would let him go in peace if I could effect my deliverance; so that I no longer saw any reason to remain on account of the French.

"As to the Indians, instructing them now was out of the question and almost hopeless; for the whole country was so excited against me that I no longer found means to speak to them or to gain them; and the Algonquins and Hurons kept aloof from me, as a victim destined to the flames, because they feared to come in for a share of the rage and hatred which the Iroquois bore me. I saw, too, that I had some knowledge of their language, that I knew their country and their strength, and that I could perhaps contribute better to their salvation in other ways than by remaining among them. All this knowledge, it occurred to me, would die with me if I did not escape.

"The wretches, too, had so little intention of giving us up, that they committed an act of perfidy against the right and custom of all these nations. An Indian of the country of the Sokokis, allies of the Iroquois, having been taken by the upper Algonquins and brought to Three Rivers or Quebec as a prisoner, was delivered and set at liberty by the intervention of the Governor of New France, at the solicitation of our Fathers. The good Indian, seeing that the French had saved his life, sent beautiful presents in the month of April to deliver at least one of the French. The Iroquois retained the presents without setting one of us at liberty; a treachery perhaps unexampled among these tribes, for they invariably observe the law, that whoso touches or accepts the present made him, must execute what is asked by the present. Accordingly, when they do not wish to grant what is desired, they send back the presents, or make others in their stead.

"But to return to my purpose. Having weighed before God, with all possible abstraction from self, the reasons for remaining among the Indians, and those for leaving, I concluded that Our Lord would be more pleased with my taking the opportunity to escape. As soon as it was day I went to salute the Dutch Governor, and told him the resolution I had come to before God; he called for the officers of the ship, told them his intentions, and exhorted them to receive and conceal me—in a word, to carry me over to Europe. They replied that if I could once set foot in their vessel, I was safe; I should not leave it till I reached Bordeaux or Rochelle.

"'Cheer up, then:' said the Governor, 'return with the Indians, and this evening, or in the night, steal off quietly and make for the river; there you will find a little boat, which I will have ready to take you to the ship.' After most humble thanks to all these gentlemen, I left the Dutch, the better to conceal my design. In the evening I retired with ten or twelve Iroquois to a barn, where we spent the night. Before lying down, I went out to see where I could most easily escape. The dogs, then let loose, ran at me, and a large powerful one snapped at my bare

leg and bit it severely. I immediately entered the barn; the Iroquois closed the door securely, and to guard me better, came and lay beside me, especially one who was in a manner appointed to watch me. Seeing myself beset with these mishaps, and the barn well shut and surrounded by dogs that would betray me if I attempted to go out, I almost thought that I could not escape. I sweetly complained to my God, that having given the thought of escaping, 'He hath shut up my way with square stones, and in a spacious place my feet.'

"This whole night also I spent without sleep; toward day I heard the cocks crow; soon after a servant of the Dutch farmer who had received us into his barn, entered by some door I did not see. I went up to him softly, and not understanding his Flemish, made him a sign to stop the dogs barking. He immediately went out, and I after him, as soon as I had taken my little luggage, consisting of a little Office of the Blessed Virgin, an Imitation of Christ, and a wooden cross, which I had made to keep me in mind of my Saviour's sufferings. Having got out of the barn without making any noise or waking my guards, I climbed over a fence which inclosed the house, and ran straight to the river where the ship was; it was as much as my wounded leg could do, for the distance was a good quarter of a league.

"I found the boat as I had been told, but, as the tide had gone down, it was high and dry. I pushed it to get it to the water, but finding it too heavy, I called to the ship to send me their boat to take me on board. There was no answer; I do not know whether they heard me; be that as it may, no one appeared, and day was now beginning to reveal to the Iroquois the robbery which I had made of myself, and I feared to be surprised in my innocent crime. Weary of hallooing, I returned to my boat, and praying to the Almighty to increase my strength, I succeeded at last so well, by working it slowly on and pushing stoutly, that I got it into the water. As soon as it floated, I jumped in and reached the vessel alone, unperceived by any Iroquois. I was immediately lodged in the bottom of

the hold, and to hide me they put a large box on the hatch. I was two days and two nights in the hold of this ship, in such a state that I expected to be suffocated and die of the stench, when I remembered poor Jonas, and prayed Our Lord 'that I might not flee from His face' nor depart from His will; but on the contrary, 'that He would infatuate all counsels' that were not for His glory, and keep me in the land of these heathen if He did not approve my retreat and flight.

"The second night of my voluntary imprisonment, the minister of the Hollanders came to tell me that the Iroquois had made much trouble, and that the Dutch settlers were afraid that they would set fire to their houses and kill their cattle. They have reason to fear them, for they are armed with good arquebuses. 'If,' I replied, 'for my sake this great tempest is upon you, cast me into the sea.' If this trouble has been caused by me, I am ready to appease it at the loss of my life. I never wished to escape to the injury of the least man of the colony. At last then, I had to leave my den; the sailors took umbrage, saying that they had pledged their word in case I could set foot on the ship, and that they were now taking me off at the very moment when they should have brought me, had I not been there; that I had put my life in danger by escaping on their promise, and that, cost what it might, they must stick to it.

"This honest bluntness touched me, but I begged them to let me go, as the captain, who had opened to me the doorway of escaping, now asked me back. I was taken to his house, where he kept me concealed. These comings and goings were done by night, so that I was not discovered. In all this proceeding I might have urged my own reasons, but it was not for me to speak in my own cause, but rather to follow the commands of others; I cheerfully submitted. At last the captain told me that we must yield calmly to the storm, and wait till the minds of the Indians were appeased: in this advice all concurred. Here, then, I am a voluntary prisoner in his house, whence I write this.

"If you ask my thought in all this affair, I will tell you first, that the vessel which had wished to save me has gone off without me; second, that if Our Lord does not in an almost miraculous way protect me, the Indians, who come and go here every moment, will discover me; and if they ever believe that I am still here, I must necessarily be restored to their hands. Now, when they had such fury against me before my flight, how will they treat me when I fall again into their power? I shall die by no ordinary death; their fire, rage, and new-devised cruelties will wring out my life. Blessed be God's name forever! We are ever in the bosom of His divine and adorable Providence. 'Yea, the very hairs of your head are numbered.' Fear not, therefore; 'you are of more value than many sparrows, not one of whom falls to the earth without your Father.' I have been hidden ten or twelve days, and it is hardly possible that an evil day will not come upon me.

"In the third place, you will see our great need of your prayers, and of the holy sacrifices of all our Fathers. Give us this alms, 'that the Lord may render me fit to love Him, patient to endure, constant to persevere in His holy love and service.' This and a little New Testament from Europe are my sole desires. Pray for these poor nations that burn and eat each other, that they may come to a knowledge of their Creator, and render Him the tribute of their love. 'I am mindful of you in my bonds'; captivity cannot enchain my remembrance.

I am, in heart and affection, etc.

*"Rensselaerswyck, August 30, 1643"*

The Dutch Commander was hard-pressed by the Mohawks to surrender their slave. But he did not greatly fear their menacing attitude until they were reinforced by a party of Indians from the village. The savages of the various towns were very much excited over Jogues' escape, and as they firmly believed that it was due to the connivance of the Dutch, they came in angry mood, to demand his release and also reparation. This party was fully armed and determined to take their prisoner by force if there was no other way.

After several parleys, in which the Commander stood firm against surrendering the missionary, the Indians were on the point of resorting to violence, when he boldly confronted them saying with dignity and authority: "The Frenchman you are seeking is under my protection. I cannot give him up. If I surrendered him to you, I would be false to my own honor and humanity. You yourselves ought to be glad to have a motive for justifying your conduct in the eyes of your countrymen, and preventing them from committing a crime. You like our nation. Well, you must know that there are rights of protection which allied nations must respect. To get these at defiance without some plausible reason would lead to a rupture that would bring on us endless bloody wars. The course I have followed is sanctioned by all the Dutch; you esteem them enough, I think, to yield to their wishes; but to give you full satisfaction, here is gold for the ransom of your prisoner."

These courageous words, together with the sight of the gold, three hundred livres, and the authoritative stand of the speaker, had the desired effect. The Indians were satisfied to withdraw without their prisoner, and with increased respect for the Dutch. Not trusting the treacherous Mohawks, the Commandant took no chances with the safety of the Father. He committed him to the care of a Dutch official who lacked everything essential to a custodian, except surveillance. For six weeks Jogues was in the care of this man, who treated him almost as cruelly as the Indians had done. He was lodged in a foul garret, where the heat was so intense that at times he was all but prostrated. Water was given him in a dirty pail only once in two weeks. It became so fetid that it nauseated him and caused excruciating pains in his stomach. He was all but starved by the miserly bit of food given him, which at times, in spite of his intense hunger, he could not eat because of its noisome condition.

All this bad treatment was directly contrary to the orders of the Commandant, who occasionally sent delicacies from his own table to the priest, but which never reached him.

Jogues' guardian was the commissary of the post, and avaricious to the last degree. Whatever he saved by stinting the diet of his charge was gain to himself. Never a word of complaint escaped Jogues during this long and torturous confinement.

One day the Protestant minister who occasionally came to see him asked him how he was treated. 'Jogues, being directly asked, stated that very little food was furnished him. "I was afraid so;" replied the minister, "the old fellow is an arrant miser, and keeps what is sent to you." From that time on the Commandant sent the food direct to the priest, who in consequence fared better at least with regard to diet.

However he was by no means taken down from the cross. His injured leg had been treated, on board the vessel, with ointment prepared for scurf. This poisoned the wound which became gangrenous. The surgeon of the post was summoned, who succeeded by an operation in saving the leg.

Jogues suffered in mind as much if not more than in body. He was in constant danger of falling into the hands of his relentless enemies. Day and night they prowled about the premises where he lay concealed. Sometimes they came into the very room or section adjoining his hiding-place. This room was separated from his by a partition of thin boards with open space between them so that everything was visible from either side. The outer section was the commissary's storeroom to which the Indians came for trading purposes. Frequently Jogues was obliged to hide, in a cramped position, behind a box or cask for hours, not daring to make the slightest movement for fear of detection by the wily savages. He found this a veritable torture. Often he was at the point of losing consciousness from the intense heat, his strained position and the imminent danger of detection. Several times he was about to give himself up, preferring death to what he was enduring.

It may be said that the sufferings of Jogues during this confinement were in a certain sense almost as great as those he had endured from the savagery of the Mohawks. Truly his was

virtue tried like gold by fire. True gold as the ordeal proved him to be, he was now about to be placed in a more favorable setting. His hour of delivery had come. Governor Kieft of New Amsterdam, on learning of the pitiable and dangerous condition of Jogues ordered the commander at Fort Orange to send him down by the first vessel and with every safeguard possible. Accordingly preparations were made immediately for the voyage down the Hudson.

The day after the Governor's order had reached the post, Jogues found himself on board a vessel bound for New Amsterdam and liberty. The voyage down the river was a sort of triumph for the martyr. On board with him was the Protestant minister, Domine Megapolensis, who showed him the most marked kindness during the six days of the trip.' Passengers and crew manifested reverence for the mutilated missionary, whose piety and modesty won all hearts. In fact they were so much impressed by his virtue and heroism that they r wanted to name an island in the river after him. Moreover, the minister arranged to give a special feast to the crew in honor of Jogues' deliverance, to which they evidently did justice as we may gather from the missionary's words: "Amid the noise of cannon and bottles each showed his sentiments in his own way." The Domine was in great admiration of the scholarship of the priest, which he had good opportunity of discovering by the frequent talks they had on various subjects.

Arrived at Manhattan Island, Governor Kieft gave the heroic priest a cordial welcome, invited him to his table, and placed him beside the pastor. Moreover he furnished him with suitable clothing to replace the rags which covered him. The people of the place were greatly interested in their guest.

"It was an altogether novel thing in the colony to see a Catholic priest, and above all a Jesuit, among them. They listened intently to his narration of torture and captivity, which, in spite of the modest way he related his experiences, showed him to be of heroic mold.

Some asked him what recompense the French would make him for all that he had suffered, thinking that his treatment was due to some resentment arising from trade. To this he replied: "No thought of earthly or transitory interest induced me to leave my own country; I sought but one object, even when exposing myself to the dangers into which I fell, and that was to announce the Gospel to those who knew it not."

One day a young man, a Lutheran, after learning of some of the sufferings of the missionary, ran up to him, fell on his knees before him, kissed his mutilated hands and exclaimed repeatedly "Martyr of Jesus Christ! Martyr of Jesus Christ!"

During his stay in the colony, awaiting a vessel bound for Europe, a ship arrived in port from Virginia. One of the crew was an Irish Catholic, who when he heard that a Catholic priest was there, sought him out to profit by his ministrations, and to pay him the respect and reverence due a priest, a missionary and a martyr. The saintly man did all in his power to avoid notice, particularly such as implied esteem. His humility and modesty only added to the regard in which he was held. Finally on November 5, 1643, he set sail for Europe in a small Dutch vessel of fifty tons. The Governor gave him a letter of commendation, and made every arrangement for his comfort and safety.



## CHAPTER XII

### THE RETURN TO EUROPE

The crew of the vessel which carried Jogues homewards was vastly different from the kindly populace of the Dutch settlement at Manhattan. Although the sailors had witnessed the respect in which the priest was held by the Governor, and had received instructions from him to treat with kindness and consideration the returning missionary, they nevertheless acted towards him with unbelievable harshness, and at times with positive cruelty. His cabin was the bare deck; his bed a coil of rope. Thus exposed to the wintry blasts was chilled through most of the time. During storms his only refuge was the hold of the vessel, filled with foul odors and over-run with pests. In his enfeebled condition he was unable to eat the coarse food given him, with the result that he grew constantly weaker.

When the vessel neared Europe a violent storm forced them to seek protection in an English port. They anchored at Falmouth towards the end of December, having been on the high seas nearly two months. At this port an unfortunate incident occurred which eventually turned to the advantage of Jogues. The ship's crew went ashore for the night, leaving but one sailor in charge. Some thieves, watching for just such opportunities, boarded the vessel and ransacked it in search of plunder. They found little or nothing to lay their hands on, except the baggage of the crew. From Jogues they took his hat, perhaps the only thing about him worth taking.

The next day Jogues went ashore early in search of the captain, in order to report what had happened. By good luck he met a French sailor, who gave him an old coat and a sailor's cap. Learning that Jogues was a priest, a Jesuit missionary from America, and that he was trying to get back to France, he immediately interested himself in securing him passage home.

Making inquiries he found a small vessel, a collier, which was about to start for Brittany, whose captain consented to give free passage to the priest.

It was the eve of Christmas when the vessel set sail for France, and on Christmas day, 1643, the holy missionary again found himself on his native soil, on the coast of Lower Brittany, near Saint-Pol de Leon. His first object after landing and thanking God for his return, was to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion, of which for over a year he had been deprived. He inquired where the church was at the first cottage he came to. The good people, thinking he was a pious pilgrim and being impressed by his devout bearing, on hearing that he wished to receive Holy Communion, loaned him a hat and cloak that he might be suitably attired. As it was the great festival of Christmas they were in holiday dress, prepared to attend the celebration of Mass. Their guest was invited to accompany them and to return afterwards for breakfast.

His emotions on entering the church, and beholding the pious Catholic folk at their devotions, almost overcame him. What a contrast to the scenes he had been witnessing the past year and a half! But his sentiments when he advanced to the altar to receive His Lord in Holy Communion were the 'culmination of spiritual joy. "At that moment," he said afterwards, "I seemed to begin once more to live and to enjoy all the happiness of my deliverance"

On his return to the good people after Mass, they noticed his mutilated hands when he was at table. Their curiosity aroused, he related to them in reply to their inquiries, the events of his captivity. Perhaps there are no people who surpass the Breton peasants for faith and piety. As these simple folks listened to the relation of capture, torture and slavery endured by the missionary, their hearts thrilled with religious emotion, and their faith found expression in veneration of the martyr of Christ.

When Jogues returned to the vessel after satisfying his devotions, he met on board a merchant from Rennes where

there was is Jesuit college. Approaching the merchant he asked him to take pity on him. Thinking he was a beggar he gave him a sou, which Jogues declined. He then offered him two, which again were refused. Jogues decided to hesitate no longer but to declare himself. "Sir, I am a Jesuit Father; take compassion on me." The merchant was surprised and deeply affected on hearing this and engaged to take him to the college at Rennes, which was the nearest Jesuit establishment, and which numbered some fifteen hundred students.

Accordingly on January 5, 1644, early in the morning, Jogues knocked at the door of a house of his own Order. When the porter opened he saw before him a wretched man in shabby and grotesque clothes, his head covered by a sailor's cap. On being informed by the stranger that he had news from Canada for the Rector, the porter hastened to inform his Superior, who at the moment was vesting for Mass. On hearing the word, Canada, he was all attention.

The European Jesuits, by means of the annual Relations, were in close touch with the events transpiring in Canada, and keenly interested and affected by the heroic achievements of their brethren in that far-off savage land. Every bit of news from New France was eagerly devoured. The hardships of that mission instead of repelling candidates for it, fired their zeal to greater desire to share its toils and inspired them with the hope that they might find there a martyr's crown. Jogues, although pitied as a captive was envied for his apostolic sufferings. The Rector, thinking that the stranger might be the bearer of news from Canada, or in urgent need of aid for the brethren there, left off vesting and hastened to meet him, saying to himself: "Perhaps this poor man is in great need; perhaps he brings us some important intelligence from the noble apostles of those savage lands."

As the rector approached, Jogues handed him the commendatory letters from the Dutch Governor. Without looking at them the rector asked eagerly about the mission and especially about Father Jogues. "Do you know him?" "Very

well," replied the stranger. "We have learned," continued the rector, "his capture by the Iroquois, his captivity and sufferings; but we do not know what fate has befallen him. Is he dead, or is he still alive?" "He is alive; he is free; and it is he, himself, who is addressing you." The rector embraced his ragged and emaciated brother in Christ, tears of emotion filling his eyes.

Conducting Jogues into the assembly room he summoned the community to see and, hear the missionary from the Indian country. They kissed his mutilated hands and listened with rapt attention and deep reverence to the briefest mention of his capture, torture and slavery. He was too weak, and too much overcome by emotion, to do more than give the barest outlines of his frightful experiences. The whole community then proceeded to the chapel and there, at the foot of the altar, Jogues still in his sailor garb, fervently thanked God for his return to his brethren and for all the dispensations of Providence in his regard.

On the day of his arrival Jogues wrote the following letter to one of his friends:

"At last my sins rendered me unworthy to die among the Iroquois! I am still alive, and God wills it so for my amendment. At least I recognize it as a great favor that He has permitted me to do something. 'It is good for me that Thou hast humbled me; that I may learn Thy justifications.'

"I sailed on the 5th of November, from the Dutch settlement on a barque of fifty tons, which brought me to Falmouth, England, on Christmas eve, and I reached Lower Brittany, between Brest and Saint-Pol de Leon, on Christmas day, in time to have the consolation of hearing Mass and performing my devotions. A good merchant who met me brought me to Rennes, paying my expenses, and I arrived here today, Feast of the Epiphany. What a happiness, after living so long among savages, and being thrown among Calvinists, Lutherans, Anabaptists, and Puritans, to find myself among the servants of God in the Catholic Church, and to see myself in

the Society of Jesus! It is a slight idea of the joy we shall one day enjoy in heaven, if it please God, when 'He will gather together the dispersed of Israel.'

"When will God withdraw His hand from our poor French and our poor Indians? 'Woe is me: why was I born to see the ruin of my people?' My sins and the infidelities of my past life have made weighty indeed the hand of God's majesty justly incensed against us. I beg Your Reverence to obtain for me of our Lord a perfect conversion, and that this little chastisement which He has given me may serve, as He designed, to render me better. Father Raymbault, Father Dolebeau, and Father Davost are then dead! They were ripe for heaven, and New France has in one year lost three persons who had labored greatly there.

"I do not know whether a copy of the 'Relation of the Hurons' has been received this year. It was sent down to the French in the month of June, and was given to me in the Iroquois country with a large package of letters which our Fathers on the Huron Mission were sending to France. Had I thought that God designed to deliver me, I would have brought it with me when I went to visit the Dutch. All was left in the cabin where I lived. The next time I will write a longer letter; let this suffice for the first day of my arrival.

"Rennes, January 5, 1644."

The day after sending the foregoing letter he wrote to Father Charles Lalemant:

"Rennes, January 6, 1644.

"Now I know in very deed that the Lord hath sent His angels and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.' The Iroquois came to the Dutch post about the middle of September, and made a great deal of disturbance, but at last received the presents made by the captain who had me concealed. They amounted to about three hundred livres, which I will endeavor to repay. All things being quieted, I was

sent to Manhattan, where the Governor of the country resides. He received me very kindly, gave me clothes, and passage in a vessel which crossed the ocean in midwinter.

"Having reached England, I got on a collier's vessel, which brought me to Lower Brittany, with a nightcap on my head, in utter want of everything, as you landed at St. Sebastian, but not after two shipwrecks."

On the same day he wrote to his mother, but this letter, unfortunately, has been lost. We may be sure that her motherly heart, which must have been pierced by grief at the news of his capture, was thrilled with joy on hearing that her boy was now restored to her.

After a short stay at Rennes, Jogues received word from his Superior to come to Paris. Every Jesuit community at which he stopped on his way repeated the demonstrations of interest and veneration which he met with at Rennes. On his arrival at Paris, Queen Anne of Austria wished to see him, and was affected to tears when she beheld his mutilated hands, and heard the recital of the frightful ordeals of his capture and captivity. In the presence of the court she said: "Romances are written every day which are a tissue of fictions; here is one that is true, and which combines what is wonderful with the most sublime heroism."

The greatest sorrow of Jogues was that he could not say Mass, on account of his maimed hands. Not that he was unable to perform the various acts of the ceremony, but that the Church does not permit a priest to say Mass if his forefingers and thumbs are not intact. Reverence for the Holy Sacrifice is so great that in offering it the priest must be able to hold the sacred host as the rubrics prescribe, that is with thumb and forefinger which, at ordination to the priesthood, are particularly consecrated to handle the Body of the Lord. Jogues' forefingers were crunched at his capture, and his left thumb was hacked off during his subsequent torture at the Indian village. His great sorrow therefore was that he could not say Mass.

Knowing this, his Superiors petitioned the Holy Father to grant Jogues the very unusual favor of saying Mass in his maimed condition. The details of his capture and torture had preceded this petition to Rome. The Holy Father, Urban VIII, had already expressed the greatest admiration for the courage and sanctity of the holy missionary. Consequently when the petition was presented to him he did not hesitate to grant a favor so exceptional in the history of the Church, saying: "It would be unjust that a martyr for Christ should not drink he blood of Christ."

It was with inexpressible joy that the servant of God received word of this unexpected favor. We can imagine his transports of fervor as he ascended the altar of God to offer the holy sacrifice, after being deprived of that consolation so long. People flocked to the church where he said Mass, realizing that the Blood of Christ was being offered in sacrifice by one who had shed his own blood in the cause of Christ. Everyone admired his humility and piety, openly manifesting the esteem in which they held him. This was very painful to the modest servant of God, who seemed to dread the reverence shown him as if it were torture. He shunned publicity in every possible way, and when on certain occasions persons asked to see his distorted fingers, and in their veneration wanted to kiss them, his embarrassment was painful to witness. Finally his superiors interfered in his behalf, and, at his earnest request, saved him from the pious importunity of the faithful.

The greatest affection existed in Jogues for his family, particularly for his mother. The exchange of letters between mother and son continued all during his missionary expeditions. The day after his arrival at Rennes he wrote to her as we have seen, and we regret that the correspondence has been lost. Jogues was naturally most desirous of seeing his mother, but when he reflected on the suffering it would cause her to see him in his mutilated condition, he denied himself his heart's desire. Also deep in his mind was the purpose of

returning again to labor among the savages, and he wished to spare his beloved mother the pain of another parting.

Jogues' soul yearned for that mission which had been the scene of his many labors and sufferings. His zeal for the conversion of the savages seemed to be in proportion to the injury they had done him. Even the knowledge that a frightful death might be his portion, if he returned to the Iroquois, did not deter him from his determination to offer himself again for that field. Accordingly in the spring of 1644, after a sojourn in his native land of only a few months, he embarked a second time for New France, arriving at Quebec late in June.

His superiors assigned him to the settlement of Ville Marie, now Montreal, one hundred and fifty miles above Quebec. Indians in considerable numbers frequented this colony, and it was hoped that Jogues, on account of his knowledge of the language, would be of great assistance there. Montreal was the western frontier post of the French, founded only two years previously. It was first seen by Europeans in 1534, when Jacques Cartier explored the St. Lawrence. He named the mountain which rose majestic at this place Montroyal. Here there arrived on May 17, 1642, forty settlers, who took possession of the place in the name of France by erecting the cross and unfurling the banner of France.

When Jogues arrived, the settlement contained besides substantial wooden houses a small hospital, a chapel, and a house for the missionary. Jogues did not confine his work to the Indians, although that was very considerable, but extended it to the colonists also, among whom he cultivated a piety which he found on his arrival deep and strong.

Meanwhile the Iroquois had terrorized the whole colony of New France. Their roving bands were everywhere. Encouraged by frequent successes they carried the war to the very portals of the French towns. In bands of ten or more they lay in numerous ambushes hard-by the rivers, and lurked at intervals along the forest trails. Choosing points of observation which enabled them, though concealed themselves, to see an

enemy miles or, they assembled their forces so as always to out-number their foe and thus succeeded in killing or capturing them, and finally driving them off all the lines of traffic both by land and water.

The French did not have strength enough to meet them in the open, with the result that they were confined almost entirely to the vicinity of their forts. The Algonquins no longer dared to come down to Quebec. "I would almost as soon be besieged by phantoms as by Iroquois;" wrote Father Vimont, "one is scarcely more visible than the other. When they are at a distance, we suppose them to be at our very doors; and they pounce on their prey when we imagine them to be in their own country"

On account of this condition of affairs the Superior of the mission at Quebec had not been able to send supplies to the Huron mission for the past three years. He judged that by now they must be without the most essential requisites for personal and mission needs. Accordingly he decided in the spring of 1644, to take the risk of sending them supplies. Father Bressani, a missionary lately arrived, was chosen for this perilous expedition. Attended by a young Frenchman and some Christian Hurons, they set out on their voyage after having prepared for it as if going to their death. On the banks of Lake Saint-Pierre they were suddenly set upon by the Iroquois, who surprised them so completely that they had time neither to defend themselves nor to take to flight. One Huron was killed, and all the rest of the party were captured and condemned to frightful tortures.

The news of their disaster, which quickly spread through the settlements, filled the colonists with alarm. The Governor was powerless to retaliate, as he feared to leave the colony unguarded, and had not troops enough to take to the field and at the same time to protect the posts. If the Iroquois had suspected the weakness of the French they could have annihilated them. Fortunately for the colonists the Indians were deceived by the display of force which the French always

managed to make. Under the circumstances, Governor Montmagny realized that the salvation of the settlements depended on making peace with his bold and wily foe, if he could do so without compromising the honor of his country.

As good fortune would have it, the Iroquois just at this period found themselves involved in a war with a nation to the south of them, whose strength and audacity seriously threatened them. In consequence, there was a considerable party among the Iroquois that advocated peace with the French. This came to the knowledge of the Governor, who determined to take advantage of the situation to make an honorable peace with them.

He began his negotiations by an act which manifested goodwill towards the enemy. Two Iroquois prisoners were in the hands of the Algonquins, who had made preparations for their torture and death. The Governor requested his allies to hand over these captives to him, that he might return them to their tribe, and thus use them in the first step of making peace. The Algonquins, who were as desirous of peace as the French, readily acceded to his wishes.

He next made a similar request of the Hurons, who also had an Iroquois captive who was awaiting torture and death. But they would not yield their prisoner, neither for presents nor promises. One of the chiefs thus replied to the Governor's proposals: "I am a man of war and not a trader; I have come to fight, not to barter. It is my glory to take back not presents, but prisoners. I will not touch your hatchets and kettles. If you are so anxious to have this prisoner, take him. I am strong enough to go and capture another. If I lose my life they will say in my country, 'Onontio took their prisoner, and they doomed themselves to death to capture another.'"

Another Huron, a Christian, observing the disappointment and chagrin of the Governor said: "Be not angry, Onontio; it is not to thwart you that we act so, but our honor and our life are at stake. We have promised our sachems to place in their hands any prisoner whom we took. As the

soldiers around you obey your command, so we must obey those who command us. What reply could we make to the reproach of the whole country, if when they knew we had made prisoners, they should see in our hands only hatchets and kettles? We should be condemned as men of no sense to decide a matter of this kind without the direction of the sachems. You wish peace; so do we; and our sachems do not oppose it. If we released our prisoner, our life would be compromised. The Iroquois are everywhere on our route. If we meet them we need fear nothing, as we can show our prisoner unharmed, whom we wish to deliver to our sachems as a means of securing peace."

In the event, the Huron sachems sent the captive back to his people, and as a result of this and the other friendly deeds, the Iroquois, on their part, liberated Couture, the Frenchman, who had been taken captive with Jogues. Accompanying Couture were three Iroquois, who were commissioned to make overtures for peace. This embassy arrived at Three Rivers July 5, 1644. On its approach the French and Hurons crowded the shore.

Kiotsaeton, the chief of the delegation, was arrayed in true Indian grandeur. Before stepping ashore he addressed the assembled multitude from his canoe: "I have left my country to come and see you. I was told that I came to seek death, and that I should never again see my native soil: I fear naught. I have willingly exposed my life for the sake of peace. I come in all confidence to bring you the thoughts of the Iroquois" As he ended and stepped ashore, the cannon from the fort boomed a welcome, the military fired a salute, and made an impressive display of power. Everything that ingenuity could devise was done to impress the embassy with the power and dignity of France.

The first welcome over there was a rush for Couture who had been given up for dead long ago. Everyone rejoiced with him on his liberation. He had in fact become quite a personage among the Mohawks, who after torturing him so

frightfully had made him a slave. But his courage and sagacity so impressed the savages that he rose to be a man of distinction among them, enjoying the dignity and influence of a chief, so that near the end his captivity was virtually nominal.

The peace overtures now begun, required to be prudently followed up. For this purpose it was deemed advisable to send as ambassador to the Mohawks, someone who was conversant with their language, and who would be capable of upholding the honor and safety of the French in the terms of peace. Jogues was designated for this delicate and perilous mission.

## CHAPTER XIII

### THE EMBASSY TO THE MOHAWKS

The Governor convened a solemn assembly at Three Rivers, July 12, 1644, at which were present representatives of the French, Hurons, Algonquins, Iroquois, Montagnais and other tribes. When everything was in readiness Kiotsaeton arose and spoke as follows: "Onontio (Governor), give ear to my voice. I am the mouth of my whole nation. You hear all the Iroquois when you listen to my words. My heart has no crooked thoughts; my intentions are upright. We wish to forget all our war-cries and change them to songs of joy."

He paused for a moment prancing up and down, gesticulating, and holding in his hand a wampum belt. "This belt which I present to you, thanks you for sparing the life of my brother, Tokrahenchiaron, whom you rescued, from the fire and the teeth of the Hurons; but why did you let him set out alone? If his canoe had capsized who was there to help him right it? If he had drowned or perished by any other accident you would have heard no news of peace, and would perhaps have blamed us for a fault that was all on your own side."

Taking a second belt or string of wampum he placed it about Couture's arm saying, as he addressed the Governor: "Father, this belt brings back your subject; but I was far from saying, 'Take this canoe and go back to Quebec.' My mind would not have been at ease till I heard positive tidings of his safe arrival. My brother whom you sent back suffered much, and encountered many dangers. He had to carry his baggage alone; to paddle all day, and drag his canoe around the rapids. He had at the same time to be always on his guard against being surprised."

Referring to Bressani and Jogues, and not knowing that Jogues was actually present and listening to him he said: "We

wished to bring them both back to you, but we could not accomplish our design. One escaped from our hands, in spite of us, and the other insisted on being given up to the Dutch. We yielded to his desire. We regret not that they are free, but that we don't know what has become of them. Perhaps at the very moment that I am speaking of them they have been swallowed up in the waves or have fallen victims to some cruel enemy; but the Mohawks did not intend to put them to death."

On hearing this Jogues remarked to those near him: "For all these fine words the stake was prepared and the executioners were in waiting. If God had not rescued me from their hands, I should have been well and thoroughly burned, and have endured a hundred deaths in one; but let him talk."

After an interval of two days the assembly was again convened and the Governor made his speech in reply, accepting the terms of peace, in Indian fashion, presenting a belt of wampum with each acceptance of the various proposals. When all was over he ordered a discharge of cannon in order, as he informed the Indians, "to drive away the evil air, and to carry the news of peace to all the land." This was followed by a grand banquet, interspersed with speeches by the Indians, who are as fond of making speeches as they are of eating.

When the festivities were over, and the Indian embassy was about to start for home, Kiotsaeton requested a private audience with the Governor in order to make him a present. This was only a ruse by which he could convey to the Governor in private what he held back in public: namely, that the Algonquins would not be included in the treaty. On hearing this the Governor refused to accept the present, and threatened to break off all negotiations with the Iroquois. The Mohawk Chief was obdurate, however, insisting that his people could not come to terms of friendship with a tribe against which they held such enmity.

Finally, the Governor, who realized that the salvation of the colony depended on the goodwill of the Mohawks, agreed on a compromise. He pointed out that there were two kinds of

Algonquins: one Christian, who were friends and allies of the French; the other not Christian, who were more independent of the French. He stated that unless the treaty embraced the Christian Algonquins, negotiations would have to be broken off. On this understanding the treaty was concluded as far as the Iroquois ambassadors were concerned. Before ratification, however, the treaty had to receive the approval of the sachems of their nation. Although this was only the preliminary of peace it sent a wave of joy throughout the French settlements.

The Iroquois embassy left for home in order to obtain confirmation of the pact by the sachems of the nation. Meanwhile, for the purpose of impressing all concerned with the significance of the treaty, the Governor assembled at Three Rivers to meet the Iroquois on their return, delegates from all the Indian tribes which were to benefit by the treaty. Accordingly on the return of the Iroquois in September they were met by an assemblage of over four hundred Indians from the Hurons, Algonquins, Montagnais and other tribes. The four Iroquois ambassadors proclaimed the conditions on which peace could be concluded; Couture acting as interpreter. The terms were acceptable to the French and their allies, and the peace treaty was accordingly drawn up.

This was virtually the proclamation of peace, although before it was finally concluded it was necessary to have the terms ratified by the sachems of the Iroquois nation. Meanwhile pending this final ratification, there followed festivities of all sorts, dances, feasts, songs and hunting-parties.

When it was time for the Iroquois to depart they left amidst universal satisfaction with the result of the peace negotiations. On the departure of the Mohawks the other Indians dispersed to their respective homes, and the colony settled down to work, under the feeling of security. So much depended on peace at this period that the Governor left nothing undone to strengthen the friendly relations between French and Iroquois.

Couture, who hitherto had represented the French in the negotiations in the Mohawk country, had acted in the capacity

of interpreter rather than that of ambassador. The Governor believed that for the honor of France and the stability of the treaty, the final arrangements should be entrusted to persons of distinguished character and rank. In looking over the field he could think of no one so well qualified for this delicate commission as Jogues. The Iroquois knew of his high rank among the French, and he understood them and their language. Moreover, the Superior of the Jesuits had been considering ways and means of establishing a mission among the Mohawks, whose land was already sanctified by the blood of the blessed martyr Rene Goupil, and by the torture of Jogues and others who had suffered for the Faith. From the time that peace negotiations began, the Jesuit Superior had Jogues in mind as missioner to the Mohawks in case the treaty should be concluded.

It was as envoy and prospective missioner, therefore, that Jogues was to set out for the Mohawk country with the returning Iroquois ambassadors. He was departing now officially as the French peace envoy but he intended to take occasion of his position to arrange for his return again to the savages as a preacher of the Gospel. Accordingly in order to lighten the burden of his subsequent expedition, he took with him on this journey a supply of missionary vestments and necessaries which he would leave with the Mohawks until he should return later in the capacity of a missioner.

In accepting the mission to the Mohawks Jogues knew just what it implied. He understood them thoroughly, their treachery, fickleness and savagery. He knew that they were no more constant than the waters of a wind-swept lake. It was not because he did not dread the fate that probably awaited him that he accepted it, but because in spite of the dread, he had the spirit of an apostle and a martyr. His sensitive nature shuddered at the frightful possibilities of a return to these savages as a missioner, but his love of God made him rise superior to his feelings. On learning of his appointment to this heroic mission he wrote as follows to his Superior, Father Jerome Lalemant:



"Montreal, April, 1646.

"Reverend Father: The letter which it has pleased your Reverence to write found me in my retreat and in the exercises which I had begun, there being no canoe to carry our letters. I chose this time, because the Indians, being at the chase, allow us to enjoy a greater silence. Would you believe that on opening your letter, my heart was at first seized with a kind of fear that what I desire, and what my soul should earnestly desire, might not arrive. Poor nature, mindful of the past, trembled; but Our Lord by His goodness, has given, and will again restore it calm.

"Yes, Father, I will all that Our Lord wills, and I will it at the peril of a thousand lives. Oh! how I should regret to lose so glorious an occasion, when it may depend only on me that some souls be saved! I hope that His goodness, which has not abandoned me in the hour of trial, will aid me still. He and I are able to trample down every difficulty that can oppose the project. It is much to be among savages without Mass, without Altar, without Confession, without Sacraments; but His holy will and Divine Providence so will it. He who, by His holy grace, preserved us without these helps for eighteen or twenty months, will not refuse us the same favor, for we do not thrust ourselves into this work, but undertake this voyage solely to please Him, without consulting all the repugnancies of nature.

"As to all these comings and goings of the Iroquois, what I can say is, that I see very few from the first two towns; yet it is with them chiefly that we are concerned, as the last killed were of these villages. Scarcely any have come, except from the last village, where Couture was; and they profess, at least in words, not to come as warriors in these parts. It is not, however, with these last that we must dwell, but with those whom we do not see.

"I thank you affectionately for sending me your Huron principles. Send the rest when you please. What I need is chiefly prayers, formularies for confession, etc. I will thereby become your debtor, as I am already on so many grounds. I owe your Reverence the account of the 'Capture and Death of good Rene

Goupil,' which I should have sent already. If the bearer of this give me time, I will send it by him. If God wills that I go to the Iroquois, my companion must be virtuous, docile, courageous, and willing to suffer something for God. It would be well for him to know how to make canoes, so that we can go and return without calling on the Indians"

This reply was in accordance with what his Superior had expected from his generous and humble subject. Referring to this reply of Jogues he wrote in the Relation of 1645: "He was ready before the proposition was made to him. He who had borne the weight of the war was not a man to recoil in peace. He was very glad to test their friendship after experiencing the rage of their hatred. He was not ignorant of the inconstancy of these savages or of the difficulty of the roads. He saw the dangers into which he plunged; but he who runs no risk for God will never deal wholesale in the riches of heaven."

The Governor was highly pleased with Jogues' acceptance of the ambassadorship, and assigned as his associate John Bourdon, the engineer of the colony.

Before embarking on the embassy, some Christian Algonquins implored Jogues not to speak of religion on this deputation: "There is nothing," said they, "more repulsive at first than this doctrine which seems to exterminate all that men hold dearest; and as your long robe preaches as much as your lips, it will be more prudent to travel in a shorter habit."

Jogues judged it prudent to follow this advice as he did not want to imperil the treaty in any way. In the Relation of 1646, Father Lalemant, writing of this mission to the Iroquois, says: "When I speak of an Iroquois mission, it seems to me that I am talking of some dream; and yet it is a reality. With good reason we have given it the name of 'Mission of the Martyrs' for—besides the cruelty which these savages have already inflicted on some persons devoted to the salvation of souls; besides the pains and hardships which those appointed for this mission must encounter—we can say in truth that it has already been ensanguined with the blood of a martyr, inasmuch as the

Frenchman (Rene Goupil) who was killed at the feet of Father Jogues lost his life for having formed the sign of our Faith on some little Iroquois children. If we are permitted to conjecture in matters that seem highly probable, we may believe that the designs we have formed against the empire of Satan will not bear fruit till they are irrigated with the blood of some other martyrs."

The embassy set out from Three Rivers May 16, 1646. Besides the two French envoys, Jogues and Bourdon, it consisted of two Algonquins representing their nation, and four Iroquois who were deputed to act as guides. It was on this expedition that Jogues gave to the present Lake George the name of Lake of the Blessed Sacrament, by which it was known as long as the French governed Canada.

After crossing this lake the real hardships of the journey began. From now on the trail was mostly by land, and, encumbered as they were by the heavy burden of presents they were bringing to the sachems, the journey became torturous. The Algonquins were the first to show its effects. They carried as their portion twenty-four elk skins. Part of these they decided to drop, concealing them, Indian fashion, near the shore of the lake. Jogues, however, was untiring and uncomplaining, not only in keeping the pace but also in carrying his burden.

However the Iroquois noticed that although he cheerfully kept up with them, he was on the point of collapsing. Fearing to be reproached by the sachems if they introduced the envoys in an exhausted condition they gave up the plan of going directly to the Mohawk town, and turned aside to a place called Beaver Dam, where the Indians frequently camped on fishing excursions. Here fortunately they met a number of their tribe, who relieved them of the heaviest part of their burden, and aided them in various ways during the remainder of the journey.

This detour was not without its providential consequence, for here Jogues found the young Christian Huron girl, Theresa, who had been taken captive with him, and who was still a prisoner among the Mohawks. Jogues' presence filled

her with consolation. She went to confession, and moreover received from him the news of all that had been done at Quebec for her liberation. Besides he told her that he was now delegated to offer the sachems substantial ransom for her release. In spite of her surroundings she lived a life of piety which reflected great credit on the good Ursuline nuns who had educated her. Having been deprived of her rosary she said the prayers every day on her fingers. It was now two years since she was torn from her people; but it was not lack of interest in her behalf that kept her captive but the unyielding character of the savages.

Resuming their journey the party arrived at Fort Orange June 4th where the Commandant gave them a gracious welcome. It gratified Jogues immensely that he was now able to thank in person those who had saved him from his fate among the Mohawks. He who had escaped as a slave was now returning as an ambassador. In this capacity he knew that whatever had been the former sentiments of the savages towards him, he was now safe from indignity or harm.

After a two days' rest the party took leave of the hospitable Dutch, and set off on the last stage of the march, accompanied by some Mohawks who happened to be at the post. Towards evening of the next day they arrived at Ossernenon. What must have been the feelings of Jogues as his eyes rested on this place—the scene of Goupil's martyrdom and of his own frightful sufferings of body and mind! The coming of the embassy had been heralded by Indian runners, and, as it drew near the town, people from far and near gathered to witness the spectacle. Those who formerly had maltreated Jogues seemed to have forgotten their outrages; while those who had shown him pity or kindness in his captivity now expressed their pleasure at his changed and honorable condition.

The general council assembled June 10th in order to receive the embassy officially. With all the pomp and circumstance that savage ingenuity could devise, the ambassadors were formally greeted by the chiefs of the nation. Jogues, being conversant with their customs, addressed them

after the manner of their own chiefs. After describing the joy which the peace treaty had caused among the French and their allies he exclaimed: "The council-fire is kindled at Three Rivers. It shall never be extinguished. The French shall be your brethren: your enemies shall be their enemies, and their arm shall be out-stretched to defend you. We were glad when we heard that you had flung far from you the scalps of the Algonquins and Montagnais whom the Sokokis massacred last year. Here are five thousand beads of wampum to break the fetters of the young Frenchman who is still among you, and another belt of five thousand for Theresa, that they may both be set at liberty and may soon arrive at Quebec." These remarks were received with the keenest attention and appreciation, and with universal approbation.

As the Algonquins could not speak the Mohawk language Jogues acted as their spokesman. He also made excuse for them on account of the fewness of their presents—which amounted to ten elk skins, only—stating that one of their young men was wounded on the way, and that the hardships of the journey had so weakened the others that they were obliged to lessen their load or give up the march.

The council appeared to be satisfied with this explanation, and replied by making two presents to the Algonquins and also two to the Hurons. But what pleased Jogues most was their liberation of the young Frenchman and of Theresa. Referring to the young man, they said, as they hung on him a wampum belt of two thousand beads: "Here is the bond which retained him. Take the prisoner and his chain, and do the Governor's pleasure with him." With regard to Theresa they said she should be set free, adding: "Here is a belt of fifteen hundred beads to guarantee our words."

Jogues did not confine himself to diplomacy during his stay at Ossernenon. He sought out the Christian captives, both Huron and Algonquin, and administered to them the sacrament of penance, besides giving them motives for bearing their hard

lot with fortitude and merit. He also baptized several children who were dangerously ill.

The council over, the Mohawks seemed desirous of hastening the departure of the embassy. Jogues without saying anything, evidently showed surprise at this, whereupon they said that a party of Iroquois from the upper country had started to lay ambuscades for the Hurons who were going to the French posts. Then they added: "We do not believe that they will harm you if they meet you, but we feel uneasy about your two Algonquin companions." The Father boldly told them that any harm that was done to any member of the party would be a violation of the treaty, and would be laid to their charge. This seemed to put a new aspect on the matter, and they said they would see to it that the treaty was honored.

Knowing the treachery of the savages as he did, Jogues lost no time in taking his departure. He feared for his companions, not for himself. In fact he had already planned to come back to the Mohawks as a missionary, regardless of the peril. With that in mind he left a chest with them containing some religious articles and some personal effects. Little did he reckon on the consequences of this apparently trivial circumstance.

They left Ossernenon June 16th following the trail to the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament, where they made bark canoes in which they completed their journey home, arriving at Quebec, July 3, 1646.

## CHAPTER XIV

### MARTYRED

On his return from the embassy, Jogues was assigned temporarily to duties in Montreal. While he was there Father Lalemant discussed with his counsellors the advisability of undertaking the Mohawk mission, to which Jogues had been previously assigned. The recent treacheries of these savages made it very doubtful if this was a propitious time to inaugurate the mission among them. However it was eventually decided to make the attempt. Jogues was accordingly notified to prepare for this perilous apostolate.

Just before his departure on this charge, Jogues wrote as follows to a fellow Jesuit in France:

"Alas, my dear Father, when shall I begin to love and serve Him whose love for us had no beginning? When shall I begin to give myself entirely to Him who has given Himself unreservedly to me? Although I am very miserable, and have so misused the graces Our Lord has given me in this country, I do not despair, as He takes care to render me better by giving me new occasions to die to self, and to unite myself inseparably to Him. The Iroquois have come to make some presents to our Governor to ransom some prisoners he held, and to treat of peace with him in the name of the whole country. It has been concluded, to the great joy of the French. It will last as long as pleases the Almighty.

"To maintain it, and see what can be done for the instruction of these tribes, it is here deemed expedient to send some Father. I have reason to think I shall be sent, having some knowledge of the language and country. You see what need I have of the powerful aid of prayers, being amidst these savages. I will have to remain among them—almost without liberty to pray; without Mass; without Sacraments—and be

responsible for every accident among the Iroquois, French, Algonquins and others. But what do I say? My hope is in God, who needs not us to accomplish His designs. We must endeavor to be faithful to Him, and not spoil His work by our shortcomings. I trust you will obtain for me this favor of Our Lord, that, having led so wretched a life till now, I may at last begin to serve Him better.

"My heart tells me that if I have the happiness of being employed in this mission, I shall go never to return; but I shall be happy if Our Lord will complete the sacrifice where He has begun it, and make the little blood I have shed in that land the pledge of what I would give from every vein of my body and my heart. In a word, this people is 'a bloody spouse to me'—'in my blood have I espoused it to me.' May our good Master, who has purchased them in His blood, open to them the door of His Gospel, as well as to the four allied nations near them. Adieu, dear Father; pray to Him to unite me inseparably to Him.

"ISAAC JOGUES, S.J."

He left Montreal for Quebec in August, and spent about a month there in preparation, embarking for the Mohawk country September 27th. John de Lalonde, a young Frenchman, a *donne*, accompanied him; besides some Hurons who were in charge of the canoes and baggage. They had not gone far when the Hurons, except one, deserted. Nothing daunted, Jogues pushed on amidst tremendous difficulties and dangers.

Meanwhile a great change had come over the Iroquois. Since Jogues' departure from them dreadful scourges had afflicted the Mohawk country. First came a contagious disease which claimed many victims. Following that was a plague of worms which destroyed nearly all the crops. In their superstitious fears they attributed these scourges to witch-craft due to the presence among them of Jogues' box of mission

goods. Their medicine-men—envious of the power exercised over their nation by Jogues, and wishing to destroy his influence, and to prevent his promised ministry among them—fanned these suspicions into a flame. In consequence, the savages threw the chest with its contents into the river, and, believing Jogues to be the author of their misfortunes, were so much embittered against him that his life would have been taken if he had been among them. For a month previous to the coming of Jogues the feeling against him was so strong that the chief feared that it could not be controlled if he came at this juncture.

In this crisis two factions sprung up; one wishing to stand by the treaty, the other determined on war. The war party prevailed. They declared that the French, Hurons and Algonquins had plotted the ruin of their nation and that consequently they must be destroyed. Immediately a band of savages started on the war-path, Montreal being their objective. Another aimed at Fort Richelieu, and on the way thither this band met Jogues two days' march from Ossernenon. Falling upon the missionary and his companions they stripped them of their clothes, grossly insulted them and led them captive to the town where Jogues had already spent so many long months in suffering and slavery.

They arrived at Ossernenon October 17, 1646. Immediately they were insulted in every possible way. Threats of death rang in their ears. Blows from fists and clubs rained upon them. One enraged savage sliced pieces of flesh from Jogues' back and arms, and devoured them before his eyes, saying: "Let us see if this white meat is the flesh of a spirit!" To which Jogues replied: "No, I am only a man like you all, but I fear neither death nor torments. Why do you put me to death? I have come to your country to cement peace, make the earth solid, and teach you the way to heaven, and you treat me like a wild beast! Fear the chastisement of the Master of life." But the threats continued: "You shall die tomorrow: do not fear, you shall not be burned; your heads shall fall beneath our

tomahawks, and we will set them upon the palisades around our village to show them for many a day to your brethren whom we capture."

A division meanwhile arose among the savages regarding the fate of Jogues. One of the factions, the Wolf and Tortoise families, was for saving the prisoner, and made every effort to do so. "Kill us," they pleaded with their opponents, "rather than butcher in this way men who have done us no harm, and who came to us by faith in a treaty." But the Bear family was insistent on death, and eventually prevailed. However as there was question of the sacredness of a treaty, final action was deferred until a great council of the sachems of the nation should pronounce on the matter.

Accordingly the sachems and chiefs assembled at Tionnontoguen, the largest Mohawk town, to deliberate on the fate of the missionary and his companions. As a result of this deliberation the peace party prevailed, and it was decided that life and liberty should be granted to the prisoners. But some of the Bear family, suspecting that the council would declare in favor of the captives, decided to take matters in their own hands before the decision of the council was announced. Accordingly in the evening of October 18th the conspirators sought out Jogues, and invited him to their cabin to partake of some food. Although the missionary had his misgivings regarding the invitation he humbly followed them. On the way he offered his life in sacrifice for the conversion of the savages, if it should please God to accept it. He was desirous of fertilizing with his blood the Faith which he proclaimed by word and deed.

Always prepared for a treacherous blow from the savages, he was particularly so now, as he observed their sullen attitude towards him as they walked before and behind him, exchanging glances full of sinister meaning. He was more willing to die than they were to inflict death. Not that he did not dread torture. He was thoroughly human and most sensitive to pain. But as Christ gave as proof of His love for us

the laying down of His life by the pain and shame of crucifixion, so was he desirous of giving the supreme proof of love in return. Jogues' sensitive nature made the least torture assume dreadful proportions. His delicate constitution made him shudder at the very thought of Indian cruelty. But notwithstanding his aversion to pain and death he cheerfully advanced to meet them, because he was a hero of the cross, a patriot of God's Kingdom on earth, a valiant knight of Christ.

Jogues was about to fall on the field of battle for Christ and His cause! The blow came suddenly but not unexpectedly. As he was entering the cabin the savage behind him struck him a blow with a tomahawk, which split his skull and caused him to fall dead in his tracks. His head was cut off immediately and placed on one of the palisades, the face turned in the direction of the road by which he had come. Treachery had done its work. The blow of the tomahawk had indeed ended the mortal life of the servant of God, but had opened to him the door of everlasting life.

The next day early in the morning, the young Frenchman John de Lalande followed Jogues to heaven by the same path. He and the Huron who had acted as guide were tomahawked and their bodies thrown into the river. Lalande, from religious motives only, had asked as a favor to be allowed to accompany Jogues on this expedition, knowing full well that martyrdom was most likely to be his portion. He, with Goupil, are evidences of the sublime virtue which characterized these lay-associates of the early missionaries.

News of the death of Jogues and his companions was slow to reach the French. However, when the Mohawk bands began again their ambuscades, in the forests and along the rivers, the worst was feared concerning the missionary and his associates. While the colony was in hopes and fears regarding the fate of Jogues, their apprehensions were definitely confirmed by the tragic news of their frightful death. The Governor of New Netherland in a letter to the Governor of Canada gave the barest details of the Jesuit's death. Although

the letter was written a few weeks after the martyrdom, it did not reach the French colony until some seven months later. It read as follows:

"Monsieur, Monsieur:

"I wrote a reply to that which you were pleased to honor me with by Father Jogues, dated May 15th, and I sent it to Fort Orange to deliver it to said F. de Jogues; but he not having returned as expected, it was not immediately sent. This will serve, then, to thank your Excellency for your remembrance of me, which I shall endeavor to return, if it please God to give me an opportunity. I send this through the Northern quarters, either by means of the English or Monsieur d'Aulnay, in order to advise you of the massacre of F. Isaac de Jogues and his companion, perpetrated by the barbarous and inhuman Maquaas, or Iroquois; as also of their design to surprise you, under color of a visit, as you will see by the enclosed letter, which, though badly written and spelled, will, to our great regret, give you all the particulars. I am sorry that the subject of this is not more agreeable; but the importance of the affair has not permitted me to be silent. Our minister above carefully inquired of the chiefs of this canaille their reasons for the wretched act, but he could get no answer from them but this, that the said Father had left, among some articles that he had left in their keeping, a devil, who had caused all their corn or maize to be eaten up by worms. This is all I can at present write to your Lordship. Praying God to vouchsafe to guard you and yours from this treacherous nation, and assuring you that I am,

"Your most humble and obedient servant,

"WILLIAM KIEFT.

"Fort Amsterdam, in New Netherland, November 14, 1646."

Inclosed in this letter, was one addressed to La Montagne, a Huguenot doctor at Manhattan, by Labatie, the Dutch interpreter at Fort Orange. Although it is a repetition of

much that we have already learned we present it for its quaint narrative of the events and of the warning it gave the colonists.

"Monsieur, Monsieur La Montague:

"I have not wished to lose this occasion of letting you know my state of health. I am in good health, thank God, and pray God that it may be so with you and your children. I have not much more to tell you, but how the French arrived the seventeenth of this present month at the Maquaas fort. This is to let you know how these ungrateful barbarians did not wait till they were fairly arrived at their cabins, where they stripped all naked, without shirt, only they gave each a breech-cloth.

"The very day of their coming they began to threaten them, and immediately with fists and clubs, saying: 'You shall die tomorrow! Do not be astonished, we shall not burn you; take courage; we shall strike you with an axe, and put your heads on the palisade, that your brothers may see you yet, when we take them.' You must know that it was only the Bear nation that killed them. Know that the Wolf and Tortoise tribes have done all that they could to save their lives, and said against the Bear, 'Kill us first'; but, alas, they are no longer alive. Know then that the eighteenth, in the evening, they came to call Isaac to supper. He got up and went away with the savage to the Bear's lodge; as entering the lodge, there was a traitor with his hatchet behind the door. On entering, he split open his head, and at the same time cut off his head and put it on the palisade.

"The next morning early he did the same thing with the others, and threw their bodies into the river. Monsieur, I have not been able to know or hear from any savage why they killed them. Besides this, according to their envy and enterprise, they are going with three or four hundred men to try and surprise the French, to do the same as they did to the others; but God grant they don't accomplish their design. It would be desirable that Monsieur should be warned, but there is no way to do it from here. Monsieur, I have no more to write, but I remain

"Your very humble and affectionate servant and friend,  
"JEAN LABATIE.

"Monsieur, I beg you to present my compliments to the Governor.

"Written at Fort Orange, Oct. 30, 1646."

The death of Jogues was roundly condemned by the majority of the Mohawks, who regarded it as a violation of their pledged word of peace. The principal sachem declared: "That blow of the tomahawk can bring us only misfortune." Kiotsaeton so strongly condemned the crime as to draw down upon himself the hatred of the Bear clan. One of the Mohawks who was near by at the time of the butchery, tried in vain to prevent it, and in his attempt to ward off the blow received a wound in the arm. This man acted out of gratitude to the French, who had saved his life when he was a prisoner of the Algonquins.

It may have been in consequence of a sense of guilt and also with the hope of obtaining reward that the Mohawks, after the slaying of Jogues, carried some of his effects to the Dutch settlement. It was in this way that the missal, ritual, cassock and other clothings of the martyr came into the possession of his brethren.

The slayer of Jogues had not long to wait for the punishment of his cowardly crime. The very next year he was captured by the Algonquins and condemned to torture and death. While he was awaiting the execution of the sentence the missionaries did their best to prepare him for his fate. Some days before his death he described the killing of Jogues so graphically that the Fathers suspected him of being a party to it. Indeed he as much as admitted it, for when confronted by the charge he hung his head in shame and did not deny it.

Meanwhile a Huron who had escaped from the Mohawks and knew the details of Jogues' slaying, on seeing this Mohawk exclaimed: "That is the man who tomahawked

the Father!" The culprit admitted it, and, to his credit, bitterly lamented his dastardly act. He showed such a spirit of repentance and such a desire to embrace the religion of his victim that he was baptized, taking the name of Isaac. He went to his frightful death with fortitude and Christian resignation, the result no doubt of the prayers of the saintly martyr whose crown he was instrumental in conferring.

Throughout the colony Jogues was looked upon as a martyr. Perhaps this sentiment regarding the servant of God is nowhere better expressed than in the Relation of 1647, in which the Superior of the mission, Father Jerome Lalemant wrote as follows: "We have regarded this death as the death of a martyr. Although we were separated from one another when we learned it, several Fathers, without any previous consultation, found that they could not bring themselves to offer a Requiem Mass for him, but they offered the adorable sacrifice in thanksgiving for the benefits which God had bestowed upon him. Seculars who knew him best, and religious houses also, respected this death, and were all inclined to invoke him rather than pray for his soul.

"In fact, it is the thought of several learned men —(and this thought is more than reasonable)—that he is really a martyr in the eyes of God, who bears testimony before heaven and earth, and who esteems the Faith and the preaching of the Gospel more than his own life, losing it in the perils into which he plunges for Christ's sake, protesting before His face that he wishes to die in order to make His name known. This is a martyr's death in the sight of the angels. And it was with this view that Father Jogues gave his life to Jesus Christ and for Jesus Christ.

"I say even more: he not only took the means to proclaim the Gospel, which caused his death; but we can also aver that he was killed out of hatred for the doctrine of Christ. In fact, the Algonquins, persuaded by their captives, have had, and some of them still have, an extreme hatred and horror of our doctrine, saying that it causes their death, and contains

charms and spells, which cause the destruction of their grain, and produce contagious and epidemic diseases, such as now begin to ravage the Iroquois.'

"It is on this ground that we have been on the point of being massacred in every place where we have been, and even at present we are not without the hope of enjoying that happiness someday. Now, just as formerly in the primitive Church, the children of Jesus Christ were reproached with causing misfortunes everywhere, and some were put to death on that pretext; so are we persecuted because by our doctrine, which is only that of Jesus Christ, we depopulate their countries, as they assert, and it was on this pretext that they put Father Jogues to death. We may therefore regard him as a martyr before God."

What the devout head of the mission then wrote, Holy Church has since confirmed by raising these martyrs of the Mohawks to the honors of her Altar, and conferring on them the title of Blessed.



## CHAPTER XV

### CROWNED

Christ has said: "He who loses his life for My sake shall find it." The heroic missionaries among the savages lost their lives for Christ's sake. They did not leave Europe and civilization for fame or fortune, but to bring Christ into the lives of those who dwelt in bondage to sin and superstition. They sacrificed their lives in order that they might bring everlasting life to those who maltreated and tortured them. Truly they were followers of Him who became man in order that mortals might become in a sense divine. "To as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God."

They certainly received Christ, who not only opened their hearts to Him but also consecrated their lives to preparing other hearts for His reception. When we consider the degraded condition of those whose hearts the martyred missionaries opened to Christ, we need no further proof of their love and devotion to His cause, nor of His love of them in return. Earthly monarchs reward and decorate those who are conspicuous in their service. Civic honors are conferred on statesmen, and military decorations on soldiers, for distinguished service to country. These distinctions are bestowed not only as a reward for service, and as a mark of gratitude on the part of rulers, but also and mainly as an incentive to others to give loyal and generous service to country.

God's Kingdom on earth has its distinguished subjects. It has its heroes in every rank of service. It also has sometimes its superlative heroes, those who make the supreme sacrifice of life to maintain or extend the Kingdom. The Church of Christ is God's Kingdom on earth. This Church is not unmindful of her distinguished subjects. As monarchs of earth

confer dignities on subjects distinguished for service, so does she. The canonized saints are those of her subjects whom she has officially recognized as deserving of her highest honors. There are innumerable saints besides those who are canonized. The canonized saints are those whom God has put His seal on, and whom in consequence His Church has solemnly proclaimed to be among His glorified companions in heaven.

It may be asked how can the Church on earth infallibly declare that a certain person is a glorified saint in heaven. The Church does not so proclaim a saint arbitrarily. As miracles were the sign by which Christ's mission manifested divine approval, so they are a sign by which the sanctity of a servant of God is attested. Evidently God does not work a miracle to approve a false mission, or to crown a life that is not holy. Consequently when a person has lived a notably holy life, characterized by the practice of the highest Christian virtue and sound Christian faith, and moreover whose relics or intercession after death are the means by which miracles are wrought, it is safe to conclude that such a one has won the favor of God in the Kingdom beyond.

It is for the Church, whose guidance by the Holy Spirit is guarantee of inerrancy, to pronounce on the holiness and doctrine and miracles of the person in question. Consequently, whenever, by general report, a person dies in the odor of sanctity, the Church through the bishop of the locality where the person lived, institutes an inquiry into his life, holiness and faith, and also into any reported miracles by his relics or intercession. In such matters the Church is the most critical and exacting investigator on earth.

The story is told of a skeptic who was wont to accuse the Church of credulity in matters concerning the miraculous. Happening to be in Rome while a commission was examining into a reported miracle he attended one of the sessions. He was amazed at the exacting nature of the inquiry. Afterwards meeting one of the cardinals he said that he never knew how hard it was to become a saint. The cardinal asked him what he

thought of the evidence for the reported miracle. He replied that it would be accepted as proof positive in any court of law. The cardinal then told him that it was rejected by the commission as insufficient. This incident led the skeptic into a closer examination of the Catholic Church, with the result that he entered it.

It is because at times it is so difficult to assemble witnesses and procure evidence that the canonization of a saint is delayed. It is also a matter of great expense, as persons must often come from a distance and with considerable loss to their ordinary interests.

Canonized saints are classified as Martyrs, Confessors and Virgins. Martyrs are they who sacrifice their lives in testimony of the Faith of Christ. Confessors are men of supremely holy life; and Virgins are women of the same exalted virtue who have moreover practised the highest perfection of chastity. For the canonization of Confessors and Virgins, besides a most holy life, there must also be the added sanction of miracles as an attestation from above that the persons in question have been crowned by Almighty God.

Often it is not evident whether a person was martyred for the Faith or slain for other causes—political, military or personal. Hence when a person is held by general report to be a martyr, he may not be ecclesiastically venerated as such until the Church has officially pronounced him to be a martyr. Even after the solemn declaration of martyrdom and beatification, the person ordinarily is not canonized a saint unless proof of subsequent miracles is furnished. It will thus be seen that although Christ has guaranteed infallibility to His Church, she does not consider herself exempt from doing everything that human industry and prudence can suggest in arriving at a true conclusion.

When we speak of a canonized saint, we mean by the term one who has been officially proclaimed a saint, in accordance with the rules and procedure of the Church. Canon means rule. A canonized saint, therefore, is one who is

solemnly declared to be a saint by the highest religious authority in the world, and in accordance with the requirements demanded by ecclesiastical legislation. Holy men and women without number have been saints. God alone knows them and how many they are. They are found in every career of life. For one canonized saint there have been doubtless millions not thus distinguished. Canonization does not make a saint, but merely declares, on the authority of God, that such a one is a saint, and in consequence may be venerated as a saint and prayed to as a saint.

Miracles are the sign language of God. Holy persons by whose relics or intercessions miracles are performed, are rightly considered to have God's approval on their sanctity. Hence before a person is canonized, no matter how holy he may have been, and no matter how sound his doctrine, he must have, ordinarily, God's seal of miracles on him.

God does not allow everyone to do him such distinguished service as to have the honor of dying for Him, but only those who have given proof of generous devotion to His cause. The lives of Father Jogues and companions were sublimely holy for long years previous to their heroic deaths. That God allowed them to die for Him is proof that they had that love for Him which deserved to be forever crowned. The meaning of the word martyr is witness. By Christian usage the word is restricted to those who witness to Christ or His Church by their blood. The highest test of devotion to a cause is to uphold it by the sacrifice of life. The martyrs are they who have thus manifested their devotion to the cause of Christ.

Once the Church is certain that one's life has been surrendered in consequence of proclaiming or living the Faith she does not hesitate to proclaim such a one Blessed. It may be asked therefore why it was that nearly three hundred years passed before the beatification of Jogues and companions. The Church, although never hasty in these matters, is, on the other hand, not unnecessarily slow. Three hundred years seem a long while in the case of those who like Jogues and

companions championed the Faith so heroically. But if we understand the strict requirements of evidence which the Church demands for canonization we may appreciate, in a measure, the delay in the case of the Jesuit martyrs of North America.

Almost directly after the deaths of these servants of God, the Archbishop of Rouen directed the missionaries at Quebec to collect testimony concerning the virtues and martyrdom of these Christian heroes. It seems that from the very date of their death Jogues and his companions were regarded by their Jesuit brethren and by the faithful at large as martyrs. In point of fact the Sovereign Pontiff Pope Urban VIII, in granting Jogues a special dispensation to say Mass with mutilated hands, said:

"It would be unjust that a martyr for Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ." Although not formally venerated as martyrs, in the ecclesiastical sense, they were nevertheless so regarded in the devotional thoughts and prayers of the faithful.

However, the Christian world was in a state of turmoil at the time of these martyrdoms, and for a long period afterwards. Wars, revolutions, political disturbances and upheavals in all parts of the world diverted attention from the eight heroic lives so cruelly sacrificed in savage lands, and interrupted the investigations into the facts surrounding their deaths. But the record of their heroism, although hidden in the annals of the *Jesuit Relations*, which for the time being became a more or less buried treasure, was not destined to be forever lost sight of.

Non-Catholic historians, in searching for documents bearing on the early history of North America, gradually became acquainted with the *Jesuit Relations*, and discovered in them a mine of information and of heroism. They then began to make known to the world at large the priceless treasure which they had found. Parkman, in particular, gave to the world his history of "The Jesuits in North America," drawn in great part from the Relations collected by Felix Martin, S.J.

At about the same time was discovered Fort St. Mary, which was so closely associated with the heroism of Brebeuf and his companions, martyrs like Jogues. Meanwhile the site of Jogues' martyrdom was definitely identified near Auriesville, New York, by General John S. Clark, the leading topographical authority of the state.

In the year, 1852, was published the translation of Bressani's history of the early Canadian missions. This graphic narrative of superlative heroism engaged the attention of every lover of noble deeds, and brought vividly to the attention of the Canadian Government the historical value of the *Jesuit Relations*. As a result the Canadian Government at great expense assembled from all parts of the world documents or copies of the Relations and had them reprinted in three large octavo volumes.

The official recognition by the Canadian Government of the historic value of the records of the early Jesuit missionaries revived interest in their wonderful deeds and lives, and led to active measures to have them proclaimed martyrs in the ecclesiastical sense of the term. Interest in their cause grew in consequence of the admirable life of Brebeuf compiled by Felix Martin, S.J. This was followed by an excellent life of Jogues by the same author, which aroused unusual interest in the cause of the martyrs.

It was no surprise therefore that when the third Plenary Council met at Baltimore in the year, 1884, it solemnly petitioned the Holy See to introduce the cause of the beatification of the martyrs of North America. The Seventh Provincial Council of Quebec, held two years later, likewise added its voice to that of Baltimore's for the beatification of these heroic servants of God. In consequence of the favor which these petitions met with at Rome, the Archbishop of Quebec began in 1904 an official inquiry into the lives and virtues of the martyred missionaries, and, as a result of the findings, the Plenary Council of Quebec, 1909, addressed

Pope Pius X in behalf of the beatification of Jogues, Brebeuf and their companions, slain by the Iroquois.

The Sacred Congregation in 1912 after due consideration of all the data concerning the cause decreed that it should proceed, and in 1916 signed a decree declaring that the final steps should be taken for proclaiming the martyrdom of the blessed servants of God. Accordingly in 1920 an Apostolic Commission sat at Quebec to take evidence on the life and doctrine of the martyred missionaries. As a result of this investigation the Holy See, the 21st day of June, 1925, solemnly proclaimed the decree of beatification of the eight Jesuit martyrs of North America: Jogues, Brebeuf, Gamier, Lalemant, Chabanel, Daniel, Goupil and Lalonde.

On that day, thousands of pilgrims from every part of the world, together with other thousands of resident Romans, filled to capacity the vast Basilica of St. Peter's, in order to hear the Vicar of Christ proclaim that these heroic missionaries had shed their blood for Christ, witnessing to Him by the sacrifice of their lives. Afterwards the vast throng beheld the edifying spectacle of the Holy Father and the Cardinals going in procession to venerate the relics of the newly proclaimed Blessed.

Thus it came about that these men who in the solitude of the forest gave testimony to God in their blood, were now the recipients of veneration from tens of thousands of ardent followers of Christ, with Christ's Vicar, himself, leading the way. After long years of delay these martyrs were at last decorated on earth by the King of kings, the Lord of time and eternity.

When Christ's Vicar declared Blessed these servants of God, it was the voice of God proclaiming their beatitude, and announcing that they had been crowned at death in the Kingdom of heaven. "He who loses his life for My sake shall find it" For Christ's sake Jogues and his companions in martyrdom gave up life in indescribable torments. But they relinquished a perishable life for life everlasting. God is not

outdone in generosity. Nothing done for Him is unseen or unrewarded. The martyrs made the supreme sacrifice. Theirs, accordingly, is supreme glory forever. They were close to Christ on Calvary. Close they are now to His throne in heaven. They proved their love and loyalty by the severest test. Hardly had the shouts of the savages proclaimed the end of the martyred Jogues, when his heroic spirit was welcomed by Christ in the realm of glory and, before the whole court of heaven, proclaimed forever blessed.

## CHAPTER XVI

### APPENDIX

#### BRIEF OF BEATIFICATION

The venerable Servants of God, Isaac Jogues, John de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garner, Noel Chabanel, priests; Rene Goupil and John de Lalande, their coadjutors, of the Society of Jesus, are declared Blessed.

#### PIUS PP XI

For perpetual remembrance.—From its beginning down to Our own time, the Church of Christ has always been crimsoned by the precious blood of martyrs; for, since the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians, very many of those, who, following the apostles in the footsteps of Christ, have endeavored to enlighten the nations of the world and barbarous peoples with the light of the Gospel, have received the palm of martyrdom, thus fertilizing the seed of Faith by their blood so that thence they might reap a richer harvest. Thus, to be sure, it happened about the middle of the seventeenth century in the regions now occupied by cities of Canada and the United States of North America. There fell eight of the bravest champions of Christ, who, all born in France, and worthy sons of the Society of Jesus, were sent by their superiors into the regions mentioned, then known as New France—though not all at the same time or in the same place—and who after continuous and most painful labors were most cruelly put to death for the sake of the Faith. Of the two groups of heroes which they formed, Isaac Jogues and John de Brebeuf are deservedly considered the leaders and masters.

First of all these Servants of God, Isaac Jogues, of Orleans, when seventeen years old, entered the Society of Jesus in the year 1624, with the thought that the way to a holy mission among unbelievers might be opened unto him. After finishing two years of noviceship in Rouen, he studied philosophy in Paris, and when raised to the priesthood came immediately to New France in the year 1636. For six years he lived among the Hurons, zealously instructing them in Christian truth. When in the year 1642, while war was raging between the Iroquois and Hurons, he had been called by his superiors to Quebec, and was returning from that city to the Hurons with Rene Goupil and some others, he fell with his companions into the hands of the barbarous Iroquois, who, according to their customs, took a delight in inflicting cruel torments on their captives, especially on Isaac and Rene, as teachers of the Christian religion. Very often they struck them with clubs, burned them with hot embers, tore out their nails, bit and tore away joints of their fingers with their teeth. Isaac, whose right thumb had been cut off, was suspended with cords between two poles. Finally, they condemned them both to a most painful captivity in which the Servants of God suffered hunger and cold and other afflictions.

Rene Goupil, for making the saving Sign of the Cross with his finger, as was his custom, on the forehead of a young boy, was by order of an aged Iroquois savage struck with an axe out of hatred of the same Sign of the Cross, and died whilst uttering the adorable name of Jesus, the first Martyr in the Mission of New France, on the 29th of September, 1642. Born at Angers, this Servant of God was then thirty-five years old, of singular simplicity, innocence of life, and patience amid hardships, entirely submissive, out of love to God and to His holy will, and mindful of His presence in all things. Up to this he had been devoted to the service of the Fathers with only the binding engagement, as they styled it, of a *donne* (oblate). A few days before he was killed he pronounced the religious vows of the Society. This is attested by the Servant of God, Isaac Jogues, who had him as companion on the

journey and in slavery, and who venerated him after death as a Martyr.

When the Dutch, who occupied the neighboring territory which is now comprised by the State of New York, moved by pity offered God's servant Isaac, after a sad year of captivity, an opportunity to escape from slavery, he by God's favor towards the end of 1643 returned to his country where he was everywhere greeted as a Martyr. A year had scarcely elapsed when he returned to Marianapolis, or Montreal in Canada, and then went back to the Iroquois, his former torturers, for the sake of negotiating peace, in which he was successful, hopeless though it had seemed. He desired to visit again this same barbarous people in the year 1646 in order to preach the Gospel, but these superstitious Iroquois, fearing least the preaching of the Faith would bring misfortune on them, treacherously attacked their first apostle and at length on the 18th of October of that year killed him, cutting off his head, having first torn the flesh from his arms and back and devoured it whilst he was still alive. The Servant of God was by nature meek and timid, but by constant self-humiliation and the continuous practice of prayer he so strengthened his spirit that when commanded by his superiors he was always ready to undertake the most difficult things, and in facing dangers and torments he gave a truly marvelous example of Christian fortitude.

Associated with him as companion in his last days was John de Lalande, who, born in Dieppe in the Archdiocese of Rouen, had given himself as a *donne* (oblate) by a perpetual engagement to the Mission of New France. When he might have sought safety by flight, he preferred to follow the lot of his master, so that in the same manner and for the same cause he was killed on the following day.

About two years after their heroic death, the first of the other group of heroes of the Society of Jesus merited the eternal crown of glory under the leadership of the venerable Servant of God, John de Brebeuf. This was Anthony Daniel,

who, born in Dieppe, in 1601, entered the Society of Jesus in his twentieth year. Admitted to the priesthood in the year 1633, he betook himself to the Canadian Missions and as one of the first companions of John de Brebeuf aided in founding the Mission of St. Joseph. Afterwards, in the city of Quebec, he erected a seminary for the instruction of Indian children, and then returning to the Hurons, he labored indefatigably in the work of founding and carrying on many missions. Still clad in his priestly garments, having just finished Mass, and while exhorting his flock to constancy, the Iroquois killed him and burned him in his church, when, during an invasion in 1648, they had taken and set fire to the village of St. Joseph.

After some months during another invasion of the Huron villages of St. Ignatius and St. Aloysius, the same Iroquois tortured and put to death both John de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant with unheard-of cruelty. The first of these Servants of God was born of noble lineage in the Diocese of Bayeux on the 25th of March, 1593, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1617 at Rouen where later he taught literature. He finished his noviceship and bound himself to God by the vows of religion. Raised to the Holy Order of Priesthood, from the end of the year 1625 he worked laboriously preaching the Gospel among the Hurons in the Canadian Mission, until on account of political changes he was forced to return to France in the year 1629. Four years later, however, returning to his beloved Hurons, he labored amongst them so diligently and fruitfully that he was rightly regarded as the first apostle of that people. He finished his most energetic life on the 16th of March, 1649, having borne unflinchingly unspeakable torments for many hours, the Iroquois first striking him with clubs and then piercing and lacerating his flesh with hot irons, cutting away his lips, tongue, nose, peeling off the skin of his head and tearing out his hair, and then pouring boiling water over his head and body in mimicry of Christian baptism. Finally, when the savages could no longer bear the wonderful unflinching constancy of his spirit, one of them like

a wild beast devoured the heart torn from the breast of the Servant of God whilst the others drank his blood.

On the following day also the companion of John de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, of Paris, on whom the Iroquois had inflicted many of the tortures just mentioned and others besides, consummated his martyrdom. Born in 1600, he entered the Society of Jesus when twenty years old, and for nearly three years led a most laborious life before his glorious death in the Mission of New France. Towards the end of the same year the two remaining champions of Christ obtained the palm of martyrdom. One of them, Charles Gamier, born in Paris in 1606, and entering the Society of Jesus as a young man, after becoming a priest, set out for the Canadian Mission in the year 1636. There he engaged in the sacred ministry among the Hurons, brilliant by his apostolic labors and virtues, up to the time of his death, and endeared to all by his ingenuous candor of soul and virginal innocence. Seriously wounded by a bullet from the Iroquois raiders invading his village whilst he was ministering to the soul of a dying man, he was at length struck by an axe, and on the 7th of December exchanged this mortal life for an immortal one. On the next day the other of these two Martyrs, following those who were flying from the Iroquois and traveling through the woods alone with a certain Huron apostate, was killed out of hatred for religion by this deserter of the Faith and thrown into the river. His name was Noel Chabanel. Born in the Diocese of Mende and attached to the Toulouse Province of the Society of Jesus, he was raised to the dignity of the Priesthood and in the year 1643 came to the Canadian country when thirty years of age. In order to overcome the grave difficulties of his tasks, ardently desiring martyrdom, he bound himself perpetually by a vow to God to remain in the Huron Mission until his death. That he died for the Faith of Christ long remained hidden, becoming known later only by the shameless confession of his murderer.

Nearly all the relics of these eight heroes (with the exception of a few, namely, of the Servants of God, John de Brebeuf, Charles Garner and Gabriel Lalemant) were burned by the barbarians, or in other ways lost in the course of time. The people flock as pilgrims to the places consecrated by their blood and there erect chapels dedicated in their memory to God and to the Queen of Martyrs, since they venerate and extol them down to our own times as true martyrs of Christ. Very many writers of history, even non-Catholics, of no secondary authority, have thought and openly professed the same. After weighing these and all other things, We ourselves on the third day of Pentecost, that is, on the second of June just passed; decreed that the martyrdoms were established. The usual process by the Ordinary had first prepared the way for this Our judgment. Begun as early as the year 1650 by the Archbishop of Rouen, it was resumed and completed at the beginning of this 20th century, first in the Archdiocese of Quebec and then in other places. In addition to this is the decree for the introduction of the Cause which Our predecessor of happy memory, Pope Benedict XV, signed with his own hand on the 9th of August in the year 1916. The Apostolic Process being complete, and the meetings of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, ante-preparatory and preparatory, having been held, at length, on the 112th day of May of this year, the General Congregation, convened before Us in the Halls of the Vatican, affirmed unanimously that the martyrdom of these Servants of God, and the cause of martyrdom were established. For that reason signs or miracles were dispensed with. Wherefore, it remained only that the Cardinals and the Consultors of the Sacred Rites should be asked whether, in view of the approval of the martyrdom and the cause of martyrdom, and of the dispensation with signs and miracles, they thought that it would be safe to proceed to the solemn beatification of these Servants of God. In this aforesaid general meeting, held before Us the 12th day of the month of May just past, both Their Most Reverend Eminences the Cardinals and the Prelates and Consultors who were present

responded that it would be safe to proceed. We, however, in a matter of so much importance, felt obliged to make known Our mind to the effect that We should first beg the divine aid in earnest prayer, after doing which, on the second day of this month, having most devoutly celebrated the Eucharistic Sacrifice in the presence of Our venerable Brother Anthony, His Most Reverend Eminence Cardinal Vico, Bishop of Portua and Sancta Rufina, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and the Relator of the Cause, and Our beloved sons, Alexander Verdi, Secretary of the same Congregation of Sacred Rites, and Angelo Mariani, Promoter General of the Faith, We have solemnly decided that it is safe to proceed with the solemn beatification of the venerable Servants of God, John de Brebeuf, Isaac Jogues, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garner, Noel Chabanel, Rene Goupil and John Lalande. Wherefore, moved by the prayers of very many bishops, especially of the Dominion of Canada and of the ecclesiastical province of New York, as well as of the entire Society of Jesus, We, by Our apostolic authority, grant that these foremost Martyrs of North America, the venerable Servants of God, Isaac Jogues, John de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Gamier, Noel Chabanel, priests, and Rene Goupil and John Lalande, coadjutors, all of the Society of Jesus, may in future be called Blessed, and that their relics, if any exist, may be exposed for the public veneration of the faithful, though not borne in solemn supplications. We likewise permit that the images of the Servants of God be adorned with rays. Moreover, by Our same authority We grant that each year their Office may be recited from the Common of many Martyrs with proper Lessons approved by Us and that Mass from the same Common may be celebrated, conformably to the rubrics, but only in the dioceses of the entire Dominion of Canada and of the ecclesiastical province of New York, as well as in all the churches and pious residences throughout the world belonging to the Society of Jesus, by all the faithful, secular as well as regular, who are obliged to recite the canonical hours, and, as concerns the

Mass, by all priests who may visit the churches in which the Feast of the Blessed is celebrated.

Finally, We grant that the solemnity of the beatification of these same venerable Servants of God may, with due formality, be celebrated in the dioceses above mentioned on a day to be designated by the Ordinary, as well as in the churches or public chapels of the aforesaid Society of Jesus within a year from these same solemnities duly celebrated in the sacrosanct, patriarchal Vatican Basilica. All Apostolic constitutions and ordinations, as well as decrees issued *de non cultu* and others whatsoever to the contrary, notwithstanding, and it is Our will that copies of these letters even when printed, provided they are signed by the hand of the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites and stamped with the seal of the Cardinal Prefect, shall meet with the same acceptance in disputes, even judicial, as would the expression of Our will made known by these Letters.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman, the 21st day of the month of June in the year 1925, the fourth year of Our pontificate.

P. CARD. GASPARRI, Secretary of State.

Taken from the *Acts Apostolicae Sedis*, July 1, 1925, page 302.

Translation of the Universal Knowledge Foundation.



## **BOOKS OF REFERENCE ON THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA.**

- Pioneer Priests of North America.—Campbell, S.J.
- Hurons et Iroquis.—Martin, S.J.
- The Jesuits in North America.—Parkman.
- History of the United States.—Bancroft.
- The French in the Heart of America.—Finley.
- The Jesuit Martyrs of North America.—Wynne, S.J.
- The *Jesuit Relations* and Allied Documents—  
Thwaites.
- The Catholic Encyclopedia.