

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department

FATHER EMANUEL CRESPEL,

OF THE ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS, MISSIONARY IN NEW YORK,
CANADA AND THE WEST.

Father Emanuel Crespel was a native of Belgium. He entered the Order of St. Francis in his native country, and before he was ordained priest, asked and obtained permission from his superiors to go to the mission of New France, now Canada.

He left Belgium on the 25th of January, 1724, and arrived at Quebec in October of the same year, where he was ordained priest. He was sent first as chaplain with Lignerie's expedition against the Foxes, and afterwards was stationed at Niagara, Frontenac and Crown Point. He was recalled to France and sailed from Quebec on the 3rd of November, 1736, in the ship *Le Renommée*.

In a storm, which met them as they were leaving the river, the ship was driven on Anticosti Island and wrecked.

The thrilling events will be better appreciated by reading his letters, which will be given in different numbers of the REVIEW.

LETTER I.

My Dear Brother.—You have so long evinced a desire to know the details of the voyage I formerly made to Canada, that fearing to give you grounds for suspecting my friendship if I continued to decline acceding to your desire, I directed one of my brothers to send you a relation of all that befel me. You tell me that you have received it, and at the same time complain that it is too succinct, and that you would be glad to have it more detailed. I love you too well not to make it a pleasure to please you, but I will divide my relation into several letters. A single one would be too long and would doubtless tire you. The mind does not always keep pace with the heart. I would perhaps become tedious if I spoke too long of other subjects than our friendship.

Do not expect to find this relation sustained by elevation of style, force of expression and varied imagery; the graces of genius are not natural to me, and besides scarcely suit anything but fiction. Truth has no need of ornament to be relished by those who really love it; it is even difficult to recognize it when presented with the dress usually thrown around the false to give it some resemblance to her.

You must remember that towards the close of the year 1723, I was still at Avesnes, in Haynaut; I then received from my superior permission to go to the New World, as I had long asked to do, and indeed it would have been a great mortification had I been refused. I set out then on the 25th of January, 1724; passing by Cambrai, I had the pleasure of embracing you, and on arriving at Paris took an obedience from the Rev. Father Julian Guesdron, Provincial of St. Denis, on whom the missions of New France depend. It would be useless to speak to you of Paris; you know it better than I and you know by experience that it deserves, in every way, to be the first city in the world.

On the 1st of May I started for Rochelle, which I reached on the 18th of that month. I did not make a long stay there, for, after providing all that was necessary for the voyage, I embarked on the king's vessel, the *Chameau*, commanded by the naval lieutenants de Tully and Meschain. The 24th of July, the day we set sail, was marked by the death of Mr. Robert, just going out as Intendant of Canada. He was a gallant fellow, apparently endowed with every quality needed to fulfil the part confided to him.

After a rather pleasant voyage of two months and a half, we arrived before Quebec; I remained there till 1726 and remarked nothing in particular beyond what travellers say and what you may read in their accounts.

On the 17th of March, in the year of my departure from Quebec, M. de la Croix de St. Valier, Bishop of that city, conferred the priesthood on me, and soon after gave me a mission or parish called Sorel, south of the St. Lawrence, between Three Rivers and Montreal.

I was taken from my parish where I had spent two years, to become chaplain of a party of four hundred French, whom the Marquis de Beauharnois had united, with eight or nine hundred Indians of every kind of nation. There were especially, Iroquois, Hurons, Nepissings, and Ottawas, to whom the Rev. M. Pellet, secular priest, and Father de la Bretonniere, Jesuit, acted as chaplains. These troops, commanded by M. de Lignerie, were commissioned to go and destroy a nation called the Foxes, whose chief village lay about four hundred and fifty leagues from Montreal.

We set out on the 5th of June, 1728, and for nearly one hundred and fifty leagues ascended the great river which bears the name of the Ottawa, and which is full of rapids and portages. We left it at Matawan, to take another leading to Lake Nipissing or Mipissing; this river was thirty leagues long, and like the Ottawa it is interrupted by rapids and portages. From this river we entered the lake, which is about eight leagues wide, and from this lake French River quickly bore us into Lake Huron, into which it empties after a rapid course of over thirty leagues.

As it is impossible for many to go together on these little rivers, it was agreed that those who went first should wait for the others at the entrance of Lake Huron, at a place called Laprairie, and which is, in fact, a very beautiful prairie. Here, for the first time, I saw the deadly rattlesnake. When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I shall speak more particularly of these animals; he it enough for the present, to say that none of our party was troubled by them.

As we had all come up by the 26th of July, I celebrated mass, which I deferred till then, and the next day we started for Michillima, or Missillima Kinæ, which is a place situated between Lakes Huron and Michigan. Although we had a hundred leagues to make, the wind was so favourable that we reached it in less than six days. Here we remained some time to repair what had been damaged on the rapids and portages. I here blessed the standards and buried some soldiers whom sickness or fatigue had carried off.

On the 10th of August, we set out for Missillima Kinæ and entered Lake Michigan. The wind which detained us there two days, enabled our Indians to go to hunt; they brought back some moose and reindeer and were polite enough to offer us some. We at first excused ourselves, but they forced us to accept their present and told us that as we had shared with them the dangers of the route, it was fair they should share with us the good things they had found, and they would not deem themselves men if they acted otherwise towards other men. This speech, which one of our men translated for me, quite moved me. What humanity in savages! How many men in Europe would better deserve the name of barbarian than these Americans. This generosity of our Indians merited on our part, indeed, a lively gratitude, for, as we had met no good hunting ground for some time past, we had been compelled to eat only pork; the moose and reindeer they gave us relieved us from the disgust we were beginning to feel for our ordinary food.

(To be continued.)

When "Thad" Stevens was a young lawyer in the Pennsylvania Courts, he once lost his case by what he considered a wrong ruling of the judge. Disgusted, he banged his law books on the table, picked up his hat and started for the door with some vigorous words in his mouth. The judge feeling that his dignity was assailed, rose impressively and said: "Mr. Stevens!" Mr. Stevens stopped, turned and bowed deferentially. "Mr. Stevens," said the judge, "do you intend by such conduct to express your contempt for this court?" And Stevens, with mock seriousness, answered: "Express my contempt for this court! No, I was trying to conceal it—your Honour!"