

From the Catholic Expositor.

A CATHOLIC STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

On the afternoon on the 29th of Jan., 1832, Capt. Sumner arrived at St. Pedro, on the coast of California, and the next morning, the prisoners were set ashore "on a barren strand, with two bottles of water and one biscuit, and there left on the very beach, without even a tree or shrub to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather—exposed to the fury of the wild beasts, which were heard howling in every direction, and for aught their merciless jailor could know, destined to perish before the morning. No habitation of man was nearer to them than forty miles, save a small hut, at the distance of two leagues: on the beach, then, with the wild surf breaking beneath their very feet, they passed a sleepless night, with the canopy of heaven to cover them, and the arm of Omnipotence to shield. Forty-eight hours from the time of their disembarkation, they were welcomed at the mission of St. Gabriel, where they received that kindness and sympathy from their brethren of the Cross, which in Hawaii had been denied them by the professed followers of the humble Jesus."

When the Commodore of the Potomac heard of this act of persecution, and saw the intolerant spirit inculcated by some of the missionaries, and the *esprit du corps* which prevented the interference of the others, "he explained to the Queen Regent Kinau (who had succeeded the old Governess, now deceased) and her chiefs, that such things were forbidden by the laws of the United States, which she was so anxious to imitate, and must be offensive to every Catholic country." The reluctance of Mr. Bingham to translate this salutary lesson to the Queen, was noticed by those present. *He sought to justify this intolerance on the score of retaliations and instanced Spain as setting the example.* The remarks of the republican commodore had great weight with the chiefs present, and those who were suffering for conscience sake were released. The brave, and much-enduring sailor, revolted at persecutions created and encouraged by the ministers of the Gospel of Mercy, and he ended them. It would be difficult to convince the officers of the Potomac, that the Protestant missionaries wished to spare their Catholic brethren. After this, up to 1836, though bitter in words, and very industrious in reclaiming Catholics, bodily torture was remitted.

In March, 1836, it was found that in spite of the absence of all instruction, many converts still held to the Catholic faith, and were even communicating religious instruction in various parts of the Island. They were instantly arraigned for this crime before the Queen, and on declining to renounce their faith, two respectable natives, Kimione Paele and Bilikon, were condemned, the former to work as a scavenger, the latter to make mud bricks for building of walls—it the same time, four females were sentenced, each one to make 15 mats, (all of them of a size to cover a large room,) which they completed in four months, and were then liberated.

Kimione Paele, not only had to perform the office of scavenger, but was loaded with chains around the neck, the waist, and the legs—he was *beaten in the most cruel manner, kicked, trampled, and spit upon, by native members of the Protestant church, celebrated for their piety and devotion to the missionaries.*

Kimione had endured his sufferings about three months, when his wife, Maria Ana Kamakai, an old woman of sixty years, was forcibly brought from the village of Waleai, about forty miles distant, and condemned by the inquisitorial court, for being a Catholic, to labor with her husband at his filthy employment. *At night, this wretched pair were chained together by the hand and the foot, with no place on which to rest, but the cold earth, and no food to sustain nature but the offals rejected by prisoners of an higher order.* In March the succeeding year 1837, Valeriano Kinapapa, an old and an infirm man who well remembers Captain Cook, was brought to the justice hall, and sentenced to work with Kimione and his wife, as a scavenger.

Kimione, his aged wife, and the still more aged Valeriano, were compelled as scavengers, to remove with their hands, the ordure and filth from a public place devoted to the use of the soldiers. This and other revolting offices forced upon them by lash, were performed for even months and years—and when their friends begged the missionaries to intercede for them, they refused, saying, "they must not interfere with the course of the laws. It is the mission and its friends who are heard by the American public, and thus truth is glossed over, almost denied; but, if the Catholics had so treated the Protestants at the Sandwich Islands, America and England would have rung with the tale. It would have made the staple for ten thousand sermons and editorials against popery, and finally, with a little varnishing, settled down as a standing item of school literature.

In September, 1836, the Rev. Robert Walsh a Catholic priest, but a subject of Great Britain, came a passenger in the brig Garafilia from Valparaiso. His arrival caused no little stir at the mission. The Queen forbade his landing, and the captain of the brig was ordered not to deliver his effects. The British Consul, however, protected him from personal violence, (though he could not from incessant annoyance,) and demanded that his right as a British citizen should be respected, although he was a Catholic priest. On the Sabbath, the people were solemnly warned from the pulpit, "to beware of the false doctrines of this impostor, and on no account to suffer him to remain on the Island. The Acteon, captain Lord Russell, put an end to open personal hostility to Mr. Walsh, and formal permission to remain was accorded him by the government, provided he did not attempt to teach his religion. They even wished to apply this restriction to a little Spanish boy he had brought along with him from Valparaiso.

On the 8th of October, the French ship of war, La Bonité, Capt. Vaillant, arrived at Oahu. Capt. V. was not long in hear-

ing of the perfidious cruelty practiced towards Bachelot and Short and their converts, and without hesitation declared that his government would not permit a French citizen, who had been invited to come to the Sandwich Islands by its sovereign, to be thus ejected without any reason except this having fulfilled the intention of that invitation. The King (now come into authority) solemnly pledged his word to Cap. Vaillant that it was not in accordance with his wishes, but was entirely the work of the Queen Governess, over whom the influence of the missionaries was absolute, and who had no regard to his opinion if it conflicted with their advice. The King also gave his free consent to the return of the banished priests, and received in good part the admonition of Cap. Vaillant, who assured him that France would not pass unnoticed a repetition of their treatment of Messrs. Bachelot and Short. The Bonite sailed Oct. 24th, the day after the arrival of the Acteon, and on the 17th of April, 1837, Messrs. Bachelot and Short arrived at Honolulu from the east of California, having been apprised of the effectual intercession of Cap. Vaillant in their behalf. The Catholic converts were still suffering hunger, thirst, stripes, and chains. The foreign residents and visitors could not, and the missionaries would not, interpose for their release.

The re-appearance of the Catholic priests on those shores was the signal for new violence and still greater enmities. Were the American missionaries, "the representatives," as they boasted themselves, "of three chartered societies," to be set at naught by two poor and friendless priests? They soon showed they were not. In the face of the assurances of the King to Cap. Vaillant, and that officer's warning that French citizens were not to be treated like felons without cause, the Catholic missionaries were ordered to return in the same vessel in which they came, the British Brig, Clementine, Capt. Hanly. Mr. Bachelot was also ordered to sign a paper admitting that he and Mr. Short had been banished from the Island for *inciting rebellion.* Mr. Bachelot refused of course to sign the paper, but promised to leave the country when a vessel should offer bound to some civilized port. The "pious" Governess then decided to put them on board the Clementine by force. The English Consul and Mr. Dudoit, the owner of the Clementine, informed the Governess that if she attempted to seize that vessel as a transport ship, they would haul down the British colors, abandon her to the Sandwich Island government, and apply to England for redress.

While this was going on every indignity and vexation was continually heaped upon the heads of the unoffending priests. The object was to worry them into a consent to depart in the Clementine, but those gentlemen conceiving the interests of the Catholic mission to be reposed in their hands, resolved to endure patiently unto the end, that it might not be said they willingly left their flock.

On the 20th of May, a number of native police officers went to the French Mission House and ordered Messrs. Bachelot and Short to go at once on board

the Clementine: now chartered by an American gentleman and partly loaded for a foreign port. Before leaving their dwelling, Mr. Short addressed a letter to the British Consul, informing him that he had been threatened to be forcibly embarked on the Clementine, against which injustice he solemnly protested, as a violation of the rights of a British subject, secured to him by the treaty of Lord Russell. "I protest against it also," continued Mr. Short, "as a violation of the common laws of humanity, to compel any unoffending individual to embark, in the low state of health to which I am at present reduced. It would expose me to an imminent danger of death. I therefore feel myself bound to claim your protection against the violence offered to my person." Mr. Bachelot, also addressed a communication to Mr. Dudoit, giving him information of the threatened outrage, in which he says, "your vessel is under English colors, I am a Frenchman, and therefore protest against the violence threatened, and against any part you might take in allowing me to be received on board against my wish, and for which I shall hold you responsible, being determined to seek for redress from my country." To which Mr. Dudoit immediately replied, "I have received your protestation of this day against the violence threatened your person by the order, to embark on board of my vessel. I declare to you, that, I take no part whatever in violence, and that I will not, by any means, receive you on board. I have given my orders to that effect, and if contrary to my expectations, my rights are violated, by forcing you on board the Clementine, I have and do declare my vessel seized by this Government, and am determined to have recourse for satisfaction to the means prescribed by the laws of nations."

The police officers tarried till about 3 P. M. when they informed Mr. Short and Mr. Bachelot, that it was time to depart; those gentlemen then gave themselves up, and were conducted like condemned criminals, through a dense crowd of natives to the wharf where a small boat had been detained to convey them on board. In the presence of several gentlemen, who were near, the Catholic priests demanded of the officer attending, if they were prisoners, he, replied, yes, and placing his hand upon their shoulders, ordered them into the boat; when they had approached near to the Clementine, the mate, in command, ordered them off, and assured the native officer, that no person could be forced on board of the brig whilst he had charge.

The boat then returned to the shore, where a force had been collected to prevent the priests from again landing; Mr. Dudoit had now arrived at the wharf and repaired immediately on board, the boat with the prisoners followed, when Mr. Dudoit, the owner, now master of the Clementine, stated to the government officer, that the persons in his custody would not be received, unless they came voluntarily; the officer, however, gave no heed to this information, but rudely forced his prisoners on board. Mr. Dudoit, perceiving that two of the guns at the fort were loaded and pointed towards his vessel, with the