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# THE CROSS.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the world is Crucified to me, and I to the world.—St. Paul, Gal. vi. 14.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1843.

No. 22.

## Weekly Calendar.

- July 30, Sunday VIII. aft. Pent. Commemoration of all the Canonized Popes of the holy Roman Church.  
 31, Monday, S. Ignatius of Loyola, Conf.  
 August: 1, Tuesday, S. Peter's Chains.  
 2, Wednesday, S. Stephen 1. Pope & martyr.  
 3, Thursday, Ascending of the body of S. Stephen.  
 4, Friday, S. Dominic, Conf.  
 5, Saturday, Dedication of Sancta Maria ad Nives.

## Life and cruel martyrdom of the Rev. John Charles Cornay,

A FRENCH CATHOLIC MISSIONARY,

Who, after having been imprisoned in a cage, and cruelly flogged, was barbarously put to death for his Religion, on Wednesday, 20th September, 1837, in the Province of Tonquin, in China.

Compiled from the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith."

"Si denotatur Christianus, gloriatur: si accusatur, non defendit: interrogatus, vel ultro confitetur: damnatus, gratus agit. Cruciate, torquete, dammate, et occidite nos: probatio est enim innocentie nostrae, iniquitas vestra."  
*Tertull. Apol. c. i. et xlviii.*

"If a Christian be denounced, he glories in it, if accused, he makes no defence; if interrogated, even of his own accord he confesses his faith; and if condemned, he receives his

sentence with thanksgiving. Rack, torture, condemn, and crush us to pieces; your iniquity is the proof of our innocence."

(CONCLUDED.)

I saw before me my unfortunate companions who were flogged until the blood flowed from their veins, and whose cries wrung my very heart. Whilst I was under examination, care was taken to threaten me with similar treatment; every moment I thought my cage was about to be opened, and when I saw my Catechist stretched on the ground, I thought my turn had come: the soldiers were already round my cage; I prayed to Jesus bound to the pillar, and took off my coat; but my examination was over, and it was to take me to prison they had come. I returned quite exhausted. This is the state things are in to-day, 20th of July. I know not what fate awaits me; but if I die, it will be rather as the victim of treason and calumny than as a Martyr. I implore then all who may see this narrative, to take less notice of my death than of my faults, and to pray for my poor soul.

"30th July.—According to letters received from my brother Clergyman Mr. Marette, it seems

I have nothing more to expect. I am threatened with a second examination, and know not whether I shall come from it as from the first without shedding blood; however, being better prepared for the combat, I shall have more strength to suffer. I continue cheerful as usual, and sing the praises of God and Mary. The Colonel, who comes often to see me, told me that if I did not confess my crime I must die: he asked me whether I could still sing; I gave him the canticle, "Religion calls us, let us conquer. let us die, etc.," I added, that were I even tied to the stake, I should sing, if he required it. He could not help expressing his astonishment at this. Yes! if I am to sing at the last hour, recalling to mind the example of the ancient Martyrs, I will sing for the greater glory of God, and my last words shall be, Jesus, Mary, Joseph.

"Friday, 11th August, I was brought to be examined for the second time: I was taken out of my cage, a large cangue newly ironed was put upon me, and after some questions regarding the accusation of rebellion made against me, I was stretched on the ground, stripped and bound. Every time I answered, 'All that is advanced against me is calumnious,' the lashes came showering upon me: one time I was threatened to be flogged until evening; another time I was told I

should be subjected to a similar treatment every day until I confessed my crime; then I was promised a full pardon from the moment my guilt would be acknowledged; but nothing was elicited from me, and, having received fifty lashes, I was untied. However painful this interrogatory was, the acutest pain I felt proceeded from my arms, which were tied by the wrists, and were benumbed by the cangue on which they were stretched. At length I was dragged to my cage, and when I reached the prison was able to sing the *Solve, Regina*. Tell my servant, Kim, that I did not emit a single cry, nor give even a sigh, except towards the end, when my arms caused me such extreme pain. I suffered much from my wounds that night and the day and night following; at present, eight days subsequent to my examination, my wounds are partly healed; but my left foot, galled by the cord that tied it, causes me more pain than the rest of my body. I expected to be subjected to the torture again on the following day, according to the threats held out against me; but Jesus spared me that bitter chalice. At present, were it not for my foot, I should be ready to begin again. Yesterday the Colonel came to induce me by promises to make a confession of my guilt, but his endeavours were not attended with more success than the menaces and threats of the others. Adieu: I sing, and, above all, pray more to God than before."

It is not necessary to observe how horrible the torture of the interrogatory with scourging is: formerly it was the bastinado that was inflicted: to-day it is rods about three feet long that are employed, the ends of which are furnished with lead to increase the force of the stroke. Sometimes by bribing the executioner, one succeeds in inducing him to be a little less severe on the sufferer; but if the executioner exerts all his skill the wretched victim is left half dead, and the body all bloody; for, sometimes, the rods take away pieces of flesh. I should wish to be able to add some details on the examinations Mr. Cornay underwent; but as the courts of justice are always private, nothing transpires but what the parties interested may disclose in secret. After that it cannot be a matter of surprise, if Annamite justice dispenses life or death according as base cupidity may find it its interest to do. Having witnessed this pagan legislation I cannot sufficiently admire our judicial forms in Europe; though the passions of men may sometimes also turn them to their own purposes. But how admirable the privilege of having an advocate,—a privilege not refused even to the meanest criminal! and what wisdom in the legislation of the Hebrews, to forbid the judges to receive presents! To conceive to what an excess abuses may be carried on this point, one must be in Tong Kin.

seller, you are obliged to hire some one initiated in all the chicanery practised here, who secretly conducts your case as well as may be, and even this much is forbidden by the laws. Europe, civilized by Christianity, seems to attribute to philosophy what paganism clearly shows is due solely to the Redeemer of mankind.

The following is the letter addressed by Mr. Cornay to his parents after he had undergone the torture.

“MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

My blood has been already made to flow in the midst of torments, and it is to flow two or three times yet before I am quartered and beheaded. The anguish you must feel, when those details shall have reached you, has already brought tears to my eyes; but the thought that when you shall read this letter I shall be in Heaven to intercede for you, has consoled me both on my own account and on yours. Do not then mourn the day of my death, it will be the happiest of my life, because with it my happiness shall begin, and my sufferings have an end. The torments which I am to endure, are not after all absolutely cruel: I am not to be scourged a second time, till my first wounds are cured. I shall not be tortured with the pincers, nor shall my limbs be strained on the rack.

"If my four limbs are to be cut off, four men will do it at the same time, whilst a fifth will chop off my head: hence I shall not have a great deal to suffer. Be consoled, then; all will be soon over, and I shall await you in Heaven.

"I am, with filial affection and respect, my dear father and mother, your son,

"J. C. CORNAY.

"In cage the 18th of Aug. 1837."

Who must not admire the courage and filial piety of the Martyr, who is thus ingenious in concealing his sufferings? It is an observation which cannot have escaped the notice of any, that the same man who, a short time before, did not cease to speak of his sufferings, should, when subjected to so severe a trial, not utter a single sigh, nor cease to exhibit his accustomed gaiety; the effect of divine grace was clearly visible in him.

Mr. Cornay wrote also a letter of adieu to the Bishop and to all his fellow labourers of the Mission; it was accompanied by another for his Lordship in the form of a letter of indulgence of the Martyrs.\* The following is the translation of the original, which is in Latin.

"My Lord,

"Although my recommendation can merit no attention, yet I take the liberty in my character as Confessor of the Faith, whose blood has already flowed, to imitate the ancient Martyrs who granted letters of indulgence to

\* From the acts of the Martyrs, and the writings of the Holy Fathers, we learn that this custom prevailed in the early persecutions of the Church.

such as fell. I pray your Lordship then to forgive the fault of my servant Kim, and to grant him the grade of Catechist, when he shall have recited the usual books of instruction. I hope that restored to grace, he will, like the prodigal child, cause the past to be forgotten by the exemplary conduct which he will henceforward exhibit. I expect this favour from your goodness."

On the back of this letter was a short exhortation to this same servant, who had deservedly incurred censure, and a proof of the parental affection which Mr. Cornay bore him.

I cite this circumstance, however trifling it may seem, to show his goodness of heart, and that the critical position in which he was placed did not cause him to forget any thing. This recommendation was afterwards attended to.

We anxiously awaited the third and last examination, and the sentence by which it was to be followed.

The following is the account which Mr. Cornay gives of what he endured: "My dear brother, I receive your letter in the midst of the sufferings caused by having been again subjected to the torture. You are determined then to continue writing to me. I write my answer to you, bad as my sight is, by the light of a lamp placed at a distance of ten feet from me. My third examination took place yesterday, the 29th of August. Before I was flogged an attempt was made to force me to trample on the Cross; but I prostrated myself at full length with my face on the cross; I then raised it up, and when I reverently put it to my lips it was snatched from me. So little lenity is there shown me, that three rods were

employed the first time I was flogged. The seventy five lashes which I have just received with a new scourge were not less painful. After the torture, I was made to put my foot out of the cage: thinking it was to tear off the flesh with pincers, in stretching it out, I made an offering of it to our Saviour; but when they got hold of it they put the cross under it, and then asked me if I consented? 'Oh! no, certainly,' said I. This is the fact such as it occurred, which I consider it necessary to tell you: lest it should be misrepresented."

Thus, on two occasions, Mr. Cornay received a hundred and fifteen lashes. Although he writes shortly after the torture, and would seem from the tone of his letter to be but little affected by his sufferings, it is no less true, as he informs us himself, that the torture is terrific; he suffered so much at the time that he was unable to eat, and requested that his food might be given to the poor.

In another letter, he asked me when the ember days was to occur; "For as nothing prevents me from fasting," added he, "I observe the fasts of obligation. If I am alive when the cold weather comes, you will oblige me by sending some warm clothing; even my old stockings would not be amiss. I still sing in the presence as well as in the absence of the Colonel, whom it is not necessary to offend. As soon as my sentence may be known do not fail to inform me.

"If hitherto I have not signed my letters, it is because I hoped to be able to add to them, and that a favourable opportunity of offering afterwards of sending them to you, I had not time to affix my name. With feelings of gra-

atitude, I am entirely yours in this life and the next,

"J. C. CORNAY, in chains."

In my answer I took care to inform him that he was to celebrate in Heaven the festival of All-Saints, and that he assuredly should not see the first day of the ensuing year. Every thing, in fact, announced that his sentence was about to be pronounced: On the 8th of September, the Governor general sent for Mr. Cornay, as if to get information about his case, but in reality to lull his suspicions as to any danger of immediate death. I am inclined to think that the Mandarins, fearing the magic power of a European (for their credulity goes even so far), dreaded the effects of his vengeance: such, I have no doubt, were the motives which induced them to speak to him of his immediate deliverance, in consequence of the interest which they felt in his behalf. But I took care to inform Mr. Cornay of the real state of affairs; the following is his answer to my letter.

"Festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross.

"I have rejoiced in the things which were said to me: We shall go in to the house of the Lord." (Ps. cxxi. l.) I have received your letter, dearly beloved brother, in which you tell me that peace is not of this world. In thinking that all was over, I gave myself up to joy, it was to the joy of the Lord, and solely with a view to his glory. But you know too well how much I have always desired to be delivered from this body of death, to believe, that notwithstanding the faint glimmerings of hope which I seemed to discover, I ceased a single instant to make an offering of my life to God. I do not count much on the sentence of

the King; and, even though they should wait for it, it will not change any thing, or can aggravate the evil. Consummatum est—Iniquity has consummated its wiles. Your charity is indeed great in thus warning me in time that I may not be taken by surprise when the sentence of death is announced to me; for, it will soon come, if fears are entertained that I may deprive myself of life.

“Let your letter then be the last; you can besides have nothing further to tell me. As for me, although I am watched with less vigilance, if their suspicions are once awakened, I shall be guarded with such rigour, that I can no longer write to you, even during the night.

“Farewell, dearly beloved, farewell to all my brethren and to our worthy Bishop; if, at any time, I have unwittingly caused him a moment's pain, I implore his forgiveness; I have certainly never done so in malice.

“I should much desire that you could procure me absolution; but, oh! my God, do I often say, “If this is impossible, contrition for confession, and my blood instead of Extreme Unction.” I do not find my conscience loaded, it is true, with any grievous sin; but I am not justified on that account. Yet Mary will obtain for me contrition, and the sword will procure me the Holy Unction.

“I had already written my confession to Father The; but, that I may neglect nothing, I have done it over again; entrust it to whomever you may depute. Tell him when he shall have made the concerted sign, to follow me step by step, until, all shall

be over.—I shall myself give absolution to my companions, if I die with them. Farewell! farewell! pray for me, and offer up the holy sacrifice, that I may obtain a happy death.

“Yours in this life and the next.  
“J. C. CORNAY, unworthy soldier  
of Jesus Christ.”

Such was the Martyr's last will; but it reached me only with the news of his death.

The 20th September, Wednesday in Ember week, being a fast day, Mr. Cornay waited until noon to take his meal. The Catechist, who had orders to remain with him, having also dined, went to some Christians of the neighbourhood, and left a single nun to watch what might happen. Between one o'clock and noon, a courier on horseback made his appearance carrying a flag in his hand: a Christian soldier, being informed by the courier himself that Mr. Cornay was about to be executed, communicated the intelligence to the good nun. Alone at so critical a moment she felt rather embarrassed; but her resolution was soon taken: she told an old servant to take two mats and spread them under the Martyr, when the preparations should be made for the execution, and hastened herself to the prison. I have not learned what passed in the fortress; probably when the royal sanction was obtained, the Mandarins assembled and intimated the sentence to the prisoner.

At two o'clock the fatal cortege made

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\* At the place of execution, where he hoped this missionary could attend in disguise. During the cruel persecutions of Elizabeth, many a Priest thus received absolution on the scaffold.

its appearance. It came through the western gate of the fortress, moved along the southern side and turned into the principal street. Mr. Cornay was alone in his cage, unaccompanied by any of his companions in misfortune; he was preceded by about three hundred soldiers, and around him were the executioners with the naked sword or axe in their hand. Before him was carried a board having his sentence inscribed upon it; behind him a cymbal sent forth from time to time its mournful sounds; the General who was to preside at the execution brought up the rear on horseback. The novelty of the spectacle (for never before was a European put to death in this country) attracted an immense concourse of people. The Christians of the neighbourhood, who had got notice, assembled also; but abstained from giving any external sign of sorrow. Whilst going round the fortress the martyr sang: the remainder of the time he employed in reading prayers from a book. Every one admired his tranquillity, and his greatness of soul surprised those idolators, who could not understand the motive from which it sprang. Outside the town the procession turned aside from the road into a field, chosen for the place of execution. Mr. Cornay in his cage was laid down in the north east corner of the place where he was to be immolated; the soldiers formed a circle around him, and planted their lances in the ground; they were each provided with a rod, and kept the crowds outside: the officer who presided placed himself at some distance with the herald and the cymbal-bearer; the board on which his sentence was inscribed, was placed near the Martyr; these words were upon it:

"The prisoner, called Tan, whose

real name is Cao-Lang-Ne (Cornay), from the kingdom of Phu-lang-Sa (France) and from the city of Loudun, is guilty as chief of a false sect, disguised in the kingdom, and as a leader of rebellion. The sovereign edict orders, that he be cut in pieces, and that his head, after having been exposed for three days, be cast into the river. Let this exemplary sentence make an impression every where. End of the inscription.

"The 21st of the eighth moon of the eighteenth year of the reign of Minh-Menh."

This sentence, reserved for criminals of State alone, is esteemed the most disgraceful punishment that can be inflicted: It consists in first having the arms and legs cut off, after which the unfortunate individual is beheaded and quartered. Although the amputation of the limbs is usually done by many executioners at the same time, it is easy to conceive what horrible tortures the poor sufferer must endure. In his character as Missionary, and even as European, Mr. Cornay was doomed to death; but, were it not for the accusation of rebellion, he should never have been sentenced to be quartered. In the mean time the cage was opened at the top with the help of a sword; and inclined to enable the prisoner to get out. He sat on the ground that his chains might be removed. The workman employed to do this happened to be a Christian: he boasted at having unriveted the three rings so delicately, that the Father did not feel the operation; having asked some token of remembrance, the holy Missionary plucked some hairs from his head and presented them to him. May this good Christian have a share in the merits of the Martyr. Four stakes were fastened



in the ground, to tie the feet and hands of the victim. The old servant presented herself with the two mats; but being forbidden to enter within the circle she gave them to the executioners. They also took the mat in the cage and put it over the other two; the old altar carpet also, which the Mandarin had left Mr. Cornay, was folded in four and spread over the mats—such was the altar on which the victim was to be immolated.

The Martyr was ordered to undress, and stretch himself at full length with his face to the ground, his shirt being the only covering he was allowed to keep on him; four executioners bound his feet and hands to the four stakes, whilst a fifth fastened his head by means of two additional stakes, placed at either side of it; in this respect there is a slight difference from the manner in which the natives are tied, who are always fastened by their long hair to a single stake placed in front. His arms were extended in the form of a cross, but his feet nearly touched each other.

These preparations took about twenty minutes; when they were completed, the herald asked if all was ready, and upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, announced to the executioners that as soon as the cymbal should have sounded, they were to cut off the head first, then the arms and legs, and lastly to divide the trunk into four. The beheading of the Martyr first was the more surprising, as it was in direct contradiction to the royal order, held up to the public by two secretaries on the spot. I can explain this circumstance in no other way, than by referring it to some remains of humanity in the minds of the Mandarins. They are the more to be praised for this act of clemency, because if it reached

the King's ears, it must have seriously compromised them. I am not aware whether this favour was ever made known to the Martyr; in any case he was resigned to be quartered alive. In the mean time the executioners were standing round the patient, each having a sword raised in his hand: the strongest nerved was at the head, the three others being, one at the right hand side and the other two at the feet.

The crowd was now in painful expectation, every eye being turned on the victim. Scarcely had the cymbal ceased to sound, when, at a single stroke, the head of the holy Martyr was severed from the body. It was on Wednesday, the 20th of September, 1837, about three o'clock, that his pure soul ascended to Heaven. Whilst his blood was flowing, without any one being near to collect it, the executioner took the head by the ear, and flung it some paces from him: he then, like a wild beast, licked the axe all reeking in blood. It now came the turn of the other executioners to do their part. He who had decapitated the Martyr cut off the left, and another the right arm, both at the elbow joint. The other two, by repeated blows with a hatchet separated the legs at the knee and threw them aside. The bloody mark left by the knees is visible on the carpet; seven blows of the hatchet cut through it as far as the third fold. The remainder of the body was then quartered; and, shall I mention the horrid fact? according to the barbarous custom of the people, the chief executioner plucked out the liver of the victim, cut off a bit and eat it! This bloody spoil was exhibited for some time in the front of his house, before he thus converted it into a revolting feast. A soldier took part of the liver; but one of his companions, who was a Christian, succeeded in taking it from the cannibal at the moment he was about to eat it raw in a tavern. It was observed that his liver was very tender, whilst that of the chiefs of the revolt was very hard. One of the superstitious

prevalent in this country is, that by eating the liver of great criminals, one becomes inspired with their courage. Yet the Annamite nation has, generally speaking, a horror of blood; what I have said can apply then only to a small number of individuals. One of the executioners tore off the nails too from one of the hands, and, I know not with what view kept them for himself.

The bloody work being over, the Mandarins, soldiers and executioners returned without any order, and in a great hurry, according to the usage of the country. The cage, the chains, and the head of the martyr were taken away, as well as the board on which his sentence was inscribed, but no one touched his clothes. It is said that at the moment of execution, Mr. Cornay gave his coat to one of the executioners who asked it of him: we bought it for ten pence.

A crowd of the curious, impatient perhaps to know what the Christians should do, remained on the spot. A physician, my agent, and a non-commissioned officer, both Christians, the female religious and the old servant, moved forward to collect together the pieces of flesh which were scattered about. As the religious who was charged to bring from the neighbourhood some incense prepared before-hand, had not arrived, the blood was soaked in every thing which was found at the moment, the clothes of the Martyr, handkerchiefs and paper.

At this signal, the crowd, without distinction of pagans or Christians, rushed forward to collect also some drops of this precious blood. In vain did the nun remonstrate with the pagans: they begged to be permitted to continue. The flesh of the Martyr was squeezed to extract some of the blood, and even the ground was dug up in those spots where the blood had flowed in abundance. Such conduct on the part of idolaters is the more extraordinary, as they entertain a sovereign horror for the bodies of public criminals, and it has been never known in this province that the blood of a who died by the hand of the public executioner was ever gathered. But they pretended to employ

those relics as charms against the devil.

The crowd generally retired, each acknowledging the innocence of the accused, who was called Priest by all, but never chief of the rebellion. When, on his way to the place of execution, Mr. Cornay passed by the house of the Governor-General, the wife of this Mandarin came to the door and cried out, "Why thus sacrifice the innocent?" The execution of the European Missionary became thence-forward the theme of every conversation, and it was in particular a subject of surprise to all that his blood should have been gathered up.

In the mean time my Catechist arrived; he enveloped the pieces of flesh in the mats and Carpet, and offered the superintendent of the quarter a trifling sum for permission to bury them. The captain of the city police, who is a Christian, was also requested to protect the burial; both the one and the other complied with the request made them. All the scattered limbs were therefore collected together, bound with bands of linen, deposited in a coffin, and buried in the evening near the place of execution. My Catechist spent a part of the night with some Christians in endeavouring, but without success, to contrive the means of removing privately the sacred remains, and burying them in some more becoming place. The bodies of great criminals can be taken away only by stealth, and consequently that of a European and a Priest. It was necessary therefore to fill up the grave. Such is the sepulchre of a Martyr, who, having been counted amongst malefactors during his life, can find no other spot wherein to repose his mortal remains, than in the public place of execution amidst the graves of the profligate and degraded.

The head had been at first taken away by a boy, who in passing by the shops, amused himself in frightening all the persons he met. Having been taken from him and brought to the guard-house, we succeeded in getting it enveloped in a linen cloth and put into a basket. It is in this state that it was exposed on that evening, with the board on which the sentence of

death was inscribed. When the time prescribed for having it exposed had come, it was obtained from the pagans and buried in a corner of the ground on which the Church of Chien-Ung formerly stood, and where I am now residing. The fragments of flesh and bone, which the batchets had detached, were carefully gathered up by the Christians and preserved by them. As to the other relics, we distributed a part of them here, but the principal portion consisting of the clothes of the Martyr and the nuts on which he was immolated has been sent to France.

Mr. Cornay died at the age of twenty-eight years, six months and eight days. Though only three years and five months a Priest, he was in ecclesiastical orders since his nineteenth year. He quitted France six years before his death, to devote himself to the Mission, and of that time spent five years in Tong-King. In stature he was a little more than five feet (French measure); he was rather inclined to corpulency, but soon got thin under this moist and burning climate; his countenance was expressive of goodness of heart, and a certain calm and habitual joy.

He is, I believe, the ninth European Martyr in the two Missions of Tong-King, founded in 1627; but he is the first martyr in the western part of the country. He is moreover the first French Missionary that suffered Martyrdom in Tong-King for, all those who died there before, in defence of the Faith, belonged to different other kingdoms of Europe. May the Annanite Church, of which he was a member, soon see through his intercession, the period arrive which is to put an end to the sufferings which desolate it so long! or, if the justice of God reserves it still for other trials, may our holy brother obtain for us the grace to support them with patience, that we may be one day called to share his crown!

F. A. MARTIN, Miss. Agent.

## Missions of America.

Extract from a letter by Dr. de la Hailandiere, Bishop of Vincennes, to the Members of the Central Council of Lyons.

Vincennes, 1841.

GENTLEMEN,

"In one of the last pastoral visitations, I had to confer the sacrament of confirmation in the midst of an Indian tribe. It was the remnant of the Pot-towattomies, who had been obliged to emigrate two years ago; their number amounted to near a thousand, and amongst them there were from four to five hundred Catholics. I should wish to be able to represent to you the edifying sight which I witnessed, the tears of emotion which it caused to flow; but how could I do so? In truth, it would have been requisite to have seen them, to be able to form an Idea of the simplicity of their faith, and of the purity of their lives.

"We went one day to visit them in camp, where we endeavoured to assemble them, in order to prepare them for their departure. Poor savages! scarcely had they perceived us, when we saw them advance, and gather at the approach of the great chief of prayer, and asked, kneeling, his benediction, then coming to touch his hand and retiring, whilst a group around us was melted to tears at the sight of a particle of the sacred wood of the cross, which had been exposed to their view. I spoke to them through an interpreter. The Rev. Mr. Bernier, their pastor, preached to them, selected those who were to be confirmed, and appointed to meet them the next day at *Our Lady of the Lake*. A general of the American government then came for-

ward to ask them if they wished to depart. They instantly assembled and deliberated, and gave this answer: 'We came here to fulfill a religious duty, and not to treat on business; another time we shall attend to that.' As the general pressed them again on that subject: 'Yes,' said they, 'we shall depart; but the first condition of our departure is, that we shall have a priest to accompany us.'

"The next day, at 11 o'clock, we saw them arriving in a line, to the number of nearly eighty, mounted upon handsome horses. The women held their children in their arms, and carried behind them all the luggage of the family; amongst them the woman is still the servant. The man came next, dressed in their best attire; they traversed in silence the neighbouring town, for the chief of prayer had forbidden them to stop in it on account of the snares laid for their simplicity; they then passed the beautiful river St. Joseph, and arrived at Our Lady's. There they took their places around the Lake; each family pitched their tent and lighted their fire. But the Priest with the *long black gown*, was already waiting for them in the chapel, to prepare them for the solemnity. During three days he exhorted them, instructed them; and heard their confessions; and these docile children so completely forgot everything that regarded not the care of their souls, that, on one occasion, at sun-set they had not as yet taken their morning food. It is true, that a mistake was the cause of this rigorous fasting, but not one of the Indians thought of complaining.

"At length, the wished-for day, they assembled early in the morning; the prayer began, and two neophytes were baptized; two others were to re-

ceive on the following day the sacrament of matrimony. During the solemn Mass, sermons delivered in three languages; for the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, some through faith, and others through curiosity, were desirous of witnessing the ceremony, and the chapel was filled with attendants. Immediately on the cession of the grave chant of the church, the Indians intoned their pious hymns. We did not understand their language; but there was in their accent something so tender, and the recollection expressed in their voices, had for us so many charms, that I with difficulty restrained my emotion. When we came to the moment of communion, my tears flowed in abundance. The men presented themselves first, the women came then, enveloped in their white blankets, as in a religious veil. Being prostrated during the ceremony, all advanced on their knees to the holy table: we may believe, that had they known any other mode of expressing greater humility, they would have practiced it. After having received their God, they remained motionless, and one might have supposed them dead, were it not their lips moved slowly, and their faces appeared lighted up. No, I have never anywhere witnessed such recollections and piety.

"In a short time after, these poor Indians quitted, never to see them more, the places which they had so many reasons to love; the day of their emigration was come. Ancient masters of the forest, they were now dispossessed of it; their villages had disappeared; they had no longer any lands; necessity obliged them to depart, and they had to forsake all, even the ashes of their fathers.

"I now learn with consolation, from

the mouth of the Priest that accompanied them to the end of their long journey, that they found in the desert their brethren, an altar, and two ecclesiastics, to whose care they had been confided. May the Lord in his goodness protect them!

"During this pastoral visitation I met, in different parts of my diocese, about six hundred German families, and it gives me pleasure to render testimony to the filial reception which they everywhere prepared for me; I continually received from them the most marked demonstrations of respect, confidence, and attachment; I hold in lasting remembrance the sacrifices they have imposed on the males, in order to have amongst them Catholic Priests. As I cannot name all these generous colonies, allow me to mention, as an example of the receptions which I have met, that which awaited me at Blue-Creek. Having arrived at about two miles from the church, we met the entire congregation: men, women, and children, had come with their crosses and banners to welcome their first pastor. A *bouquet of flowers* was offered with simplicity to him and the Priest that accompanied him. The procession then commenced in midst of the endless forest. It was a lovely autumn evening; the country presented that combination of circumstances, which the Germans appear to love; the echoes of the woods repeated with emulation the pious canticles, in which the people, with one accord blessed God and invoked his saints. This multitude of voices singing the praises of the Lord, under ancient trees, made on me a stronger and sweeter impression than the finest composition of the greatest musician; I never heard. The bril-

liant effect of the silk banners, upon which were painted the images of Jesus and his Mother, shining through the leaves; the tints of the forest, so rich and varied, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun; the solemn silence of those deep retreats, interrupted by the chaunt of Hymns, ascending towards the throne of the Almighty, to thank him, that, in the midst of the most profound solitude, his bounty had also procured the benefits of religion; the whole formed a scene as difficult to describe as the emotions it created.

"Accept &c.,

"*CELESTINE, Bishop of Vincennes.*"

*Letter of the Rev. Mr. Aug. Martin Missionary-Apostolic, to Dr. de la Hailandiere, Bishop of Vincennes.*

Logansport, April 16, 1841.

"MY LORD,

"With Easter week has commenced the second year of my ministry in the Mission that your Lordship has been pleased to commit to my care. I have informed you on different occasions of the Apostolic labours which I considered fit to interest your solicitude: at present I shall endeavour, according to the wish your Lordship has communicated to me, to lay before you an exact account of the present state of my Mission, of the hopes which it gives, and of the success which has hitherto been obtained.

"The Mission of Logansport, such as my predecessor, Mr. Francoir, left it to me, extended from the east to the southwest, over a surface of a hundred miles, along the Wabash, from Legros to Independence; and in breadth, from the south to the north, that is, from India-

nopolis to Lake Michigan, about twenty-five leagues.

“Shortly after my arrival, I gave up Legros and Wabash-Town to the Mission of Fort-Wayne; and your Lordship having lately given a Pastor to Peru, my jurisdiction comprehends no more than seventy miles of country. The principal towns are Logansport, Cass County; Delphia, of Carroll-Country; Lafayette, of Tippecanoe; and Rochester, of Sulton: I have, besides, the spiritual direction of twelve or fifteen others of those infant towns which cover the American soil, as far as the most savage countries, and which are destined either to become very shortly of real importance, or to leave in the midst of our ancient forests the wrecks of fruitless attempts. Lafayette, the oldest of the chief towns, reckons only fifteen years of existence; and already from its active commerce, its elegant buildings, and numerous population, it might find an honourable place in a province in Europe. Logansport, its rival, seated at the confluence of the Eel-River and the Wabash, and the great canal of communication between Lake Erie and the Mississippi, is younger still: eleven years ago, a single family of French Canadians lived in this country, together with a branch of the Indian tribe of the Miamis. All the other towns are of more recent origin.

“If I begin by mentioning the towns of my Mission, it is not because my Ministry there receives the greatest consolation. Daughters of commerce, they live for it, and by it; Mammon is their god. But whilst awaiting until Catholicism may form homes of light and charity, they are now the points around which the emigrants gather by preference, to establish their farms, for the produce of which they will one

time or other find a vent in these towns.

“When I arrived, first, the bulk of the Catholic population was composed of Irish labourers, employed in deepening the Wabash and forming Erie Canal. Since six months back, the greater part of these wandering families have withdrawn to another canal at the extremity of Illinois. I had also, besides some faithful belonging to the nation of the Miamis, now scattered again in the neighbouring forests, a certain number of Indians of the excellent tribe of the Potowatomies, at present encamped around Lake Winymack, at thirty miles more to the north. You, my Lord, blessed their departure at South-Bend, and now they are beyond the Missouri.

“The Catholic population, such as it is at present, consists of a hundred and twenty-five families, almost all of Irish origin. Of this number but twenty-six belong to Logansport, the headquarters of the Mission; the others are scattered here and there in the towns, in the midst of the forests, and over the great prairies of the north, which they are cultivating; and wherever these children of the Church are found, there the ministry of the priests is demanded, there he must proceed to hear confessions, to offer the holy sacrifice, to baptize and preach: a ministry of continual fatigue and hard privations, it is true, but, even at this moment, rewarded a hundred-fold by the sight of the abundant fruits it produces.

“Generally, I set out to visit my flock every Sunday after Mass, or on Monday morning. I intimate beforehand my intended arrival, and several families assemble at the same farm; it results from this arrangement, that I am obliged to wait for them, and not being able to say Mass before eleven

o'clock, every day of my Mission is a fast day. This fatigue caused me much inconvenience at the commencement; now I am made to it. When I have eaten with these worthy people a bit of bacon and maize bread, mistakened with a cup of very strong coffee, I mount my horse to proceed to another station, and go on thus every day until Thursday evening, when I return to Logansport, to attend to the principal congregation. Such is my life, my wandering life, in which the consolations surpass in quantity the measure of its toils. It is very true, that in Europe generally one does not conceive the fatigues and the dangers of a Missionary; otherwise more abundant alms and more fervent prayers would come to his relief: but it is also true, that one has no idea of the comforts which our Lord Jesus Christ vouchsafes to attach to these trials; otherwise the number of the labourers would be greater. What respect, what confidence, what gratitude and submission in our dear faithful; with what indulgence have they borne my ignorance of their language at the commencement! for, indeed, if the condition of a poor Priest, thrown in the midst of a civilised people, whom he understands not, by whom he cannot make himself understood, is unhappy, how much more sad is the state of the Catholics, who see their souls abandoned to a Pastor without hearing or speech? I render to them this testimony with the more satisfaction, as I know, my Lord, that they are for yourself as a small portion of the consolations destined, even in this world, to recompense the great sacrifices you have made, and the afflictions inseparable from the burden you have undertaken.

"The Easter time has just commenced under the most favourable auspices; the lent has been observed with an unusual exactness; the number increases of those who practice frequent communion; the parents interest themselves much in the instruction of their children: everything, in fine, promises in a short time a truly Catholic generation, whose piety will be a contrast with that total absence of religion which is daily gaining ground amongst the Protestant masses. For it is quite true, as wrote, in 1837, your holy and illustrious predecessor, that here there is no longer either faith, or the articles of a symbol; scarcely even does one meet religious opinions. It is a pity and affliction to see so many thousands of our poor brethren either slumbering in cold indifference or tossed about by a thousand contradictory and absurd systems. And yet, in the midst of this confusion of disbelief the true Church is being established: she watches with attention and calls with a feeling of benevolence: prejudices are disappearing from the upright minds, and many Americans, too much habituated to carelessness to seek and embrace the truth, have at least justice enough to respect it openly. But, at the same time, the animosity of some sectaries is increasing.

"I think I have never as yet spoken to you of the merits that the Mission of Logansport can offer for the maintenance of its Pastor; yet the subject is not without importance. At the commencement of my ministry; the formations of the canals being still in progress, the offerings of the Irish labourers were sufficient for my support. With them have departed all my resources, the population of farmers being able, with difficulty, to provide for themselves. These poor people, established one, two, or three years at the most, upon portions of the forest which they have purchased from the government, are scarcely commencing, after incredible toil, to provide themselves with cattle, and to cultivate the quantity of maize necessary for their own use. Within six months I have received altogether, from the entire Mission, in offerings, &c., thir-

ly-seventy-dollars. In France this would be too little: here it is nothing, having a horse to feed, and two young persons, whom I am bringing up for the Mission, to maintain in every respect. Hence, we live really the life of the poor.

"At the present moment, I have for all my wealth four dollars, which are not sufficient to purchase a barrel of flour, of which I am in want; and I am, besides, about twenty dollars in debt. And our distress would be far greater, were it not for the share your generosity has given us repeatedly of the alms of the Propagation of the Faith. How many times, in traversing these savage countries, have I felt my heart turn towards Europe, which opens every year the treasure of its charity to Propagate the Faith in a country invaded by the countless sects of Protestantism! If I receive so little from the Catholics, it is, perhaps, my own fault; but, a daily witness of their poverty, I have no right to make a charge against their good will, nor the courage to ask of them anything. However, this painful position will only last for a time. When the farms shall be rendered productive, when markets shall be opened, when the crisis under which the United States labours shall be past, there will be more comfort among our flock, and less privations for the Pastor: in the mean time we shall be obliged to receive nearly all from our brethren in Europe.

"Our church is finished; it is the Society for the Propagation of the Faith that, through your hands and those of Dr. Bruce, has contributed the greater part of the expence; but, besides the three hundred dollars' debt which I found on coming here, we owe something more for ceiling. A very plain altar of wood, at the end of a large cross, surmounted by a crown formed of thorny branches of the honey-locust-tree, on either side two pictures, which you have had the goodness to bestow on us, one representing the Holy Family, the other our Lord in the tomb, constitute all its ornaments. No communion-rails, no seats; we cannot think of these things yet; however, such as it is, I have

the confidence that our Lord Jesus Christ is there loved and adored in spirit and in truth  
"Accept my Lord and Father, the expression of the profound veneration with which I am, &c.,

"AUG. MARTIN."

### ORIGINAL HEBREW MELODIES.

"Howl, thou fir-tree, for the cedar is fallen for the mighty are laid waste: howl, ye casks of Busan, because the fenced forest is cut down."—*Zacharias xi. 2.*

G.

But yester e'en thou wert, O Sion! a goodly place to see,  
And who would view thee waded not in blood up to the knee;  
A voice I heard—a hand unseen—hath stretch'd thy bulks with slain,  
And the lofty pride of Lebanon lies scattered o'er the plain.

H.

Thy temples blazing form for thee one mighty funeral pyre,  
And the Lions of thousands seem enwrapped in a wreath of rolling fire:  
One death-like scream is heard, and then the red simoon sweeps on,  
And howls in joy along the waste, for its work of death is done!

III.

Oh! sire and son have perished there—the mighty and the strong—  
Like the cedar and the palm-tree strewn thy forest paths along;  
And spirits proud, that, like the towers, defied the coming storm,  
Are prostrate now, for God hath bared his red, and vengeful arm.

IV.

U'ring down thy crown of roses, and the glistening lotus wreath,  
And, clad in sackcloth, sit the down and welcome near thy death;  
And cast thy bridal robes away for those of mourning now,  
For lonely as a forest strawn with faded leaves art thou;



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