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THE STORY OF A FRENCH HOMESTEAD IN THE OLD NORTHWEST

THE STORY OF A FRENCH HOMESTEAD IN THE OLD NORTHWEST

By

Frances R. Howe

"But each for the joy of the working,
And each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it,
For the God of things as they are."
- Kipling

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INTRODUCTION

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It has been in my mind for a long time to write the true story of my home, concerning which there has been so much said that is by no means in accordance with facts. I did mean to wait to tell my tale until the hundredth anniversary of Grandfather's building this home in the wilderness, but as others are preparing to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of a Catholic diocese in Northern Indiana, it seems to me that this will be a suitable time for my narrative.

I am not going to trouble myself with reference to records and documents. I shall tell what I know from my own experience and observation, and what I have learned from family tradition, told to me by my mother and other persons of her day and generation. I am not going to try to adopt the twentieth century literary style. My tale will be of the early decades of the nineteenth century and must be told in the language of that period. We do not frame a Gothic work of art in a Renaissance setting.

Pioneer life in the old Northwest was not a period of monumental vice. Of course sin existed - some of it was brutal, nearly all of it selfish, and some of it pitiful, but good triumphed over evil always. There were many lovely virtues practiced in those days, and in spite of the necessarily simple life of the back woods, there was much true elegance, united to genuine politeness. Sin did not exist in any monumental form, and what might seem sinful to narrow-minded

persons, knowing only the conditions of life as they now are, was, in reality, true virtue. I allude to the custom of common-law marriage, which was in general use in the backwoods of the North-west of one hundred years ago, by reason of circumstances both political and religious.

Historically the nineteenth century began in chaotic confusion, everything relating to government, whether of church or state, seemed to be relegated to an embryonic condition. Nowhere was this felt more than in the pioneer settlements, especially where the dominant religion was Catholic, and in the pages of this narrative, reference will be made from time to time to these phases of history. A form of religion disunited from the state does not feel the shock of political changes, but where the clergy are subsidized by the state, changes of government do affect the welfare of religion. The priests serving the pioneer settlements of North America were withdrawn from their flocks when Canada was separated from France, other changes resulted when the United States became independent from England. Not only did each change of government bring a change of clergy, but likewise the suppression of religious orders in different countries of Europe affected the religious status of the pioneer population. We can dismiss the topic of these changes in one or two sentences or in one paragraph, but often these changes meant not only many months, but several years, of total absence of all authorized religious

functions, in the wide section of territory known as the backwoods settlements. Even in our rapid times reorganization is slow - in those days it was slow indeed.

One thing alone withstood all change. That was the Christian family. Territory might be shoved along from one government to the next, might be transferred from one state to another, one diocese might be divided and subdivided, many dioceses might be joined together into new provinces, clergy might be told to abandon their people at the bidding of church or state, or both - family life remained, and on the Christian households of the backwoods settlements, devolved the duty of keeping alive Christian standards of moral living.

Then arose a movement on the part of devout laymen of independent means, to labor for the salvation of those dwelling in the wilderness. For this purpose they built homes for themselves and their families on the remote boundaries of American civilization in order to hold the fort for future Christian effort, and to form a nucleus for a church when church and state, dioceses and religious orders, would be reorganized upon a firm and lasting basis.

All churches recognized the necessity of such a course, and more than one religious denomination sent this class of missionaries into the unoccupied territory of what was then called the Northwest, to build homes in which religion and civilization might work hand in hand for the betterment of matters in the backwoods.

Out of this [illegible] more systematic [illegible] common-law marriages, [illegible] families might begin orderly lives [illegible] rly the number of Chris[illegible]. For where neither church nor [illegible] outward visible existence, [illegible] neither priest nor judge [illegible] marriage relation, [illegible], with all reverence and [illegible], in a truly God-fearing, law-abiding spirit, [illegible] plighted their troth, either before their parents or their friends, or, [illegible] the woman, lonely and unprotected, [illegible] honorable shelter of a good man's home, the marriage vows were spoken in the presence of the bridegroom's clerks and servants.

Such marriages were honored by fidelity and affection enduring until death. Sometimes the union received a formal sanction later on, sometimes not. If children had been born to the union previous to such formal sanction, the laws of state or territory were consulted to secure [illegible] children born previous to the sanction the same rights of inheritance as would have been accorded to those born [illegible] the marriage had been formally blessed by a clergyman or authorized by a judge.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, Catholic missionaries had labored among the Indians with but little permanent success for nearly two centuries. Ascetic lives had both aided and retarded their labors. The Indian mind failed to make the distinction between self-denial and barbarous instinct. It was difficult for the missionaries to teach them to cast aside their savage customs, [illegible]

example of Christian households conducted in an orderly, civilized manner. The poorer class of pioneers were also in danger of slipping away from civilized life into barbarism, unless encouraged by a higher class, and aided by being taken into the employ of well-to-do families.

These matters were freely discussed among the devout Catholics of that day, with the result that many of the laity went out into the backwoods as lay missionaries. They were not encroaching upon the prerogatives of the clergy; in matters of piety and virtue, they gave good example, by industry and by charity; they employed the idle, cared for the poor, and extended hospitality to the traveler. Their homes made it possible for many clergymen not sufficiently robust to camp out with savages, or seek shelter in the rude cabins of the poor settlers, to minister to the spiritual needs of the dwellers in the wilderness. As the honored guest of a well-regulated family, the traveling clergyman appeared in a more advantageous light. He was seen in the full dignity of his sacred mission and thus won a fuller homage for the Gospel Message. Such in outline was the Catholic homestead of a hundred years ago.

Dec. 8, 1906

Bailly Homestead
Westchester Township
Porter County, Indiana

[illegible]
[illegible]

CHAP[illegible] I.

In the [illegible] I have [illegible] in the [illegible] of my [illegible], I [illegible] relate the principal [illegible] in the lives of my Grand[illegible], [illegible] to the [illegible] of one built in [illegible] Indian home. They were well [illegible] in years when they decided [illegible] here, and in order to [illegible] their lives at the Homestead, [illegible] the events that [illegible] their characters.

My Grand[illegible] was born A. D. 17[illegible]3. in the French settlement known as Riviere des Raisins, then within the [illegible] limits of Connecticut Colony and [illegible] of the town of Monroe in Michigan. Her father, a Gascon gentleman of the name of Le Fevre, was the most influential [illegible] in the backwoods village; his wife was a woman of mingled French and Indian descent, with many powerful relatives among the Indians. She must have been a woman of very determined character and great power of adaptability to circumstances. As Madame Le Fevre, she played the role of an elegant French lady with great success, doing the honors of her husband's establishment in excellent form. As one of the leading gentlemen of the region, it devolved upon Monsi-eur*Le Fevre not only to facilitate that form of commerce

*Monsi-eur [illegible] pronounced [illegible] written, as a contraction of Mons-e-i-[illegible],

known [illegible], [illegible]
alive the light of faith in [illegible]
of the Christian population, [illegible]
the interests of [illegible].
His house was a rendezvous [illegible]
interested in developing [illegible]
of the almost unexplored [illegible]; it
likewise sheltered the infant [illegible]-
tion, for it was deemed inexpedient to
build churches or chapels in [illegible],
so divine service was always held in the
home of the family [illegible]
was confided the spiritual [illegible] of
the little flock. As the missionaries
had no permanent home journeying hither
and thither, no means of adequately pro-
tecting chapels from reckless [illegible]
could be devised, therefore the Catholic
homestead planned its [illegible] architec-
ture, with a view not only [illegible],
but also for the [illegible] service.

My Grandmother recollected the home,
describing it as a large [illegible] house
built in an attempt at what is now called
colonial style. The sleeping [illegible]
were upstairs, and the lower [illegible] di-
vided into two parts by a long narrow hall,
on one side of which was a long parlor,
which could be divided into two rooms, by
curtains; on the other side was the din-
ing room, kitchen and a concealed stair-
case.

When the Catholic missionary came
to Riviere des Raisins, he took up his
abode in the parlor, one-half of which
became his private apartment, the other
being arranged as a chapel, the dining-
room served as sacristy. These much-

prised visits were brief, [illegible] had to they are many [illegible] in order to cover the [illegible], but scantily populated region. During his absence it devolved upon [illegible] who had tendered him hospitality to [illegible] his humbler parishioners of the Feasts and Fasts, and to see that children, born after his departure, were duly baptized when in danger of death.

European Catholics, reared in the peace and tranquility accorded to Christianity during the better part of the nineteenth century, do not, and cannot understand the lives of pioneer Catholics. They feel that these Catholics had no right to separate themselves from densely populated centers, where the outward observance of religion is always possible. They fail to consider that at the time whereof I am now writing, namely the latter part of the eighteenth century, Europe was striving to pull down the whole fabric of that religion, which these humble pioneers were endeavoring to observe with so much love and fidelity.

In their homes, family prayer was greatly in evidence, and father and mother, being an enduring religious influence in their household, found no difficulty in receiving honor from their children, and they had likewise powerful incentives to render themselves worthy of such honor. Such was the home in which my grandmother spent the first eight years of her life.

When she was a little past her seventh year, in making his [illegible], the priest gave the sorrowful news of great political changes in Europe and America, which would mean, as he [illegible], the breaking up of the Catholic missions for an indefinite period. With more than ordinary fervor all assisted at the mass, which was to be the last one celebrated under that roof. The children were more thoroughly instructed; careful directions were given to parents to prepare them for First Holy Communion on the return of the missionary. Adult neophytes were likewise exhorted to make readiness for their last chance of being communicants. Madame Le Fevre was then to be received into the Church, while her oldest daughter, Marie, my Grandmother, already fully prepared by assiduous study of the Catechism and precocious piety, was to receive Holy Communion for the first time at the next and farewell visit of the priest, which was to be some time in 1791.

When this farewell was made, if it ever was made, Madame Le Fevre was a widow, her two children, Marie and Angelique, orphans defrauded of their inheritance, and compelled to seek refuge among their Indian relatives. My Great Grandfather Le Fevre died quite suddenly, his family remaining in peaceful possession of their home until the arrival of relatives from Europe, who, ignoring his American marriage, claimed all his wealth, and drove his wife and her two little ones into the street.

Never to her dying day did my Grandmother forget the awful desolation of that day and hour, when jeering, mocking strangers took forcible possession of their home, and they stood by the roadside, taking nothing with them but the clothes they happened to be wearing. Angela was not yet three years old, but Mary, made into a premature woman by her early religious preparation, passed through the experience with the serious feelings of riper years. With full, earnest and patient confidence, she cast all her care upon Him, whose grace was to be with her through all the years of bitter trial that lay between her and her first Holy Communion.

Mary had inherited her father's nature and his piety, but in her mother's heart all desire of civilization, all faith in God's goodness, died out; the fierce bitterness of the injured savage leaped into being, and henceforth she turned her back upon the God of the Christians - not in disbelief, but in fierce, bitter, revengeful hatred. She called Him a liar, who had broken his promises to the widow and to the fatherless; a coward, who dared not protect the helpless. If she had only been patiently and hopefully faithful, what an abundance of good might she not have done among her Indian relatives, with whom she spent the rest of her days.

Some of these relatives happened to be at Riviere des Raisins. They took her and her children with them into their village of L'Arbre Croche, near Little Traverse Bay, where they shared their very best with

their widowed relative and [illegible] children. When we recollect [illegible] pired in France during the last decade of the eighteenth century, [illegible] that many a French lady of higher degree lived in less comfort and [illegible], for these Ottawas, among [illegible] so kindly received, were not [illegible] savages, they were [illegible] civilized, they possessed [illegible] tools and understood their use. [illegible] and hoe, their [illegible] in [illegible] a fair amount of comfort.

Their dwellings were two-story [illegible] buildings, the crevices stuffed with prairie grass and clay, the roofs covered with bark shingles, taken from birch [illegible] and hemlocks, one of these buildings held several families. The dwelling was erected around a court, in the center of which the campfire was always burning. The ground floor rooms were storage for provisions and other property not needed in the living apartments. A sort of veranda or balcony in the upper story ran around the court, and on this balcony the women sat and chatted, cared for their children, wove their mats, embroidered their finery, and fashioned their simple garments. Children tumbled around, all over, and every mother attended to the not sparing of the rod, independently of any personal right or claim to the child needing the same.

Whosoever the hunter that brought the game, the meat was for all, and the campfire was fed by all. Cooking utensils, however, were private property,

and each with cooked only [illegible]
her own family. All worked in the [illegible],
where [illegible] corn, [illegible].
All shared alike in the [illegible]. [illegible]
hunting, so when fishing, [illegible]
made their annual supply [illegible],
the same rule was observed. [illegible]
busy hives, in which [illegible],
while a [illegible]-[illegible]
early [illegible] re[illegible]ed.

Into one of these co-[illegible]-
holds, Madame Le Fevre [illegible]
girls were kindly and [illegible] re-
ceived. Little Angel[illegible]
to her surroundings, [illegible]
Christianity and [illegible] civili-
zation. The French language, [illegible]
of the alphabet, the [illegible]
of reading, were all blotted [illegible]
mind by the fever of sorrow [illegible]
regret, but she never forgot the lessons
of her Catechism, never lost the habit of
prayer, and as she grew into mature
girlhood and learned the power of her
wonderful beauty, her constant hope was
that she might meet a French gentleman,
who, by making her his wife, would restore
her to her rightful position. When her
mother began to speak to her of marriage,
she begged that her father's rank and
station should be recollected, and that
she should not be compelled to wed a
savage.

Those who have attempted to write the
history of the old Northwest, without any
knowledge or personal acquaintance with
those whose lives were interwoven with
the events that ushered in the dawn of
our Western civilization, speak of French
traders as a class of men, who, living

themselves some [illegible] wild de[illegible] savages, lowered [illegible] of the Indians, [illegible] foes of the [illegible]. [illegible] understood that the [illegible] was always a chosen [illegible] - [illegible] ability and tact; he was [illegible] travelling agent, or active partner of [illegible] house. He had to procure [illegible] government license, and could no[illegible] territory assigned to [illegible]. [illegible] to be prudent and sober, [illegible] he took a seeming part in [illegible] Indian festivity, it was [illegible] necessity of being all things [illegible].

There was, however, a class of adventurers, of no true [illegible], to whom the Indians gave the same name by which they designate the French - an epithet applied by them to all the Latin nations. These men [illegible] what we now call Eurasians, men of mingled European and Asiatic descent, who, finding themselves out of place in both Asia and Europe, came into the American wilderness to create a special existence for themselves, in which they mingled all the vices of these two continents, with the barbarity of the North American savage. Ambitious and tyrannical, keen witted and unscrupulous, with a varied knowledge of all occult sciences, in some respects greatly in advance of their times in the matter of real science, bringing with them all the foul rites of worship which enter into the sciences of darkness, they easily gained and held a supremacy over the savage mind, which Gospel missionaries struggled against, almost in vain. Neither did their influence vanish with

their death, for these men left a numerous progeny to continue the works of darkness.

Among all these Eurasian families, none attained a greater influence, none increased more rapidly in numbers, than the descendants of a certain De La Vigne, or Della Vigna. They evidently had some secrets of electricity, greatly in advance of the age in which they lived. Among the many wonderful things that seemed miraculous at that time was an oft proven fact that they had means of direct and immediate communication with one another, no matter if parted by distances exceeding one hundred miles. This, of course, suggests some form of wireless telegraphy, They were skilled in sleight-of-hand tricks, and were experts in hypnotism.

There was a repulsive charm about them, at once attractive and repulsive. They inspired fear which was neither reverence nor awe. They were handsome and beautiful, but it was the beauty of a brilliant serpent, and the fear felt in their presence was precisely the same emotion as that produced by a powerful serpent. They were tall and lithe, with piercing eyes and a vivid bronze coloring, which would have told the skilled portrait painter that in order to bring them into his canvas, he must spread his palette with tints of different mixtures from those needed to depict the American aborigine. In a word, they gave full evidence in their personal appearance of their East Indian and possibly Italian origin.

These De la Vignes were the Borgias of the Ottawa nation and its greatest medicine

men. They brewed powerful and subtle poisons, and taught the worship of the Great Serpent, who represented the Prince of the Power of Air and of Darkness, whose rites closely resembled those of Astarte and Dagon. Parisian opera has put these rites upon the stage, and the lovers of so-called realism might enjoy minute descriptions of these orgies, but even in their most savage condition, the Ottawas numbered among themselves many good men and women, who shrank in horror from these scenes of vice, arranged especially with the view of propitiating the Spirit of Darkness.

The seed of the Gospel, sown by Father Marquette and other early missionaries, had borne fruit, not abundantly and not in its fullest development, but it was there awaiting further cultivation. The earliest missionaries could not find a church; their utmost efforts ended in awakening that which Saint Paul so feelingly describes as "the groaning of the expectation of the creature." Their hearers transmitted to their posterity this longing expectation of better things, of a religion to be taught to them yet more fully. Meantime, they strove to be good, decent men and women, that they might render themselves worthy of a fuller revelation.

Such were the moral and religious influences in the Ottawa village of L'Arbre Croche during the girlhood of Marie Le Fevre. While her mother soon became a quiet votary of the Great Serpent without entering into the vices of the more ardent devotees of that cult, Marie remained steadfastly a Christian and truly virtuous.

Not long after she h[illegible] mother not to be given in [illegible] any-
one but a Frenchman, one [illegible] influ-
ential members of the De [illegible] Vi[illegible] [illegible]
become a suitor for her [illegible]. H[illegible]
sternly compelled her [illegible], [illegible]
that the original De [illegible] Vi[illegible] [illegible]
a Frenchman as her [illegible], [illegible],
therefore, th[illegible] [illegible] n [illegible]
match for her, also he being [illegible] to
give her a dwelling separa[illegible]ly [illegible]
others, she might consider [illegible]
ent return to civilized li[illegible].

Perhaps not one of that stra[illegible] fami-
ly had ever been so devoted to occult sci-
ence and its accompanying r[illegible]
young man. He passed degree [illegible]
in the Medicine Lodge, until he re[illegible]
point beyond which he might not [illegible]
his wife joined him in th[illegible] e[illegible]
certain rites. Fortunately for [illegible],
this worship would not avail the purpose
if not sincere and heartfelt. She re-
fused gently but firmly, telling him that
not even at her husband's bidding could a
wife lay aside the obligations of fidelity,
without deeply offending the Great Master
of Life, to whom all our worship [illegible]
tion was due. She begged him to [illegible]
his infatuation for the spells of d[illegible],
her firm will, her faith and [illegible] con-
quered all his hypnotic influences and
all his incantations, but [illegible] remained
joined to his idols.

According to the laws of the Ottawa
nation, a wife given in marriage in her
youth, against her will, might, on at-
taining her years of majority, di[illegible]
herself from a husband not of her own
choice, provided she left in [illegible] a

certain amount of household stuff, and wearing apparel, together with a specified amount of provisions. She must weave mats, make moccasins and leggings, embroider all the usual ornamentry, dry fruit, squash, hominy and venison - all according to number or measure. These preparations completed, she could take her children and return to her parents, who were obliged to receive her kindly and respectfully.

Mary resolved to avail herself of this law, and she arranged her plans in accordance. She gathered rushes for the mats, made an abundance of bark thread for the warp, prepared her dyes from roots and barks, got together porcupine quills for her embroidery, tended her garden patch of corn and squash, gathered bushels of huckleberries, which, with her hominy, she dried in the sun.

De la Vigne was greatly occupied with a series of medicine dances and prolonged fasts, which he undertook for her conversion. These devotional exercises were occasion of his prolonged absence from home, so that Mary had abundant leisure to accomplish her tasks within the appointed time. Toward the end, however, she had a great deal of his society, but in a most wierd uncanny fashion. He began a series of endeavors to weave spells over her, by dancing around her cabin, beating his drum, shaking his medicine rattle, while chanting incantations. All during this time, she sat on her simple couch of mats, sewing and embroidering, her lips moving in constant prayer.

At last, worn out with fasting, dancing and chanting, he fell down, almost dead just before her cabin door. With the greatest possible kindness and diligence she nursed him back to health and strength, but when he was restored to a normal condition of mind and body, he perceived that all the conditions of a divorce were fulfilled. He asked Mary if she intended to leave him and take her children with her. She replied in the affirmative, declaring she loathed idolatry too utterly to be his wife. He bowed his head in his hands and wept bitterly, but submitted to the inexorable dictates of a law which very few women ever succeeded in fulfilling.

Madame Le Fevre was compelled by this same law to receive her daughter kindly. Mary remained with her mother, supporting herself and her children in very much the same manner that a woman under the same circumstances would have recourse to in a civilized community. Her quill work and her bead embroidery were in great demand; likewise her dried fruit and her hominy. Mackinac, the headquarters of the fur trade, and a military outpost, was then the emporium of the Northwest. It afforded the inhabitants of L'Arbre Croche a mart for their simple wares, and there Mary sold her work and earned enough for the simple necessities of a quiet forest life. Once more her hand was sought, this time by a French gentleman, who had, however, left a wife and family in Quebec, and only desired a temporary arrangement. When Mary understood this, she dismissed the matter, remaining quietly with her Indian friends, who, although they did not regard her as one of themselves,

loved her and esteemed her, and willingly allowed her to share their lot.

Years came, and years went, and one day as she arrived at Mackinac Island with a number of her friends, all bent on disposing of the articles they had for sale, the first prayer of her girlhood received its answer. She met the Christian husband whom she had so long desired, and that evening she re-entered the pale of civilisation - the Christian mother of a Christian family.

CHAPTER II.

I have told my Grandmother's hi[illegible] far very explicitly. Grandfather's experiences, although bearing a faint resemblance to hers, are not of such character to make much of a narrative. He was born in Quebec in 1774, of a wealthy and noble French family. His father, Michel Bailly de Messein, was an elegant spendthrift, and, unluckily, the estate was not entailed. He kept up a state and style wholly beyond his income, and died absolutely insolvent, leaving a widow, two sons, and a daughter to face poverty as complete as it was genteel.

The oldest son, Joseph Bailly de Messein, my grandfather, immediately applied himself to the closest and most serious study of business. His brother entered the British army and his sister became lady in waiting to the wife of the Governor General of Canada. Joseph pledged himself to the support of his widowed mother, and finding no suitable opening in Canada, came West, to grow up with the country, ere Horace Greely was born.

He proved to be a first class business man. The talent and training, the ability that might have managed a vast inheritance, were equally well adapted to carving out a new future. Joseph Bailly soon became one of the most able business men engaged in the fur trade. He was well known in business circles from Quebec to New Orleans, and his name could draw a carte blanche almost anywhere.

As he sat in his o[illegible] Island one a[illegible]ernoon of [illegible], in the year of our Lord 1[illegible] have called him a ha[illegible]y man, [illegible] handsome, successful in almost ev[illegible]. Yet hi[illegible] sorrows had been many [illegible], for in the days of hi[illegible] experience, he had [illegible] a v[illegible]y fasci[illegible]ing girl of mingled Indian and [illegible] blood, born of civilized parent[illegible], he had made his wif[illegible] accord[illegible]-law usage ere he discovered [illegible], her Eurasian descent, she [illegible] votary of the Spirit [illegible]. [illegible] endeavor for her conversion, [illegible] expostulation with her on ac[illegible]ount [illegible] her persistent adherence t[illegible] rite[illegible] fearful cult, provi[illegible] n[illegible] avail, [illegible] long since put her aside, [illegible] the children born during their uni[illegible] he could. He had put [illegible] aside, not choosing to bear t[illegible]e yoke with an unbeliever, even as the early Church used the rule against [illegible] in the days of St. Paul.

Was he thinking of these thin[illegible] afternoon as he glanced at the s[illegible] waters of the Straits [illegible] noted a fl[illegible]t of canoes? A friend [illegible] room with him also saw them, and studying the tot[illegible] said: "Bailly, you ar[illegible] fond of the beautiful in art and n[illegible], especially of human beauty, particularly in women, you are going to have a treat. If I read the totems aright, those ar[illegible] L'Arbre Croche Indians. If so, they will have with them the most beautiful woman in the Northwest - the 'Lily o[illegible] t[illegible] L[illegible]' - Marie De la Vigne, the daughter of a French gentleman, like yoursel[illegible], a fur trader of the na[illegible] of Le Fevre, who died

many years ago at Rivi[illegible].
She lives with the Indians, because she has no other home, and they are kind to her. She has had a sorrowful life, and a trial not unlike your own."

The two friends sauntered down to the beach together while Grandfather learned further particulars of the sorrow so like his own. As her canoe grated on the stony beach, he stepped forward and aided her to land, at the same time requesting the honor of her acquaintance, and Marie Le Fevre de la Vigne answered, with the modest boldness of a virtuous widow:

"If it is for the purpose of honorable wedlock, yes. If not, no."

"Madame," replied Joseph Bailly de Messein, "my intentions are most honorable. I hope to win you to be my lawful wife."

"But," rejoined my Grandmother, "I am not alone. I am in some sort a widow, and these," pointing to her two little girls, "are my children."

"I also have children," replied my Grandfather, "and if you will be a mother to my children, I will be a father to yours. Come with me to my home and see my establishment. If you are pleased with me, and what I have to give you, if you can take my children to your heart, you can bide adieu to all this," pointing to the canoes.

That evening Marie Le Fevre, clad once more in the garments of civilization, was introduced to the assembled household

of clerks and servants as Madame [illegible] de Messein, a name she was to bear for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, in sickness or in health, not only until death deprived her of her chivalrous French husband, but likewise through thirty years of a saintly widowhood which lay between his death, in 18[illegible], and her own, in 18[illegible].

CHAPTER III.

So far, the story of these dwellers in the great Northwest, nearly over a hundred years ago, is not seasoned by the usual horrors with which such tales are generally made palatable. Sorrows and sins have been narrated and alluded to without any realism of war, paint and feather, scalping knives and tomahawks. It was, on the whole, a period of peaceful goodness, fostered by a discipline of hardship, which even the rich could not avoid. Men and women desired marriage for the sake of home life, took its duties seriously to heart. They neither excused nor desired sin. Family life, if not always sealed with the formal presence of religious approbation, was made holy by family worship and individual prayer. There was nothing that the most zealous Protestant would criticise. Some Catholics there are who condemn these God-fearing, God-believing people, because they resided so far away from churches. When the French first settled in North America, the clergy accompanied them in sufficient numbers, and their settlement was duly provided for, with regard to Divine Service, but when the religious orders were withdrawn, and Louis XV sold the French possessions in North America to England, the religious map of the great Northwest underwent a total change, leaving the remote settlements without clergy, after their inhabitants were no longer truly European. Return to the mother country was impossible, for they were not fitted for European life, neither could they have found means of livelihood elsewhere than in the homes which they had made for them-

selves. Compelled thus by force of circumstances to remain where they were, they made the best of things, and the grace of heaven was with them, for a wise and prudent clergy made the wisest laws possible, in view of the situation.

Grandfather, and other French gentlemen, situated like himself, made the fatiguing and somewhat perilous journey through forest and over lakes, rivers, cataracts, etc., to Montreal and Quebec, to purchase their goods and report their business annually. This gave them the opportunity needed to keep themselves in touch with the Church. Grandfather not only attended to the mere rite of confession, but he conversed at length upon all religious matters with the priest, who was his chosen guide. The clergy treated him with the greatest confidence and courtesy, for was he not Bishop Bailly's nephew!

The year after his marriage with my Grandmother, he laid the whole matter, with all and every circumstance, before his confessor, who greatly approved of the step that had been taken to rescue a French lady from a dangerous, as well as an unpleasant situation. It was deemed wholly unnecessary for her to undertake the fatiguing and perilous journey from Mackinac Island to Quebec to ratify her marriage, which, under the circumstances, was valid and honorable. It was supposed that a priest would soon be assigned to the Mackinac region, and all would be well until then. Grandfather, bearing a special blessing of the Church for himself and his family, returned home in joyful expectation. This was in 1811.

The following year, as we all know, war came. General Sherman was not there to define its horrors, but they were just what he said they were - organized and disorganized. Mackinac was one of the storm centers, like the old Scandinavian town that was Swedish and Danish three times in a day, Mackinac Island was a shuttlecock that flew between the opposing forces.

Indian warfare was hugely in evidence - some of it allied with the British, some of it allied with the Americans, and some of it just among themselves. In the general melee the Indians thought it was a good opportunity for the wholesale smashing of peace pipes and unearthing of long buried hatchets. There were medicine dances and war dances, black paint and red paint; men and women danced around blazing fires, singing weird chants of savage execration prophesying that through universal warfare between the nations of the white race would come the utter extermination of their pale face enemies, so that the continent of America would be owned and ruled by the red men from ocean to ocean.

Whisky and brandy added to their frenzy, but these were mild beverages, compared to the fearful brews of the medicine cauldrons - decoctions of the strongest vegetable poisons known, the least virulent being the dreadful rhus of the three-leaved ivy. None were more skillful in the preparation of these maddening decoctions, in which each ingredient was so duly proportioned to the other, that all danger of death was eliminated, than the De la Vignes, headed by the whilom husband of Madame Bailly. He had found a more congenial part-

ner - and partners. He and they led in all their fierce orgies, which were always followed by the bloody trail of the warpath.

For two years Madame Bailly had been amid scenes of peace, the happy wife of a wealthy gentleman, and for two years more the fact that the seat of war included their home did not greatly affect her fortunes. As long as the Mackinac district of the lake region was under British rule, she and her family were safe, for the family of Bailly de Messein was loyal to the Crown. It had given one son to the British army, and there were other proofs of loyalty, but when the tide of war turned, things that had procured safety for her and hers were fraught with danger.

In America, one hundred years ago, methods of travel resembled those still in vogue in remote parts of Asia. In the Northwest public carriers were then unknown. All travel, all transportation, was by caravan. Grandfather, with his household, his family and servants, formed his own caravan. He owned a complete camping outfit, and if he travelled by water, he owned the barges; if by land, the horses were his.

Late in the fall of 1814, Grandfather and Grandmother, with some of their servants, were travelling on horseback over the prairie and through the forests of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan, when they were met by a troop of United States cavalry, having an order for the arrest of one Joseph Bailly and his escort. Grandfather's valet, John Baptiste Clutier, a Frenchman with a strong infusion in his veins of the De la Vigne and other

Ottawa blood, hearing the order read, grasped the whole situation, noted the ribald glances of the soldiers directed toward his beautiful mistress, heard that she not being included in the order of arrest, must be left behind, he slipped from his saddle to the ground, and with the serpent-like power of wriggling away unseen, crawled into the bushes unnoticed by all save his master, who gave him one glance of bitter reproach for what seemed like a base desertion.

The horses had all galloped away, far to the rising sun. Grandmother sat under a forest tree, weeping bitterly, for how long she knew not, when she heard a familiar voice address her by name, in tones of profound respect.

"Madame Bailly," said Clutier, "you will not be safe here much longer, but you must change your dress, give me your riding habit and your jewels. There is a camp of Pottawattamies near here. Only women are there, but don't show yourself to them. Let me buy some Indian clothes for both of us. They will give us all we need in exchange for these things."

Clutier quickly made his purchases, which included provisions as well as garments. He darkened the visible portion of their skin with juice of walnut hulls, and he insisted upon the application of war paint. Grandmother's tears fell so thick and fast that the paint had to be renewed more than once before the disguise was complete.

This occurred in what is now Indiana, not far from the present site of Elkhart. Clutier might have gone either north or east, but he chose to turn their faces

westward, as being the direction least likely to have been chosen by their pursuers. After walking for a few miles, they took their supper, and moved onward to a hiding place in a quiet dell, where at least for a part of the night, they might take some rest.

Day after day, and week after week, they continued to wend their weary way. Clutier made a fine-looking Indian. He spoke nearly all the dialects of the tribes they were likely to meet, was equally ready to execrate England or rave against the Yankees, as suited the company they fell in with, for though they did not see any white people, they constantly met bands of Indians, with whom Clutier conversed freely regarding himself and his sister, or wife, whatever he chose to call her. Sometimes he said that she was his wife, then again he called her his sister; sometimes he hid her in the woods while he crawled into camps to help himself to food, while the inmates were dancing or sleeping. When needful, he danced in a style with the best of them, and sang their war songs with due expression, but in these things Grandmother never joined; in fact, he could seldom induce her to visit in camps, wher she could have found some rude comfort, better repose for herself, and for her sprained ankle, but such was her horror of their pagan worship, that she preferred to spend the nights under forest trees, or in the shelter of wild crabapple thickets.

At length, turning North, they entered Wisconsin, and reached the Menominee country, where Clutier left Grandmother in the kind care of that peaceful and hospitable tribe. No more medicine dances,

no more war chants - still Grandmother's sense of Christian modesty had to suffer from their free and easy morals, but she was utterly worn out and needed rest. Clutier put on snow-shoes and walked to Mackinac over the ice. He accomplished his trip without adventure, received a warm welcome on the Island from all Madame Bailly's friends, both red and white.

There had been rumors to the effect that Clutier had remained with her andwas bringing her home. The French thanked God that she was under the protection of an honorable Frenchman, for, despite the alien blood in his veins, they felt that he had inherited the noble qualities of his French ancestor. The Indians said among themselves that, in spite of his pantaloons, Clutier was a true Indian, cunning and crafty, with all the craft and guile of a De la Vigne, and that he would contrive to bring Bailly's wife safe home. Both opinions were correct. It needed all the various characteristics of Clutier's composite nature to accomplish the task he had set himself. In the early spring he returned to the Menominee village with a fleet of canoes, manned by kind friends, who carried Grandmother back to Mackinac with joyful gratitude. Her children were already with her L'Arbre Croche friends, and she joined them, together with a few of her Indian servants. This was the best course for her to pursue while still in a state of uncertainty regarding her husband's fate. Her family had a royal welcome among their Indian friends, and they saw to it that she lacked for no comfort when she gave birth to a child that lived but a few hours.

Grandmother was herself in a very critical condtion. Both life and reason were

threatened. The hardships of her flight, her anxiety for her husband, who was still in prison, united to make her condition unusually serious. The child was dying, and there was no one to baptize it. All these Indians were pagans, yet they believed in the God of the white man for white people. Valuing their own rites, made them sympathize with the stress laid upon baptism by all sincere Christians, so there was much consulting among them, resulting in their seeking the advice of an old Indian, who had always found the instructions of Christian missionaries interesting and entertaining. He had never failed to be present at Mass and sermons in days long gone by, before the missions had been broken up, but his recollections of a religion, which he had never embraced, were very faint. He knew, however, that parents did not as a rule baptize their own children, and in this case the mother was too ill to do so. He knew that anyone, even a pagan, might baptize an infant at the point of death, provided he sincerely wished to perform the ceremony in accord with Christian faith. He remembered the ceremony, but the words, "Father, Son and Holy Ghost," had slipped from his memory. The Christian God, he said, though one, was threefold, and had three names, which must be spoken while the water was poured on the child's head, but he had forgotten them. However, he would try - he would do his best. The God of the Christians was a kind Deity and may be, under the circumstances, He would overlook deficiencies.

Falling down on his knees, he begged pardon of God Almighty for having forgotten His name, which, perhaps, he said humbly, he had not been worthy to know,

but he implored the God of the white man not to visit the sins of an ignorant savage upon the helpless babe, but to remember that the father of the child was His faithful servant, always striving to teach others how to serve Him. Then taking water, he poured it three times on the head of the babe saying: "I baptize thee in the names of the threefold God, in whom thy father believes and whom he serves," and again he prayed earnestly and solemnly that the rite might be acceptable.

Without entering into any theological discussion, I will merely note that all those who particiapted in this unique ceremony became Christians when the missions wer re-established. The child died. It was kindly laid to rest in a birch bark casket, under a beautiful forest tree, where it lay for many a year ere its parents knew that it had been thus baptized and buried. Grandmother could not be told that her child had died, so another infant was placed in her arms, and she never knew the difference until fifteen years had come and gone.

At that time Grandfather's situation was extremely perilous. He was held for trial as spy and traitor by the United States Government, but the war, coming to a close before the time set for the trial, and a general amnesty being proclaimed, he regained his freedom. He returned to his family a complete physical wreck - a mere shadow of his former self. Grandmother, too, was sadly altered. The walnut juice had ruined her lovely waxen complexion that had won for her the title of the "Lily of the Lake," but externals mattered little to true hearts like theirs. The babe was joyfully wel-

comed - so joyfully that those who had meditated only a temporary deception, concluded to make it permanent, for the child, being unwelcome to its mother, needed a home. Since my grandparents seemed so happy in its possession, it appeared inadvisable to undeceive them. I do not intend to dwell upon this more than may be necessary. If as an infant this daughter brought joy into the family, her characteristics, the results of her own heredity, occasioned much sorrow, which has entered deeply even into my life, as well as into the lives of my parents and grandparents.

The first matter of importance which my grandparents had to communicate to one another was concerning vows which they had made, and which could not be fulfilled without mutual consent. By a charming coincidence both had made the same promise of devoting themselves to missionary life among the Indians, and to this my Grandmother had added a vow that if she escaped with her life and honor, she would never resume the garb of a European lady. To this Grandfather consented, and ever after she wore a dress designed by the early missionaries for the use of the Christian women among the Indians - a copy of the costume of the Piedmontese and Savoyard peasant women of two hundred years ago. At that time it was considered an act of commendable piety to forsake fashionable attire in order to adopt some modest costume, expressive of religious resolve. By donning this garb, Grandmother, so to speak, placed upon public record her intention of entering into a missionary life, so far as her duty to her family would permit. Each one joyfully consented to the other's vows, and in these vows we find the true cause of the founding of our Homestead.

CHAPTER IV.

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In a preceding chapter allusion has been made to the position and obligations of fur traders, or, as they used to be called, Indian traders. There are, no doubt, many to whom the phrase, fur trader, would not convey its true meaning, on account of the gradual changes incident to a living language. One hundred years ago trade and traffic were more closely synonymous with commerce than they now are, hence the monsoons are called trade winds,

"Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows."

That is, its course will lead it into waters where the trade winds are to be reckoned for. However, even then there was a distinction to be made. Trade was a traffic conducted by barter, while commerce indicated a monetary consideration. Shipmasters engaged in trade - took their cargoes to distant ports and exchanged them for cargoes of equal value; and on land traders took their wares into savage lands to exchange them with the natives for the natural products of the country.

No monopoly of the present has been more carefully regulated within itself than was the great fur trade of the Northwest. It was not free from Government supervision. None of its agents could enter territory reserved to the Indians without a United States license, or on Canadian territory without a permit from the Crown. The petty trader was a beginner, trusted with a few of the company's wares, per-

mitted to deal only with peaceful Indians living near the boundaries. The responsible, experienced trader might purchase his wares where he pleased. He was given a wide range of country, but he could not dispose of furs otherwise than through the monopoly. The monopoly was made responsible for peace between the white men and Indians. "Peace and good will" was the motto of its seal.

There was no possibility of cheating Indians in the value of furs, as each animal had a price corresponding to the coinage of the land. Squirrels, twenty-five cents; muskrats, fifty cents; raccoons and minks were, respectively, seventy-five cents and a dollar. Any man having a mink skin in proper shape and condition, could present it across the counter of a trader's store precisely as if it were one dollar. Neither size nor quality were considered, for if free from moths, furs were money.

Usually, when a trader arrived in an Indian village, his packhorses laden with such wares as Indians needed - blankets, woolen cloth, calicoes and a few trinkets, he found the fur already in packs, awaiting his coming. These packs were made up and bound like packs of shingles. It was the trader's good luck if some of these packs contained a few pelts of extra quality, equal in value to the price of the whole bunch. It was the Indian's luck that custom compelled the trader to pay the appointed price, regardless of quality. Likewise it was the Indian's good fortune that the market came to him, without his being obliged to look for it.

The petty trader turned his furs into the company's warehouse. The responsible trader might, if he wished, take his to his own trading post to sort them over, sending one quality to one point, and the other to another, thus getting full profit, according to quality.

After peace was fully arranged, Grandfather resumed his connection with the fur trade, and for a while was prosperous, but his enfeebled health, together with the effect of new conditions upon old forms of business, made success turn into failure, and brought the old grey wolf into his home, but Grandmother bravely aiding him in all his efforts to place his business upon a secure footing, the grim creature was driven forth, never to return.

One great happiness came to them, and not to them alone - that was the re-establishment of outward religion.

A French Canadian priest visited Mackinac Island, duly authorized to gather up, bind and restore. Children were baptized, existing marriages blessed, young people united in Holy Matrimony; general confessions were heard, and many came to the Holy Table. This visit re-organized the Catholic Church in that part of Michigan. It must have occurred in 1820, for my mother, born in 1813, a little girl seven years old, was baptized then, together with her nine-year-old sister, and the two half-sisters, Agatha and Theresa De la Vigne. Grandmother was put on the list of catechumens, to be regularly instructed by her husband, according to the prescribed rules, in preparation for conditional baptism and First Holy Communion.

Grandfather's license as fur trader assigned to him the Calumet region. As he thought, to more perfectly fulfill his vow, he ought to leave towns and villages and go as far as possible into the Indian country to build a home that would be a stronghold of Christian piety, he looked over the region carefully to choose its site. Sometimes leaving the children at school, either on Mackinac Island, with some French ladies who taught the children of the fur traders, and the daughters of the officers stationed at Fort Mackinac, or else at other times in an excellent Baptist institution, conducted by a clergyman and his wife, Grandfather would bring Grandmother with him on his journeys, and they would view the land together.

He was now an American citizen, a resident of the future State of Michigan, and one of its influential men. Indiana did not own any important part of the lake coast at that time. Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin were deeply interested in lake harbors. Grandfather studied all the favorable points of the Michigan coast very thoroughly. Believing that he was choosing a home in Michigan, and near one of the future harbors of that state, he selected a site on the banks of the Calumet river, half a mile north of what is now recorded as the old Indiana boundary line. The site was singularly picturesque, and as neither he, nor those who have come after him, have ever done anything to mar or alter its natural beauty, the spot remains unchanged in all its loveliness, though in the surrounding country vandalism has been the keynote of all attempt at the development of natural resources.

The Homestead was laid out in plantation style, with a row of buildings designed for servants' quarters and warehouses in the rear of the family dwelling. It stands upon a steep clay cliff of aluminous earth, at the foot of which the Calumet sweeps and winds. Eighty years ago the surrounding hills were crowned with oak forests, varied with growths of elm, ash and walnut, hiding ravines. Winding creeks drained the meadows and fed the river, and countless rivulets danced through the forests down into the meadow lands.

Where one of these creeks found its way into the river around a grassy knoll, Grandfather planned to build his residence back of a natural lawn, lying between the two streams, but Dame Nature thought differently, and she had her own willful way. In 1824 Grandfather built a temporary log cabin on this spot, and left his family there - that is Grandmother, three little girls and a boy, besides a year-old babe, together with Theresa De la Vigne. Agatha De la Vigne had recently married Edward Biddle, a Philadelphia gentleman, residing on Mackinac Island, and no longer belonged to the family, in which Theresa was a household blessing all the days of her life. With his family, Grandfather left two servants - one a Frenchman and the other an Indian. This was in June. When he returned early in August he found the log cabin upon a high hill, more than twenty rods west of the site he had chosen, for one wild, stormy night the rain, sweeping down in torrents to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning, caused the Calumet to overflow its banks, compelling the family to seek refuge upon the hilltop.

Grandmother, awakened by the fury of the storm, put out her hand unconsciously and felt it dipped into water. A flash of lightning showed the rushing stream rapidly rising over the cabin floor. Not a moment was to be lost. She called the servants to get the boat while she struck her flint and lighted the lantern. Aunt Theresa aided her to wrap the children in blankets and place them in the boat. All four adults took to the oars, and guided by flashes of lightning, rowed over what at sundown had been green meadow land, to the foot of the hill, and clambered to the top, to find refuge in a grove of young elms. The men returned to the cabin for more blankets and quilts, which they made into a shelter tent, where the children, at least, slumbered tranquilly the rest of the night.

The next morning they awakened under the clear blue sky of a bright sunny day, with song birds carolling in the green boughs of the elms. Grandmother, with Aunt Theresa's aid, arranged a campfire, rowed over the submerged lands to the house for provisions and cooking utensils, which were luckily out of reach of the water, which covered the floor to the depth of three or four feet.

When the water subsided, the two men with the patience of those days, brought the cabin up, log by log, and put it together on the hilltop. Grandmother used to say, jestingly, that the home floated up to the summit of the hill.

Where the hasty camp was pitched on that stormy night, Aunt Theresa planted a white ash sapling, which has grown into a majestic forest tree, still standing, a memorial of bygone days.

The family saw no Indians that summer, for there was a grand council of many tribes held in Ohio, which the Pottawattamie nation attended, therefore the part of that tribe claiming the Calumet region as their home, was absent. Grandfather, on his return, had brought his full complement of French servants, and they soon built better accommodations for the family, and, likewise, other buildings needed at a fur trading post - warehouses to store the furs, and a salesroom for the goods to be exchanged with the Indians for their furs.

Late in September, as the setting sun threw its slanting rays through the open doorway, this light was darkened for a moment, as the majestic figure of a well-known Pottawattamie chief glided in silently. He drew his scarlet blanket around him, took the seat offered him by the chimney hearth. Accepting the handful of smoking tobacco proffered, he filled his pipe, smoking a while in silence, and then observed very calmly:

"I see you are going to live here, as you have put up many buildings. Do you expect to deal with us for furs? You know, I suppose, that this is our country."

Grandfather apologized for his summary intrusion into the premises of these people, and showed his permit from the United States Government, which the Indian examined carefully.

"I cannot, of course, read these words," he said, "but I recognize the parchment. I have seen these things before. I see how many pages there are, and I also know the seal of the Washington authorities. I know you, too, though I have never seen you. We have all heard of Bailly."

"Nothing to displease you, I trust," replied Grandfather.

"No; not at all. We were glad to know it was Bailly who was coming to us. This is a sacred spot where you have built, but that does not matter."

"I have permission from the Government to be here," said Grandfather. "I paid for that, but I want to pay you, too. How much shall I pay you each year?"

The chief thought for a moment, then he stated his terms for himself and his people, which Grandfather agreed to. He smoked a while longer in silence, accepted a glass of cognac, and slipped out into the darkness of the night.

With the first snows of winter the Pottawattamies left for the Miami country, further South, and the Ottawas came down for their annual deer hunt. This was the Indian custom. In the winter time the Chippewas from Lake Superior went into the Ottawa country, while the Miamis, of Southern Indiana, sought a milder climate than their own in Kentucky and Tennessee, whose inhabitants found their winter homes in Georgia and North Carolina. Thus we see the necessity or habit of seeking the bland air of a winter resort had its precedent in savage life.

I cannot tell just when or how the homestead was opened as a station for missionaries, but I do know that there was a regular formal sanction from distant diocesan authorities, and that somewhere there is ecclesiastical record of the matter. I have

an idea that possibly some account of this might be found in the Cathedral records of New Orleans, for there is a family tradition that Bishop Dubourg gave his blessing to the pious task and outlined its scope. Certain it is that priests had to show their papers of authorization to the head of the family at the homestead before they could be admitted to enter under its roof, administer sacraments or celebrate mass, precisely as would be required at any place or building set aside for ecclesiastical purposes.

There was no chapel. As I have stated previously, it was deemed more prudent not to erect chapels in a pagan wilderness. The Christian home was considered sufficiently sacred - devout family life was felt to be abundant consecration, and so the living rooms of a Catholic household could be at short notice transformed into temporary churches. In our homestead the parlor was the sacristy, where confessions were heard, and the dining-room the sanctuary, where Mass was celebrated.

The first priest to say Mass here was Father Badin. We still keep as a souvenir the table which he used for an altar, but in what year, or what season, I cannot say; nor can I positively assert whether he was a guest in this house, where I now reside, or whether, as more likely, in the first log house hastily erected nearby, but as I have already stated, I am narrating family tradition, and am not compiling a chronological chart.

CHAPTER V.

Grandfather built this house in the backwoods for reasons, which would naturally lead him to pay great attention to the education and proper training of his children. He had penetrated thus far into the wilderness in order to bring civilization thither - not to forsake the manners and customs of refined life, but to use them in such a way as to be a proper example to those who would follow in his wake.

With this purpose in view, with these sentiments in his heart, he paid great attention to the education of his daughters. He not only taught them himself, which he was eminently fitted to do, but he put himself to considerable pains and expense to send them to good schools. That the two older daughters, Esther and Rose, had already spent some time in a Baptist mission school has been mentioned. As this mission school was one of the early efforts at civilizing and Christianizing Northern Indiana, it deserves more than mere mention.

About the time Grandfather first heard of this school, he had begun to think seriously of having the children learn English, so he took them to Fort Wayne, where this Carey Mission had been temporarily established. Carey was a wealthy Baptist, who had endowed the school, so it was known by his name. Doubtless he was one of the plutocrats of that period. Probably his wealth was swollen to the amount of several hundred thousand. No one thought of either mil-

lions or billions in those days, but there was just as much generosity and just as much covetousness then as now.

Fort Wayne was at that time a mere hamlet, alongside of a military outpost, which was deemed a great protection to the school. Grandfather was greatly disappointed to learn that as the mission had been established with a special view regarding the conversion and gratuitous education of the Indians, he could not pay for the tuition of his daughters. They would be received upon the same footing as the others, to which they were entirely welcome. He pondered the matter long and earnestly, having many conversations with the Baptist clergyman and his wife, finally deciding to leave Esther and Rose in the care of a Canadian family to attend day school at the mission.

My mother's recollections of Carey Mission, in Fort Wayne, were rather vague. She remembered that she entered the garrison grounds in going to the school, also that Father Badin said a Mass in the house where she and her sister boarded, and that the wife received Holy Communion on that occasion. She was a tall, gaunt woman, Mother said, angular in all her motions and stern in appearance. The solemnity of her demeanor both during Mass and at the Communion Table, and the awful stillness of that at least one-quarter of an hour of unbroken silent recollection after Holy Communion, made a deep impression on my Mother's mind - perhaps laid the foundation for that unswerving piety which characterized every action of her life. This happened some time previous to the building of the homestead, while Grandfather was considering the Calumet region with a view of making a permanent home there.

In the homestead the evenings were devoted to some form of instruction. The family spent their evening hours, as all well-bred families of that period did. The ladies were employed in needlework while Grandfather read aloud or taught the children. The servants, French and Indian, gathered around the huge fireplace in their own separate quarters, sang their ditties and told tales. Sometimes they were called into the family sitting-room to listen to simple lectures on geography and history, or to receive religious instruction regarding approaching feasts or fasts.

Grandfather must have been very well satisfied with the education given at Carey Mission, for after he built his home, he continued to send his children there, year after year, until they were old enough to be taken to Detroit.

Carey Mission was not stationary. It moved onward, as the exigencies of its work among the Indians required, until it was finally established in Indian Territory. After leaving Fort Wayne, its first abiding place was near the present site of Notre Dame University, upon land at one time owned and inhabited by Jesuit Fathers. Here Mr. McCoy, the Baptist clergyman in charge of Carey Mission, built a primitive social settlement. Mrs. McCoy was well suited to the work undertaken. She was a good housewife, an excellent teacher, with enough knowledge of music to teach the hymns and lead in the singing, and above all, she possessed a sweet motherliness, which made itself felt in every part of the establishment.

The colony was from Kentucky. There were hired men for the farms, and teachers, both male and female. Indians came to school there from all parts of the country - Oneidas, Mohawks and Stockbridges, of various tints and hues - mingled with members of local tribes. Aunt Theresa came to chaperon her two little sisters, also availing herself of instruction. The lads and lassies mingled freely during hours of play, but school work was done separately, Mrs. McCoy, aided by one or two young women, teaching the girls. It was in the days of Webster's spelling-book, and when the New Testament was in use as a reader for advanced pupils. A chapter was selected by Mrs. McCoy. She read the first verse distinctly and with reverence; the next verse was read by one of the teachers; each pupil in turn reading a verse and endeavoring to imitate Mrs. McCoy as closely as possible, until the chapter was finished. There were no explanations, for the principle of private interpretations was rigidly adhered to, though the definition of a word not understood was always given very fully when demanded. Neither husband nor wife attempted to exert any proselytizing influence over their Catholic pupils. The little girls had time to study the Catholic Catechism which they recited to one another whenever Aunt Theresa ordered them to do so, which was not seldom.

On Sunday services were held according to the Baptist manner, Mr. McCoy making homilectic discourses not especially doctrinal, but inculcating a very strict morality, and teaching the fundamental truths of Christianity. He was a sower of the seed for others to water. Mrs. McCoy belonged to some prominent Southern

family and her friends did not approve of her matrimonial choice. When her husband embraced missionary life, they were greatly disgusted. There was one hymn that was given out frequently. It began with the words,

"I am not ashamed to own the Lord."

It was evidently much in accord with Mrs. McCoy's sentiments. Her earnest expression while singing it made the second profound religious impression on my Mother's childhood. In after years she connected Mrs. McCoy's earnest rendition of its awkward tune with the recollection of being obliged to turn a deaf ear to worldly opinions of friends and relatives, regarding her life as a missionary. To my Mother this reminiscence was a source of inspiration in the courageous fulfillment of duties misunderstood by others.

In 1826 Grandfather deemed that Aunt Esther, who was fifteen years old, and my Mother, who was thirteen, were old enough and sufficiently well instructed to be presented for First Holy Communion. Therefore, when early in the fall Aunt Theresa returned to Carey Mission with the little brother, the two girls remained at home until the close of the fur trading season in the late fall, when Grandfather would have leisure for the journey, leaving the establishment in charge of Grandmother. Early in December, the wardrobe of the two girls was in readiness to be packed in such shape as to make a proper bundle for a pack saddle. There were likewise tents, cooking utensils and provisions for a whole week, so, altogether, there was

baggage enough to make two loads for two sturdy ponies. Two saddle horses were also made ready for Grandfather and for one hired man, an Indian. Farewells were not brief, for the girls would be absent from home for a whole year, with little opportunity for exchange of letters. Each little girl was strapped securely on the top of a load, and so they set forth on the journey to Detroit.

At that day, in the long stretch of territory between Detroit and Chicago, still only Fort Dearborn, there were only two points where travellers could rest under the shelter of a roof - White Pigeon and the Bailly trading post. There were no roads, excepting Indian trails, hidden at that season by the snow. Grandfather expected to travel guided by his compass and the advice of his Indian servant.

The pack horses set the pace, so the journey was slow. It took a whole week to cover two hundred and fifty miles. The Indian selected the camping grounds. The requirements were water, forest and hay. The horses of that period were accustomed to feeding upon the unmowed upland prairie grass, so all the stabling they required was the lee side of a bit of timber, the dry grass from which the guide swept away the snowdrifts served for both bedding and fodder. A fallen tree would serve as a back log for the campfire, around which the two tents were pitched. A hearty evening meal, cooked at the campfire, being disposed of, the two girls, wrapped in blankets, slept on a couch of furs in their own tent. In the morning, up by dawn, to an excellent breakfast, then strapped on

the pack horses for the whole day, lunching in the saddle, and glad enough were they when evening came to restore circulation to their benumbed limbs by helping sweep away the snow from the site of their camp.

At White Pigeon they were hospitably received at a Canadian farm house, where they enjoyed some repose ere continuing their journey. Such were the efforts which it was necessary to make in order to secure a proper education in the Middle West eighty years ago.

CHAPTER VI.

Just one week from the time they left home the caravan arrived in Detroit, where Grandfather was warmly welcomed by his friends, Frenchmen from both Canada and France. Detroit called itself a town, but it was a mere frontier village of one short wharf street and a few back streets, but it differed greatly from many of the frontier towns of the latter end of the nineteenth century in the character of its inhabitants. The same political convulsion in Europe that had deprived the Catholics of the North-west of their clergy, caused many Europeans of the upper middle classes to seek refuge in the peace and calm of the new world, and such were the inhabitants of Detroit. They were chiefly drawn from the citizen class of France, while the outlying farm population was Canadian. The Americanizing of the town had scarcely begun, and the few whose native language was English, felt very lonely and isolated. Not so with Grandfather, though his religious hopes were changed into serious anxieties when he learned of certain conditions existing in the parish.

I have already said that Grandfather kept himself closely in touch with the daily teachings of the Catholic Church. He continued all his lifetime such semi-theological studies as are appropriate for gentlemen of the acknowledged aristocracy. There was at that time a Catholic journal published either in Quebec or Montreal, which resembled in scope and character the Notre Dame Ave Maria. It recounted miracles and visions, discoursed upon festivals and fasting days, told the news of foreign missions, the outcome of theological discussions, and gave warning of new errors. Grandfather received his mail at

Fort Dearborn, making periodical visits thither, at dates corresponding to the arrival of this journal. Not long before his departure from home he had learned from its pages that there was an agreement among some priests to introduce the tenets and discipline of Jansenism into their parishes, by means of an explicit profession of faith, to be signed by fathers of families in behalf of their wives and children as well as for themselves. The Archbishop of Quebec gave warning to all the faithful that this document contained dangerous doctrines, absolutely condemned by the Church, so that true and sincere Catholics could not sign it. Grandmother thought that Grandfather was unduly excited over a matter not likely to affect him. She expressed a wish that he would not take such a deep interest in matters of abstruse doctrine, little knowing how much sorrow its false profession of faith was going to bring into their own lives.

A brief paragraph on Jansenism would not be out of place at this point of the story. Many Protestants imagine that Jansenism is closely allied to Protestantism, and that it is a very pure form of religion, but the only thing the two possess in common is an antagonism to the Church of Rome, in one case openly professed; in the other secretly felt. In regard to purifying influences, Jansenism, although planned for reform, has never reformed morals anywhere. Its principles, apparently directed toward reform, always when pushed to their utmost conclusions by practice, result in great laxity. They have much to say regarding election and predestination, but their views on these points are as much opposed to the tenets of Protestantism as they are

to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Confession among Jansenists is precisely what Protestants suppose it to be among all Catholics, and having said this, I need say no more.

From his French friends in Detroit, Grandfather learned that their pastor had presented the document referred to above, for signature. They having refused to accede to his wishes, were denied the privileges of the Communion Table. He was shown the Catechism in use in the parish, and being an irascible Frenchman, he declared he would see himself in the hottest flames of Purgatory ere he would permit his family to accept that version of doctrine. He was also a prudent man, therefore he followed the advice of one of his Parisian friends, and went, as if wholly uninformed, to the priest's house to speak about the First Communion of his little girls.

Grandfather was very well acquainted with this priest, having frequently met him among the Christian Indians, at different missionary stations, where Grandfather's knowledge of their language and customs had been of great service to the priest. As missionary, the topics of instruction being circumscribed by strict rules, his defective doctrine had not manifested itself. Being established as pastor, with complete jurisdiction over a vast territory, gave him fullest liberty to exploit his own ideas - a liberty of which he availed himself absolutely. The genuine piety and great holiness of his private life only rendered the situation more intensely acute. If the European element in Detroit had hoped that Bishop Bailly's nephew might have an influence they did not possess, they were disappointed. The

preparation which the little girls made with a duly authorized catechism was not accepted, while Grandfather's abhorrent refusal to sign the heretical document stood between him and those sacramental privileges so dear to the heart of a devout Catholic.

On the Canadian side of the river laid the village of Sandwich, now absorbed by the town of Windsor. There was a little church there, also favored with a resident priest, the one who had baptized my aunt and my mother. He was a good man, simple hearted, sincerely devout, and a true Catholic. To him my Grandfather went for advice and consolation. He knew all that Grandfather had to tell him, and a great deal more besides. He likewise admitted that he had duly reported these matters. He had been told not to make trouble between the Church in Canada and the Church in the United States. He was reminded that great difficulties attended the establishment of a Church in the States, therefore much must be overlooked. He was told, however, to be very zealous in the maintenance of true doctrine in his own parish, so as to make it a counteracting influence.

He told Grandfather to bring the little girls to Sandwich, and introduced him to the best family in the hamlet, who, at the priest's request, consented to receive Esther and Rose as boarders for one year at the end of which time they would be residents of his parish, and be entitled to receive their First Communion in his Church. The assistant priest agreed to give them instruction, not only in Christian doctrine, but also in such studies as they evinced talent for and were suitable to the daughters of a gentleman.

Aunt Esther made considerable progress in Latin, and they both learned a great deal from the simple-hearted Canadian peasantry.

Were I writing a sketch of the Canada of those days, I might give many pages to this year of my mother's life, and as it is, I cannot forbear dwelling on a few of its experiences. These French Canadians were very polite and elegant in their demeanor. From then the little backwoods ladies gained a yet more polished manner. Every farmer's wife knew how to enter a room with ease and grace, and how to leave it in a mannerly way; every farmer knew "place aux dames," when to raise his hat, and at what angle and degree it should be raised, and all the phraseology of true politeness flowed readily from their lips.

They had family dances, where the pastor looked on benevolently, while his young people danced their jigs, gavottes and simple quadrilles. Round dances were unknown. At weddings he led the dance with the bride's mother. The little young ladies soon learned the graceful motions of the rhythmic dances, acquiring at the same time that elegant ease of deportment for which later on they were greatly admired.

The farmers of the concessions, as the environs of Sandwich were called, did not learn to read. They learned their catechism orally, and at church used their beads. Women learned to read and write, kept accounts, taught the catechism to their children, and used prayer-books. It was deemed that men and boys were too busy with outdoor matters to trouble themselves with "book knowledge." That was part of woman's duty -

like milking and churning, sewing and mending - giving her no superiority over her husband any more than would the cooking of a meal. The authority of the husband was absolute. He could scold his wife as if she were a child; slap her, too, if he thought she deserved it, and often did - not very hard, but enough to show mastership.

To the "Demoiselles Bailly" who witnessed a very different state of things in their own home, where their mother, deprived by early misfortune of the education due her rank, was nevertheless, on perfect equality with her learned husband, this Canadian modus vivendi seemed extremely queer, but their quiet worldly wisdom developed somewhat early, by the incongruities of life at Carey Mission, kept them from commenting too freely on these matters, then really there was so much to admire in the genuine piety, the sincere reverence and hearty Christianity of these people - so much true happiness under their humble roofs - that in later years the recollceion of this matrimonial balance only caused a pleasant smile to pass over Mother's countenance.

The two young girls won the hearts of the whole congregation, and their First Communion with its accompanying incidents, was an event long remembered in the oral annals of the parish.

During all this time letters passed only once between themselves and their parents, through the hands of civil engineers engaged in surveying a mail route between Detroit and Fort Dearborn. These gentlemen kindly took charge of letters

to the Homestead, and on their return to Detroit in the late autumn of 1827, they brought a letter announcing that Grandfather would visit his daughters in the course of the winter on his way to Lower Canada, as the Province of Quebec was then styled. When he came he had both sad news and good news for them. Their little brother had died of typhoid at Carey Mission, and one of their sisters, whose health had always been very frail, seemed to be gaining in strength.

He inquired if they would like to spend another year away from home. If so, they might remain in Detroit to continue their studies. They both begged to be allowed to spend a few months with their mother to enjoy her company, and to offer their condolences. Mother asked to return to her studies later on and to bring her sickly sister with her to Detroit. The child could receive special medical treatment and have cheerful companionship with children of her own age - perhaps be able to go to school. Mother pledged herself to the tender care of the little invalid, and Grandfather consented joyfully, to what he considered proof of a true religious spirit.

He then continued his journey to Quebec, where he fully expected to enjoy the long deferred privileges of a Christian. In this he was grievously disappointed, for his statement regarding the document he had been requested to sign was treated with distrust, and as a flimsy pretext brought forward to cover up some misdeed or misdemeanor.

To a severe rebuke for his lack of submission to his pastor, he replied by asking if he ought to sign the paper. He was told no true Catholic ought to sign such a document, but that it could not have been

presented to him. After much circular argument on the subject, he realised that the Church authorities of Canada deemed it best to ignore the situation, and this position being taken, left him no outlet.

Upon his return to Detroit, he found the little Parisian colony there had received instructions from France very much to the point, and extremely consoling. First of all, they were warned not to do anything to disrupt the peace of the parish, for the poor and ignorant needed the blessings of religion and they could not enter into these matters of higher doctrine, the false teaching could not harm them. They were told to allow their wives and children to approach the Sacraments, as their pastor was duly authorized to dispense them, and did not require of them any signature to the unfortunate document. They themselves must refrain from signing it, patiently submitting to the injustice resulting from their refusal. They were exhorted to redouble fervor in prayer, to observe strictly the rules of fasting, and they were reminded that under the circumstances all that was needful to cleanse their souls from sin was sincere and heartfelt sorrow for having offended God.

Thus the discord ended, the parish grew in numbers and flourished, and with it the town likewise thrived. After this, Grandfather's daughters spent some months of each year in Detroit, both for educational and social advantages, and the younger ones came with their older sisters, instead of going to Carey Mission. There they made their First Communion, and there all four sisters were confirmed later on, three by Bishop Fenwick, and one by Bishop Rese.

CHAPTER VII.

Meanwhile, life at the Homestead continued on an even tenor. Grandfather dealt with the Indians, shipped his furs in barge-like rowboats to Mackinac, visited Quebec, and from time to time spent some months in Louisiana, where he had a trading post at Baton Rouge. There he dealt with tribes dwelling west of the Mississippi, who brought him all the valuable pelts of the far West, including sealskins from the Northern Pacific Coast. These were exported from New Orleans to France.

The road surveyed between Detroit and Fort Dearborn was merely a verification of the old Indian trail across the Southern Lake region. Landmarks were established, a few bridges, strongly built of unhewn timbers, were thrown across the streams, a few hillsides were graded, and little else was done or needed. The trail was established upon ground naturally firm and solid. It avoided quagmires and other obstacles, and as the only vehicle to pass over it was the mail wagon - a sort of buckboard, guiltless of springs, drawn by Indian ponies - which came one week and returned the next, no deep wheel ruts marked the still unbroken sod. All travel was in the saddle, and the solitary horseman always received hospitality at the Homestead, where this trail crossed the front lawn.

Besides the regular missionaries, who came at appointed times, other priests also found shelter and warm welcome when journeying along the route. The priest who set out on a long journey through the wilderness always carried with him all the essentials for the celebration of Mass, and if

he was so fortunate as to find a Catholic household to receive him for the night, the following morning he always said Mass, using as an altar the largest and most suitable piece of furniture at hand - either desk, table or bureau. Thus, a home like ours was as an oasis in the desert. Priests timed their departure and travelled more rapidly in order to reach such a homestead. Neither did they hold it needful to make official reports of such Masses, which were merely a part of their lives, like other daily prayer. Much less did they consider that those who gathered around the impromptu altar owed them any special gratitude, personally. Christianity was more spontaneous and less formal than it is now.

The Indians of both tribes remained friendly, and placed the greatest confidence in the inmates of the Homestead. When going on a prolonged hunt, where they did not care to be burdened with all their effects, they used to leave them in the care of the family. In order that in the event of his death any mistake might be made by administrators or heirs regarding these effects, Grandfather caused a special cabin to be built, apart from the rest of his premises, and near the spot where the Indians usually built their wigwams. This was exclusively for storage of property left in his care by the Indians. The key of its padlock was not kept with his keys, but was in charge of one of the daughters of the Homestead - whichever happened to be at home to aid her mother in household cares, for although all the young ladies spent a great deal of time elsewhere, they took turns in remaining at home with their mother.

All these acts of kindness necessarily made an impression in favor of Christianity, but the Pottawattamies were afflicted with religious indifferentism. They did not care much about their own pagan beliefs, and naturally were not looking for anything better. The Ottawas were still somewhat in awe of their medicine men, though the total failure of their prophecies, made during the war of 1812, had weakened the influence of their magic. Besides this, men like my Grandfather would tell them all about Franklin's experiments with electricity, and trace the analogy between some of the tricks of jugglery and the effects of electricity, so that the Indians did learn to refer these wonders to laws of nature not fully understood. These Ottawas enjoyed instructions which they heard at the Homestead, and in teaching these simple children of the forest, Grandfather partially forgot his sorrows.

The winter after the death of his son, he undertook to translate the Sacred Scriptures to the Ottawas, spending the winter in this neighborhood. His translation was, of course, oral, for the narrative his handbook was the celebrated Royaumont Bible History. When the words of the Lord were quoted, he referred to the Scriptures themselves. Some of these Ottawas were Christians and some of them pagans, but each evening found all of them gathered together in the Homestead living room, where Grandmother welcomed them, and gave them the good example of devout attention to her husband's instructions. They enjoyed hearing the whole connected story of Man's relation toward his Creator and his Saviour. It entered deeply into their souls and the effect was permanent. When the time came

for them to go Northward, a deputation came to the house to give formal thanks for this great kindness. A woman was the spokesman. Her words were never forgotten.

"We thank you, our friend and brother, for the great satisfaction you have given us in our Spirit, by telling to us the whole story of all that Gitche Manito has done for his children among men, and for having taught us what he wills we shall do. We thank you, and it shall always be remembered."

The establishment of the permanent mail route, of course, brought other settlers, and things were altered, both for better and for worse. The first to come was Jesse Morgan. He brought his wife and family with him - sons and daughters - choosing a homestead site five or six miles distant from Grandfather's home. He is the only one that need be mentioned. He was the best of these settlers, and, indeed, very good. He was of excellent family, without any pretension to noble ancestry. He came here for his own good, to seek a better opening in life than what he left behind him. He came neither as a missionary nor as a merchant; he had no commercial connection with the outside world; he was a first-class, high-class agriculturist, and he came to find space enough for a first-class farm. He did not labor for the conversion of the Indians, nor seek to further the interests of commerce. He came exclusively for the welfare of his family, He was a just man, kind and neighborly to the poorer settlers. If he did not labor for the enlightenment of the Indians, he dealt with them fairly and kindly.

They loved him and idolized his children. Such men as he are always needful in the rank and file of life, for not all are born to labor for the public welfare.

It was not possible for him to understand and fully appreciate Grandfather. He was slow to take in the fact that Grandfather was competent to teach his own children until they were old enough to finish their education, where the children of aristocratic families were receiving elegant instruction. He caused the State School Committee to confiscate a much-prized portion of the homestead property, for school land, because Grandfather did not send his children to the district school, where they would have acquired a nasal twang and the Riley Whitcomb dialect. Later on, he learned to regret that his children could not share in the educational advantages which Grandfather lavished on his daughters.

Grandfather's labors as a missionary were not at all understood by these newcomers, which was just as well, for these were the days when nearly all good Protestants made sure that the Pope was anti-Christ and that Catholic Rome was the Scarlet Woman. Jesse Morgan, however, did not cherish any prejudice of that nature. Grandfather liked him very much, appreciated him fully, and with exceeding breadth of mind, was able to overlook these errors of judgment which had such annoying results. There was always friendship and good will and harmony of action between the two homesteads.

With two such men as dominant influences in a township, we need not wonder that the soil of Porter County was unstained by massacre. The Indians were kind and grateful - always ready to give useful information. When Grandfather came to Porter County, he found an ideal climate for purposes of residence. The summers were cool, there were but few mosquitoes, and the winters were open and not too moist. Vegetables and garden fruits were easily grown, but the climatic conditions did not favor serious agriculture. I have recorded one visit of the Pottawattamie Chief. There were many others, always made with kindly purpose. After the family had been here several years he came in one autumn afternoon and smoked by the hearth, as usual, in silence. Grandmother, desirous of being polite, began to converse on climate and weather, which are always useful topics in friendly small talk.

"You have a beautiful country and a lovely climate; pleasant summers and mild winters," she remarked, "Yet," added she, "I am sometimes homesick for the snows of Mackinac."

The old chief laughed grimly and replied:

"My aunt, you need not feel so lonesome for your Northern snowdrifts. You will have all you wish of them - perhaps more than you wish - during the coming winter. That is what I have come to tell you. I see that your husband is out with his men cutting winter fuel. If you want to keep yourselves warm next winter, the way the white people do, he must provide twice as much fuel as heretofore."

He then gave a very intelligent explanation of the changes of climate to which this region was subject. These changes were dependent upon a series of circumstances that repeated themselves in a cycle of about eighty years, this cycle containing briefer cycles. My Grandmother remembered every detail of his very precise statement of causes and effects. My mother recollected some portions of it. That winter Grandmother had all the snows of Mackinac at her own threshold. The intense cold of winter was followed by an extremely warm summer, with swarms of mosquitoes. Since then the changes of climate have passed through all the various cycles, until we seem to be now returning to the same conditions that existed here eighty years ago.

The translation of the Sacred Scriptures was not the only religious outcome of Grandfather's sorrow at the death of his son. He also at that time made fuller arrangements for the sanctification of Sunday. The missionaries made infrequent visits and did not always reach a given point on Sunday. Grandfather determined to mark the day of worship by a special act of devotion, imposed upon the household, which was to establish a habit of going to a place at a reasonable distance from the house, in order to recite their Sunday prayers. This, he argued, would give them the habit of going to church on Sundays.

He had chosen a spot for a cemetery on a sandy knoll, about three-quarters of a mile from the house. There he had buried his son and had raised a huge crossof oaken

beams as a landmark. In front of this cross, he erected a little log building where the only opening was a rather wide door, facing the cross. This building was not a chapel, but merely a shelter for those who went to pray at the foot of the cross, as did all the household on Sundays and Holy Days. There was no appointed hour for this visit, neither was there any public prayer. The rule was that the visit should be made in the morning, and each one prayed silently, according to the bent of personal devotion.

About this time, or a year or two later, Grandfather learned that the sickly child, who had been the object of so much solicitude, and who was to be the cause of great sorrow, was not his child. He was told the true story of the birth, the death and burial of the infant born after the hardships of Grandmother's weary flight. Guided by the Indians who had buried the child, he sought its grave, but the ax of the white settler had felled that edge of the forest, and it was with difficulty that the Indians identified the stump of the tree under which they had buried the babe. A search for the remains resulted in finding a few fragments of a birch-bark basket, a few tiny bones, and earth colored by the essences of the human body. Sadly and reverently Grandfather gathered these precious relics, bringing them home to be laid beside his other child. This is the true history of the origin of our homestead cemetery - "A sorrow's crown of sorrow," reaching up to happier things beyond the grave.

At this time, also, Grandfather sought legal advice regarding the child substituted for his, but found that the testimony was insufficient to warrant repudiation, especially after the long lapse of time since the event. He concluded to accept the situation, and consider it as a matter of almsgiving. He told his family all the circumstances and requested them never to mention the subject outside the family, and never to speak of it among themselves without absolute necessity. As years went on the girl developed traits of character, which led her to cause dissension and sow discord in the home that sheltered her. It is not my purpose, however, to dwell at any length upon her misconduct, neither now or later on, when I shall be compelled to allude to it in connection with its consequences.

Grandfather's lectures to his red neighbors were by no means confined to religion. They were also geographical and historical. The Indians were curious to hear all about the white man's country, as they styled Europe, soon learning to understand the conventional signs of things in the maps, which Grandfather traced with charcoal on the sitting-room floor. They delighted also in the incidents and personages of French history. Clovis and Clotilda, Pepin and Charlemagne, Blanche of Castile and Louis IX, Bayard and Du Guesclin, appealed strongly to their imaginations, and accorded with their ideals. All the while Grandfather labored to make these impressions such as would convince them of the futility of resisting the white man.

CHAPTER VIII

Grandfather learned a great deal from the Indians regarding their past history, in the days when the Empire of the Montezumas ruled all North America as well as Mexico.

The Spanish conquest of Mexico gave them a measure of liberty, for which they were truly thankful, but they were still subject to the remnant of the Aztec priesthood, that had fled far beyond the rule of the Spaniard into a land far away to the Southwest, where it never rained. This remnant of sacerdotal authority, exercising a most tyrannical oppression over its immediate subjects, left the tribes to do as they would, except when theyordered them to execute some bloody revenge upon the whites.

"We are not ungrateful, nor are we treacherous," they used to say to Grandfather, "but when our rulers bid us go on the warpath, sparing neither friend nor foe, we must obey them. You white people must not find the routes over the plains and through the mountain ranges into the far West. You must not go too far beyond the Mississippi. If you do, we must kill you."

They told of the great distance between the Lake region and that distant rainless country, shut in by desert lands, but they said that messengers from there could come to the southern shores of Lake Michigan in four or five days, by means of relays of swift ponies.

"You white men," they said, "will never learn all the roads by means of which they can come so directly and so speedily. Their messengers come often. You see them as strangers in our camps, but we do not tell you who they are. We dare not. When white men have found and conquered the rainless country, the wars between red men and whites will cease, but not before.'

They told about the snake dances of these wicked priests, whose magic was even more wonderful than that of the De la Vignes, and of splendid mats and blankets woven by the people immediately subject to them, but when Grandfather repeated these things, containing so much valuable information, other gentlemen discredited them as idle tales.

However, an Indian massacre might have been perpetrated in what is now Westchester Township in Porter County, without any orders from these Aztec rulers. A family, or rather clan, of Ottawas, had been spending a longer period than usual in the Calumet country, and they had finally pitched their camp of matted wigwams on the homestead land, in a beautiful grove of huge white oaks. In the middle of the grove, there was, and still is, a large open space clear of timber and undergrowth, a condition which can be referred to the fact that the spot was in use as a camping ground from time immemorial. The camps made a very pretty picture viewed from the front veranda of the residence, with the little log cabin, the recognized storehouse of their simple effects in the foreground, and this time the campers were more than usually welcome, being people well liked by all who knew them.

Having completed their housekeeping arrangements, one of the mothers sent her two daughters to a farm where she had heard potatoes were for sale. The girls, who had been told to buy as many potatoes as they could carry home, went into the potato fields where the farmer's sons were at work. Why these young men could have imagined that they could insult these dusky maidens, by making improper advances, was incomprehensible, but that is what they did. As soon as the girls understood, they turned around to go home. The young men pursued them as far as the homestead, where, all out of breath with the three-mile race, the girls fell down in a dead faint upon the veranda. Grandmother ordered immediate attention to be paid to their condition, and bade the young men flee for their lives.

"Oh, boys," she cried out, "what were you thinking about? The Indians will kill you for this - kill you awfully. Go home and hide yourselves."

It was with the greatest difficulty that she made them see in what a dangerous position they were. After she got rid of them she sent for the mother of the two girls, and was greatly relieved to discover that nothing ailed them more serious than the natural effects of terror and fatigue.

Their brothers and their cousins did not view the matter so thankfully. They were angry - unspeakably angry - with all the wild, unforgiving anger for which the Indian is renowned, and they determined upon a fearful bloody vengeance, which should include all the white settlers in the Calumet region, except their friends at the Bailly and the Morgan homesteads.

The children of these homesteads played with ~~the~~ Indian children, spoke the Indian language with their dusky playmates, and heard all that was said in the camp. From their youngest daughter, a child scarcely ten years of age, my Grandparents learned of the plans that had been made for this general massacre. Grandmother, impressively arrayed in her Sunday best, went into the camp to learn the truth, and found a state of matters precisely as her little girl had described it to her.

She made inquiries and her expostulations in a very dignified and impressive manner, and succeeded in producing some effect on the women. My Grandfather followed her, and began to reason with the men. He likewise succeeded in partially convincing his hearers, but the moment they left the camp, thoughts of rage and revenge would again be uppermost. The children of the homestead staid in the camp to watch and to listen, while pretending to be absorbed in their games, and they had three days of play which they never forgot, and their reports kept my Grandparents informed of the necessity of fresh efforts of their intervention.

Long after, Grandfather could tell, in after-dinner style, how Madame Bailly discoursed to the Indian women regarding the customs of a society, to which she had, indeed, been born, but in which she had never mingled; how she explained the manners of high life, in regard to escorts and chaperons, illustrating the same by anecdotes of her sister-in-law's experience in the household of the Governor General of Canada, and quite as graphically, as if she herself had shared these experiences. Just then, however, the situation was no theme for post prandial jests

Grandfather argued with the men upon the injustice of murdering many for the misdeeds of but two, and those two, mere lads, incapable of understanding the full weight of their irresponsible actions. Grandmother pled with them to remember all the kindness ever shown to them by different prominent gentlemen of the Northwest, to bear in mind that there were bad Indians as well as bad white men - just as many good men among whites as among Indians. She begged them to consider the unfailing kindness of Jesse Morgan and his family toward them all, as well as the goodness of her husband and her son-in-law, Edward Biddle, and why could not they, she argued, forgive the wicked for the sake of the good, as well as kill the good on account of the evil acts of the wicked.

At last she thought that she and her husband had succeeded in pacifying their rage, and so did Grandfather. It was late in the evening of the third day. For three days and two nights neither of them had slept nor eaten a meal. Food had been snatched at in spare moments, but now they felt that they might return to the house to retire for the night.

"Joseph," said Grandmother, sitting on the edge of the bed, "I am too tired to undress. I can scarcely keep my eyes open. I shall be glad of my bed."

The youngest daughter came running in with:

"Oh, Papa! Oh, Mamma! they are at it again! As soon as you left the old men began to make speeches. The old women are dancing and singing, and the young men are sharpening knives and tomahawks. The girls and women are making bullets."

Without a moment's hesitation, Grandmother arose, drew her mantle around her, and taking her crucifix and her prayer beads, returned to the camp, followed by grandfather, who paused only to speak to the children and Aunt Theresa:

"My children, pray. Theresa, you will say a rosary. The children will answer. Pray, children, pray! "

And they all did pray, their voices rising and swelling to the night, and then sinking again to a whisper in weariness and terror. By and by, the fierce, angry sounds from the camp died down, and one by one the children fell asleep, leaving their good, holy sister alone in her vigil of prayer.

Early in the gray of the dawn Grandmother re-entered the house.

"Yes, Theresa, all is well. They are going home. We have persuaded them to that. Yes, children, it is really all over. Your father is helping them to break camp. Theresa, go and tell the hired men they must help the Indians pack, for they must be at the lake and in their canoes before their fury returns. Your father is going with them to the lake, and perhaps will take one of the boats and go a little of the way with them. I shall sleep now."

And sleep she did for twenty-four hours, while the children and Aunt Theresa remained alone in the Homestead. Late in the afternoon some of the men returned, happy to report that the Indians had embarked on their homeward journey, and that Monsieur had thought best to give them his personal escort for the first day's trip.

It is a tradition among the old inhabitants of the Lake region that, all arguments failing, Grandmother drew near to the fire around which the old witches were dancing, to the music of the war song, and that she began to recite the Rosary aloud in the Ottawa language. It has been told that at the words, "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," the fire flickered and its flames died away. As every Catholic knows, the Apostolic Creed followed, and as that holy symbol of faith rang through the forest, uttered in clear, dominant tones, the voices of the singers died away in their throats, and the limbs of the dancers were benumbed. Five times the words, "as we forgive them who trespass against us," fell upon the savage ears, and as the words, "now and at the hour of death" rose upon the air, they were fraught with their fullest meaning, for the one who repeated them knew if this, her last appeal, failed, then, indeed, the hour of her death was now. But as the last Doxology was wafted to heaven, and the Rosary ended, as it began, with the invocation of the holiest names, the black darkness of night broke into gray dawn, and the demons were quelled.

When Grandmother awoke to Aunt Theresa's ministrations, it was only to partake of the nourishment offered and to fall asleep again, for another long nap of twelve hours. When she finally awoke, she saw her husband re-enter the house and heard the tones of his voice.

"Yes, Marie, all is well. They are gone. I took the old chief in my boat to talk with him alone. I went a full day's journey with them and saw them go North.

When they were out of sight I laid down by the campfire and slept, and I slept in the boat all the way back."

"All is well. The chief is a good man - a very good man. He sees the matter in its true light, and I was very much impressed by the wisdom of his conclusions. He praised the prudence of the government in separating the Indians from the whites, and in giving them lands where they might dwell apart and maintain their own customs."

"We will leave our girls at home the next time we wish to come here," he said, "and bring only our wives and our sons. We ought to be very glad that we have a place where we can keep our daughters in safety."

In all this, be it noted, that Grandfather was not acting as an Indian chief. Had he been one of those foolish white men who assumed the position of chief for the sake of notoriety, he would have been powerless for good. He would have been pledged to the Indians to do their will absolutely. As friend and neighbor, he possessed and wielded an influence proportioned to the kindness and justice with which he had always treated them. My Grandmother knew their customs and spoke their language. She understood how to approach them, and thus use her persuasive powers effectually, but it was not anything that she possessed in common with them that carried weight. It was the inate dignity of her nature and her great force of character.

Grandfather said nothing to the young men whose folly had had these serious results. That was Jesse Morgan's task,

and it was duly performed in such a manner that in this neighborhood the like misdeme nor was not heard of again. These boys grew into men, leading such lives that the matter was forgotten, the incident living only in their memories and in their permanent gratitude to our family - a gratitude shown to my Mother in kindly acts many years afterward.

CHAPTER IX.

I do not wish that anyone should for one moment imagine that I wish to claim an exalted pre-eminence for our family in regard to the good deeds that were performed in the backwoods. My intention is to depict a state of things existing in the old Northwest at the period with which my narrative deals - a period imperfectly known and still less understood. In more than one Christian home, among people of more than one denomination, history of this sort was repeating and duplicating itself, but where dwellers were twenty-five, fifty or a hundred miles apart, the most curious left hand could not possibly know all that its distant right hand was doing.

What contributed most to bury this history in partial oblivion was the peculiar form of historical criticism employed by middle-class men and women, who aspired to be the chroniclers of the events which had paved the way for their own advent into the wilderness and conquered it, for them to use and enjoy.

Coming from where they had seen much of the complexities of wickedness, they were unable to believe in the simple and sincere goodness reigning in those primitive households. It seemed to them a huge falsehood, which they must detect and expose. If they found no records to prove and substantiate statements from members of a family, they refused to accept these statements, even when corroborated by relatives, friends and social equals. The testimony of a discharged servant was accounted of great value; still more so, that of an ignorant person in the lower walks of life, who was evincing great

ill will in the matter. The reason of preferring such testimony was freely uttered.

"They ain't telling lies to please you," was the inevitable response to every remonstrance made against the admission of such evidence. With such methods of collecting materials for historical narrative, it is not to be wondered at, that they left the truth at the bottom of the well.

Among other gentlemen, who, while laboring for the comfort and well-being of their familes, gave much thought and time to the true amelioration of their red neighbors, was an English gentleman from the North of Ireland, Colonel Johnstone. He married the daughter of a Chippewa chief of distinction among that section of the great Chippewa nation inhabiting the neighborhood of Sault Ste. Marie. Madame Johnstone was every inch a princess, and gave a noble example to her father's people of a truly Christian and thoroughly civilized life. Colonel Johnstone was a staunch Episcopalian and the friend and protector of the Rev. Mr. Brown, who, without interfering with Catholic missionaries, labored zealously for many years as an Episcopalian missionary in the Chippewa nation.

What manner of a man, and true-hearted gentleman, Colonel Johnstone was is best shown by an anecdote often related to me by one who had known him well. After he had been a number of years in the Northwest, he received a most cordial invitation to visit his friends in Ireland. He accepted it with great pleasure, but soon returned in great anger. He had been called

home to listen to proposals of marriage. He stood next in line to some important family succession, but in order to take his place it would be necessary for him to marry according to the family rank. They had made him acquainted with a number of eligible young ladies, before plainly stating their wishes. They argued in vain. He told them he preferred his princess of the forest to all the insipid belles in the United Kingdom, and he never forgave his relatives their endeavors to render him unfaithful to the bond of marriage.

I dare not linger on Mackinac Island, for there my labors would never end were I to tell all the true history of all the good men and women who dwelt there long ago. If I now select one name of less note than others, it is because he did his deeds with reference to matters which I have already dwelt upon at length. In the earlier pages of the records of Mackinac County, we find the name of Samuel Abbott, Esq., Justice of the Peace. Mr. Abbott was an earnest Catholic - if I mistake, not a convert. He was a lawyer by profession, His original home was in St. Louis, where he made his investments and sought advice on moral and religious subjects. Just what form of business he occupied himself with matters but little. It left him, however, plenty of time to reflect upon matters connected with public welfare. His legal mind foresaw cruel possibilities for the mischief-making genius of some pettifogger in the matter of inheritance of property by the children of common-law marriages. As a true and sincere Christian, he noted with regret an ever increasing laxity of principle regarding marriage among a certain class of young people. In plain and homely phrase, he saw

that that sort of thing had gone on quite long enough. As a lawyer, he quickly came to the conclusion that a good form of civil marriage would be a boon to Mackinac and its vicinity, as there did not seem to be much hope of having resident clergy. This was while my grandparents still resided on Mackinac Island.

He talked the matter over with all the leading gentlemen of the Northwest. When he went to St. Louis he unfolded his project to his confessor, with the result that he qualified himself as Justice of the Peace - not to make legal business, but for the moral welfare of the community in which he dwelt. My Grandparents celebrated a wedding anniversary by going before him to have their marriage placed on record in order to secure their children's inheritance. Others followed their example, and henceforth until the establishment of resident clergy, Samuel Abbott, Esq., performed all marriage services in Mackinac County, in proper legal form and with all due reverence.

In Wisconsin the Sheldon home preserved Christian tradition among the settlers of a far-reaching neighborhood. Mr. Sheldon, in some way, either by inheritance or investment, became the proprietor of an extensive tract of land in Wisconsin, so he brought his family and household into the Northwest, where he dwelt in affluent comfort, educating his children himself by means of an extensive library, which included the Bible and the Common Prayer, for Mr. Sheldon was what in those days was called a Church of England man - that is, a zealous Episcopalian, determined upon the strict observance of all the

rules and ritual of the English Church. It goes without saying that family worship, daily as well as Sunday, was one of these rules strictly enforced by him, all of which was well known to the whole countryside.

One day while he was in his library instructing his daughters, a sheepish-looking young couple appeared. The young man could only turn his hat round and round, but the girl explained the situation thus:

"We are going to get married, Mr. Sheldon, and as there is not any preacher hereabouts, we'd like to have you read the service for us."

Mr. Sheldon explained that his reading of the service would not be of much value, as he had no authority of any kind to marry people.

"But, Mr. Sheldon, please do. It will be better than nothing, you know."

This argument was irresistible. "Better than nothing!" "Well, yes," thought Mr. Sheldon as he opened the Book of Common Prayer at the marriage service, addressing the opening sentence to his young daughters, who, wholly unequal to the occasion, barely kept their faces straight, as they afterward frankly stated to their mother and the rest of the household, who laughed with them at the crudity of the occurrence.

Mr. Sheldon lectured them briefly from that text of Scripture which speaks of the crackling of thorns, and pondered the matter very seriously. After two or three more young couples had entreated the like favor,

he considered the whole subject still more seriously, since such reliance, such confidence in him was felt by the neighborhood, he ought to do something for them. He could not take Orders, but being a lawyer by profession, he could easily qualify as a Justice of the Peace. This he eventually did, and for many a year Mrs. Sheldon was often called upon to marshal the whole household into the library to represent the "dearly beloved now gathered together."

These good deeds are not recorded in courthouses, town halls or Cathedrals, but they are written with letters of gold upon the pages of the Book of Life.

My Grandparents had once at least to deal with a case wholly different from these, and yet resulting from those primitive customs of marriage. Among the many camps set up in the old white oak grove was one of Mackinac Indians, who had come down to this end of the lake for the purpose of gathering herbs, roots and barks for dyes and medicinal purposes. The Calumet country was the home of the Indian drug trust, for its soils and climate were favorable to the growth of many medicinal, as well as poisonous , plants and shrubs, which the Indians planted in favorable situations and left to Nature's care. There were certain swamps which would have delighted the heart of a Borgia, where deadly sumach and three-leaved ivy, briony vine, monk's hood, deadly night shade and other horrid spotted plants, soaked in poisonous juices, grew and flourished amid venomous reptiles, whose unwholesome breath was considered to nourish to still greater strength the virus of all those gruesome favorites of the toxicologists.

There were also forest nooks and glades and peaceful meadows, where things useful or merely remedial grew - spice wood, wild pepper, sassafras, tag alder, bone set, yarrow, calamus root, and all the beneficent mint family; likewise fern roots, blood root and gold thread for dyes.

It is to be presumed that the band above mentioned did not come on any poison quest. They were Christians, in the different stages of conversion, and they all wished to obey the law of God and submit to the dictates of the Church. Among them was a woman, who, leaving the rest of her family on Mackinac Island, had brought with her only her oldest daughter, to help her dig and gather the needed supply of useful roots and herbs. The girl was very pretty and very good, and very much in earnest about fulfilling all the rules of the Church. Among the young men hired to my Grandfather was a young French Indian, also a convert to Christianity. He was attracted by a beauty suited to his taste, and, in fact, the two young people seemed made for one another. At first the girl was as happy as ever a young girl is over her first love, but, unluckily, the young man pressed his suit too ardently. He could not brook delay and demanded a speedy marriage, according to the Indian custom and common-law marriage. The mother consented and chose a site for the new wigwam. The daughter, a little better instructed in matters of religion and morals, came to Grandmother for counsel. Grandmother explained to her that she must tell her mother such marriages were no longer permitted, as the necessity for them had ceased to exist. There was a resident missionary in the Mackinac country. They

would soon return there. They must wait until then to be married properly, according to law and in full obedience to the Church.

The mother was very much displeased and came to the house to express her displeasure. There was a long discussion, characterized by perfect dignity on one side and great impertinence on the other. Grandmother calmly explained Christian doctrine and Christian usage. Reference to her own marriage only drew forth fuller explanations of the manner in which the Catholic Church regarded holy matrimony in the varying circumstances of life. Grandmother explained and dwelt particularly upon the propriety of a reasonable period of betrothal which gave both parties time to consider the serious obligations they were taking upon themselves. This was a little more than the Indian mother chose to hear in silence.

"Well, Madame Marie, your opinions must have undergone a great change since the time of your own betrothal, which was not even as long as one afternoon."

"My friend," replied Grandmother, "you do not know what you are talking about. My position was a very disagreeable one, and it was growing every day more and more dangerous on account of the wickedness of the world. The Indianswere good to me, but I was not one of them. They gave me their best, food and shelter. I shall never forget their kindness, but they could not give me the protection I needed. I know I left them abruptly. They were going further that same day. I was obliged to decide quickly. Do not think I did so without asking advice. There were then,

as now, good, wise ladies living on the Island. I went to them and they told me that God was very good to me to send me such a noble protector. It was a long time before I found in my husband either husband or lover. I could see him only as an angel of deliverance sent to me by Almighty God. From him I learned to know more and more about God, and I am glad to be the mother of his children."

"My friend," added Grandmother, "can't you see your daughter's case is different? She is an Indian girl with an Indian father and an Indian mother. You are all Indians. She does not need to leave you so hastily. Do not put her in a position where she would be condemned. Do not compel her to undergo a public penance in the Church."

Just what kind of a lively time mother and daughter had for the next few weeks no one knows, but one day the girl came to the house in a terrible tantrum. She was not going home with her mother. John was hired by her mother to paddle their canoe on the home trip, and her mother said the marriage would take place Indian fashion on the way. She declared she would remain behind. She would hide herself in the woods. Grandmother told her to do nothing so foolish and so imprudent. The other Indians would soon be around, and what would their young men think of a girl who had hidden herself from her mother? Of course, if she wished to disobey her mother and to refuse to return home with her, she must come to the Homestead for shelter.

Then the mother came in a state of equal excitement, demanding that the permission given her daughter to remain at the Homestead be withdrawn.

"My friend," responded Grandmother, "you cannot force her to go with you if she does not wish. How will you make her do so? You cannot shut her up in a basket like a puppy, or tie her up in a bag like a kitten. She is now a young woman. Her heart has been open to sentiments of love, you cannot expect to deal with her like a child any longer. If she stays behind, as she threatens to do, this roof must shelter her, and I must give her motherly protection. You call me meddlesome. Do I go to your wigwam to bother you about these things? You both have come to me in my house to talk about them. Shall I tell you what is true or shall I tell you lies? Can't the same ones paddle for you going home that did so when you came? John goes back with you. We will see!"

John did not go back with them. Grandfather sent him to the assistance of another trader, who needed extra help. The girl went back to Mackinac with her mother, and the next news of her came two years later. She was sleeping quietly in a nook of the old island cemetery. She did grieve at the loss of her lover. Then she kept one Lent too strictly, the Indians always pushed the penitential exercises of the Church to great excess. She caught cold in the early part of spring, hasty consumption followed, and she died without ever seeing John again. The priest had but little to say about the matter, only as he turned away from her grave, he said that she was a dear, sweet saint.

CHAPTER X.

We always refer to this home as a homestead, but that word must not be taken in one of its present legal interpretations. Grandfather did not acquire the premises merely by residing there. His right of ownership as a true, pure, absolute, fee simple, by right of purchase from the Government Land Office. I am nota ble to quote the Homestead Law of those days verbatim, but I know its import. Anyone entering into, dwelling upon, and improving land previous to a government final survey and sale, could purchase one hundred and sixty acres, comprising the ground occupied by his residence at the ordinary government price, without opposition or competition. Land thus improved and occupied could not be auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Grandfather did select two eighty-acre lots that he held to be desirable for the purposes of a gentleman's country-seat, improving them as fully as the law required. He was allowed to buy the eighty acres on which his residence stood, and also another eighty-acre piece in the rear of the dwelling; but he was deprived of the one directly in front of his home, which was set aside for school purposes, as a rebuke for his inattention to the education of his daughters.

Grandfather also purchased a large tract of land on both sides of the Calumet River, following its course through Porter County into Lake County. He did this in order to be in a position to control the use of the stream, and its waters for the purpose of improving and enlarging a natural harbor

in Lake Michigan, situated north of the western part of Porter County. He was one of many gentlemen interested in Lake navigation. He belonged to an association of capitalists intending to build a town or city near this point, called at that time the mouth of the old Calumet. At that period it needed very little work on the part of competent civil engineers to render it a useful and commodious harbor. Grandfather attended one session of the State Legislature at Indianapolis in order to secure some legislation regarding it, but he failed to secure any attention to the project, which, after all, did not altogether come under the jurisdiction of the State, as questions relative to river and harbor improvements call for Congressional measures. The Eastern capitalists, interested in the matter laid it before Congress with better results. No stock company was formed. It was merely a private project among men of commerce, who knew what ought to be done, and who had means enough to carry out their plans. Grandfather's purchase of the tract of land represented his share of the risk, His profit was to be in the sale of the property for town purposes. His services to the organization were to be in their freedom of action, resulting in his intelligent ownership of all riparian rights along that part of the Calumet River which would be needful for the improvement of the harbor.

For a while matters progressed very rapidly. Grandfather was very enthusiastic, but he was the first to foresee failure, though he was too honorable to cease his efforts, saying that as long as others continued to hope, he must act in consort

with them. His grounds for foreboding lay in his views regarding Jackson's policy, which he declared would destroy all hitherto approved methods of transacting business without giving any useful substitutes for the methods which were being declared unlawful.

It has been imagined by some that this town was laid out alongside of the homestead residence, because of the great regularity of the general plan of the premises, but nothing could have been further from the tastes and wishes of a member of the old French aristocracy, where exclusiveness ought to have been spelled seclusiveness. A proof of this seclusiveness, which Indiana knew how to respect, is a measure which Grandfather took regarding the mail route, which at first was taken over the old Indian trail, crossing the long lawn in front of the residence. At first the tiny rill of travel was a source of entertainment and pleasant social intercourse. Later on the increasing stream became a nuisance, and when it was at length necessary to define the road more decidedly by means of road improvements, Grandfather petitioned the authorities to turn the road away from his premises, averring that it was a disagreeable intrusion upon the privacy of his home life.

This petition was granted, and the road turned in a westerly direction after crossing the river, led the travelling public to the shelter of a simple hostelry, built at Grandfather's expense and managed by his tenants. This inn was almost three-quarters of a mile northwest of the homestead residence, and a mile and a half south of Lake Michigan, which was reached by crossing the

marsh and the sandhills over the old Indian trail, which the mail route rejoined shortly after leaving the tavern. It was also by this old trail that Grandfather's bargemen carried the furs to his boats which lay in a snug shelter on the beach, close to the hills, beyond the reach of the stormiest waves.

Of course, the clergy never were compelled to seek shelter in the inn, and persons of distinction came to the Homestead with letters of introduction, when these were needful, but with the ever increasing population of Indiana and Illinois, the old indiscriminate hospitality became impossible.

One party of guests meeting with a welcome of mingled joy and sadness at the Homestead was the McCoy family on their way to the Indian Territory, whither they went after the majority of the Indians left Indiana for the Far West. A meeting of the trustees of the Carey Mission funds had decided upon the removal of this modest institutionto Indian Territory, the only place which it could really fulfill the purpose of its foundation. Mrs. McCoy was pleased to meet the young ladies who had once been her pupils, and Mr. McCoy and Grandfather spent a good part of the night discussing the problem of his missionary service. Grandfather felt that for him, as well as for Mr. McCoy, Indiana no longer offered a field for such enterprises, On the other hand, while Mr. McCoy was free to continue the good work in the Far West, Grandfather's duty to his family bade him remain within the pale of civilization, for he could not take young ladies of a marriageable age where no fitting husbands could be found for them.

At that time, he and Grandmother consulted with one another as to how they might continue to fulfill their vows, which were made conditionally and which were not to interfere with their duties to their children; they concluded to turn their attention to other works of charity within their reach. It was at this time also that Grandfather had serious thoughts of selling out his Indiana interests, and making his home at his trading post near Baton Rouge, but to this Grandmother did not incline. Over and above the arguments which she adduced against this plan, she confided to her husband that she felt certain strong and peculiar forebodings which withheld her from consenting. No other argument was necessary to induce a Frenchman to desist from a plan, so for the last time Grandfather went to Baton Rouge and then and there sold out all his Louisiana business. He was too old to attend to both posts, and his wife's wishes led him to give up what was perhaps the most lucrative branch of his business.

He had been very much attached to Baton Rouge, its scenery was not unlike that of his Indiana home, and when he returned from his last Mississippi trip, he brought with him as a lasting souvenir an acorn of the Louisiana live-oak which he planted in a sheltered nook by the bend of the river, east of the house. It grew and still lives, as a small but very graceful tree with drooping branches, hanging over the stream, shedding its glossy leaves in our Northern climate at the approach of winter, and carefully cherished as one of the precious mementoes of bygone days.

Illustrative of the great confidence which Grandfather reposed in Grandmother, and of the terms of perfect equality on which they stood, is an anecdote related to me many years ago by an old gentleman of those days, a dry goods merchant, who began business in a well appointed peddler's wagon in which he visited all the residences and farms of Northwestern Indiana.

One day he drove up to our homestead with his wagon filled with articles specially designed for the use of young ladies, the embroidered lingerie of the period. He was dreadfully disappointed to learn that Grandfather was absent, for according to the universal custom prevalent among American families of the Northwest, no purchase of any kind could be made without express permission from the husband and father. The young ladies, however, were all at home and insisted upon a great display of his wares; he consented reluctantly, was greatly surprised and frightened when he saw Grandmother take a key from a special hiding place to use it to unlock her husband's strong box, an ironbound oaken chest. Putting aside his papers and account books she drew forth a well filled purse and sat down to superintend her daughters' purchases, choosing for them, and advising them how to choose; when the young ladies had made their selection, their mother drew forth the gold pieces necessary to foot the bill. Then she called Theresa forward, bidding her to choose a present for herself. Theresa hesitated, but she was told that her stepfather had been wishing to make her a suitable present, and that she must select

such a gift, as he would gladly bestow upon her, so Aunt Theresa made her selection and another gold coin was forthcoming.

Such liberties taken by a man's wife and daughters with his strong chest and money bags, gave the merchant a very queer sensation. He felt almost as if he had been art and part in felony, so that when some months after, he descried a well-known Arab saddle horse, and the equally well-known form of its rider coming toward him, as he was driving his portable shop across Door Prairie, his sensations were anything but agreeable, for he felt sure that he would be called upon to refund the money and call for the goods.

"Good-day, Forester, I am so sorry," said Grandfather, "that I was absent when you brought that fine selection of ladies' undergarments to my house. I am afraid my girls were too prudent, too careful about spending money, perhaps if I had been there, they would have dared to buy more. I have wished to make Theresa a handsome present. I am afraid she was too diffident to buy what really pleased her, though she showed good taste and she tells me it was just what she wanted."

Forester could scarcely believe his ears, and was still more surprised when Grandfather commended him highly for contributing to the advancement of civilization, by bringing such dainty reminders of correct taste and good form to the notice of the backwoods people, teaching them to respect themselves and to evince that respect by the use of proper apparel.

In telling this occurrence Forester gave a beautiful description of Grandmother as she appeared on this occasion, not saying much, but encouraging and suggesting enough, her large mild, brown eyes smiling kindly at each one as she sat in a far corner of the room, a neat, sweet little figure in her black silk jacket and soft neckerchief of delicately tinted India muslin, laid in Quaker-like folds on her shoulders and close up around her throat, her black broadcloth skirt fitting neatly and modestly, and a wealth of soft, silky blackhair braided into one tress, neatly tied up with a dark green ribbon. "As pretty and neat a little pattern of a woman as you would wish to see, gentle, motherly, and pleasant spoken."

One striking feature of our home has always been its verandas and balconies, the front ones especially, commanding very pretty views of scenery. In what might be called the latter period of the Homestead, the years when Grandmother and Mother, both widows, dwelt there together, neither of them would ever sit on the front veranda; my sister and myself called the front porch ours, and used to chide Mother for never joining us there. She made us understand that it recalled the past too vividly, the woodland solitude of the view which we so enjoyed, was too sharp a contrast of olden days when the wide lawn in front of this porch was the scene of all the homestead activities, the whole life of the premises went on there, and now all was still and hushed.

It was there her father had given her and her sisters their riding lessons, a strict master he was, too, overlooking no fault of seat or motion, exacting every point of etiquette and correct form, so that his daughters were famed far and wide for their elegant horsemanship.

There, too, was the Indian trail, a deep, wide rut, made by centuries of passing feet, which the traveling Indians never forsook for white man's roads, but always used in all their comings and goings. The warriors of a tribe in full force, in a stately single file procession, always made a showy pageant, but the most brilliant array of savage glory ever witnessed here, or perhaps anywhere, was on an occasion when all the Wisconsin and Minnesota Indians passed by, arrayed as if for battle, on their way to some general meeting near Detroit, and, I believe, across the line in Canada.

First came the Menominees, then the Winnebagoes, then the Foxes, divided into bands according to their totems, and attired in all their bravery. The single file passed on in perfect silence, and unbroken order, not one looking either to the right nor to the left, one uniform steady stride, not varying one inch one from another. This part of the procession the family viewed from the veranda without the slightest fear, but when the servants whispered to Grandfather, "These are the last band of Foxes, the Dacotahs are next," the ladies stepped quietly into the house where the heavy shutters in the lower story were already closed and bolted, the window shades of threaded rushes in the second story lowered, and the

the muslin curtains drawn, for the Dacotahs as the Sioux and Sauks were called by other Indians, were tribes not respecting women; in this they differed from eastern Indians, who might murder women, but who never wronged them.

The Dacotahs, however, formed the grandest part of the pageant, their paint was more brilliant, the war bonnets more expansive and the display of arms unique. Feminine curiosity peered through crevices in the window shades, at the fine stalwart figures of tall, lithe, athletic warriors of most commanding appearance. Each warrior's elegant blanket passing under one arm, and over the shoulder of the other arm, was fastened together by a shoulder piece of burnished silver, bows and arrows hung at their backs, one hand grasped a bunch of javelins and the other balanced a rifle slung across the shoulder. When the last Dacotah had crossed the river and disappeared in the oak woods, which received the trail into its glades, there was a sensation of profound relief felt by all who had seen the unbroken line of warriors of all these tribes, pass in a steady stream for two days and a half.

Grandfather's lessons in horsemanship proved useful as well as ornamental. On two occasions the horsemanship of his daughters was the means of forestalling expensive and annoying litigation. I do not know what questions of real estate were involved when my mother rode into town and saved the day for her father, when the distance was more than twice twenty miles, and the road lay through bog and fen and mire. It must have related to something in Illinois, as it

needed attention in Chicago. A man had spent the good part of an afternoon at the homestead, threatening and blustering, and afterwards went to the inn to await the morning stage. During his potations that evening he boasted that he was going to Chicago the next morning to retain the services of all the lawyers there; needless to say Grandfather's tenants speedily transmitted the news to the homestead. There was but one horse that could be relied upon to outstrip the stage ponies, and that was Mother's mount, a former race horse that could yet distance all the ordinary nags and had, besides, plenty of the endurance necessary for such roads as would be encountered between here and Chicago; like all other horses of his kind, only one person could govern him. Mother was ready and willing to transact the business for her father, and always an early riser, she was in the saddle at four o'clock the next morning, two hours ahead of the stage, galloping over the marshes by the old trail, and thus avoiding the inn. Sheltered by the hills from the blaze of the morning sun, she cantered and galloped along the beach, fording creeks and dodging quicksands; turning inland she paused for a few moments at a rustic inn, to take a late breakfast in the saddle. Then rejoining the beach road, she went on and on, until she came to the Calumet river near its mouth and crossed it on a ferry established for the use of the stage, then over the prairies and across the swamps to Beaubien's hotel, on the banks of the Chicago river, then a narrow but deep creek, fed by plenteous sources.

One who was afterwards a prominent citizen of Chicago used to describe Mother's arrival and reception at the hotel. As usual in small towns, the local informal club of all gentlemen of the leisure class were lounging at that late hour of the afternoon in front of Beaubien's. There was very little to serve as scenery besides the lake, some diminutive sand dunes and the stream, there was a great and unlimited choice of prairie weeds, muck dust and sand, and nothing else. Suddenly on the distant horizon a horse and rider appeared; in a few moments it could be seen that the rider was a woman, a lady, a young lady, a very beautiful young lady, costumed very correctly according to the latest Montreal fashion, of which the gentleman was a judge, having but recently arrived in Chicago from that city. Before he could ask any questions, Beaubien rushed forward with voluble exclamations.

"Madeimoiselle! Mademoiselle Bailly! Where do you come from? What has happened?"

"I came from home," the young lady replied, reining in her horse. "I left there this morning, only stopping a few moments at Gibson's for a little lunch, which I took without dismounting, and I am now so stiff you must lift me off the horse, as I am too tired to dismount."

Very respectfully, indeed, did Beaubien lift Mademoiselle Bailly off of her horse and support her into the house, all the gentlemen arose, lifting their hats ceremoniously, she returned their salutations with elegant courtesy.

"Who is she?" queried the Canadian.

"Daughter of a French gentleman who owns a seigneurie fifty miles away."

"By what road did she come?"

"None at all, along the beach, over prairies and around swamps. Something must be up for Bailly to allow one of his daughters to travel that distance alone, unaccompanied by a groom."

In the parlor, my mother explained the situation. She had come swiftly on account of important business, and alone, because when her horse was urged to its utmost speed it out distanced even her father's own Arab mount. She asked to see a certain lawyer, who happened to be in the gentlemen's parlor at the hotel, and when mother informed him that her verbal message from Grandfather must be delivered in the presence of a very disinterested witness, the Canadian gentleman, being a very recent addition to the population of the embryo city, was immediately called in, as being wholly unconnected with any business in Chicago. Mademoiselle Bailly having removed her hat and gloves, explained her father's business carefully, luminously and concisely, the lawyer understood the whole situation and took the case in hand.

Meantime Beaubien had given his orders in resounding tones regarding the best room in the house to be arranged for special "propriety" for Mademoiselle Bailly, who was "excessively fatigued." He also busied himself in the kitchen with an excellent "petit souper" which he served to her in the parlor. After a while he and Madam Beaubien assisted her to her room, where the wife undressed the tired young lady and put her to bed.

In the morning, a groom from the Homestead arrived to inquire for Mademoiselle and to escort her the next day on her homeward journey. It goes without saying that the homeward trip was not made between sunrise and sunset of one day.

Another instance somewhat similar occurred many years afterwards, in fact, long after Grandfather's death, when as a lonely unprotected widow, Grandmother dwelt at the homestead, her numerous family reduced to only three, herself, and two daughters, Theresa and Hortense, but as this chapter is but a bundle of unrelated anecdotes, her adventure can be as well narrated now as later on.

An individual of that class of frontiersmen who delight in affecting to despise their superiors and in expressing their coarse envy by insulting conduct and language, came to my grandmother to giveher brutal annoyance concerning a swindle which he was attempting in regard to some part of the estate. After loading her with coarse vituperation, he set out for the county seat, fifteen miles distant to present his bogus case. As a young lady elegantly attired and elegantly mounted cantered past him and his lumbering team, with a long white plume waving from her velvet cap, he did not recognize in her the negligently dressed schoolgirl who had lounged on the Homestead veranda without seeming to pay any attention to him, only altering her position to address a few words in a language that he despised to an Indian loitering around the grounds. He had not connected

the sauntering gait of this Indian towards the forest with anything foreboding ill luck to his plans; he did not know that these brief monotones had been a request to have her pony caught and saddled, while she would be putting on her riding habit.

Had he recognized her, it would however, not have aroused any apprehension in his mind, for he belonged to that class of men of the lower order, who regard women as creatures, existing only as servants and slaves to man's lowest nature, and wholly incapable of understanding and transacting business. Such men fancy that the daughters of the rich bask in a sunshine of perpetual luxury and uninterrupted round of gaiety, not knowing that when wealthy gentlemen of the true aristocracy perceive that their only heirs, or only reliable heirs, are daughters, they train these daughters to understand very thoroughly all the business which appertains to their future inheritance, and it would be useless to explain these things to those men because they would refuse to believe that such could be the case.

When he reached the county seat, her little Arab was grazing in the court house inclosure, and the cause of the widow and the fatherless was in the hands of Southern chivalry, represented by a gentleman from the Old Dominion.

CHAPTER XI.

Hitherto, I have depicted the happy, peaceful and in a certain sense of the word, triumphant days of the Homestead, with but a mere hint towards the end of the last chapter, that when it became the home of the widow, it was the scene of trial as well as sorrow. Even ere then, the sorrowful days came.

Years ago, I witnessed the sunrise from the peak of the Rigi Culm, commanding the full panorama of the valley containing the waters of Lake Lucerne. The scenery of the valley lay spread out, like an open map before us; the lake, the meadow, the fields and groves, stretching away to the feet of weather-beaten limestone crags, partially clad in sombre forests of pine and fir; the lake glittered under the rays of the morning sun, then guilding the turrets of the town, transforming the spires in villages and hamlets into points of light, while far away in the background of the landscape, stood snow-clad peaks, roseate-hued from the beams of the rising sun.

For less than five minutes the scene lay before our delighted eyes, then before we could know whence it came, a soft pearl gray mist hundreds of feet beneath us, flung itself over the valley blotting out the whole landscape in one brief moment. Swiftly as it appeared, that swiftly it rose, the distant peaks were veiled from view, the sun obscured and we ourselves were hidden from one another in the thick twilight of a dense fog. So likewise, in one brief instant, did the joyous happiness of a perfectly rounded out family life

disappear from the Homestead, to be replaced by the mists of doubt and distrust. Once, and once only, did I hear my mother describe the last happy day in the home of her girlhood. Grandfather was to be absent all day, his horse was waiting at the gate, yet he lingered in the doorway of the family sitting room, where each one had already taken up her needlework, Grandmother directing and advising, while she deftly plied her own needle. Grandfather entered into the lively conversation, laughing and chatting, first with one and then with another, and many were the little jests that were tossed around. Clutier, one of the indispensable retainers of the Homestead, came in and received orders regarding the vegetables to be brought to the kitchen for dinner, and with a kind word to each one, Grandfather bade them good-day, and vaulted into his saddle, singing a lively French vilanelle, never happier, never handsomer.

When he returned that evening, the first to greet him was the foster-child, opening her lips to a torrent of accusations against the whole household, circumstantial as to details, with all the careful prepared coherence of wilful falsehood, and all the vividness of a diseased mind. Mother was indignant and rebuked her severely. Grandmother did not readily understand what was being said in French, a language which she comprehended only when spoken slowly and deliberately, so she was silent. Aunt Esther believed that the girl had become suddenly insane, thought it was unsafe to contradict a maniac, and also was silent. This was the beginning of a long period of painful misunderstanding and constant dissension, and how it might have terminated, had it not been for the wise and kindly

intervention of Uncle Biddle, no one can surmise.

Uncle Biddle made more than one coast-wise trip in his own trading barge from Mackinac to the southern end of Lake Michigan, his kindly Quaker common sense triumphing over all the hidden difficulties of the case. In the end, Aunt Esther's diagnosis proved to be partially correct - it was a delirium not free from malice, which originated these fearful fancies, the utterance of which had upset the whole household. Grandmother had been wiser than she knew, when she decided against her husband's Louisiana plans, what would either of them, or any one of them have done, if Aunt Agatha and her good sensible husband, had not been near at hand.

Matters at the Homestead were never the same as before. Mother assumed her long-forsaken role of nurse and governess to her sickly foster-sister, whom she took to Detroit, to be placed under special surgical treatment, for a complication of internal maladies, which fully accounted for the wildest beliefs of her frenzied delirium.

Grandfather felt this trial very keenly. Although the manner in which he received the information from the Indians left no doubt in his mind as to the true origin of the girl, yet there was always a wearisome feeling, that perhaps he ought not to believe them, since lawyers declared that from a legal standpoint, their evidence was worthless. Then, too, Grandmother having once welcomed the child to her bosom, refused to part with the belief that the girl was her very own daughter. To say that Grandfather's heart

was torn by conflicting emotions i an expression too weak to suit the occasion. His constitution had been shattered by the harsh experiences of prison life, added to the hardships which entered into the lot of all pioneers, rich or poor; he was strong enough to be happy, but this last trial was too bitter and went on for too long a time. Surrounded by the happiness of his peaceful fireside, the sole requirement of his heart, he might, in spite of his nearly three score years, have lived on many years longer, into a hale, green old age, but the shadow, the breath of unhappiness, killed him. A slight cold unheeded, a light attack of ague not noticed, resulted in slow fever, from which he never rallied, which terminated not in convalescence, but in a gradual decline, a sort of consumption.

In this condition Grandfather lingered on for eighteen months, glad to see his children when they came to visit him, but craving no society save that of his beloved wife, and he was alone with her nearly all the time. The family at the homestead was somewhat lessened in numbers; two were in Detroit; and Aunt Esther, now the wife of the grandson of Captain John Whistler, resided in Chicago; Aunt Hortense was a child scarcely twelve years of age, contented with her Indian playmates, and willing not to intrude into her father's room. Aunt Theresa, though deeply attached to her stepfather, made no special claim on his affection, gladly assuming all the household burdens, left her mother free to be alone with her husband.

No one perceived more quickly than Grandfather that there was no hope of recovery, though with great cheerfulness,

he always made believe that he was hopeful. He quietly prepared himself for death by prayer and repentance; three books always lay in the folds of his coverlet, or else under his pillow, the Imitation of Christ, Spiritual Combat, and one of these large old-fashioned prayerbooks, containing formal prayers for every possible occasion, stepping stones to these regions in which the only prayer is the voiceless cry of the heart, prayer in its highest, purest form. Even to this day, the old book opens itself in a telltale manner at certain thumb-worn pages, containing a long appeal for mercy at the hour of death.

Knowing well that no householder is truly prepared to leave this world, without having put his house in proper order, Grandfather set himself to the tasks of winding up his business and arranging the household upon a more modest footing, suitable to the restricted means of a family, left without its head. For this he needed a confidential secretary, such as he could readily find in each of his two older daughters. Aunt Esther, however, was too occupied with family cares of her own to be available, so a French-Canadian farmer, who had at one time held a responsible position in Grandfather's employ, went to Detroit to fetch Mother home to her father's aid. Mother remained at the homestead nearly six weeks, Grandfather making use of daily intervals of freedom from pain to attend to details of business correspondence and to the careful inspection of his accounts.

First on the list was the fur trade, with which he severed his connection, winding up his accounts and exchanging

receipts. Next in order was the town, which has already been mentioned. He wrote to his Eastern colleagues, notifying them that as his end was approaching, they could no longer rely on him for aid in the further prosecution of their plans. He had already dismissed the retinue of servants necessar for the fur trading business. They had been paid in full, and with tearful farewells, had bidden good-bye to a kind friend and beloved master.

He now sent for the few French settlers who had already purchased small holdings from him, and he advised them very earnestly not to remain in Porter County after his death. He pointed out to them that they would not be likely to be able to live in peace with the strictly "Down East" population now crowding into Indiana, and that, therefore, as soon as they could sell their little farms it would be better for them to go elsewhere and join some French settlement.

There was a large company of French families in Lower Canada, who were preparing to emigrate here under the guidance of an intelligent man, who had been engaged as a sort of foreman in the matter of building up and populating the town. They expected to reach Indiana early in the following year, Fortunately, they had not as yet made any positive preparations for leaving Canada, so Grandfather's warning to remain where they were, could reach them in time. He began a letter to this foreman, but found himself too weak to write all he wished to say, so Mother continued and finished the letter from his dictation.

He told them what he had already told

the Canadians here: that after he would be no longer living to protect their interests, they would not be able to cope with other settlers, of a different race, different religion and different code of morals, and widely differing ideas of honor. He furthermore foretold the great financial disasters which were about to overwhelm the States, as the immediate result of the legislation of the period. These disasters, as yet unforeseen by others, he declared to be inevitable, and pointing out to them the advantages which they had begun to enjoy under the mild and just rule of the English government, he advised them to give up all idea of emigrating to the States, which were soon to encounter a condition in which the rich would be impoverished, and become unable to give employment to the working classes. Exhorting them to be grateful for the blessing of a sensible government, based upon sound rules of statesmanship, he begged them to be and to remain faithful subjects of the Crown.

The same ideas regarding approaching financial disaster were expressed to his family, in the written advice which he left for them, regarding the manner in which they ought to manage their inheritance. He forbade them to entangle themselves in any attempts to continue the plans which he had definitely abandoned, and in case of marriage, not to attempt to interest their husbands in the affair. He did request that the house be completed, that the surrounding grounds should be prettily laid out, and recommending his daughters to their mother's care, begged them to live quietly and economically with her at the Homestead, guided always and in all things by her advice.

All temporal affairs being duly settled, Mother felt that she might, with propriety speak to her father of matters pertaining to the hereafter. Accordingly she asked him if he did not wish to see a priest and intimated that the pastor of Detroit, would, no doubt, undertake the journey to the Homestead, if desired to do so.

Grandfather answered very gently, very mildly, that such an interview would lead to nothing but a renewal of former discussions, which could not end otherwise than in an absolute disagreement, not calculated to further the peace of his dying moments.

"But," asked Mother, "ought you not, perhaps, to obey? Ought we not to obey the Church always?"

Grandfather answered in the same mild spirit, not as a sinner seeking to defend himself against just blame, but as a father anxious for a child's spiritual welfare, and desirous of completing her religious knowledge:

"My child, remember that the Church which we must always obey is not the thoughts and ideas of this priest, or that priest. It is the doctrine handed down to us from the Apostles, which we must accept and obey. Those who subscribe to that false doctrine have not sinned, for they know no better, but we who did know better, were obliged to do as we have done."

Then came the question which would utter itself almost in spite of the speaker.

"Father, is it not a mistake to know so much about doctrine? Are we not better off knowing only to submit to what we are told?"

"My daughter," said Grandfather, "you do not know what you are saying. We are here in this world to know God, in order that we may love and serve Him here, so that we may be happy forever with Him in Heaven. How shall we love and serve Him unless we know Him? As much as ever we are able to learn. Should I have gone up before Him knowing less of Him than of aught else, business, commerce or science? How shameful that would be!"

"We owe it also to our inferiors to know all that we ought to know of our religion, for of what does the Church consist? The clergy and laity united under one head; in the profession of one faith! How can we profess that which we know not! If all the laity were ignorant of all save the mere rudiments of faith, where would the union be, and who, then, would there be to protect the welfare of the congregations against heresies?

"Detroit will now have its own bishop, and he will in due time destroy this heresy, which being resisted as I and others resisted it, has not taken any very deep root. My daughter, obey the bishop in all the changes which he will see fit to make, for no doubt, he has been specially charged by our good Father, the Pope, to weed out all heretical ideas and practices. These changes will very likely be gradual, in such matters, prudence forbids haste, but my daughter, accept the true doctrine of the Church in a spirit of sincere thankfulness."

"You are troubled about me; remember, my child, that Jesus Christ is a high priest forever, and that when needful, we can confess directly to him, receiving his direct forgiveness, who is a priest forever, according to the order of Melchisedek. To him I daily confess the sins of my whole lifetime, begging forgiveness for each one, and I hope to die in peace, and in the blessed company of Jesus, Mary and Joseph."

All Mother's tasks were now completed, the morning of her return to Detroit arrived, the horses with the groom who was to attend her on her journey were at the door. She entered her father's room for the last time, the farewell was very touching. He held her in his arms for a moment, and then bade her kneel for his final blessing. Laying his hands on her bared head, he said solemnly:

"God bless you, my dear good daughter. May He bless you for all your goodness and kindness to me, to your mother, and to your sisters, and may He return it all to you in your own children."

After that Grandfather lingered on for some months longer. Uncle Whistler brought Aunt Esther to see her father for the last time; when they returned to their home, Grandfather sent Aunt Hortense with them, deeming it not right to keep a child so long in the gloom of a sorrowing household, and not wishing her to receive the impression of an apparently unblessed deathbed.

In order never to be separated from his wife, to whose presence he clung more and more, he asked to have his bed removed from the residence into the kitchen build-

ing at the rear of the house, a rather spacious log cottage, two stories in height, the upper story used as a store-room for provisions, being reached by an outside staircase. The room in the lower story with a wide fireplace, and a huge cooking range, was very easily ventilated, as well as kept at a uniform temperature in the winter weather, and was altogether a very pleasant place for the invalid.

Here Grandfather could at all times enjoy the cheerful companionship of a wife, who was the tenderest and wisest of nurses, and never did a wife go down with her husband through the long, narrow lane leading to the portals of the dark shadow of death more faithfully, more lovingly.

One thing more remained for Grandfather to do, and that was to make arrangements for his burial. There was a zealous Methodist in the neighborhood, by the name of Beck, who during the intervals between the visits of the circuit riding minister, kept the Methodist flock in order. He taught the Sunday School, led the meetings, and prayers, admonished evil doers and prayed with the sick and the dying. When the minister was too far away to be called upon to conduct a funeral, Beck also buried the dead. Grandfather sent for him, and they had a long private conversation, which Beck never repeated.

"What Mr. Bailly told me," said Beck to curious neighbors, "was a clear case of confidence, which is nobody's business. Mrs. Bailly knew it all and understood everything, that is enough for anybody, my business is to keep mum."

After Beck left, Grandfather told Grandmother to leave all concerning the funeral in his hands.

"As soon as the breath has left my body, you will send for him, and he will do all and be able to testify that I died a natural death. He will see to my burial, and you will leave everything in his hands."

Grandfather gave orders that neither his wife, nor his stepdaughter, nor any of the Catholic members of his household should be present at his burial, saying that he did not wish to have his funeral an obstacle to anyone's reception of the Sacraments. He said he did not think there ought to be any objection made to their attendance, as Beck would act only as a neighbor, yet it would be best to be on the safe side. Afterwards the family and the household might visit the cemetery to recite prayers in use for the laity for the happy repose of the departed; very likely the burial would take place in the morning, and they might visit his grave in the afternoon.

Early in the December of 1835, Grandfather passed away; as he had directed, Grandmother sent for Beck who performed all the usual services and arrayed Grandfather for the grave. On the morning of the burial, Beck and his family drove up to the Homestead, bringing with them a neat homemade coffin, in which the servants laid the remains of their master; the coffin was then lifted into Beck's modest vehicle, which he drove up to the cemetery, followed by his family, representing the mourners.

Thus Joseph Aubert de Gaspè Bailly de Lessein left the home which he had built to the honor and glory of God, for the welfare of the traveller and for the salvation of souls.

At the cemetery, neighbors, from far and wide were assembled around the grave which the servants had prepared beside the oaken cross. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave, Beck delivered an address in the usual Methodist style of that day, composed principally of texts of Scripture so arranged as to form a mutual commentary. He began with "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" and after having alluded to the immortality awaiting mortal man, he concluded with "Oh Death, where is thy sting, oh Grave, where is thy victory?"

Friendly hands heaped the beautiful yellow sand into the grave and when the mound had been put into proper shape, Beck "raised" the notes of Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in which all joined. Many afterwards averred, that it seemed as if angel voices were added to their own as the anthem floated triumphantly through the primeval forest and was borne heavenward, until the words, "and in my flesh I shall see my God" sounded as if sung away up in the skies and everyone said on their homeward road, that they had that day buried a good man, and a true Christian.

CHAPTER XII.

In the afternoon of the day on which Grandfather was laid in the grave, Grandmother, Aunt Theresa, the servants, some French neighbors, and a few Indians visited the new-made tomb; prayers were said aloud in the Ottawa language, that all present might be able to unite in this quiet family worship; the household returned home greatly comforted.

Every day for a week Grandmother went to pray for her husband's soul beside his grave, intending to make this a life long practice, but at the end of the week she received a most consoling assurance of his happiness. To the eyes of her mind, he became present, not aged, suffering and wasting away, but in the fullness of manly beauty and vigor just as she first saw him, her angel of deliverance. Speaking to her soul, he told her not to mourn without hope, though the days of her mourning would be many, her widowhood would exceed in years the period of her married life, as her children would need her for a very long time. He foretold that after a while she would leave her home, as others would believe, forever, but that she would soon return to live in poverty and hardship where she had been rich and comfortable, to be unknown, to have her rightful position ignored, when she had been influential and highly respected. He exhorted her to bear with all these things in patience and cheerfulness; other changes soon to occur were likewise made known, and so the visitations ceased.

Soon afterwards her daughters came from Chicago and Detroit to visit her, and her home began to assume an air of cheerfulness. All would have been well, had it not been for the inexperience and officiousness of the Porter County lawyers of that period. The peculiar circumstances of Grandfather's death and burial, led to some misunderstandings, it was falsely supposed that he had died suddenly, and that his business and his affairs generally must be in great confusion, and that therefore a man must be needed to wind them up. In vain the family protested against this theory, the judge was obstinate, and in defiance of all laws covering the actions of the probate court, forced Grandmother and her daughters, whom he treated as unreasonable women, to be coerced into subjection, to accept as administrator the one whom they had most reason to dread, a man against whom Grandfather had specially warned them. It was a disastrous performance. Of course Grandfather's prudence in winding up all his business and settling his affairs absolutely prevented this person from doing all the harm he wished to do, but he did embezzle a considerable amount, his conduct being so boldly dishonest that he was brought before the grand jury in a very short time, charged with fraudulent conduct (a true bill was found against him, ~~but~~ he did not wait to stand trial, but fled into the far west, in those days the safe refuge for all such characters.

Never again in Indiana was such a piece of cruel injustice perpetrated against a bereaved family, the lesson thereof was taken deeply to heart by the Indiana lawmakers, the laws declaring the right of

a widow to administer to her husband's es-
tate were yet more clearly defined, and
any attempt to weaken them was for many
and many a year met by reference to the
maladministration of the estate of Joseph
Bailly..

The most far reaching of this man's
dishonorable acts, related to the town and
harbor in which the family fortunes had
been bound up. Grandfather had withdrawn
from the scheme, but he left to his family
the extensive tract of land alongside the
river, and if his eastern colleagues de-
sired to continue their efforts to estab-
lish a lake harbor on the spot, favorably
reported to them by grandfather, there
was nothing to prevent them.

In point of fact they did so, securing
from Congress a promise of a special ap-
propriation, provided the Congressional
committee, sent out to inspect the lake
coast, would approve the site.

Those favoring opposing interests soon
formed their plans, the administrator afore-
said was easily bribed to give them aid
in the prosecution of their underhanded
schemes. Nearly ten miles east of the
mouth of the Old Calumet, a wild-cat town,
or rather village was hastily constructed
on a very disadvantageous site, a narrow
strip of lake shut in by barren sand dunes
of great height. There was a narrow gap
in the range of sand hills, through which
the wide but shallow brook wound around
onto the beach, filtering its meager sup-
ply of water, through a large sand bar
into the lake. Transient inhabitants for
the transient village were easily found
among eastern farmers eager to emigrate

west, and the town was ready for the inspection of the committee, who were conducted to it by the duly authorized administrator of the estate of Joseph Bailly, keenly enjoying the ridicule with which the memory of the dead was assailed, when the committee perceived the utter absurdity of planning a town, where there was neither building site, nor harborage.

Thus was the name of Joseph Bailly erased from the roll of commercial honor, to be cast into that oblivion, which awaits the visionary schemer, and Indiana lost an advantageous lake port, which although this failure is now recognized, cannot be put to public use without considerable opposition from present owners of the large tract of land held in reserve, so that the waters of the Calumet river might be at the disposal of a public utility.

After Porter county probate court recognized its error, by discharging the dishonorable administrator, life at the homestead began to regulate itself in accordance with Grandfather's wishes. Uncle Whistler and Aunt Esther decided to leave Chicago, and take an interest in a kindly management of the estate, for the safety and comfort of all. The Homestead residence was given up to them and to their rapidly increasing family, Grandmother choosing as her dower-house, the building formerly used as quarters for the men needed in the service of the fur trade. She hung the unplastered walls with chintz curtains, took from the house all the furniture she needed, and with Aunt Theresa as a companion, set up her modest menage. The one-story, three-roomed log

cottage was very commodious; one large room, the sitting room, with a large, deep fireplace made mother and daughter a cheerful bedroom sitting room, the men's dining room became their kitchen, and a long narrow room at the back was divided into two, for a pantry and a sort of an oratory. The other daughters were Aunt Esther's guests in the old residence, the construction of which ought to be described very particularly. House builders employed at different times in its repair have all agreed that all its lines and methods of construction point conclusively to the fact that it must have been designed by a shipbuilder, who even on land could not divest his calculations of ideas referring to the effects of winds and storms of every kind.

This two-story and a half house built by my Grandfather, has been very erroneously described as a log house, but there is a great difference between a log house and a timber house. A log house was a structure put together more or less hastily, made of logs, unhewn and generally unpealed, the crevices between the logs being sometimes stuffed with a primitive mortar made of clay and moss, or clay and straw.

A timber house was the forerunner of the frame building, and outwardly presented much the same appearance. It was built of hewn timbers, either cedar or white oak; these timbers were of uniform length and thickness, closely fitted together at the corners and fastened together at regular intervals, with stout wooden pegs. On the outside they were covered with what were called weather boards, the original form

of lapped siding. These timber houses could be plastered, and generally were, though sometimes the walls of hewn timber, were only concealed by figured draperies more or less expensive.

Our house is built of white oak timber, cut from the original forest. It was not finished during Grandfather's lifetime, not interiorly neither was it painted, but the handmade weather boards were put on at the same time with the roof, and this first set of weather boards served for many a year ere they had to be replaced by the narrow siding of the present day.

Uncle Whistler did not finish the house which he deemed in good enough condition for a country box. Grandfather had planted an extensive peach and apple orchard from imported seed. Uncle Whistler added cherries, plums and mulberries, besides planting shrubbery and shade trees.

We still cherish the old lilacs and eglantines, and likewise the graceful locust trees, descendants of those planted by his hand. His plum and cherry trees no longer bear edible fruit, neither do the old gnarled apple trees in Grandfather's orchard, but each spring ere a pink bloom clothes the old apple trees with a semblance of youth, plum and cherry trees show forth an abundance of snow-white blossoms, the record left by Uncle Whistler at the homestead.

Uncle Whistler seemed a very sharp contrast to Grandfather, in point of business ability; he was a kind protector

to his sisters-in-law, a dutiful son-in-law; he never defrauded the estate, or did anything to diminish its value, neither did he do anything towards enhancing its value. He saw that farming would not pay in the face of universal financial disaster, which really occurred, just as Grandfather predicted it would. He did not undertake any business enterprise, nor attempt extensive farming; he cultivated land sufficient to provide the family with food stuffs, he kept up the house and protected the family.

As long as the landed estate remained undivided and unsold, the Indians from Michigan came around freely, having permission from the family, as they had had from Grandfather, to consider the forest land still as their own. The Morgans and other earlier settlers, being very much attached to them individually, were always glad to see them. The newcomers, somewhat ignorant and narrow minded, of a class prone to jump at conclusions, got into their heads that the Bailly estate was a Reservation and did not attempt to molest them. Thus Grandmother had still some opportunity of exercising her missionary vocation, and on Sundays, there was often a little congregation of Ottawas, reciting their beads at the foot of the cross, under the shadow of which lay the grave of their benefactor.

CHAPTER XIII.

One of the most beautiful sketches of this epoch of life at the homestead was given to me some fifteen years ago by Reverend Father Guegen, who ended his days a Chaplain at St. Mary's of the Woods, and it was to a group of former pupils of that institution that he gave this graphic description. He began by laughing at an outburst of indignation on their part, because I was not entering into their superlative laudations of the scenery surrounding the site of that well-known institution.

"You do no know," he said, "how extremely picturesque her own home is; for if you could see it, you would not ask her to admire the scenery here. I think her home is as beautiful a spot as I have ever seen in all my long life. The house stands on a hill, a sort of clay cliff, there is a very pretty river, winding gracefully around the foot of the hill, and enough of the natural groves are left to give the impression of a dense forest, while all the buildings are in keeping with the scenery and standing just in the position best suited to the landscape."

When I expressed my surprise at his accurate and vivid description, he replied that he had been at my house many years ago, had spent the night there and had said a missionary's Mass and dispensed the Sacraments, but his story is best told in his own words.

"I am not surprised," said Father Guegen, "that you never heard that I was at your house, for when I visited it, nearly all the family were absent, except one of

your aunts who was married to the son of an army officer, the name was peculiar and very well known too, but it has slipped my memory. Yes, it was Whistler. I remember it now that you tell me. Your mother was in Chicago, and your youngest aunt at boarding school. Your grandmother with her daughter, Theresa, had gone to Mackinac to visit another daughter who was married to a Philadelphia merchant living on that island, so they were all absent except Mrs. Whistler, her husband and their children. I was very sorry I did not see your grandmother. I wanted to converse with her, she understood French when spoken properly, but always answered through an interpreter. I had been told that the wisdom of her replies, the profound thought and sound sense of her ideas were very remarkable and very interesting to priests and men of learning, so I was greatly disappointed not to meet her."

All this happened when I first came to America. I was going on directly to Chicago, where as you know, I was stationed first as assistant priest. The bishop of Detroit advised me not to go by boat to Chicago which I could have done, but to travel directly across the country on horseback. He hired horses and a guide and gave me a list of houses where I could spend the nights, where I would be obliged to spend a night with Protestants, and pay for my lodging, where I would be received with free hospitality by Catholics and all the places where I might be called upon to say Mass.

He informed me that within a day's journey of Chicago, I would be received in a house which a French gentleman had built for the sake of traveling clergy, in order

to give them shelter and a chance of saying mass. He said that the gentleman had been dead for sometime, but that his widow and her daughters kept up the pious tradition of the home, and that I would be made very welcome there, finding perhaps a little missionary work to do in the neirhborhood.

I had been traveling for several days and was getting very tired, and when unexpectedly I saw a house upon a hill as we were crossing a bridge over a very pretty stream, I was glad to hear my guide say that there was the home of that French family. I turned off of the road and walked my horse up hill, and stopped in front of the house. Immediately around the house was a handsome fence of boards, not a tight fence you know, but a nice one, with a very nice picket gate. This yard was full of flowering shrubs and shade trees, and seemed more like a big jardiniere than a front yard.

Some one went in the house and told we were waiting. Soon a neat, pretty little French woman came out of the front door, and came down the garden path; she opened the picket gate and closed it behind her as she stepped out.

"I am told," she said, "that a priest wishes to stop here for the night, have you letters?"

For reply I showed her my authorization, also my letter of introduction from the Bishop of Detroit; she read my authorization half aloud. I noticed that she pronounced Latin correctly, and seemed to understand what she was reading; then she

read the bishop's letter, and when she had finished it, she said,

"It is all correct. I know the bishop's handwriting, and I also recognize the form and the handwriting of the authorization, we are seeing them quite often now."

Then she flung the gate wide open, and making a very reverent courtesy, she begged me to dismount and enter the house. I did feel queer, I had just come from France where the feeling among the clergy against women was at its height, and to have a woman examine my authorization!!! I did not have much time to think about that, though; for I saw a tall gentleman with a decidedly military bearing come out of the house. I knew at once that he was the [illegible]. He came forward to take my little luggage and spoke to me in French very fluently, but in a peculiar dialect which I had never heard, but which I readily understood; he took me in the house, made me sit down in a very comfortable rocking chair, and wished to know if he could do anything further for my comfort, then he left me to rest myself. I looked out of one window and then out of another, found the scenery very pleasing, but the effect of the groves around the premises was to make me feel that I must be hundreds of miles away from every other human habitation.

Soon I saw servants on horseback come around to the front. Mr. Whistler went out and gave them some orders, they galloped off in different directions, then he mounted his own horse and rode off in an entirely different direction from the others. I watched him, thinking what a fine figure he would make in a king's body guard, but did not connect his errand with myself. After

awhile they all returned, and I was called in to a supper table, laden with what in France would have been considered the rarest delicacies, but I was told that such was the ordinary fare of the backwoods, and I thought that then the hardships of life in the wilderness had their compensations.

After supper Mrs. Whistler asked me if I was too tired to speak to some persons who would be glad to come to holy Communion the next day, her husband and some of the servants had been around to all the Catholics in the neighborhood, and it would save time if I could attend to some of them that evening, but perhaps I was too tired she could tell them so. Tired! No indeed! I was young, zealous, full of ardor. I had chosen to be a missionary to do something, I hardly knew what, and here was something.

When Mr. Whistler showed me up to my room, he asked at what hour I wished to be roused, and told me to sleep quietly without anxiety, as a servant would wake me up in time. I had such a good rest, everything was so quiet and peaceful, I was awake when the man-servant came with hot water and other things. Do the birds still sing at sunrise there? At that time, there were so many, and their morning song was beautiful.

When I came down-stairs, Mrs. Whistler asked me what I would use as an altar, her dining table or the piano. I chose the former. She brought out a beautifully fine damask tablecloth, and spread it over the table, one of those old drop-leaf tables. The leaves were down, and she pinned the tablecloth at the ends in neat folds, so that it would not trail on the floor, then she laid a long linen towel on the top, and bowing to me very respectfully and gracefully, she left the room.

There were some people wishing to speak to me, and after that Mrs. Whistler came in, and told me that there were some Indians who wanted to go to confession. I told her that would be impossible as I did not know one word of their language. She told me they would confess through interpretations, and that she would act as interpreter. I was startled and I suppose I showed it, for she told me to have no fear, that it was quite customary, that she was a regularly authorized interpreter, and well used to the task, so I consented. She certainly was used to it, and was so very unobtrusive that I hardly realized that I was not speaking to them directly and after it was over, she seemed to forget all about it as readily as any priest.

Before Mass began, she begged me to speak a few words to the people, who seldom had a chance to hear the Word of God, and who therefore would be glad of a little discourse. There was quite a little crowd, the parlor was full, so full that Mr. Whistler stood in the hall, and heard Mass through the doorway. The Indians knelt together in one corner, and the French were in family groups. When the time came I turned to the congregation and read the lesson of the previous Sunday, and then I got another surprise; as soon as I began to read, Mrs. Whistler stood up and began speaking in a language which I knew must be Indian, she spoke in low monotones and I noticed that the Indians, who kept their eyes fixed on me, were understanding what I was saying. I began to preach, and Mrs. Whistler continued her low monotones which were no disturabnce to me no more than the rustling of the leaves and the singing of the birds outside. I noticed the Indians were very much pleased, and as I noticed their pleasure I prolonged my discourse, enlarging

on certain points and expanding ideas, and still Mrs. Whistler went on, never pausing, always seeming to find a word for mine until the close.

After Mass, came a quarter of an hour of silence. You don't know how strange it is to find the silence of a church in a family home, you expect it in church, but to have all the household sounds hushed absolutely at the bidding of devotion seemed marvelous. When my devotions were finished, I arose, and began to strip the table, then everyone got up and left the room except Mrs. Whistler and a girl who helped her move the table into the middle of the room. Then unpinning the folds in the tablecloth, she lifted up the drop-leaves and left the room; in a minute a number of young Indian girls came in, each one with a plate, knife and fork, cup and saucer, and a napkin which they set down in the proper places, then they went out and returned, one with the tray of coffee service and the others with platters and dishes of food, which they placed properly. I did wonder to see these savage maidens setting a table as correctly and neatly as any well-trained European servants could do it.

Mrs. Whistler came in and took her place at the table, Mr. Whistler put me in the post of honor, and I said: "Bless us, oh Lord and these thy gifts" right heartily, for it did seem as if all things around me, as well as the dainty viands on the table, were the direct gift of heaven. It did not seem in the least irreverent to be taking a meal where I had just said Mass, and as it were, upon the altar, it only brought me very close to the Last Supper, and to the days when the faithful were persevering daily from house to house in the

breaking of bread, and when Mr. Whistler pressed his hospitality upon me, I thought of St. Peter in the house of Cornelius Pudens, oh I thought of so many things. Then I saw that my horse was ready, and my guide was there, so I made ready to set forth on my last day's journey.

Mr. Whistler's horse was there too. He mounted it and went on with us for a long distance to show us the best and shortest roads. He had not been to confession that morning, but on the road he opened up his heart to me, and became very confidential, and I felt as if I was hearing his confession and as if he were making a very good one. I found out, however, that although he called himself a Catholic, and believed he was one, he really was a Jansenist. He was a very good man, very sincere and upright.

Well, I had a great deal to think about all day. I had had a good many surprises in a very short time. I had just come from France, where the regulations against women having anything whatever to do with Divine Service, were most strictly enforced with excessive rigor, and here a woman had inspected my authorization, had helped me hear confessions, and made my sermon reach the minds of all my hearers. Yet, what of it? I had done missionary work such as I had never dreamed of, and then and there I came to a conclusion which I turned into a fixed resolution, that I would never oppose any American custom, no matter how strange and peculiar it might be, provided it was not opposed to the Ten Commandments, and did not contradict the teaching of the Gospel, for my recent experience made me feel that would be the way to do the most good.

Then I thought a good deal about Mr. Whistler, too. There were so many Jansenists among the Catholics of the missionary regions of America, it was a delicate matter to deal with; we missionaries of that day had very strict orders about them, not to drive them out of the church if they wished to be Catholics, and not to try to bring them in, if they wished to stay out. There were so many of them, and good people too.

"Oh, not your grandfather, I know that well, we all knew that, we knew it fully," and Father Guegen's gaze seemed to rest on something beyond the evening horizon, then he resumed the conversation, turning to me he said:

"I suppose you know that a Father of the Holy Cross was sent to bless your grandfather's grave in reparation for all that?"

I replied that I knew that one of the last missionaries had blessed our family burying ground at the homestead.

"Not your cemetery," said Father Guegen, "your grandfather's grave; he was sent there to atone for all that had happened many years before, he said a Mass of Requiem at the house the same as is said at funerals. Your Grandmother was present, then he went up to your grandfather's grave and blessed it Though I think that grave was self-consecrated, for if the bones of the martyrs have consecrated the catacombs, then that grave was a consecration for itself, and for the whole cemetery, for that sort of martyrdom is the very greatest that can possibly be offered up for the true faith."

CHAPTER XIV.

The next interruption to life at the Homestead was not death but marriage. In my Father's Bible under the heading of marriage is this record, written in his hand, and dated November 13th, 1841:
"Francis Howe to Rose Victoire Bailly."

It has been stated from time to time, here in Indiana, that he was a banker, who at his death left his family in affluent circumstances, but these statements are considerably at variance with facts. Bankers at that period were under the sharp fire of an adverse legislation, preventing them from carrying out any definite plans for business; they had to do the best they could to dodge failures which were sure to come sooner or later. If they often entered into transactions which seem to us reprehensible, it was because they were bewildered in a labyrinth of laws and regulations all ajog with one another.

My father, whose profession was that of civil engineer, to which his abilities enabled him to add that of expert accountant, had toomuch at stake to enter into anything so precarious as banking business in the "40's." He came to Chicago in 1836 to seek the widest field possible for his versatile abilities, in order to be able to support his aged parents who had met with great reverses of fortune in their old age. He did at first find employment in a bank which soon toppled over, under the effects of a legislation intended to prevent the few from making themselves rich by the use of the poor man's savings.

After that he worked in various departments of the city government, as deputy for men who had the political influence needed to grab a job, or [illegible] were not mentally fit to do the work. In this capacity he performed many tasks of permanent value to the city, which are of course credited as performed by those who employed him. He was holding one of these positions when he married my mother.

The wedding, a quiet one, took place at the homestead in the presence of the whole family, reunited for the last time, as well as for the first time since Grandfather's death. Some few friends were likewise invited to witness the brief ceremony accorded to a union between Protestant and Catholic, which was performed by the pastor of St. Mary's Church, Chicago. This clergyman, who was afterwards widely knownthroughout Indiana as the last and much-loved Bishop of Vincennes, was knownto the old Bourbon aristocracy of France as Count Maurice d'Aussac de St. Palais. As their pastor, the Catholics of Chicago knew him as Father St. Palais, and to the Anglicizing Americans, he was Mr. Saint Palace.

Just when the Calumet country came under the ecclesiastical rule of Chicago is more than I know, neither can I tell you when it was disjoined from that rule, but when my parents were married, Bailly Homestead was still a missionary station, no longer dependant upon Detroit, but visited at regular intervals either by Father St. Palais himself, or by one of his assistants. The date of my mother's wedding was the set date of one of these missionary visits, and the mass presented just such a scene as Father

Guegen described, excepting that Father St. Palais being a much taller man, preferred to use the piano as an altar, Madame Baitly and her daughters receiving Holy Communion from his hands.

After Mass, the little congregation withdrew, leaving family and friends only, to witness the plighting of marriage vows. Father St. Palais made a brief address upon the joys, sorrows and duties of married life, in which he declared the corner stone of its happiness was an affectionate desire on the part of each one for the welfare of the other. He knew that there would be more of love in a cottage, than of affluent circumstances in their marriage so he addressed a few words to my father concerning the loving sympathy which a husband must extend to his wife in those trials, from which he would be unable to shield her.

Locksley Hall was not to be written for many years, but Father St. Palais foreshadowed some of its verse, though he did not let Self pass in music out of sight, he declared that the day of marriage should lay it in its grave.

A few words of congratulation were spoken. Father thanked Grandmother for the precious gift of her daughter, while Uncle Whistler, taking up his violin, summoned family and guests to the wedding breakfast, playing the old, old wedding dance, "Come, haste to the Wedding."

Soon after a man came from the next mission to convey the priest to the next station at which he was due, and Count Maurice d'Aussac de St. Palais climbed in-

to the modest farm vehicle as cheerfully as if it had been a royal carriage in the days when "After the King, came St. Palais."

The wedding day was spent at the Homestead, the weather was mild and sunny, even more summer-like than is usual in the first fortnight of an Indiana November, and there was much strolling through the autumn woods. Father wished to plant a tree in memory of the day; mother's choice was an oak, and father's an elm; finally a young elm was chosen and planted alongside of an oak sapling leaning over the river bank, the two were firmly bound together and so grew so that apparently there is but one trunk and the branches mingle as if growing on one and the self-same tree, so my father brought the memory of his lost New Haven home, on to the Bailly Homestead and made it the memorial of his wedding day.

The next morning my father left with mother for Chicago, in the carriage which had brought him and Father St. Palais to the Homestead, for he himself had brought my mother's pastor to her home that he might receive her hand from the Church which she loved so well. The route of this, her wedding trip, was the same as she took when years before she and her good horse had served her father's interests so well, it now led her to her new home in a city where she had been so often a welcome guest, that she felt no pang of homesickness.

The next time she entered her old home, just a few months later, it was to see her dear sister Esther laid in a grave at the

foot of the old oak cross. Uncle Whistler was wild with grief and could not endure to remain, where everything reminded him of his bereavement. He had a good opportunity of beginning life anew in Kansas, and taking his four boys with him, went there, severing himself entirely from all that could recall to his mind the days of a vanished happiness.

Grandmother re-entered her forsaken home and dwelt there with only two daughters, Rose and Hortense, for a few years, while the cosy little dowerhouse crumbled into ruins. Up to this time, the vast tract of land purchased by Grandfather for town purposes, remained as part of the undivided estate of Joseph Bailly, but as the steady increase of population raised the value of the land in Northwestern Indiana, the taxes became too grievous a burden to be borne by any one person. Grandmother did her best to meet this expense out of her slender resources, but my father felt that this was not just, as long as the estate remained undivided, and it was likely to go on thus, so he petitioned for a court division of this land. My Grandmother, to bar all claim to objection that might be had by the Whistler heirs in after years, resigned her one-third interest, receiving as part compensation a life interest in the one hundred and sixty acres of the homestead quarter section. The land was then duly divided and the adults interested, could feel at liberty to realize something from their inheritance.

Not long after this, Aunt Hortense married, and her new home was in Chicago. Then Aunt Theresa died and Grandmother bade farewell to her husband's house, and was welcomed by Aunt Agatha and Uncle Biddle as their permanent guest.

The Homestead was closed and abandoned, the wide open doors of the log houses showed bare walls and dreary emptiness; sometimes a member of the family would come on business of the estate and spend a day or two at the house, where a few articles of furniture still remained, but this was seldom. Roving bands of Indians still passed by, but they no longer made their camp in the white oak grove. They built their fires and hung their kettles in the door-yard, slept in the empty warehouses or on the wide verandas, and many a settler of that day thought that these copper-colored tramps were the family of the Frenchman who had owned the trading post.

This did not last very many years. Railroads came, and with them came a demand for railway lumber supplies all along the roads, and the homestead residence underwent some repairs and interior alterations, including a kitchen room, so as to harbor those who were to superintend the sale of timber from the Bailly estate. My father intended to reside here some months of each year to oversee the lumber camp, but he died very suddenly in the summer of 1850 in the height of the cholera season, he was one of its many victims.

Aunt Hortense's husband then assumed the direction of this lumber business; he was a man wholly ignorant of the family

history, having no sympathy with the traditions of the past, and possessed with an idea that his wife had been wronged by her family in the matter of her inheritance, so he managed affairs wholly with reference to this idea. The matter which he misunderstood was in relation to the embezzling administrator; he judged the affair wholly by the county records, which certainly made no note of the cruel coercion used on Grandmother and her daughters, compelling them to accept as administrator, one whom they had every reason to dread and dislike.

As he read the barren statement of legal proceedings, he judged the family had asked the court to appoint this man to take charge of the estate and that therefore Aunt Hortense should have been compensated for the damage done by him to the estate during her minority, overlooking the fact that Grandmother had ceded her one-third interest to cover up all such claims. He also disliked the unavoidable intrusion of the foster sister into the family inheritance, so altogether his management of this lumber enterprise tended chiefly to give him an opportunity of making his wife's inheritance furnish funds for his own investments, which for a while were brilliantly successful.

He made no history either for himself, or for the family; his actions towards his wife's relations have been widely commented upon, both in the township and in the county, else there would have been no necessity of giving him more than a passing mention, and to state that he was the one who first induced Swedish immigrants to settle in Westchester Township.

My father at the time of his death held the position of Secretary and Treasurer of the Chicago & Galena Union Railway, a tiny affair compared with the great trunk lines, of which it was the parent, but an enterprise mighty in its significance and in its results. Here, too, as in matters of civic importance, many of father's most valuable services are officially recorded to the credit of the ones that ought to have performed them, but whose mental equipment was not equal to the duties of their position. As long as his contemporaries lived, full justice was done to his memory in all these respects, and no complaint can be made concerning the recognition accorded, to his abilities, and to the great dignity of his character, his name was held as a synonym for truth, honor, and all that is meant and included in the phrase, moral worth.

CHAPTER XV.

Father did not leave Mother in affluent circumstances, his generosity to his parents, the responsibilities which he had assumed in caring for his younger sisters, prevented him from making such investments as others around him were making, but the good order in which he had set Mother's own inheritance, together with the wise instructions which he gave her regarding its management, left no room for want.

Mother had no need to forsake the cosy, comfortable city home in which her husband left her, nor had she any desire to do so; she fully intended remaining in Chicago, devoting herself to the care and education of her children, and employ her leisure time in those good works, which are a solace to the heart of a widow indeed.

In this a most bitter disappointment awaited her, the second bishop of Chicago, a Belgian, was a reformer, not a missionary, according to this "version," the tares must be pulled up immediately, never mind the wheat. Like all the Catholics of the Latin nations, he was convinced that the traditional customs of his own country were the outcome, the sole legitimate outcome of Catholic dogma, and inseparable from a faithful fulfillment of a Catholic's duty. He objected to a Catholic lady's acceptance of the full legal liberty accorded to her by the laws and customs of the United States and of the State of Illinois. My mother had administered and closed my father's estate, she was the acknowledged natural guardian of her

children, and she was made in her own paternal inheritance. In Belgium she would have been in subjection to a guardian, together with her children. Moreover he heard that it was [illegible] that she had renounced all [illegible] her [illegible] riage, which did not convey [illegible] ing to his Belgian mind [illegible] to her mother's family and to all [illegible].

Altogether, my [illegible]'s position in regard to her clerical [illegible] living [illegible] pitiable, she would not appeal to her husband's friends for protection, and [illegible] Lynch at [illegible], [illegible] of Mason and Dixon's line, in which he pronounced many an [illegible] parables; she was too loyal to [illegible] to [illegible] anything like an outburst of Protestant indignation, which would have been aroused had the truth been known.

At length she had a chance to communicate personally with Bishop St. Palais, and she confided the whole situation to him. He endeavored to use his influence to remedy matters, but without avail; he was given to understand that if he would be willing to sanction such a departure from true Christian discipline as a widow, not intending to marry again, managing the affairs of her estate, independent of all masculine authority, in the diocese of Vincennes, he might, but that such doings would not be sanctioned in Chicago.

The Catholics of the United States at this period cannot appreciate the great change they enjoy in possessing a clergy and hierarchy, composed of men born in America and reared in the atmosphere of our free institutions, men who appreciate

of true Christian liberty and freedom wherewith Christ has made us free, men who know not to distinguish between matters of doctrine and those national customs of Europe handed down from days of Pagan antiquity.

I do not know if Bishop St. Palais himself could always see these distinctions, but in his estimation of true manhood he never forgot who were the ones that stood under the Cross to the very end, nor that the one who stood beside them as their lawful protector was one of the first and best Bishops of Christendom.

Bishop St. Palais took this matter very much to heart. He gave my mother his fullest sympathy in this her most bitter trial, not an empty sympathy of mere words, but an active sympathy, bent upon seeking and procuring a remedy. He busied himself in making suitable arrangements for taking Mother and her children under his protection; he went to Mackinac to see Grandmother in order to induce her to return to Indiana and occupy her own house, so that she could invite Mother to return to her father's home. This would bring Mother into the diocese of Vincennes, where she could enjoy the virtuous freedom of an American lady.

Those who knew Bishop St. Palais, only after he was overtaken by that premature old age, which came upon him long before the years of threescore and ten, find it very difficult to realize that he was at any time of his life a very active man. He was one of those whose life may not be measured by years or by the flight of time,

and he was fully entitled to his otium cum dignitate when it came.

When he speedily betook himself to Mackinac to see Grandmother, he was acting in perfect accordance with his usual line of conduct in matters of charity and mercy. He found Grandmother very willing to enter into his plans, as in her mind they corroborated what she believed had been foretold to her, beside her husband's grave.

The sacrifice which she so cheerfully made for our sake was great indeed. Not only was she very happy and comfortable with Aunt Agatha, but she was also very well-known at Mackinac and highly respected. The garb which she wore was understood by all, no one considered her an uncivilized savage on account of her garments, these proclaimed her to be a Christian widow, vowed to a life of prayer and good works and living under the rules of a confraternity; she had many congenial friends in this confraternity and enjoyed a daily attendance at church service. All these things she gave up to return to a forest home, which had lapsed into all the crudeness of the wilderness without any of its charm.

There was no possibility of obtaining servants, the Ottawas who made excellent help for those whom they were willing to serve, no longer visited Indiana, the Potawattamies, who still came around, scorned the idea of service, the French settlers had long since followed Grandfather's advice and gone elsewhere, European immigrants, used to the villages of

the old world, found an isolated forest
life too lonely, so mother and grandmother
had to reconcile themselves to an entirely
new situation, foreseen by uncle [illegible]le,
but not by Bishop St. Palais.

However, Clutier, now an old man, came
to their assistance; [illegible] to the end
of his old age, he willingly cast his lot
with them, asking only food and shelter,
and the right to fish and hunt, and culti-
vate a garden for vegetables, [illegible]
liberty to indulge his roving inclinations at
will. Grandfather had rewarded Clutier
very handsomely, setting him up in business
as a fur-trader, but there was an
element in Clutier's character which pre-
vented him from succeeding in any business
enterprise, he was a spendthrift in his
youth, and in old age totally without am-
bition; following only the inclination of
each day. I think it was the French in
Clutier's make-up, that did not balance
properly with American life; he ought to
have been transplanted to a European es-
tate to serve as gamekeeper, fish warden
and forester, he then would have been in
his proper element.

Clutier fished, hunted and gardened for
the family table, which he kept amply pro-
vided. For his own pocket money, he
trapped small animals whose fur was valu-
able, selling their pelts in the neighbor-
ing towns, and some of those who bought
from him imagined that he was the fur-
trader Bailly, of whom they had heard so
many vague tales, while the homestead was
abandoned. Clutier was a great comfort to
us, although his love of roving led him to
absent himself sometimes, when we would [illegible]

been particularly glad to have him on the premises. However, Mother used to be able to hire men from the Swedish immigrants in the neighborhood, to perform the heavier work which we needed especially in winter, but in spite of all these ameliorations, Grandmother's return was a fulfillment of the prophecy that she would come back here to dwell in poverty and in the midst of hardship among strangers, who would show her but scanty respect.

The residence was badly in need of repair, but Grandmother would not permit Mother to make any extensive alterations; a few more rooms were plastered, and in one room the wall paper was renewed. The [illegible] house had been torn down, but Grandmother, desirous of her own special privacy, chose the old kitchen building for her residence, where she dwelt the greater part of the year, only coming in with us during the three winter months. In this little room both Grandfather and Aunt Theresa had breathed their last, and Grandmother was one who loved to be with her dead; not in hopeless grief, but in happy expectation of the joyful reunion hereafter. Even in winter time, if there was a brief space of bright, sunny weather, she would light a fire there and leave the door open to air the room, while she sat beside the sunny south window sewing or telling her beads.

The wide outside chimney had crumbled away, and its open fireplace had been closed with tightly fitting boards, but the queer old range was still there and it had such wonderful capacities of a large fire, fed by cord length wood, and a small one fed by kindling chips or faggot wood. Such a combination for making the Ottawa [illegible]

and roasting ears of corn, [illegible] and [illegible] and heating water [illegible] cloth, to cutting bread and spinning wool yarn, and all at the same time, with two or three cooks harmoniously working at the same time, it was a home in itself. I do not wonder that Grandmother loved [illegible] and everything in it, for all its oddities made it the snuggest and cosiest and sweetest "Grandma's room" that ever was.

Bishop St. Palais promised Grandmother that he would send a priest once a year to say Mass at the Homestead and he kept his promise. Grandmother, [illegible] old [illegible] established [illegible], [illegible] went every Sunday and [illegible] to the grave-yard, to spend some time in prayer. As I grew older, I accompanied her whenever the weather permitted. Mother preferred to retire to her room, and my sister did too, where they read from books of a religious character such prayers and instructions as they felt were suited to their needs.

I was always contented with this home. I was very much younger than my sister, too young to feel the change from town to country, and at an age when a child usually believes its mother to be infallible. I soon felt sure that Mother had some reason for leaving Chicago, which we were both too young to understand, something that we ought not to know or ask any questions about. Perhaps I heard something said between Mother and Grandmother when they supposed I did not understand what they were saying. I think now that nothing else could have put it so firmly in my little head, that there was an important

secret connected with Mother's leaving her own home, [illegible] country. Her friends said she did it in a fit of eccentricity, caused by her excessive sorrow at Father's death and my sister said so too, but I always flew into a tantrum if anyone said so before me. Long after my sister's death, when I was nearly forty years old, Mother told me the truth about these and other matters, thinking I ought to know all the true history of the lives that had been lived beneath this roof in order to be better able to solve the problems of my own life.

My sister was very unhappy, her intellectual tastes were of an abstract nature, and she took no pleasure in what would now be called "Nature Study." She did not share my botanical tastes, found no beauty in scenery that did not reach the heights of sublimity, did not care to commune with Nature, and always longed to share her thoughts with others. She felt that Mother's choice of a home had been so unwise, so irrational, that she lost entirely that most precious treasure of a girl's heart, confidence in her mother's judgment. Mother made every loving excuse for her, and gave her every opportunity possible for absenting herself from home. She spent six years at a boarding school well known in Indiana, St. Mary's of the Woods, whose fame extends beyond the limits of the State, and after that she was a welcome guest in many homes, and Mother permitted her to avail herself of this welcome, so that she was absent from us more than half of the time.

I was only four years old when Mother came back to her father's house, so I do not remember the priests who came at first, very distinctly. I know that they were very kind and that it seemed very nice to have Mass said in the house. I remember that Aunt Hortense died when I was about five years old, and that her remains were brought here from Chicago, to be laid beside Aunt Esther. I recollect also, that not so very long after that, perhaps a year, that I heard Mother say that we were no longer under Bishop St. Palais, and that she wondered how the Bishop of the new diocese of Fort Wayne would treat us; she soon knew that she had no cause to regret the change. Bishop Luers defined religion pure and undefiled precisely as St. James did, or rather he accepted that Apostle's definition, as the rule of his life and all his clergy thought of the two widows at the homestead with sentiments of kindness and respect.

About this time, too, a church was built in a little railroad village three miles distant to which a priest came once a month. For a long time our home had ceased to be a mission station, as all the Catholics nearby, had moved away, and as this village contained nearly all the Catholic population of the township, it was the proper site for a church. The congregation composing this new mission, were chiefly railroad laborers, with a few farmers' families besides. They were all European immigrants, knowing nothing of life outside of "Old Country" customs, and the immediate necessities and trials of their own lives. The kindness shown to Grandmother in the matter of a yearly visit from her confessor,

seemed to them an unjust partiality, but no one dared complain, at least not more than once.

Immigrant Catholics never understood pioneer Catholics, and never were otherwise than more or less unjust in their opinions of them. They demanded as the one sole evidence of piety and zeal the erection of buildings for ecclesiastical purposes. Godly living and holy example in the matter of strict obedience to the Decalogue, were things that their limited spiritual perceptions could not reach. They could not understand that churches could not properly be located until the population of the country was sufficiently numerous to be congested into towns and villages.

Another thing that annoyed them and all the neighbors was that I did not attend the district school, they were thoroughly convinced that I did not know how to read at a time when I could read both French and English with ease and rapidity. I learned to read at a very early age, my mother teaching me according to Mrs. McCoy's methods with the aid of Webster's Spelling book, and reading lessons in the New Testament. I remember one old Canadian priest, a missionary of the old school, who enjoyed nothing better than the day he spent annually at the homestead, amusing himself one whole afternoon examining me in history and catechism. I was then about seven years old. After I passed through the elementary studies, my sister prepared for me the collegiate course of St. Marys of the Woods, When I entered that institution as a regular student, the faculty were abundantly satisfied with the intellectual foundations that had been laid for them to build upon.

After a while, we might have returned to Chicago, for that diocese was in altogether different hands. We had many kind friends among Catholic clergy as well as pleasant acquaintances among the laity, but Grandmother was then too feeble to return to Aunt Agatha's home, the lake trip would have been too much for her, and life in a city would surely have shortened her days.

Still, her health remained good for one of her advanced age, and for one who had undergone so much hardship and so much sorrow; she was always very cheerful, very kind and very thoughtful of others, prayer was her recreation, and during the last two years of her life, her constant occupation, yet she never hesitated to lay aside her devotions to perform an act of kindness or charity, or to receive a friend affectionately. She never seemed to be lonely, though she had no society except what our presence gave her. Sometimes a family of Potawattamies came up from Central Illinois to make maple sugar in a fine forest of hard maple nearby; they would come and visit her and she would return their visits, otherwise she maintained a sort of cloister rule of never leaving the premises.

This family of Indians were descendants of a long line of chieftains, which had become extinct in the male succession. The last chief of this family had but one child a daughter. who fell in love with an Ottawa warrior, named Shabonee, a distant relative of Madame Le Fevre on the French side of the family I believe, anyhow he was, like her, of mingled French and Indian descent. He called Grandmother by an Indian term of relationship, the equivalent of which is in use among the old Scottish clans, and

his children called her Aunt, not because of kinship, but because such was the Pott-wattomie method of addressing elderly ladies whom they respected, and do we not do the same toward elderly persons who are the object of affectionate esteem of a whole neighborhood and is this not one of the prettiest of our American customs. Jesse Morgan's oldest son, now an octogenarian, is "Uncle Joe" to all Westchester Township's inhabitants, Poles, Swedes, Germans, and Irish as well as to all of us who are of old colonial stock.

Shabanee was a well-known chief, a great character in the early history of Illinois, but his laurels are those of peace, not of war; his eloquence more French than Indian in its character, was always employed in the true welfare of his people, his courtesy was indubitable for he would risk his life at all times when it was needful to utter unpalatable truths to an Indian assembly, knowing full well that the consequences to him might be the torture stake with all its horrors. Nothing of the kind did happen, though his best friends felt that Shabanee lived under a sword of Damocles, and he himself with his family ended their days as exiles from their own people, self-exiled, for when the Potawattamies accepted their reservations in Southern Michigan and in Indian Territory, Shabanee gladly took a small separate reservation in Central Illinois, where he and his children lived a semi-civilized life, laughed at by some, though honored by the more intelligent portion of the population of Grundy County, Illinois.

Madame Shabanee possessed a grand presence. She looked every inch a queen; she was the only full-blood Indian I ever saw, her skin was copper color, dull finish, not an atom of white blood passed through her veins, not one feature, not one outline of her whole body departed from the perfect type of her race, tall and portly, her commanding figure made a fitting monument for a lost dynasty; many who met her on the public highways of Westchester Township, imagined she must be Madame Bailly.

She dressed correctly in a costume having a remote resemblance to that worn by Grandmother, but in a true barbaric style, as distinctly pagan, as Grandmother's was thoroughly Christian. Instead of the neat, close-fitting jacket, Madame Shabonee, whose name signified Ursa Major, she was named from the "Great Dipper" - wore a bright colored calico shirt, cut very low around her neck, with wide open sleeves that slipped back to the elbows or shoulders in accord with the motion of the arms. The wide expanse of copper colored neck was not covered in Quaker style, it was lavishly adorned with a variety of expensive necklaces all worn at the same time, a huge brooch of silver, curiously wrought and several inches in diameter, held her shirt together, her ears were brimful of silver ear-bobs, and her broadcloth kilt was draped around her in folds which Grandmother did not hesitate to declare were more graceful than modest. Grandmother's wrap was either a handsome shawl, or else a sober mantle of broadcloth, sometimes thrown Madonna style over her head

as well as her shoulders. Madame Shabbane's cloak was a scarlet blanket. Grandmother's soft, silky, iron-gray hair was neatly braided into a small tress and tied with the black ribbon of widowhood. Madame Shabbane's thick black hair, coarse and heavy as a horse's tail, made a long, huge braid which was decorated to the very end with silver clasps and bound with wide red ribbons.

She was of masculine stature, and made a gorgeous picture with our grand old forest trees for a background. She was like the blast of a Wagnerian trumpet made visible, and in comparison, the recollection of my dainty little brunette, we-con Grandmother, telling her beads at her fireside, seems like the soft delicate strains of the Elysian fields andante in Gluck's Orpheus, heard after the ride of the Valkyrie. Without discussing the tastes or powers of discrimination of the latter day settlers, I will just state that this Indian Brynhilde could never have won the admiration, or held the heart of a Bailly de Messein.

For eleven years Grandmother dwelt with us at the old homestead, gradually growing more and more feeble; her last illness was only a gradual separation of soul and body. Early in the March of 1866, she met with a slight accident when returning from a characteristic errand of mercy and charity. She slipped in crossing the lawn, not noticing a thin sheet of ice lying in the path, she fell in such a manner as to jar her spine; being too old for the forces of nature to rally, this was her death blow. The annual Mass at

The homestead was del[illegible] in hopes that her brother would [illegible] sufficient strength to [illegible], but she never [illegible]. She received all the [illegible] of the Church in the same room, in which her husband had breathed his last in the presence of the [illegible], [illegible] Christ, [illegible] of [illegible], [illegible] mass was said as for Requiem.

The funeral was as devoid of pomp, as her husband's had been, for such was her wish, and the few Catholics present at the burial, chiefly persons of the humbler classes, were too ignorant to appreciate the holiness of her life, but they humbly accepted their pastor's declaration that they were assisting at the funeral of a great Saint.

Father Francis Lawler, at that time in charge of the missions then depending upon LaPorte, was by no means inclined to adopt conclusions based upon physical propositions, not in the least degree imaginative, but he declared that he had had supernatural knowledge of her death, and a visitation assuring him of her great holiness, and he always insisted that she would one day be numbered among the canonized saints.

CHAPTER XVI.

Grandmother had left us, but mother did not make any preparations for an immediate return to Chicago, as her friends wished her to do. She could not, for she was obliged to settle Grandmother's modest estate, consisting chiefly of the homestead in which Grandmother had retained only a life interest, and which after her death was to be divided into four portions of equal value, but such were the conditions at the time of my Grandmother's demise, that these four portions were resolved into two. My mother had her own share, and that of her foster sister, the only one to respect Grandmother's wishes that the homestead, hallowed by so many sacred associations, should remain undivided in the hands of the one who would preserve all its memories most religiously.

I have already mentioned the attitude of Aunt Hortense's husband toward his wife's family, and the firm and fast hold he kept on her share of the Bailly estate. He bought the share apportioned to Aunt Esther's children at a nominal valuation, which they accepted rather than trouble themselves further about the matter. Grandmother entreated them to return to her in fee simple, their share of the homestead; this they refused. In spite of the present philosophy of the twentieth century, which bids us forget all sorrow and all trial, I will say that Uncle Whistler wronged himself and his children, when he strove so fiercely to forget all the joy and sorrow of the past. He robbed them of the fairest portion of their heritage,

when he deprived them from the knowledge of the noble purposes, which had led their grandparents to build a home which ought to endure as long as this state shall exist. He deprived them of what was of greater price than anything that is brought from afar off, gold, diamonds or rubies, when he reared them in ignorance of all that was dear to grandmother, whose slightest wish ought to have been held sacred by all her descendants.

The bench and bar of [illegible] county were better informed on matters at the homestead than their predecessors of thirty years before had been, and their wisdom prevented grandmother's last wishes from being entirely thwarted. In sending out the commissioners, chosen to divide the homestead estate into two portions of equal value, the Court ordered the division to be made so as to give Mother the house and as much of the eighty acres on which it stood, as would constitute an equitable one-half value of the whole.

The men appointed judges of the division, reported that the fine maple and beech forest together with a good field on the east eighty acres, were an abundantly fair offset to the buildings on the west half of the homestead quarter section, which was far more picturesque, but far less valuable than the east half. Thus Mother acquired a right in fee simple to her father's home, while the brother-in-law quickly made an advantageous sale of the other half.

During the sixteen years that elapsed between my father's death and that of my grandmother, Mother had gradually sold nearly all of the land inherited from her

father; she had been prudent in her out-lays, and guided by wise advice, she had been able to invest a portion of her money in ways that brought her a neat little income, which promised to increase with time. In order to comply with [illegible] continued residence, made [illegible] of the homestead division, she had to remain at the homestead for seven years, [illegible] employed this term of years in putting the house and premises generally in thorough repair, looking forward in the meantime to an extended sojourn abroad; for the compensation which she [illegible] for having been forced to leave [illegible] provided for her by a husband's loving care, was to give her children the full advantages of European travel.

The "grande tour" had not yet been superseded by the "personally conducted tour," but railways having in great part taken the place of the older methods of travel, made it possible for ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen, to fully enjoy the great pleasure which the grande tour offered to cultivated minds, and this pleasure was given her children, as a recompense for having lost their home in the city.

Three years were required for the division of the property and the repairs made on the house and outbuildings. At that time there was no resident priest in the village of Calumet, as the town of Chesterton was then called; there was, however, the small frame church already mentioned, visited once a month by a priest from LaPorte. He came out the first Sunday of each month, and on the other three or four Sundays of the month, the congregation at large kept the day

holy, merely by reading from their [illegible]. Some there were who had family worship or read in private the prayers which they usually read during Mass, or else they carefully perused some religious [illegible] or books of sermons, but these were in the minority, and [illegible] decidedly dis-approved of by the rest, who held that any devotion, performed without a priest present, was a sort of sacrilege.

In nothing more than in this matter was the difference between the pioneer Catholics and the later class of immigrant Catholics more strongly marked. I think the clergy of that day realized and honored the piety of the pioneer Catholics, but considered that experience required of them not to interfere with the ideas of the others. All pioneer Catholics delighted in the full enjoyment of their Christian privileges, yet when deprived of them, they understood how to spend Sunday reverently in the absence of clergy.

As I have said before, my Mother always retired into her own room on Sunday morning, and so did my sister. After Grandmother's death, each one of us sought the retirement of Grandmother's room, kept in the same order as during her life-time, there to pursue our Sunday devotions. Sometimes, though not always, it happened that we all met there at the same hour, the habit was wholly unsuggested, coming to each one of us as a sort of inspiration. One Sunday morning when we all were in there together, Mother unfolded a plan to us which she had formed of converting the building into an oratory. The cottage was in a ruinous state, but the

Swedish carpenter who had succeeded in repairing the residence, [illegible] into the idea, [illegible] looked [illegible] over, [illegible] plan [illegible], and we [illegible]. It was necessary to [illegible] building down, [illegible], to get rid of the decay, [illegible] to [illegible], [illegible] room [illegible], [illegible] of [illegible]. [illegible] for the lower [illegible], [illegible] was laid [illegible] to r[illegible]n.

This took place in the [illegible] autumn of 19[illegible] [illegible] tion [illegible], [illegible] serious [illegible]. I remember well the morning when these timbers and logs lying strewn around, [illegible] in piles, met the eyes of Bishop Lucas, when he came to give us Godspeed on our travels. It was a beautiful day in the second week of October. We had seen him early in the morning in the parish church, but that was not enough for Bishop Lucas, who was the personal friend of every member of his sparsely settled diocese. I shall never forget his look of dismay, as he surveyed the apparent ruin; he turned away from the front dooryard, and came around to the rear of the house, where we were busy getting rid of the vestiges of our morning meal so as to have the dining room somewhat fit to receive the visit of which we had been notified, the parlor being out of the question, as it was the scene of our travelling preparations.

"What does all this mean!" he exclaimed, "surely you are not going to destroy your Grandmother's house, the cell where she spent the last and holiest years of her holy life?"

"Oh, Bishop," my sister and myself exclaimed in one voice, "Mother is having it rebuilt for a chapel. You will like that, won't you?"

Mother then came forward and explained the plan, adding that the carpenter, Johnson, and his wife both knew Grandmother well, and appreciated her virtues, therefore he would take very great pains with the rebuilding of her hermitage, although not a Catholic.

Bishop Luers remarked that he had perceived Johnson was not a Catholic which threw the good man into great consternation, from fear that he had been guilty of some lack of respect to a church dignitary. Mother reassured him by saying that Catholics always requested their Bishop's blessing, and that his omission to do so made it apparent that he was not of our church.

Johnson replied very nicely to the effect that in Sweden they asked their Bishops to bless them, that he had understood that the gentleman was a Bishop, even before we greeted him, but that he had not asked for a blessing, not knowing if Catholics did that, and doubting if he, being a Protestant, our Bishop would bless him.

"My good man," said the Bishop, "I pray for you daily, why should I not wish to bless you when every day I pray especially for all those who dwell within the boundaries of my diocese? And I do not stop to say only the Catholics or except the Protestants, but I ask God to bless you all, every one of you."

This broad minded and kind reply put Johnson at ease in a moment, and with his usual disregard of conventionalities, Bishop Luers seated himself on a pile of logs to discuss the simple plan of the building with the carpenter, giving a few hints and making a few suggestions, and assenting approvingly to Johnson's plans. As he arose from the seat he had taken on the pile of timbers, he raised his hands in blessing, saying, "I heartily approve of this undertaking, the blessing of God is on it, and I foresee that it will be of great spiritual advantage, not only to yourselves, but to many others," and turning to Johnson, he added, "and you, too, my good man, may God bless you, your wife, and all your family."

I feel that a few words descriptive of Bishop Luers as we knew him, would properly enter into the story of the Homestead, for he was its friend, its last friend. He understood and revered the purposes of its erection, as no one since him has ever done; he respected and revered the Catholics of pioneer days, he rejoiced in their piety and in their intimate knowledge of Catholic doctrine, while he felt a most profound sympathy for the immigrant Catholics, and gave all his energies to the amelioration of their spiritual destitution. For the latter were destitute spiritually as well as temporally; they came from countries where they had been accustomed to pray in well-built churches, and to be in the way of daily recourse to their clergy in all the perplexities of their souls, they could not without great difficulty be a law unto themselves, and they were unwilling to receive advice or instruction from anyone but a priest, so that their superiors among the laity

could do nothing to aid them to work out their salvation; in this they were in a more pitiful condition than the poorest Indian neophyte ever had been.

Bishop Luers met these difficulties not only by endeavors to form new parishes, as rapidly as he could obtain priests to serve them, but also by extending his personal influence into every Catholic household in his diocese. He was at no pains to hedge himself around with even a shadow of that divinity which separates the people from their rulers, yet as the carpenter had said, everyone could see at first glance that he was not only a priest but likewise a Bishop. He was always a gentleman, respecting the conventionalities when needful, and casting them aside when they were only impediments.

As he sat on the log talking to carpenter Johnson, there was not the slightest trace of anything that anyone could have called common, he sat there with the same ease and dignity that is befitting the canopied throne in the Cathedral.

As we gathered round him in our sitting room, he was in our midst like a true father with his children; his farewell was lingering, he conversed with one, and then with another, and as he turned away from the house, he gave a last lingering look all around; did he have a presentiment that we would never meet again on earth? Perhaps. Two years later, while in Germany, we heard of his sudden death.

When we returned home after a five years sojourn in Europe, we found the chapel completed, and as carpenter Johnson had promised us, we could look at it

externally and enter inside feeling that it was Grandmother's house. The outside staircase was no longer there, and the structure was lower, but as the feature of a second story was omitted, it was high enough for a chapel. The interior was plastered, and the flooring from the upper story had replaced the old, decayed floor of the lower room. Carpenter Johnson had for the sake of his wife's health emigrated to Kansas, carrying with him the Bishop's blessing, but the chapel was his greeting, welcoming us home.

We also had a greeting from Bishop Luers in his gift to the oratory, a neat wooden altar built somewhat according to the lines of a sarcophagus, in memory of the catacombs. It had served in one of the temporary parish churches of the diocese, and Bishop Luers whose sentiments of reverence towards anything that had been put to use for religious purposes, had rescued it from the scrap pile, and ordered it placed in our chapel.

The Sisters of Providence had given the bell of old St. Mary's Academy, whose by no means unmusical voice had in long years past, summoned their first pupils to their studies, and regulated their occupations. We found it hanging at the gable point over the door, under the projecting shelter of the roof, which had been extended on all sides so as to protect the logs as much as possible from the decaying influences of the weather. Later on, Mother caused a very picturesque belfry to be added to the structure.

We returned from Europe laden with genuine souvenirs of travel, many of them of a religious nature, and for a long time these pious mementoes ornamented the walls of our chapel, until the burning of the [illegible] having destroyed [illegible], [illegible] reverently [illegible].

There are other [illegible] to the chapel, for when I became [illegible] mistress of the homestead, [illegible] both house and chapel were [illegible]. In repairing the house, I followed as much as possible grandfather's original lines, retaining many [illegible] making such changes [illegible] conveniences and improvements of modern life required. Some of the old material had to be replaced by new, [illegible] I used in the repair of the chapel, because of the reverence I felt for the material, for it came from the rooms that had been used for Divine Service. The log rafters upon which the floors of these rooms rested, the [illegible] flooring, especially [illegible], the [illegible] ceiling of the room in which Mass used to be celebrated, all found their places in the chapel.

The flooring covers not only the original chapel floor but likewise the floor and platform in a little apse, which I caused to be built out of the log rafters and ceiled with the old whitewashed ceiling of the homestead parlor, and also to be wainscoted with oak from the lumber of the white oaks in the old camping grove, where trees are never cut down, save when struck by lightning.

T[illegible] little s[illegible] [illegible] site of the old chimney fireplace which stood against the outside of the old building when Grandfather occupied it. The place where it opened into the room had always been visible from the outside of the building, even after it was rebuilt as a chapel, as well as the doorway [illegible] into the upper story, closely fitting boards having blocked up these [illegible]. In front of the doorway, a crucifixion shrine has been built [illegible], copied [illegible] c rd [illegible] wayside shrine at Duys[illegible]urg, near Brussels.

One [illegible] building only, [illegible] lay claim [illegible] antiquity, a little storehouse built on the plan of Grandfather's [illegible] building, and it has been subjected to the same process of repairing as the chapel; it is greatly diminished in size, but it serves very well as a little storeroom for garden tools. Another large, two-roomed two-storied log building is composed of the remnants of Grandmother's drying-house and Grandfather's tool-house. It was put up to preserve the unities of the landscape by furnishing a companion building to the chapel, from which, however, it is entirely separate, being at some distance from the house, one of its rooms is occupied by the servant, who acts as nightwatch for the premises.

Now I have told the story of the homestead and of the old buildings which still remain on its premises. If I have dwelt too briefly upon the things which have happened there during my own lifetime, it is because they do not belong to the

st[illegible] of [illegible], [illegible] ly
thin[illegible] h[illegible] -
st[illegible] received [illegible]. [illegible]
history w[illegible] finished when [illegible]
left it to [illegible]
in me[illegible]time, [illegible] n it [illegible] until
the [illegible] of its [illegible], [illegible]
did [illegible]
assembly.

Perhaps in later [illegible], I [illegible] ll [illegible]-
o[illegible] in the [illegible] immediately following [illegible]
d[illegible], st[illegible] through all [illegible] diffi-
culties and [illegible], [illegible] suc-
c[illegible]
t[illegible], but the time is not now. History
is not made in one or two [illegible],
b[illegible]
its problems in such [illegible] that [illegible]
be reasonably solved, [illegible]
we lay bare [illegible] secrets of [illegible], we
must be sure that we are not [illegible] to
wound the hearts of the living.

F I N I S

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