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AMONG THE HURONS AND IROQUOIS

The houses of the Algonquins, and of the Hurons too, are mere huts. The Algonquins make their huts of bark no thicker than parchment, on a framework of sticks, and set them up just where they want them; while the Hurons, in order to protect themselves from the enemies, form stockades, or forts built by their enemies, crosswise, and supported against stakes placed across, and supported against trunks of trees. Their cabins are from sixty trunks of trees and forty feet long, and are made of heavy pieces of bark supported on beams, which serve also for hanging up corn beans, in winter. The Algonquins have no bed but a few branches of trees; the Hurons for the same purpose use strips of bark or mats. There is no such thing in their cabins as a table or a chair. The ground, or a piece of bark does duty for every kind of furniture. Such was the board and lodging of our Fathers on these missions, and this is the reason why they have always been looked upon as the most trying missions of the Society. Notwithstanding this almost total destitution, there were among these savages poor and rich, nobles and commoners. At public festivals, games, dances and banquets the men, and more especially the women, wear peculiar ornaments, which have nothing in common with those of Europe except the name. Their customs are different to ours both in time of peace and of war, in public and in private. They never uncover their heads to salute; indeed, before the arrival of the French they always went bareheaded. The young show their respect for the aged by silence and obedience. Their ordinary salutation is merely "good-day," expressed in their language by the word *quo*, or, as it is pronounced, *ko*, or *oko*. The women arrange their hair in a plait which hangs down the back. The men dress their hair in various styles. Some shave the middle of the head, others the whole of it, only leaving a tuft here and there. Others, again, and these are the most numerous, wear their hair very long, while others, again, have none except on the crown or the front of the head, and they keep it short, and stiff as bristles. The early French settlers gave our savages the name *Hurons*; on account of their hair standing up on the middle of the head, like a boar's bristles or mane, which in French is called a *hure*. Their hair is generally black. They have a horror of curly hair, which is very unusual with them, although instances of it occasionally occur. Some of them paint their faces, and many of them their whole bodies, in different ways, according to circumstances; some only superficially and for a time, others indelibly and permanently. The former employ black, red and other colours, so as to look as if their bodies were covered with hair or as if they wore spectacles. Sometimes the whole face is covered with streaks of various colours, sometimes only the half of it. They all shine with the oils with which they mix their pigments. They procure their black usually from the outside of their cooking pans. The other colours are made of various earths, or of certain roots which yield a very fine red. Savages as they are they execute their work with such skill that people are taken in at first sight and believe they are clothed, while in fact they are quite naked and without other covering than a simple coating of paint. In order to paint themselves in an ineffaceable manner it is necessary to submit in every acute pain. The operation is performed with needles, bodkins filed to a point or sharp thorns. With these instruments they prick through their skin or get some one else to do so for them, tracing on their face, neck, chest or other part of the body, the likeness of some animal or monster, for example a serpent, an eagle, a dragon, or any other creature they fancy. Then they rub into the fresh and bleeding punctures charcoal dust, or some other black pigment, which mixes with the blood and sinks into the wounds. The figure is thus printed indelibly on the skin. The custom is so universal in certain districts that I do not think there could be found in the nation of Petun, or among those whom we call Neutrals, on account of their being at peace with the Hurons and Iroquois, a single individual not painted in this manner on some part of his body. When this operation is undergone all over the body, or over a great part of it, it becomes dangerous, especially when the weather is cold. Not a few deaths have resulted from it, because it brings on either a kind of spasm or some other form of disease.

One night at first sight he inclined to think the length were given to the Hurons. The liberty of the distinguished writer on Indian languages, Messire Cuoq, who for five and twenty years lived among the Iroquois Indians on the Lake of the Two Mountains, is conclusive. In his reply to the Hon. Judge Berthelot of Montreal, of whom the translator made enquiries on this point, he writes: "Les langues sauvages ont-elles quelquefois jusqu'à six pieds de longueur? Oui, chez les nations de langue huronne ou iroquoise."
 Historians have given a variety of names to the Hurons. Champlain, who first called them *Ojibwegians*, afterwards adopted the name *Algonquians*, the name of the particular tribe among whom he landed when he visited their country. Father Jean Lalemont, who was for a long time Superior of this mission, tells us their proper savage name was *Ouendat*. This name is also given them by Sagar, English and American writers have changed it into *Wyandots* and *Kandots*. The Dutch writer Vanderdonck, in his curious Narrative of 1630, calls them *Rondacks* or *French Savages*. But probably he confounds them with the *Adirondacks*, a name given by the Iroquois to the Algonquins, who alone have always had the name of *French Savages*. We also with still less confidence the name *Quatouques*, given only by Cullen, who produces no authorities, and *Nadouak*, as Lahontan with his usual inaccuracy calls them.
 The custom of painting the body, or tattooing, in this same way, existed among many nations of antiquity. Herodotus (l. v. n. 9) also the people of Phœnicia; Pomponius Mela (l. i. c. i. n. 9) those of Scythia in Europe; and Pliney the Ethiopians (l. xxviii. c. viii).
 They extracted oil from certain kinds of fish and from the seeds of sunflower. This very remarkable branch of industry, practised by barbarians, deserves a special notice. When they caught a certain kind of fish, or when they had a superabundance of seed, they boiled it in water. The oil thus disengaged, they skimmed carefully off and stored in the rinds of certain fruits, which served them for bottles. The account is derived from the *Rivales Secundæ* Oxford edition of 1807, vol. iii. p. 208.

Thus they become martyrs to vanity and a fantastic fashion. Although they suffer very acute pain under the operation, no sign of it is allowed as a rule to escape them. The motives which lie at the bottom of this custom, especially of the tattooing, are by no means indicative of the savage. In the winter the paint acts as a protection against cold and frost; in war it prevents the paleness of the face from betraying the fear of the soul. They look more terrible to their enemies when they veil in this way their extreme youth or their decrepitude. Without this the knowledge which their adversaries might have of their own superiority would redouble their courage. At public feasts and assemblies this paint is used as an ornament. They also paint prisoners condemned to be burnt, as victims offered to the god of war, and deck them out as the ancients used to do. They treat their

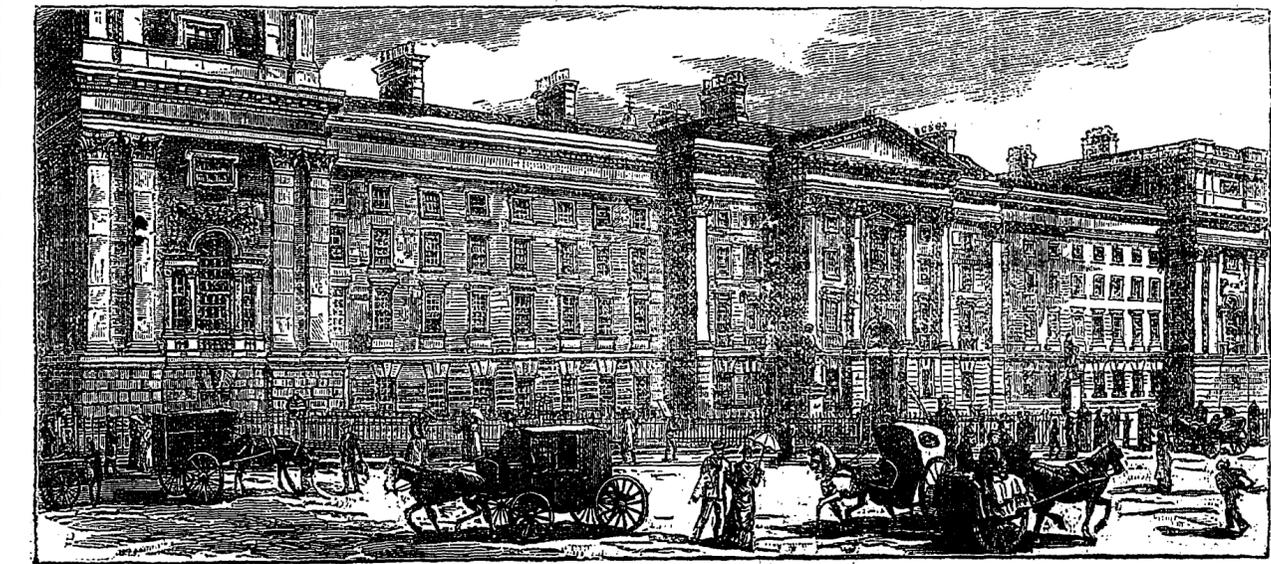
manufacturing arms, offensive and defensive, making canoes, oars and snow shoes. They are all so skillful in this sort of work, that Europeans themselves could not excel them in preparing what is necessary for a journey for living in the forest, or for navigation. In this particular they are savages only in name. It is a great mistake to picture them to ourselves as half brutes, covered with hair, black and deformed. They are smooth faced, having hair only on the head, like the Americans of the torrid zone; for the two extremes of heat and cold perhaps the same effect. On this principle it is that certain animals, as we see, can digest their food as easily under the influence of extreme cold as by the action of natural heat. This I have proved by experiment on a maelwa, a small kind of cod-fish, which is very ravenous and able to digest almost anything it can swallow. I opened it

several times every year. (4) Their memory is very faithful. As they use neither books, nor writing, business is transacted by word of mouth, and I have been surprised to see how many details they could keep in mind. This talent shines especially in the leaders, who, in place of memorandum books, make use of little sticks, on which they sometimes, but not always, scratch certain marks. With these to help them, they can remember the object of each one of more than a hundred presents, report the deliberations of a council, and give a thousand other details, which we should surely forget if we did not write them down. They are naturally intelligent, and they argue well. They are wonderfully clever at narration, and their oratorical power is very remarkable. When they have studied a subject they handle it quite as well as the ablest Europeans. In France it had been supposed that their

make me love him." A year after the atheist was converted and seen coming out of a confessional. He said to his friends who were disposed to jeer him: "Why, yes; I have given in. That terror of a man has succeeded, and really I feel better since I have confessed. I tell you he is Savoyard to the backbone; he has not left a bit of soot on my conscience!" (In Paris the chimney-sweepers are Savoyards.) Winter and summer he wakes at 5 a. m., jumps from his little iron bed, leaps over the mountains of letters and papers which I do between his bed and washstand, dresses rapidly, eats a plate of soup and works until noon. After a frugal breakfast, where the sole delicacy is a bottle of seltzer, he goes on foot to visit his flock, or rides with his head near in a carriage—an old-time coach with two wretched horses. He returns home about 4 p. m., and receives visits or works un-

OBITUARY.

MONSIEUR DUPANLOUP.
 Felix Antoine Philibert Dupanloup, the famous Catholic Bishop of Orleans, France, a member of the Assembly and then a Senator of France, died on the 11th Oct. He was born on the 2nd January, 1802, at St. Felix, a little village in the diocese of Chambéry, Savoie. When eight years old he was sent to Paris, where he completed his studies, first in the Jesuits' College of the "Rue du Regard," and afterwards at the great Seminary of St. Sulpice. Having been ordained a priest in 1825, he was soon noticed as an eminent catechist, and the Duchess De Berri appointed him as confessor of the young Duke of Bordeaux, better known since under the title Comte de Chambord. Mgr. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, having delegated the Abbe Dupanloup near the illustrious diplomatist Prince de Talleyrand Perigord during his last illness, the zealous abbe had the honor of converting the ex-Bishop of Autun, who solemnly retracted all his public and private life since 1790, which caused the witty Louis Philippe to exclaim, "The devil has just lost, through this young Dupanloup, one of his most eminent customers." But the enrage of his parish, the Assumption Church, having grown jealous of the rising fame of his vicar, Dupanloup retired into the little Seminary of St. Nicholas, near Paris, in the capacity of superintendent of studies. He was soon after promoted to the dignity of honorary canon of Notre Dame, and a few months after the revolution of July, 1830, was appointed to the first vicarship of the important Parish Church of St. Roch. Five years after he returned to the Seminary of St. Nicholas with the high functions of director general, and would not consent to leave that post until he was raised to the episcopate. But the care of his seminary did not prevent him from making his way and attaining the highest reputation. After Mgr. de Quelen's death, Mgr. Adre, a friend of Louis Philippe, having been promoted to the archiepiscopal seat, M. Dupanloup, who had openly opposed this nomination, fell into disfavor and lost his prominent place in the chapter of the cathedral. However, the new Archbishop never ceased to pay due justice to Dupanloup's talents, and, in 1840, conferred to him a delicate mission to Pope Gregory XVI. In 1841 he was called to fill the chair of sacred eloquence at the Sorbonne. On the 6th of August, 1849, he was created Bishop of Orleans. There he could at last breathe and talk and act at liberty, freed from any real constraint. As soon as he was installed, he displayed in the administration of his diocese an extraordinary activity, giving special care to this grave question, the teaching of youth. In order to influence as much as possible, without violating the civil law, the education of children at *maisons d'externes*, Bishop Dupanloup founded *gratuites* Catholic schools by hundreds in his diocese.
 In 1854, Mgr. Dupanloup had been elected one of the forty "immortals" in the room of the late M. Tissot; but when, in 1871, M. Litre obtained a seat in the French Academy, the Bishop of Orleans withdrew from the body, "not willing," said he, in his letter to the president, "to share the academic honors with an atheist." Chosez, a member of the Assembly February 8, 1871, for the Department of Loire, he distinguished himself chiefly by his warfare upon the Minister of Public Instruction, Jules Simon, and went so far as to instruct his clergy to pay no attention to the circulars of that minister. He was, of course, an active partisan of the Bourbon dynasty and employed his personal influence with the Count of Chambord (once his pupil) to induce him to accept the tricolor, but without success. At the Voltairian centenary of 1878, Mgr. Dupanloup exerted himself to suppress any public demonstration, and published a volume directed against the memory of the celebrated encyclopedist. He was the author of innumerable manifestoes on public topics, which filled several volumes of a collective edition. His most labored production was an illustrated "History of Our Lord Jesus Christ" (1872). One of the objects which he had most at heart throughout his episcopal career was the canonization of "Jeanne d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans," and in that interest he made more than one visit to Rome. As a writer he was worthy to compete with the ablest polemicists, his bilious temperament combining with his dialectics to make him the rival of the Girardin, the Proudhon and the Vaublanc—with whom he measured himself more than once, in spite of the reserve imposed upon him by his sacerdotal ministry. His principal works as a publicist relate to art and education, and were published from 1841 to 1860. Whatever judgment posterity may pass upon him, both as a priest and a politician, it cannot fail to exalt his unbounded charity to the poor, who never had a better friend, and for the sake of whom he once went so far, after having exhausted all other means, as to pawn his family watch and even his episcopal ring (Jan. 1874). He leaves a precious collection of notes, or "Memoires," on men and things of his times, which, it is hoped, will be soon published by his testamentary executors.—*N. Y. Herald.*



TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

dead in this way too, for the same reasons that lead us to treat the corpses of our friends with signs of honour. This painting themselves is a privilege confined to the men. To them also, not to women, belongs the right in time of war of using certain small ornaments usually worn around the neck, or on their little tobacco pouches. They smoke incessantly in their assemblies and everywhere else. Vapour baths are in vogue among them, but they are prepared in a very primitive way. They collect in a small hut a quantity of big stones, made red hot in the fire, and then go in, fifteen or twenty at a time, packing themselves close together, asquat on the hunches like monkeys, and shut the door. There they sit for hours waiting in perspiration, while they keep up a disorderly chorus, which grows more and more noisy as the time goes on. On coming out of this bath they throw themselves into the lake, or the river, even at the beginning of winter, when the surface is half frozen over. This vapour bath is used by them either as a superstitious, or for the sake of cleanliness, or as a remedy, or for pleasure. On their long journeys they take it to refresh themselves, and to brace up their muscles, and they use it to soothe their wearied limbs on their return home.
 At their feasts when they sometimes come together in hundreds, all the dishes are announced aloud one by one. At each announcement the company express their satisfaction by crying out at the top of their voice, *Oh! Oh!* pronouncing the *h* in a way that we should find it difficult to imitate. Before beginning they eat their hunches together. One of the guests announces, and when he makes a pause all the others reply in a strong voice, coming from the bottom of their chests, *Oh! oh!* When another takes up the chant, and so they follow one after another. Neither the person who killed the game, nor he who gives the feast, sits down to the banquet, but they sing or deliver orations, while the rest make good cheer. Before they became acquainted with Europeans they had no pans in which to cook their food, at any rate while on their journeys. They simply dug a hole in the ground, and filled it with water, which they boiled by plunging red hot stones into it. Their dances are less varied and graver than ours. They praise ours as displays of agility, but they condemn them as not sufficiently sober for men. They certainly do not er themselves in this respect, and their children accustom themselves to a gravity of demeanor which might almost be called an affectation. Their marriage ceremonies resemble in some points those of the ancient Jews. It is usual for the brother to marry his deceased brother's wife. Consanguinity is not considered an objection, provided it be distant. In fact a relation is preferred to any other. The man gives a dowry to the woman, and the care of the cabin devolves entirely upon her. She tills the field, cuts the firewood and brings it home, cooks the food, and is obliged to carry victuals for her husband when the family is on a journey. The men spend all their time in making war, hunting, fishing, transacting business with other nations, and in preparing whatever is necessary for these purposes, as, for instance in

alive, and found its stomach so bitterly cold that I could hardly bear to touch it with my hand. If the cold does not produce the same effect in the northern regions of Europe, the fact is perhaps to be attributed to the use there of such things as wine, brandy, spices, salt, stoves of which our savages do not even know the name. Their skin is not very dark, especially when they are young. They are robust, tall and well proportioned. They enjoy better health than we do, and they are ignorant of the existence of many maladies which are common enough in Europe, for instance, stone, gout, and rupture. Neither do we meet among them hunchbacks, nor dwarfs nor excessive corpulence, nor goitres. They are very hospitable to each other, and frequently exchange visits. They are anxious to be considered liberal and disinterested. We observed four chief peculiarities in them that are truly astonishing. (1) The acuteness of their senses. Although for nearly six months in the year the earth is covered with snow and their cabins filled with smoke, yet their eyesight is marvellously keen. Their ear is very delicate and musical, their sense of smell remarkably fine, but very different to ours. Musk to them has a foul smell, and they care for no odour but that of food. Thanks to their olfactory nerves, they often discover a fire, especially at night-time, long before they see it. Their sense of touch, and their skin is very delicate. This comes perhaps from the habit of anointing themselves with oil or fat, a custom as common among them as among the Gentiles and Hebrews of old. They lubricate their whole bodies in this way whenever they have the chance, and especially their hair, for several very good reasons. (2) They are endowed with a rare spirit of endurance under every kind of suffering. They will abstain from food for ten or even fifteen consecutive days, sometimes through superstition, but oftener through necessity. Not even the pain of fire can force a cry from them. They accustom themselves to this endurance from their infancy. Two children of ten or twelve years of age will sometimes lay their arms together, and then place between them a piece of burning charcoal, to see which will be the first to flinch, and allow the fire to fall. They never complain of cold, heat, pain, or sickness. The pains of childbirth are considered greater than any other, but nevertheless the Indian women, from a principle of spirited endurance, give not a sign of suffering when they are confined. If they allow as much as a cry to escape them they would be looked upon as cowardly and degenerate, and no one would think of marrying them again. (3) There is something prodigious in their facility for knowing places again, and communicating the same knowledge to others, so as to find their way through forests almost always unerringly. I have frequently tested it in foggy weather and in the darkness of night. Guided by my compass, I have led some of these savages into an out-of-the-way place, to the wilder them as to the position of the four cardinal points. Then I have asked the enemies' point out the east, the south, the enemy's country and our own, and with a mere glance of the eye they always did so as confidently as I could with my compass. It is a sort of instinct, which even children and women display when necessary, especially when they are prisoners and want to escape from their enemies. Thus they travel three hundred or four hundred miles through the forests to our habitations, without having any track to follow. Of this we had ocular demonstration

speeches and harangues were invented and put into their mouths by other people. But I can bear witness that most of their productions have lost in the process of translation some part at least of the force they had in the original language. These Indians often won us over to their side, even in matters of serious importance, and induced us to change our resolutions. We were convinced on maturer examination that their opinion was more conducive than our own to the welfare of the country. I have no doubt but that they might apply themselves to the sciences with success. They have a very accurate ear for music, but their music is very different from ours, and in some respects it is martial. The art is not cultivated on fixed principles; they who are most skillful in it look upon it as a gift of nature. We have had proof of their being able, not only to receive the faith, which is the most excellent of all the sciences, but even to acquire the true science of saints, that is to say, a tender and solid piety.
 Woodmen in foreign countries have various cunning ways of knowing the points of the compass in "the bush," i. e. by observing the bent of the trees, or the growth of moss or other plants on one side of the trunk and not on the other, thus showing the quarter from which the prevailing wind blows or the rain comes. T.

THE DEAD PRELATE.

A PROTESTANT DESCRIPTION OF MGR. DUPANLOUP—WRITTEN JUST AFTER THE SIEGE OF LANDAU.
 If you go to Orleans and ask your landlord what is the most curious sight to be seen in town, he will, without hesitation, say, "The Bishop." Legends, monuments, statues, promenades, environs—everything pales in presence of this restless, engrossing militant, intractable, indomitable, indefatigable, of whom a prefect said: "I administer, but he governs." You cannot move three steps in the streets without meeting him and 5 p. m., without meeting this tall old man, with an erect and haughty carriage, who walks about town always bareheaded, no matter what the weather or the season may be. He walks in long strides, talking to himself, looking without seeing anything, and returning, mechanically, the salutations he receives as he passes. He extorts admiration; nevertheless, there is something heavy in his gait. His torso is majestic. His head is imperious, but his knees are weak. His high cheek-bones, his beaked nose, his thin, compressed lips, his powerful jaws, give a harsh expression to his face, which is slightly softened by the gentle brilliancy of his small, sparkling deep-sunken eyes. His broad, full forehead reveals the brain—that brain of lava in incessant ebullition which, one of these days, some anatomist will weigh with curiosity. An observer said to me one day that when he was in the presence of the Bishop of Orleans he thought of those martial prelates who in the olden time leaped foremost in the melee, armed with an enormous bronze crucifix with which they felled, the foe, "whose blood they were forbidden to spill." Of a truth there is something of the soldier in this contrivance. His petulance, his dash, his abrupt manner, smack rather of the brackets than of the paragonage. He has the declension of the boldness, the severity, and the green old age of a half-pay colonel. The ordinary clergy under his government only half like him, for he is pillared for the most infatuation of the discipline of his diocese. An atheist whose conscience he had undertaken to said to him during one of his first conversations on religion: "You may make me fear God, but I can never

til dinner. He generally goes to bed early. He holds at the episcopal palace during the winter one reception weekly, to which everybody who asks is admitted. At these receptions everybody is fascinated by Bishop Dupanloup's eloquence. His gesticulation is large, his voice is sonorous and musical—unfortunately it is marred by a very strong Savoyard accent, which persists, despite his long residence in Paris. He has a passionate admiration for Fenelon and Bossuet, which is scarcely exceeded by his love for the Greek classics. This passion has led him to bring out annually a tragedy of Sophocles in the original tongue at the Commencement of St. Mesmin Seminary, his hobby—a school, he it said, which is a formidable rival of the Government school in Orleans. A large crowd flocks to these performances. The fine ladies and gentlemen of Orleans and the scholars of Paris never miss one of them. Ladies receive a printed translation of the piece played, so as to allow them to follow its incidents. After what has been said above of the extreme ardor with which the Bishop of Orleans does everything, it may readily be imagined that the existence of his secretaries is not exactly an alteration of joys and delights. Secretaries they ought to be called aides-de-camp. By one of those contrasts which seem to come rather from a farce writer's brain than from reality, his secretaries are always cold, while he is always hot. Nothing can be droller than the expression of their faces when in mid-winter they see him suddenly rise, interrupt the dictation in which he is engaged, sponge his head, which is dripping perspiration, and open wide all the windows. There is in the world no kinder heart than the Bishop's—and this exquisite and serviceable heart secures him pardon for all the little eccentricities of his mind and little asperities of his character. The poor of Orleans know (how often they have traversed it!) the way to his door, which is never closed to them. He has a way of his own to relieve the distress of his neighbors, and to make his numerous friends in the wealthier classes help him in his good works. He never asks anybody. He writes in his study a list of persons who ought to give, and the amount of each one's due opposite his name. Nobody ever protests, and he is able to say without the least hesitation to the rich man he meets in his daily strolls, "You know you gave me this morning \$1,000 for my poor." "My Lord, have you determined to bankrupt me?" "If ever you become poor I will open a subscription for you, too." On the Bishop walked. Another anecdote: One evening, after an admirable sermon on the duties of the rich to the poor, he announced that he himself utterly ruined by a long series of misfortunes. Two ladies seated at the foot of the pulpit said to him as he came down the steps with the collection bag in hand: "Bishop we did not expect a collection this evening, and did not bring our purses with us." The Bishop said in a loud tone, so as to be heard all over the cathedral: "Oh! I do not require money; moreover, I am like you, ladies, I have forgotten my purse." "Taking the golden cross from his neck and the pastoral ring from his finger, he threw them into the collection bag." When he emptied into a platter in the vestry-room the contents of the collection bag which he had held out to the faithful, electrified by his action done with extreme simplicity, there were seen rings, watches, and snuff-boxes, whose worth in money rescued the unhappy family from poverty.

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