

VEN. KATERI

AIDEZ
SA
CAUSE
HELP
HER
CAUSE



CENTRE KATERI CENTER
CAUGHNAWAGA, QUE.

Why not order another sheet of red Kateri "stamps" to use as Christmas seals? And as you stick them on, add a short prayer for Kateri's speedy beatification!

(One dollar a sheet)

Write to the
KATERI CENTER
Caughnawaga (Quebec)
Canada.



KATERI

Winter Issue



Volume 16, No. 1
December, 1963

Henri Béchard, S. J.
Editor and V.-Postulator



KATERI

Vol. 16

No. 1

AIM

1. Our quarterly bulletin, "Kateri", published by the Kateri Center, intends to help you obtain favors both temporal and spiritual through the intercession of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. It is hoped her Beatification will thereby be hastened.
2. It aims to increase the number of Kateri's friends and to procure from them at least a daily "Hail Mary" for her Beatification.
3. It seeks also your donations, for without them practically nothing can be done to make Kateri known and to have the important favors attributed to her intercession examined and approved.

CONTENTS

Each issue of "Kateri" contains:

1. One or several pages on Kateri's life and virtues;
1. News from Kateri's friends everywhere;
3. The account of favors due to her intercession;
4. News concerning the Indians of America, with special reference to the Caughnawagas and to their friends.

PRIVILEGES

Your contribution (\$1.00 a year, as long as possible) enrolls you among "Kateri's Friends" for whom

1. A weekly Mass is offered;
2. The Vice-Postulator prays at the Memento of his daily Mass;
3. As benefactors of the Society of Jesus, 190,000 masses are offered annually;
4. The spiritual treasure of the good works of some 35,000 Jesuits is opened;
5. Extra graces are merited by working for Kateri's Beatification.

DECEMBER, 1963

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of Superiors

Caughnawaga, P. Q.



Sainte-Marie de Ganentaa

Iroquoian Christmas

A Chinese, British, Mexican, American or Iroquoian Crib means the same thing: Our Savior, born in Bethlehem, is all things to all men. He is God and He is man and the fullness of His divine and human loves for each and every human being is the greatest of Christmas gifts. It is the Christmas gift.

The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha fully appreciated this gift when she made her first Communion at the age of twenty-one, on Christmas Day, 1677, in the little chapel of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier. She in turn gave herself to the Christ Child and thus became for mankind a model of fidelity to His teachings.

Up above, she will pray and plead for you, her friends, who, by your prayers or alms or by both, are promoting her Cause. Kateri's smile upon you on Christmas Day and throughout 1964!

THE VICE-POSTULATOR

Trip to Long Ago

Long before Monday morning, August 19, 1963, we had been planning this trip. There were three of us: Fathers Léon Pouliot, a specialist of the *Jesuit Relations*, Lucien Campeau, editor of the critical edition of the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Iesu* of New France, and myself. For at least two years, we had often dallied over the idea of a tour to the land of the seventeenth-century Iroquois, living at the time of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. As the first Christians, at least most of them, of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, came from the Iroquois Confederacy, what could be more interesting for us than to visit their land of long ago?

In this far-away period, the Five Cantons of the Iroquois spread across what is today central New York State. The Senecas occupied the territory of the modern city of Buffalo to Lake Cayuga; the Cayugas, the shores of this lake to the outskirts of Syracuse; the Onondagas, the land eastward from Syracuse to the vicinity of Oneida; the Oneidas, the city and the countryside of Oneida, and, last of all, the Mohawks, Auriesville and its neighborhood. Here died for the faith Saints Isaac Jogues and his companions, John de Lalande and René Goupil, and here was born the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. The Five Nations have been compared to a longhouse of which the eastern entrance was at Albany and the western one on Lake Erie. As it was impossible to visit all these territories in detail, we decided to roughly limit ourselves to their capitals.

The grayness of a foggy morning shrouded our taxi as we left St. Mary's College in Montreal. Three-quarters of an hour later, we were at Châteauguay, where one of my close Indian friends,



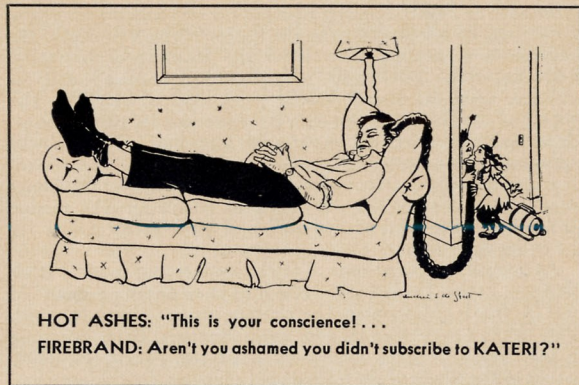
Fr. Campeau

Mr. Harry Beauvais of Caughnawaga, owns a garage. The evening before, I had called him up and he had generously promised to resolve our transportation problem. His solution was a 1963 Pontiac. And just at this moment, the sun showed itself for the first time . . .

As Father Campeau had never seen the Mission of St. Francis Regis, this was to be our first important stop. After lunch at the *Hitching Post*, a little restaurant at Fort Covington, N. Y., I phoned to the presbytery of St. Regis, one of the two Jesuit houses of Canada, that belonged to the Society of Jesus before its suppression. At quarter to two, after having re-entered Canada by the enclave of Hogansburg, N. Y., in the heart of the reserve, we arrived at the church and at the old Jesuit residence, located on a spit of land, facing Lake St. Francis, a widening of the St. Lawrence River. Father Michael Karhaienton Jacobs, Jesuit and Iroquois, Superior and Pastor of the Mission, for the last quarter of a century, received us cordially. He scolded us for not having come to lunch with him: we could have tasted the fine Indian corn of the season!

St. Regis can well be proud of its Indian name: *Ak-wis-sas-né*: Where-the-partridge-drums. It would appear that the first two to establish themselves there were the Tarbell brothers, who had been taken prisoners at Groton, Massachusetts, towards 1723, and afterwards converted and adopted by the Caughnawaga Indians. Helped by Father Pierre Billiard, Father Antoine Gordan, Superior of St. Francis Xavier, is said to have begun, no later than 1755, the new mission. But, as far as can be ascertained, it was only in 1759 that the Mission was definitely organized. Thirty families or so left Caughnawaga to go settle there. Before their departure, the skull and other relics of Kateri Tekakwitha were given them. Unfortunately everything burned in 1762, even the baptismal records. Those that may be consulted today go back only to 1764. Worse still, the important relics of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha disappeared in this fire.

We then proceeded to Malone, where Father Pouliot has a sister, an Ursuline nun. We were unable to see her as she was making her annual retreat. From this town, we followed Route 11, by way of Watertown, to Syracuse. That evening, about nine o'clock, we entered this city. The motels were packed and we were advised to go to the new inn at the airport. This we did. Our rooms



were perfectly disposed and sound-proofed—no humming of airplanes disturbed us that night . . .

August 20

At the Airport Inn, I phoned Father Minister (the man responsible in each Jesuit house, as the Rector's assistant, for its general management) at Le Moyne College to ask him what time we could say our masses. About half past seven, we began looking for the university college. Nearly an hour passed, going up one street and down another, but we did not find Le Moyne Heights until a waiter in a restaurant drew a little map for us on the back of a menu.

Sixteen years ago, not a single Jesuit was to be found in Syracuse. Now under the direction of the Society of Jesus, there is a retreat home and a college. On the campus can be seen six or seven ultramodern buildings named after missionaries of olden days—Dablon, Chaumonot, etc. A little apart from the rest, stands the International Building where students prepare themselves for work in South America. We were happily surprised to discover on the lawns surrounding the college, a statue of Kateri in the center of a large bed of white petunias.

As soon as Father Minister heard of the why and the wherefore of our trip, he introduced us to the Father Richard McKeon, the well-known economist, Director of the Institute of Industrial Relations, quite conversant with Canadian economy and, in addition, since his arrival sixteen years ago, interested in the history of the Society of Jesus in Syracuse and its surroundings. He instantly offered to act as our guide after lunch. His offer was enthusiastically accepted.

Many outside Jesuits roamed about the Faculty Building; we even met Father Gérard Plante of Montreal. The closing session was underway, of convention of prefects of studies for the entire Assistance.

As agreed upon, at one o'clock, we set out with Father McKeon. Father Pouliot asked him if he knew anything about old Fort St. Marie of Ganentaa. Our cicerone assured him that he did. After riding a quarter of an hour down Memorial Drive, we came to the "Jesuit Well" a monument dedicated, August 16, 1933, thanks to the efforts of the Knights of Columbus. On this occasion, Father Michael Karhainton Jacobs appeared in the headress of his people, spoke eloquently the Iroquois language, and then spoke in English as well as in Mohawk.

In 1654, August 16, in the diary he kept of his journey to Onondaga, Father Simon Le Moyne wrote: "We arrived at the entrance to a little lake in a great basin that is half dried up, and tasted the water from a spring of which these people dare not drink, as they say there is an evil spirit that renders it foul. Upon tasting of it, I found it to be a spring of salt water: and indeed we made some salt from it, as natural as that which comes from the sea, and I am carrying a sample of it to Quebec."

As a result of Father Le Moyne's voyage, it was resolved in Quebec, during 1655, to organize a new reduction among the Iroquois like the one previously organized among the Hurons. The following year, Fathers Claude



The Well

Dablon et Pierre Joseph Marie Chaumonot, founded the Mission of St. Marie of Ganentaa. On March 20, 1668, on the advice of a few Indian friends, the Fathers, the soldiers and the workmen decided to clear out. It is worthwhile to read the breathtaking story of their flight in the *Relations* of 1657-1658.

A little to the East of the Jesuit well, on a hill at the foot of which is Lake Onondaga, one can see one of the most interesting buildings of New York State. Thirty years ago on the same day as the new Jesuit well, this reconstructed fort was dedicated and opened to the public. Floating in the breeze was a reproduction of the flag with the Lilies of France hand-sewn by the Venerable Mother Marie of the Incarnation. Here is a description taken from the brochure prepared for the dedication ceremonies:

"The steep pitched roofs with the slight sag and the rectangular outlines indicate the French origin, for this is the reproduction of the Jesuit Mission and French colony of St. Marie of Ganentaa. Sharply pointed palisades surround the whole. Zachary Dupuis lives again as one visits his quarters. Immediately adjoining is the bake-house with its huge ovens; the workshop with its broad



The Fort

fireplace; the smithy with its stone forge; the lintels all hand hewn; the peep holes, the holes for extinguishing fires, all bring back the days when the Golden Lilies flew from the flag pole, where now the Stars and Stripes ripple in the lake breeze. The covered bastion with its flanking ports surmounted by a cross; the sally port, the chapel with its trap door for canoes, the Jesuits' quarters, the high gabled attic, attest the faithful reproduction of a bygone day. The open bastion with its runway for a small cannon and the parapet give a martial air. The barracks with their cavernous fireplaces, and the flying wing bastion strengthen the warlike appearance as we swing back to the rugged entrance..."

Not without a certain emotion, did we visit the fort. The official guide, a Le Moyne student, was most pleasant and courteous.

Immediately after, a quarter of a mile from Fort St. Marie, we visited the Salt Museum. Father Le Moyne's discovery of salt became the major industry of Syracuse, during the last century. The museum was well worth the time and trouble it took to get there.

As most of the Iroquois villages, Onondaga often moved. "The word *Onnonta*," wrote Father Paul Ragueneau, "which signifies mountain in the Iroquois language, gave its name to a village called Onnontaté or as others name it Onnontagué, because it is on a mountain..." On a well tarred road, Father McKeon led us to a high ridge whence, as we advanced, unfolded itself below us as a carpet, the emerald green of the deep valleys and the lighter green of the gently sloping hills. A few miles north of Onondaga Lake, at the bottom of a hollow through which flows the Onondaga Creek, is the Onondaga Reserve of today. This little village, established in 1720, is poor and ill-kept, with one or two Protestant meeting houses, all to the honor of these Churches. There lives there, too, a medicine-man of the neo-pagan religion of Handsome Lake, founded about a century ago. Too bad that no Catholic priest is working with this little remainder of the great nation which gave birth to Caragontie!

Another stop was made at the site of the Onondaga of 1681-1696, the capital of the entire Iroquois confederacy. A marker indicates the precise spot and informs one that the palisaded village comprised an area of ten acres, plus the forty others on the outside, for the crops. We were about a mile south of Jamesville, quite near Butternut Creek, which can be distinguished from the upland road by its border of elms, butternuts and sumacs.

A little further on, a dam expanded into a reservoir which sparkled in the afternoon sun. The Indians themselves burned everything on August 3, 1696, just before the coming of Frontenac with his invading force. Here it is that three Indians of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, in whom the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha was interested, spilled their blood for the faith: in 1692, Frances Gonannhatenha; and in 1693, Stephen Tegananokoa and Margaret Garongouas, who are counted among the one hundred and sixteen American martyrs whose cause the American Bishops are promoting.

We made our way up to Indian Hill, the site of Onondaga from at least 1651 to 1681. This is two miles south of Manlius. A large dog with reddish-brown hair, not at all anti-Jesuit, welcomed us. The heart of the ancient village now presents the form of a plateau of about an acre, with its well kept lawn, a marker and, also, a granite monument erected by the Knights of Columbus in memory of Father Chaumonot. In 1659, this Jesuit offered the first mass in the territory of what is now New York State. What impressed us is the care given to this hallowed ground, although it is far enough away from any residential area.

August 21

Florida sunshine everywhere. In the sky, only one or two blotches of white cotton. We took the thruway (but were to avoid it on the return trip) to Buffalo, the second city of the State. A cordial welcome was ours at Canisius College, where we arrived at three o'clock. The foundation, four or five years ago, of the new Jesuit Province of Buffalo, gave new impetus to this school of higher education. I was happy to see, once again, Father Hugo J. Bihler, the anthropologist, whom I had met before in Plattsburgh, N. Y., when Bellarmine College was a philosophy house for scholastics.

We passed the evening with acquaintances of Father Campeau. They invited us to attend the annual meet of the Public Relations' people of the region. On a lawn enclosed by evergreens, gilded with indirect lighting, some youngsters from a local school of ballet, pirouetted and performed entrechats to the rythm of *Oklahoma*. This recalled to my mind Father Daniel Lord's statement, in his mother's biography, that he had profited immensely from dancing lessons taken at the age of ten. Later on, that



Father Pouliot at Indian Hill

evening, under a quarter of a moon, like a large slice of orange in the sky, we were invited to a smorgasbord where you could serve yourself with anything from excellent plebian baked beans to the more aristocratic anchovies. As we carefully balanced our plates—we only had one suit each for the trip!—a couple, obviously well off, confided quite simply to us that their daughter was taking a world cruise and that upon her return, she was to enter the Trappistines ...

August 22

After mass, each one of us was on his own. For the afternoon, we made an appointment with a retired Domestic Prelate, the Rt. Rev. James J. Bray, who is past ninety. He is an erudite collector of rare historical books. Father Bihler suggested yesterday that we call upon him.

This aged priest resides on elm-bordered Larchmont Street, with his sister, who is somewhat younger than he. Despite his advanced age, he came down from the second floor to welcome us. His collection of books covers two walls of his room. Plenty of

first editions, especially with regard to the history of New France: Leclerc, Hennepin, the complete Champlain Collection, etc. I noticed, also, all the works of Orestes Brown and, what I have been long looking for—*A History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America* (in which Kateri is mentioned) by Xavier MacLeod, published in 1880. In Montreal, a friend, Father L. Pellegrino, Vice-Postulator for the cause of Jeanne Mance, had a copy, but despite my most determined efforts, I was never able to wheedle it out of him.

I then questioned the Monsignor with regard to the site of Gentaïeton, on the south-eastern shore of Lake Erie. This is the true homeland of Catherine Gandiakteüa, who later became an Oneida and, later still, foundress, with her husband, Francis Xavier Tonsahoten, of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier in Canada. He picked up an album of maps published in the seventeenth century: not the slightest trace of Gentaïeton was to be seen! This Erie village seems to be unknown. We thanked the kindly old priest for his hospitality; he accompanied us to the head of the stairs but, this time, did not descend. On the first floor, Miss Bray, offered us some ginger ale, which was readily accepted. It was warm outside.

At half past five, we dined at the presbytery of St. Michael's Parish in the business section of the city. The church and the Fathers' residence burned down last year. Our host, Father John J. Scanlon, S. J., has been interested for years in the Jesuit missionaries who first worked in New York territory. In 1954, representing the New York Province of the Society of Jesus, he gave the English address at the dedication of the Kateri monument in Caughnawaga, Quebec.

That evening, we went to Niagara Falls, about thirty miles to the north-west. Chateaubriand described them without having seen them. We saw them from the American side, but I will not attempt to describe them. Despite the encroachments of civilization, which tend to diminish a great natural phenomenon such as this, the falls remain truly impressive.

August 23

We finally decided not to search for Gentaïeton which, undoubtedly, has never been found. Instead, we travelled on Route 104, Ridge Road, through the sun-kissed countryside to

Irondequoit and Rochester. As we entered Lockport, on the grounds of a well-kept house I saw a large piece of granite on which was painted in white: *God is Love*. Here and there, even in front of wealthy homes, are outdoor shrines to Our Lady, adorned with flowers. One has the impression that these people, all of whom are not rich, know how to enjoy the good things of life, but, even so, don't forget that our dwellings here below are not everlasting.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, cliffed shores and the shimmer of water warned us that we had come to Irondequoit Bay, ten miles in length and opening into Lake Ontario. It is in this vicinity that, in 1687, Marquis de Denonville disembarked with his troops. A quarter of an hour later, at the village of Webster, near an indentation of the bay, bristling with cat's-tails, a marker informed us where Denonville constructed his fort before he set out to lay waste the Seneca castles . . .

It is by the suburb of Brighton that we entered Rochester, the city of New York State which has the oldest statue known of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. A Mrs. Rice, who saw that we were strangers, was kind enough to conduct us to the Jesuit Fathers. In her car, she preceded us to the McQuaid Jesuit High School at least fifteen miles distant! This school which has only five or six years existence, was to receive, within the following two weeks, more than eight hundred students. After Father Minister, a recently retired army chaplain, welcomed us, we immediately left for Victor, five miles south of the city. There, Marquis de Denonville was ambushed by the Senecas, there the Great Mohawk and Intendant de Champigny fought side by side, there, also, Hot Ashes died. In 1677, the latter had helped Kateri escape from Gandaouagué.

On Main Street — practically all the towns and villages have a Main Street — on the veranda of their home two elderly ladies were engaged in conversation.

"Who is," I asked them, "if such a man exists, the historian of the town of Victor?"

"Mr. J. Sheldon Fisher, who is not only the historian of Victor, but of the whole county."

These kind ladies told me what road to follow to get to his home, but I was obliged to ask for still more directions at the corner barber shop to find Valentown Hall, at Fishers, N. Y.



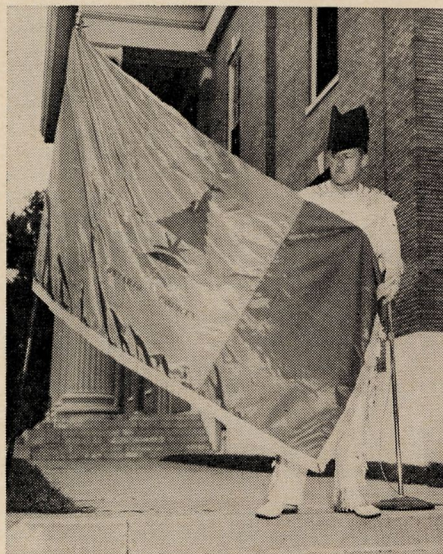
"The Hall", was a shopping center a century ago. It has three stories with a basement that served as a stable for eighty horses, had three or four shops and groceries, a dance hall and a chapel. Mr. Fisher now lives there with his wife and four children. He has made it into a museum of American antiques. After his course in archeology, followed by a few years experience in this domain, he now holds the post of County Historian.

We then visited his museum with its many artifacts under glass. There is an abundance of arrowheads, of pipe bowls, of rings marked I. H. S., which the missionaries distributed to their flock. We talked for some time about colonial history. But we hoped, before nightfall, to examine as many interesting sites as possible.

First of all, that of the battlefield where Hot Ashes died, and which, it would seem, is on the old Seneca trail near Exit 45 of the New York Thruway in the township of Fishers. It really corresponds well enough to the description made by Father

Thierry Beschefer in a letter of November 19, 1687, and to the detailed story of the expedition prepared by Lieutenant de Baugy, one of the French officers who took part in it. Unfortunately most of the field had been bulldozed.

At the four corners of Victor, three miles distant, we viewed the bronze plaque erected by the late Mr. Herman Hetzler of Rochester, in memory of Kryn, the Great Mohawk. When we reached Boughton Hill, a mile south of Victor, the late afternoon sun patinized its summit. This is the site of Andagarou, the ancient capital of the Senecas near St. James Hill, that of the Mission of St. Jacques. Three miles and a half south of Boughton Hill, on County Route 30, a little to the east of Holcomb, we admired



Mr. J. Sheldon Fisher.

another beautiful plaque set up by Mr. Hetzler in 1960, a week or two before his death, to honor the old Mission of St. Michael of Gandagarae, made up of Christian prisoners especially of Hurons who had become Iroquois or, more precisely, Senecas. At Lima, approximately twenty miles south of Victor, we got out of the car to look around at the very place where the seventeenth century Jesuits had founded the Mission of St. Jean of Gandachiragou. There still remained two Seneca sites to visit before ending our tour at half past eight that evening: Totiakton II (or Tsonnontouan) near Honeoye Falls and Totiakton I, the Mission of the Conception, at Rochester Junction, twelve or thirteen miles from the heart of Rochester. In the neighborhood of Totiakton II, at Dann's Corners, a marble marker, put up by the Knights of Columbus, recalls the names of men who labored there: Father Pierre Raffiex, also founder of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier of Caughnawaga, Father Jacques Frémin who was the superior of this latter place in Kateri's time and, if I remember well, Father Jacques Bruyas, Julien Garnier, Simon Le Moynes, several others.

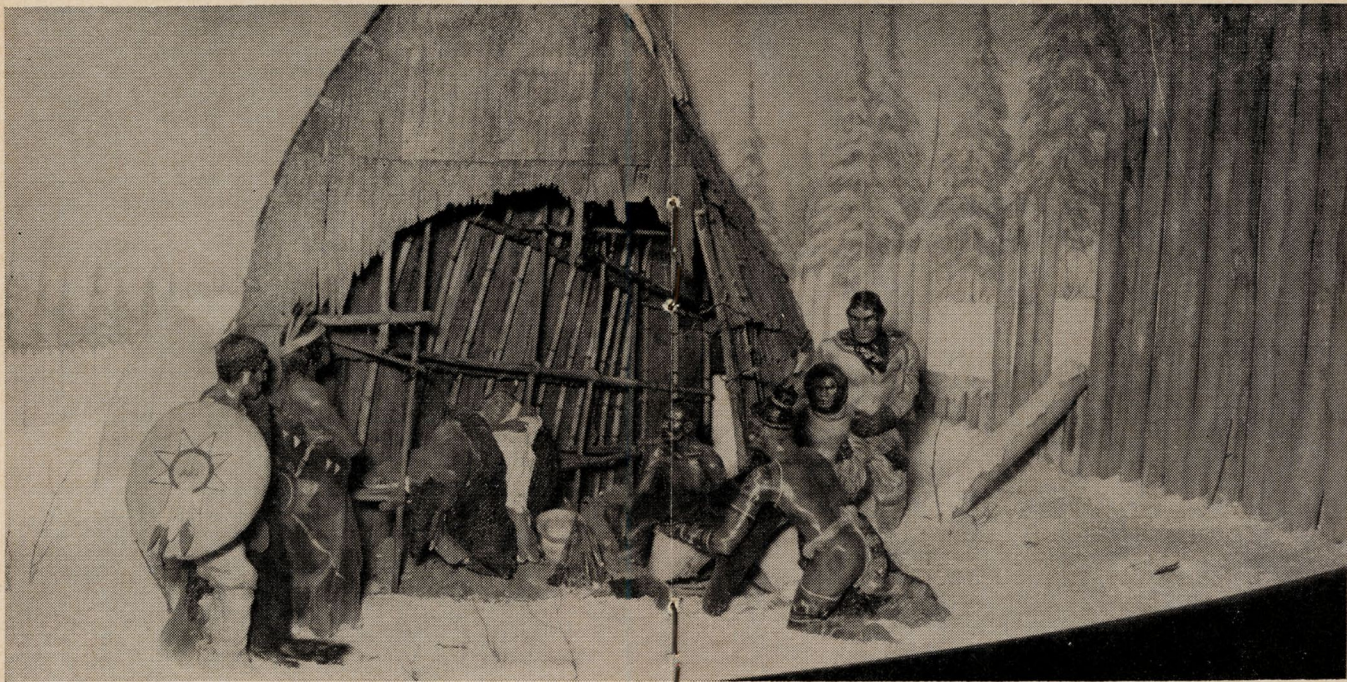
Our friend then led us to the village of Fishers, founded by his ancestors who came from New England, about two centuries ago. He showed us a cairn that he had himself put up in memory of the Basque explorer, Pabos, who died there on June 10, 1618.

When dusk fell, we ceased scouring about the hills and dales where we felt so close to the Blackrobes of bygone days. After having dined together we drove Mr. Fisher back to Valentown. He introduced us to his wife and two of his sons, Werner and Douglas. We were to see them all, the next afternoon at Canandaigua.

August 24

During the morning, we visited the Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences. On the second story, the wing reserved to the Indians, in particular the Senecas, captivated me. I would have liked to spend many hours there. By way of compensation, I bought a book on the Iroquois.

As we left for Canandaigua, the county seat, it was cold and gray, truly autumn weather. We met Mr. Fisher and his family again. He certainly looked different: dressed in white buckskin, wearing a cocked hat and carrying a sword, he impersonated Israel Clapin, Indian Agent at Canandaigua for George Washing-



IROQUOIAN CHRISTMAS

Photo : Jean-Guy Desrosiers

The Christmas story told to the Indians of long ago furnishes us with a beautiful and touching scene. The Wise Men of the Christmas story are "chiefs from afar" bringing gifts of fox and beaver pelt. On the left stands an Ottawa Chief from northern Lake Huron; standing next to him is an Iroquois Chief from south of Ontario—from the Five Nations; kneeling is a Tumica, Chief Saturiwa, from what is now Florida. The Shepherds are shown as wandering hunters of the Montagnais tribe from north of the St. Lawrence River. The Nativity is depicted as taking place in an Iroquoian, that is in an Iroquois-Huron longhouse.

(This Crèche is the property of the National Museum of Ottawa, Canada, and is permanently exposed at the Collège des Jésuites in Quebec.)

ton, and displayed the new Ontario County Flag, which he had himself designed. It was in three colors—red, gold and blue—and was patterned after the coat-of-arms of the first landed proprietors of the district, Nathaniel Gorham and Oliver Phelps, with, in the center, the pine tree, a symbol of the Iroquois.

Indians from the Six Nations filled the streets of the town in celebration of the signing of the Pickering Treaty. Certainly there were more than a thousand, among them a delegation from the Mission of St. Francis Xavier (Caughnawaga). Mr. Albert Lazare, secretary at the Kateri Center since 1950, and his wife were present. But this I did not know until I returned to Montreal.

It would have been out of order to quit Canandaigua without visiting the Ontario County Historical Society. In this valuable collection of relics, one may see a rare life mask of President Lincoln, autographs of all the American Presidents, a dulcimer of 1830, a rosewood melodeon of 1815 and an extremely interesting collection of Indian artifacts, catalogued by the late Mr. Arthur Parker. An item that specially attracted my attention was the original Royal Commission signed by Louis XIV (or, perhaps, by his amanuensis) naming Marquis de Denonville governor general of Canada, and its registration by the Privy Council of Quebec.

According to Morgan and Beauchamp, two specialists in Iroquois history, Naples, on the southern tip of Lake Canandaigua was once the headquarters of the Seneca Canton. Most of the archeologists, however, state that it was at Broughton Hill. Doubtless, there could have been two capitals, but at different periods. Mr. Fisher assured us that nothing has ever been discovered indicating the presence of a Seneca town at Naples. We decided to go see.

When we arrived in Naples, the sun was out again. It is a wine district folded away between the lake and the high summits overlooking the valley. The wine that is made there is good, as mellow as any of the European vintages. For several generations, the vineyards have been exploited by a Swiss family for whom have worked and are working as vine dressers people of German descent. A third of the population is Catholic. The Pastor, Father Harry C. Bleier listened carefully to our problem:

"Some time or another in its history, was Naples ever a Seneca capital?"

"The person to consult on this subject," he answered, "is Mrs. Arthur Parker, wife of the archeologist who died in 1956. She lives on one of the heights on the other side of the valley."

Her home was easy to see, a white spot standing out against a dark green background of elms and pines.

The Pastor was willing to show us the way to Mrs. Parker's. It was a steep climb. Not too large, but quite trim, the house, like an eyrie, looks out over the immense valley, having to its right the southmost point of Canandaigua Lake, to the right, also, another summit, not quite so high, whence, according to legend the Senecas spring from the earth. In their tongue, they call themselves *Nun-da-wa'-o-no*—the people of the high hill. The root, *Nun-da-wa'-o* means high hill and the suffix, *-o-no*, people.

Petite and alert, Mrs. Parker invited us to come in. She corroborated Mr. Fisher's statement: no indication of an ancient Seneca village had been found at Naples despite the excavations made there. Possibly a site lies to the east of the lake, at Vine Valley, near Middlesex . . .

After her husband's death, Mrs. Parker travelled extensively. She went as far as Australia and New Zealand. But her home on the hilltops of Naples attracted her back to the United States. I really cannot blame her. There are books everywhere. On the baby grand, music by Rachmaninoff. A chicken was roasting, and the mistress of the house invited us to remain for dinner. We were obliged to refuse as there was still quite a way to drive before getting back to Rochester. As I was about to get into the car, Mrs. Parker came out of the house with a book in her hand: *Red Jacket, Last of the Senecas*, written by her husband and published in 1952. She offered me the biography, which she graciously autographed.

Although we had not intended to pass the night at Rochester, Father Minister quite charitably did not turn us out. The next lap of our journey was to take us to the land of the Cayugas.

August 25

We headed for the historic territory of the Cayugas, in the heart of the fabulous Finger Lakes' region. Many of them, fifteen to thirty miles in length and two or three in width, run from north to south. The first one towards the west is called Conesus; and the



for kateri lovers...

something new,
something chic:
kateri in enamel
on a four inch square
ceramic tile
mushroom colored to
blend into any background
by the well-known artist
daniel lareau.

(\$2.25 postpaid.)

last towards the east is Oneida Lake, close enough to the town of the same name. Cayuga and Seneca Lakes are the most beautiful. This extraordinary country was formed by the glaciers. After descending from the northland, they dug the beds of the lakes and rivers and deposited on their banks the good tilth they carried down from the immense territory of the actual Ontario and Quebec Provinces. The Iroquois certainly chose their country well.

That day we had hoped, from Rochester, to reach Union Springs on the eastern shore of Cayuga Lake. Somehow we went astray and followed the western side of the lake to Interlaken (you would have thought yourself in Switzerland!). It mattered little since we were in Cayuga country. Morgan clearly says without beating about the bush: "The Cayuga territory extends on both sides of Lake Cayuga..." We drove up to the northern tip of the lake and down towards our destination by passing through the little town of Cayuga. It rightfully prides itself on the Cayuga Museum of History and Arts under the direction of Prof. Walter K. Long. We would have enjoyed visiting it, but museums are not open to the public on Sunday mornings.

Union Springs, a lakeshore town, was dozing in the hot sunshine. We knocked at a few doors: nobody knew anything about Indian sites. It was even difficult to find something to eat. In a cook-shop, we finally were served some doughy pizza (which I did not in the least enjoy!). As we battled with it, we listened to the news on the radio about the march of the colored people on Washington, planned for the next day. In all the churches of the United States the American Bishops have ordered the reading, at each mass, of a very straightforward letter condemning segregation.

And our Cayugas? I quickly glanced over my notes. The *Relations* mention three missions: St. René or Ontontaré two miles and a half east from the town of Savannah; St. Stephen or Thiohero, two miles north of Cayuga village; and St. Joseph or Goioioien, a little south of Union Springs, where we were at the time. Without a local historian or archeologist, we could have spent hours and even days in search of the sites of these towns long ago disappeared. With a special thought for Father Stephen de Carheil, who devoted himself to the Indians in this locality, we turned towards Route 5 which led us to Oneida. At five o'clock in the afternoon, at the rectory of St. Patrick's rectory, the pastor, Father William J. Shannahan, assured us that we would be



welcome to say mass the following morning either at the church or at the convent. As we had not informed him of our arrival beforehand, we asked him to suggest a suitable motel and a restaurant. Later on in the evening, at Vernon, not far from Oneida, we met him with his brother the Rt. Rev. James M. Shannahan, P. D., at Dibble Inn.

August 26

I offered the Holy Sacrifice at St. Patrick's Convent in the chapel of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, an American teaching order founded in the last century. Breakfast at the quick-lunch, called, if you please, *Esquire!* The

historical aspect of the day began with a visit to the Chamber of Commerce. We were advised to see Mr. Marshall Hope, proprietor of three men's shops, and ex-president of the Madison County Historical Society. He left his work and offered to accompany us that morning while we rode about the surrounding heights. Less than a century ago, a Concord coach, drawn by six horses, rolled at breakneck speed over these gray roads which snaked around the hilltops often higher than twelve hundred feet. We climbed them on direct drive.

Our first site, today, is Oneida of 1615, attacked by Champlain, quite near to what is known as Nichol's Pond, three miles to the east from Perryville. This rustic spot is now owned by the County, which is responsible for the excavations begun in 1955. The digging revealed traces of the ancient village. Mr Hope is the author of an interesting pamphlet in which he proves that this is the only place in the State of New York where the battle could have taken place. In the Thwaites edition of the *Jesuit Relations*, Dr. W. M. Beauchamp also gives Nichol's Pond as the battlefield where the Algonquins and the French fought against the Oneidas who had taken shelter behind their palisades. Markers put up by the State recall the importance of the area.

On returning to Oneida, we rode through a valley located between Knoxboro and Sherill, where, more than a century ago, still lived many Oneidas. The Rand McNally maps of 1960 are only one hundred and seventeen years late: they still mention the Oneida reserve. In 1846, these Iroquois were moved to Green Bay, Wisconsin.

The most important of the Oneida capitals, to my way of thinking, is that of the second half of the seventeenth century. This is the village from which in 1667, Catherine Gandeakteüa and Francis Xavier Tonsahoten immigrated to the south shore of the St. Lawrence and there founded the Mission of St. Francis Xavier. From this spot also, for the Canadian mission, set out Marie Therese Tegaiguenta, the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha's closest friend. We planned to pinpoint the place that afternoon.

It was not our fault if Mr Hope was not our guest for lunch at Oneida Hotel; despite our protests, we were his guests. During the meal, he introduced us to Mr. Harry J. Bird, a Knight of Columbus and a member of the Historical Society of Oneida. He had visited, more than fifteen years before, the site we hoped

to examine. Mr. Bird was ready to join our party. It was decided that we should all meet at half past four at Cottage Lawn, the home of the Madison County Historical Society.

At the appointed time, we were all at Cottage Lawn, on Main Street, a fine old building surrounded by elms, donated to the Historical Society by an old and wealthy family of the region. Mrs. Hope was kind enough to join us as we made the rounds. There is a certain piquancy in the realization that this residence, built more than a hundred years ago, was then air-conditioned! Today it houses a rich collection of documents. One may see the first hand-drawn maps of the counties of Oneida and of Madison, land grants, period furniture, glassware, souvenirs from the Civil War. Two stories are reserved to genealogical papers. The Oneida rooms contain tomahawks, stone hammers, Iroquois pipe bowls, wampum, flint, a good deal of which comes from the Nichol's Pond battlefield. In the old coach-house, there is a Concord stage-coach in perfect condition. Would I have dared ride in it on the steep slopes of the vicinity? I doubt it.

At five o'clock, with Mr. Hope and Mr. Bird, we were off again for the hills. The Oneida of 1667, the Mission of St. Francis Xavier of the time, according to Dr. Beauchamp, was two miles northeast of what is today Munnsville.

In January 1668, Father Jacques Bruyas thus described Oneida: "It is situated on the forty-fourth parallel of latitude upon an eminence, whence one could see a great deal of the country if the woods which environ it were cleared away. There is no river or lake, except at five leagues' distance from the town, where there is a lake twelve leagues long and two wide, which furnishes fish to nearly all the Iroquois. This place is fairly pleasant . . . If one were to take the trouble to plant vines and trees, they would yield as well as they do in France . . . Nevertheless, apples, plums, and chestnut trees are seen here . . . The mulberries and strawberries are so abundant that the ground is all covered with them; both are dried, in order to season the sagamité when there is no fish . . ."

The scenery before us was of rare beauty. The hills, on both sides of the valley, like enormous green waves, reached for the sky. In the distance, south of the modern city, on the summit of Stockbridge Hill, filigreed against the sky were the antennae of the Rome Air Development Center, by means of which it is possible to speak with the pilot of an airplane nine thousand miles away.

We must have passed as close as a quarter of a mile from the site of Father Bruyas' Oneida. Mr. Bird, who already saw it, fifteen or twenty years ago, was not able to indicate exactly where it is. So we set out in search of information. On these highlands, the houses are far apart from one another. They seem enamel painted so well are they kept. Most are surrounded by immense fields of corn whose stalks top the height of a normal man. A child who grows on these downs must be marked for life as deeply as another who spends the first years of his life by the sea. A family of Mormon farmers—Brigham Young lived not very far away—were unable, despite their willingness, to furnish us with any definite information. Of no more help was a sympathetic young Irishman wearing a jacket with buttons carrying the Imperial Eagle of Austria!

After a last glance at Oneida Lake, transformed into a golden salver, fifteen miles below us, beneath the rays of the setting sun, we descended to the Oneida of 1963, where we said thank-you and good-bye to our charitable guides.

A few minutes before nine o'clock, we stopped to eat at the Cordial Inn. After dinner, the waitress informed us that the bill had been settled by Mr. Ronald Dunn, an attorney and a Knight of Columbus, dining at a neighboring table with a judge and the county District Attorney. On the condition, however, that we be alumni of Holy Cross College in Worcester! Not one of our trio had any claim to this title. Mr. Dunn, who was just elected international President of the Elks, let it go at that. Doubtless, his secretary Mr. Bird, had spoken to him about us. Incidentally Mr. Bird and Mr. Hope are determined to find the spot where the first mass was said in the county of Madison, at the Oneida where, in 1667, the founders of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier of Caughnawaga, said good-bye.

August 27

From Oneida, we followed Route 5 eastward to Fonda and to Auriesville. As we approached the Adirondacks, the scenery became rougher, more like the Laurentians. Fonda, on the north shore of the Mohawk River, is the Gandaouagué where Kateri Tekakwitha became a Christian. Anyone visiting the district should see the small sanctuary and museum under the competent direction of Father Thomas Grassman, O. F. M., Con. We went

on to Auriesville and lunched at the new cafeteria of the Martyrs' Shrine on the site of Ossernenon, frequented and sanctified by Saints Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, and Jean de Lalande, the very place where, a dozen years after their martyrdom, was born the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha.

Father Thomas J. Coffey, S. J., the American Vice-Postulator, came to meet us in his old car with its license plate K. T. 1680: Kateri Tekakwitha [deceased in] 1680; We discussed the progress of the Cause for the Beatification of the Lily of the Mohawks. He informed me that one of the pilgrims at the Shrine that day was none other than Sister Kateri Tekakwitha, S. S. A., an Iroquois from the Mission of St. Francis Regis, Quebec. I was happy to meet her. She is smallish and delicate as Kateri of bygone days must have been, if her relics conserved at the Mission of Caughnawaga tell the right tale. At Auriesville, I always have the impression that a great peace envelops this earth reddened by the blood of Martyrs, the enormous circular church, known as the Coliseum, the outdoor Way of the Cross, the Jesuit Tertianship for the Province of Buffalo, the house of closed retreats for the clergy, the ravine, particularly, where the body of St. René Goupil is said to have been hidden. I made a little pilgrimage down to this hollow where I asked him and his companions to bless all those who, far and near, devoted themselves to promoting Kateri's Cause.

After a final handshake with Father Coffey, we turned right in the direction of Albany, the capital of the State, Fort Orange of old, where after his first martyrdom, St. Isaac Jogues, with the aid of the dominie, Megapolensis, was able to return to France . . .

August 28

Monsignor Leo P. Clark, P. D., Pastor of St. Margaret Mary's in Albany, another alumnus of Holy Cross College, received us with open arms. After mass he had us to breakfast with him. We then made our way to the archives of the State University close by the State House. The archives are worthy of New York. Even the old Dutch manuscripts are classified and catalogued. Here as elsewhere during the journey, the good-humored courtesy of the civil servants was unflinching.

The time had come to drive north, to return to Canada, by way of the Adirondacks Forest Preserve. What with the tarred roads, it is still virgin forest. A deer jumped in front of our car



The two Vice-Postulators and Sister Kateri, S. S. A., at Auriesville, N. Y.

and disappeared. Further on in the middle of the road, a dead porcupine, struck by some vehicle. At Newcomb dwell four brothers, Father Campeau's cousins, all natives of Courcelles, Quebec. They own a lumbermen's camp at Indian Lake, fifty miles further on. There we went for dinner. On our return to Newcomb, we spent the evening together. Our host showed us a small frozen shark that he had taken in a fishing cruise off Staten Island.

August 29

A driving rain woke us, the first since we left Canada. We took the Mount Mercy Trail through thickets as heavy as when the Blackrobes preached the Gospel there three centuries ago. Mass was said at Elizabethtown in a little small church with splendid stained-glass windows. Towards the end of the afternoon, we returned Mr. Harry Beauvais' Pontiac to his garage. Needless to say we were not sparing of thanks. He had Father Pouliot, Campeau and we were driven back to Montreal by one of his employees.

Thus it was that we covered the ancient domain of the Iroquois Five Nations. Of course, Kateri accompanied us; everywhere we found memories of her countrymen, in particular of fifteen Iroquois, among the founders of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier of Caughnawaga, which will celebrate its tercentenary in 1967. You will meet them all, I hope, within the next year or two in a book which will be called: *Kateri's Own*...

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❖ **Kateri's smile upon Your Excellency, Bishop
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Enclosed you will find a donation for the Kateri seals
and to help cover flood damages . . . May I ask you to
remember several intentions in your prayers? . . .
(Montreal.)

❖ **Kateri's smile upon Your Excellency, Bishop
J. A. L., D. D.!**

With this donation, the Bishop of Valleyfield extends
you his best wishes for the success in your work! (Valley-
field, Quebec.)

❖ **Kateri's smile upon Your Excellency, Bishop
P., D. D.!**

Just a little something from the Bishop of Joliette!
(Joliette, Quebec.)

❖ **Kateri's smile upon Your Excellency, Bishop
L. A., D. D.!**

A little help for Kateri! (Quebec, Quebec.)

❖ **Kateri's smile upon you, Mrs. C. D.!**

I am now storming heaven for **her** canonization, St.
Martin's being completed! More power to you! (Comber-
mere, Ont.)

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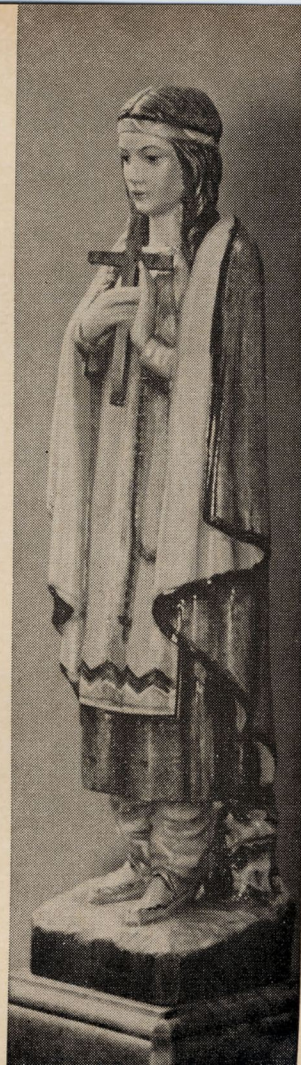
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✱ **Kateri's smile upon you, Miss M. B. S.!**

Perhaps I had polio before my birth. I was born without the use of my legs from the knees down. My muscles were just hinges. As soon as I was able to walk (the doctors didn't understand how I could walk), my family noticed a sore at the ball of my foot. They took me to specialists in Vienna and Paris and to Lourdes and to St. Ann de Beaupré. This lasted until I was about twenty. When I was twenty-six, I was in a New York hospital for four months. Three doctors worked on me. They didn't even know what I was suffering from, whether it was T. B. or cancer or ulcers . . . They scraped the bone but my foot did not respond to this treatment. I went to a radiologist twice a week to make sure that infection didn't set in . . . At the age of thirty-one, I went to Auriesville to see Fr. S. G., who applied Kateri's relic to me. At Christmas, the sore on my foot, formerly the size of a half dollar was down to the size of a dime. In February it had completely cleared up. The family and the doctors worried that infection would go into my system. Nothing happened then and nothing has happened since . . . (Buffalo, N. Y.)

Sweet Sixteen!

This month, I am sixteen years old, I have 5896 subscribers, the highest peak ever. This proves how very generous my friends have been, otherwise, so prohibitive are the costs, I would have faded away.

I am not broody by nature. On this my birthday, however, I am somewhat downcast since I haven't been able to attract 1000 subscribers a year. What have I done that is wrong? Isn't my make-up just right?

It's not very polite to tell folks what to give you for your own birthday. So here I am, properly impolite: if each subscriber found me three new one dollar subscriptions, all lost time would be recouped and the Venerable Kateri's Cause would go marching on! . . .

THE KATERI QUARTERLY.



HOT ASHES: "The Vice-Postulator hopes to have . . .

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