

Life of Monseigneur Daveluy, Bishop of Acones
Apostolic Vicar of Korea. Died for the Faith March 30, 1866

By Charles Salmon

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Part Two: The Missionary

Chapter One.

The Crossing. — The Storm in the Bay of Biscay. — Cadiz. — Gorée. — The Cape. — Bourbon. — Ceylon. — Pondicherry. — Manila. — The Week of Two Saturdays.

The vows of Abbé Daveluy were accomplished. We have followed him from his childhood until his entry into the sacred militia; we have seen him, even before his aggregation to the students of the sanctuary, imbued with the desire for foreign missions; we have seen him, still in the flower of age, say a supreme farewell to his country, to his father, to his mother, to his brothers and sisters, and to the so sweet friendship of his family to go and announce Jesus Christ to the infidel nations; let us now leave old Europe; Let us follow him on this magnificent path where he sets off with the ardor of his youth, the fervor of his angelic piety, the zeal of his priesthood. Let us follow the marvelous journey of our young apostle around the globe, through the dangers and sufferings of the pagan world, where he advances courageously, like a valiant soldier, following Christ his king. The Archimedes, on which Abbé Daveluy and his colleagues had taken their places, was sent by the French government to take to China, as we recall, the secretary of the embassy sent at that time by King Louis-Philippe to the sovereign of the Celestial Empire, an embassy whose head was a Picard, known to the father of our missionary, M. de Lagrenée. Its destination was Macao. It was a steam-powered vessel, “but,” wrote Abbé Daveluy to his brothers and sisters in a letter dated May 1, “we must tell you that we are going very slowly.

“We have, it is true, a steam-powered vessel, but we must explain what we do with the engine. It would be impossible to use it all the time without incurring great expense; therefore, we have decided to sail as often as possible and the steam only starts up when there is no more wind at all, so that we have all the difficulties of sailing ships, and very few of the advantages of steamboats, our route, according to this, will be very long.”

He was not mistaken; the voyage which, with today's packet boats and passing through the Isthmus of Suez, would now be completed in less than six weeks, lasted more than six months. Nevertheless, apart from a few trials, the crossing was happy, although painful, in more than one respect, for the missionaries who were, as we have already said, eight in number and whose names are as follows, according to the notes of Mr. Daveluy senior: MM. Vincent Dumas, for Pondicherry; Boulbon and Macquet, for Bourbon Island; Izabel and Jandart, Lazarists, for China; Joseph Chauveau, Thivet and Daveluy, of the Foreign Missions, for Macao with a later destination. The long and numerous letters of Abbé Daveluy give us the most interesting details on this voyage where everything was new to him, and during which his happy gaiety, supported moreover by his faith and his devotion, never abandoned him. Space allows us to give only relatively short extracts from these letters, the copy of which comprises no less than seventy-five large-format pages. We express the hope that they will one day be published in full and can assure you that, even as a simple travelogue, they would be of great interest to read.

More fortunate than he had hoped, our missionary was able to send news of himself to his family only a few days after his departure. On March 6, he sent his first letter as a traveler from Cadiz, where the Archimedes had landed on the 2nd. We wish to quote the entire part relating to the sufferings and dangers of his first days of navigation: “We had hardly left the coast of Brest when the wind, until then undecided and uncertain, turned against us and began from then on to hinder our voyage. Little by little, it became very bad and, arriving near the Bay of Biscay, a passage often difficult, it blew with an uncommon violence. We were four days and four nights in a very painful position, you will judge. We

were all sailing for the first time and, after a few hours, seasickness began to take its toll, more and less, each of us was taken; now, it is impossible to imagine the effect that this illness produces; it makes you suffer, it is true, but its greatest force is on morale; it takes away all your energy, so that it is true to say, at certain moments, that one would see oneself thrown into the sea without making any resistance.

“Several of our brethren were completely demoralized, unable to get up and not having the strength to speak; for me, I was the least attacked, and yet I was hardly capable of anything; I would have liked to take care of them but I did not have the strength. All I could do was laugh at seeing our pitiful faces and our deplorable state. I am not looking for a description, here is the pure and simple fact: imagine seven of us lodged in a poor little cabin, barely as big as my mother's room, one hanging on frames, another lying on the floor, a third on a mattress, one on folding chairs, others I don't know how, and on the other side of the apartment four or five other passengers in a state similar to ours. I leave you to imagine what our position must have been. Add that this place was a passageway, a room intended for re-washing dishes, a forced outlet for part of the steam from the machine (not the smoke); and finally that no one among these ten or twelve passengers was without receiving water on his bed. Impossible to move, to change place, none of our things in order, without having the strength to go and get anything, or even to dress and undress ourselves; there is a little idea of our picturesque position for several days when the wind, the rain, the waves waged war on us simultaneously.

“Oh! the cruel ordeal for novices on the sea; the officers were hardly in a better mood than we were, they found this beginning of the campaign very rough, and if we do not call this weather a furious storm, we can well give it the name of a small hurricane. In the midst of all this, I still had pleasure at times, I laughed a lot seeing us so pitiful, I laughed to see us embarked under such happy auspices and, however, I did not always laugh, I could neither pray, nor eat, nor sleep, nor walk and, certainly, it is not an absolutely laughable existence. Praying was the last impossibility, I was nevertheless able to recite my breviary every day, I alone could do it, but it was very much with the tip of my lips and nothing more; a few very rare aspirations, yes very rare, compensated for all the rest; one is stupefied, one doubts if intelligence is still in its place; seasickness is a strange illness! “And I can say that I was well looked after.

“Eating. How could I have done it? One's heart is leaping and one's head is very sick, one throws up almost everything one takes; and then, imagine the amusing thing, a meal during a storm, that is to say twenty people around a table trying to hold on to fork, knife, glass, plate, defending themselves against the sauces flowing everywhere, trying not to fall off their chairs, because the ship is tossing terribly. I assure you that the meal is well bought and that it is taken quite at the point of the sword. The second day, while fifteen people were around this table, a rolling blow is felt more sharply, the table overturns, the guests likewise, and all the dishes roll on the unfortunate passengers; I was sulking on deck, my stomach not wanting to hear talk of food: what a comedy! and it will be said that there is not a little pleasure sometimes during the storm; and when during the night we hear all our trunks rolling up and down, the glasses, the plates, the bottles broken, the chimneys dismantled, the men saying that they were flooded in their beds; certainly the thing was serious, but still it was necessary to laugh at it and I laughed at it, otherwise, as some passengers said, it would have been necessary to get angry and impatient altogether. These are some of the difficulties of the crossing; we had in the crew many small things broken, many chairs were out of order, much furniture; but among our belongings there was only deterioration caused by the water which fell very freely into our cabin or dormitory. The ship behaved perfectly during this storm and, however, we suffered some losses. The commander's boat was carried away by the waves

which almost took him on board, fortunately the name of the Archimedes must not be there, otherwise it would not have taken more to inspire some French journalists with a fine theme whose outcome could well have been the fabricated news of the loss of the Archimedes. The following night, we lost a sail completely torn and carried away by the wind, then one of the boarding stairs, then various small cables, but all this is little, our ship remained in very good condition and the commander is very satisfied with the way in which it withstood the attack. What I did not find cheerful was to see the poor sailors busy with the maneuvers by the wind, the rain, etc. They had a lot of trouble, several were injured but fortunately nothing very serious. I sometimes saw them rolling ten or fifteen from one side of the ship to the other, and it also happened to me to take the same walk several times without having the trouble of using my legs: the tossing of the ship knocks you over and then a path of wood or iron is established, I do not know, but a path which leads you nimbly and sometimes roughly to the opposite side. However, I confess that the aspect of this sea, however furious, did not frighten me much. I saw it in this state for the first time, on Thursday morning, when I got out of bed.

We were sailing as if in a ravine, two mountains of water thirty to forty feet high formed roaring walls on each side of the ship, I considered them with a firm eye and I could not help saying to the first person I met: "It is magnificent!" And then the beautiful verses of the psalms representing the greatness of God on the sea presented themselves to my mind. When I was not sleeping in these beautiful stormy nights, I happened from time to time to go up on deck to watch the maneuvers and see the dispositions of the sea, and I was not impressed by it; I even had a certain pleasure in watching the wave in this way, but I paid for it from time to time by the completely gratuitous reception of a blade of water on my body or more often by the splashes of the waves breaking against the edge. I was indeed a little frightened one night which did not seem to me the most pleasant, when I saw a sailor come down into our square, asking if there was not a fire in our apartment, because we smelled of burning. I was immediately on my feet and we went all around to find the source of the fire; fortunately we found nothing and there was nothing, but the prospect of the fire combined with the storm accelerated somewhat the movement and circulation of my blood. In such circumstances, one hardly thinks of putting on shoes, so I ran on deck without shoes, in the middle of streams, ropes, etc.; there is nothing like experience to toughen up, we must get used to the life of missionaries."

The travelers had hoped that the commander would have stopped at Corunna, to let these bad weathers pass, during which the ship could not move, even under steam. It was not so, but they felt all the more the joy caused by the calm coming after the storm, a joy that increased still more when they saw the ship heading for Cadiz, where it was to stock up on coal. Our missionaries disembarked there on Saturday, March 2. One of their first cares, as soon as they were on land, was to go to the bishopric, in order to obtain permission to say mass, a happiness of which they had been deprived for twelve days. The bishop, a venerable old man, received them very graciously and made great efforts to converse with them in Latin. He granted them the permission they requested and all were able to say mass on Sunday the 3rd. Abbot Daveluy took advantage of his stay in Cadiz to give his family interesting details about this city; and his observations on the costume, customs and piety of the inhabitants always denote a mind as judicious as it is thoughtful, despite his lively and frank gaiety. Unable to reproduce these long details, we will limit ourselves to transcribing what he says about the costume of Spanish priests, because of the reflection with which he ends: "One of the curious things is the ecclesiastical hat. It is about three feet long, by eight or ten inches wide, and does not look badly like a rolled and very elongated waffle. I admit that it would not be very pleasant for me to wear such a head covering.

“Habit and custom come to put everything in order; who knows the costume I will one day be dressed in and which, if it pleases God, I may have to describe to you? It will be Chinese, that is already saying a lot.” The long letter in which Abbé Daveluy thus recorded his impressions of Spain, had been thrown into the post on March 6; the next day, in the morning, the Archimedes weighed anchor and resumed its route which no serious obstacle should henceforth hinder. On the 11th, in the morning, our travelers saw “the immense and magnificent rocks of Tenerife: it is truly a beautiful horror. “A surprise was in store for the passengers: they had been told that the ship would not stop and now they were granted two hours to visit Santa Cruz or Sainte-Croix de Tenerife: “a town of about ten thousand souls, built somewhat in the Spanish style, but having neither the balconies nor the beauty of Cadiz.” A few bad donkeys and a few completely emaciated camels painfully caught the eyes of the missionaries. On March 18, they arrived at Gorée. Abbé Daveluy was delighted to be able to celebrate mass the next day for his whole family, “but especially,” he said, “for Joséphine, since it was her feast day. Two days ago,” he added, “I would have liked to celebrate the anniversary of my baptism, but I was on board, and therefore no Holy Sacrifice; only a few thoughts about this memorable day could make it more solemn in my eyes. This day of Saint Joseph will be more privileged; this great Saint is also the patron saint of our missions, and we are happy to be able to celebrate it. “

On the 24th, Passion Sunday, after singing a solemn mass, our travelers re-embarked and the next day, at four o'clock in the morning, the ship set off again.

On April 4, the Archimedes crossed the line. It was Holy Thursday: the missionaries refused, consequently, to lend themselves to any of the pranks with which sailors are accustomed to celebrate the crossing of the equator. An order of the day from the commander allowed them to avoid it, and they took care to make their absence less painful for the crew by sending a generous offering.

Holy Week passed rather sadly for Father Daveluy and his colleagues. “It must be said, however,” he wrote, “that on Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday, and Easter Sunday we offered the Holy Sacrifice in our poor cabin, alone as if by stealth, worse off than in the catacombs, more miserably than in the caverns of China: a beautiful moment, a moment of happiness, of consolation.

“But how the heart is affected to see the good Lord descend into such a miserable den, when a little good will would have sufficed for us to celebrate on deck and in a suitable manner! Only three passengers asked us to attend mass on Easter Sunday, and we made them share our miserable den; many sailors would have also wanted that day and the others to hear mass, but there is no way.

“Thus passed for us the beautiful Easter celebrations, our hearts were sick, all our memories were directed back to Europe; we followed you to the Darkness, to the adoration of the cross, to the tomb of Our Lord and then to the beautiful ceremonies of the great day of the year. There, your piety was satisfied, your heart filled, your soul filled with all external graces, and we, poor exiles, were in the void, without help, without solemnity, without exercising our ministry; here is the missionary at sea, he becomes lay and even lay without external practices; we will compensate one day with our good Christians, in the meantime, we must get used to everything. We often talk together about these privations, these sorrows, and that consoles us, sustains us. Moreover, we must still thank God for having found us in the calm seas of the line to spend the Easter holidays, everywhere else it would perhaps have been impossible for us to say Holy Mass, while we had the happiness of celebrating all our Easters on Holy Thursday, by communing at the Mass celebrated by one of us; for we must not imagine that we all say Mass; one is enough, each one says it in turn and the others are content to receive Holy Communion, a great consolation, it is true; but not to celebrate Holy Thursday, the day on which the Holy Sacrifice was instituted, at the same time as the Holy

Eucharist, is a great deprivation. All this will be compensated; we know that Our Lord knows how to reward his servants, and I was reading again this morning, in the Imitation, that it is sometimes better to have trials than consolations; the voyage is certainly the greatest for the priest. In the midst of all this, our decision having been made, we live from day to day, waiting for the end of this long crossing, passing the hours as best we can and trying to repeat without ceasing: “Glory to God, submission to his holy will.” On May 2, we were almost in sight of the Cape of Good Hope, which, that day, in no way deserved its old name of Cape of Storms. No ghost prevented the Archimedes from approaching it. — Besides, no more than Vasco de Gama, no sinister apparition would have made the messengers of the Gospel retreat. — It was a great joy for the passengers when, “about ten o'clock in the morning,” they sighted land, after an uninterrupted voyage of six weeks. They sailed along the coast for a long time, and only at midnight were they able to drop anchor in False Bay, off Simon's Town. Having landed the next day, Abbé Daveluy visited this town and its environs, then went by land to Cape Town, which gave him the opportunity of a pleasant voyage. The missionaries spent a few days there, without having the consolation of meeting the Catholic bishop, Bishop Griffith, who was then absent, and then soon resumed their course across the ocean. After having again crisscrossed the sea for almost a month, the Archimedes finally arrived before a French land. On June 6, they dropped anchor at Bourbon Island; It was the Thursday of Corpus Christi and, for our travelers, the beginning of a “small fortnight” of rest and religious exercises full of charm for their piety. Abbé Daveluy cannot praise enough the gracious reception given to them by the apostolic prefect, the joy they experienced, the following Sunday, in attending the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. “Another procession,” he said, “could we hope for? Yes, a public procession, made with the pomp of yesteryear. The boarding schools came to form ranks, then a large clergy composed largely of missionaries. “The troop enhanced the splendor of the ceremony; the military music made joyful and noisy sounds heard, what a beautiful celebration! Four or five altars were arranged at intervals. When we passed a guardhouse, the troops would take up arms, the trumpet would sound joyfully and the priest would stop to give the blessing of the Blessed Sacrament to those good soldiers whom duty kept at their post, this seemed very good to me. We also entered by passing the edge of the prison to bless those whom human justice kept there. To end the procession, we went to the governor's hotel, where there was a resting place placed at the top of two or three staircases, crossing the garden formed of terraces. The view was magnificent. The governor received the procession surrounded by his staff; the human powers paid homage to Our Lord. After a few moments, the Blessed Sacrament was carried to the first, and from the balcony, decorated with hangings, Monseigneur gave the blessing to the whole harbor, or rather to the buildings and ships that were there. Immediately the cannon of the fort is heard and responds to the blessings of heaven, the war band plays around us, all the elements say and repeat: Glory to God, glory to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. What a moment for the man of faith! What thunder for the unbeliever. “

“The most friendly welcome was also given to us by several families of the country that we had the opportunity to know. I will mention here the family of Villèle, the brother and nephews of the former minister. We were received at their home with all possible kindness, and we were able to notice in all the members of the family a piety as gentle as fervent and enlightened. We spent two or three days in the countryside in one of his dwellings, and it was a real pleasure; I had found the calm of the gardens and the woods, to take the fresh air and do all my exercises; I then often thought of Bergicourt, Duisans, etc. How rare these moments will be from now on, however there are many compensations.”

Abbé Daveluy then gives his family the most edifying details on the evangelization of black slaves; he relates that he had the joy of accompanying the apostolic prefect on one of

his trips, where the prelate had him perform, in his place, a first communion ceremony, “in which the blacks numbered seventy,” etc.

However, it was necessary to tear oneself away from all these joys and return to sea. On July 10, he wrote from Trincomalee (island of Ceylon), the long letter in which are retraced the edifying details of his stay in Bourbon. A few days later, our missionaries found a French colony in Pondicherry, where they were received by their colleagues from the Foreign Missions Society. There they also felt the heat of the Indian sun, whose warmth they had begun to experience in Ceylon. The journey, however, continued happily: Madras, an “immense city”, the Bay of Bengal, the Strait of Malacca were passed successively and, on August 5, they arrived at Sincapour, from where Abbé Daveluy sent, on the 7th, to his parents, another of those long letters, such interesting reading, which made his colleagues say of him jokingly: “What a writer!” After three days of rest, they set off again and, nine days later, he wrote: “Here we are in Manila, and, by a singular combination, having disembarked on Sunday, August 18, we re-embarked on Saturday, the 17th of the same month. I leave you to explain the thing, it does not seem ordinary or rather, let us say it at once, there was for us this year a week of two Saturdays. This will be an epoch in my life and judge my satisfaction in thinking that this double day is the one that we dedicate to Mary. The reason for all this is that the days in Manila are twenty-four hours behind us, so that arriving on Sunday morning, we found ourselves on land on Saturday, and this is the only day that we spent in Manila. “

Chapter II.

The crossing (Continued). — Distractions and occupations. — Arrival in Macao. — A retrospective glance at the voyage.

This long crossing which had not shaken the health of Abbé Daveluy, had not been able to alter his happy gaiety either. It is not however that it did not often seem painful to him, and especially monotonous; but the sight of the sea had for him an inexpressible charm. Very different from that traveler who wrote: "The sea! It is splendid in books, but in reality it is sad to death," all his letters are filled with the sweet and strong emotions that the sight of the waves caused him, whose great voice sings so loudly the wonders of God. "There is truly something very great in navigation," he wrote to his brothers and sisters in a long letter from which we will borrow several times, during the long crossing from Gorée to the Cape; "everything contributes to giving the Christian soul a high idea of the creator God. Nothing at first had given me a high idea of the infinite like navigation. In the open sea one can see nothing but water, and then always water; one must travel for many weeks to reach land; how great that is. If one then wants to sound the depth of this immense beach, one can do what one does, no bottom; we arrive at 15 or 1800 fathoms, no depth, and yet the probe cannot penetrate further, the water supports it and we cannot know what height there would still be to travel. In the midst of all this, what is our ship? A small point, very small, and each of the beings on it are even smaller; it is nothing in this immensity, and yet we direct it, it laughs in some way at the waves of the sea, it splits them majestically to rush towards its goal despite the obstacles. How all this elevates the soul towards God, when we consider it with a Christian and religious eye; if meditations are directed towards this side during the night or towards the evening, there are still magnificent things. The starry sky has much more beauty at sea than on land, it is larger, purer, more speaking to the heart, doubtless because the heart is more isolated. The sunrise and sunset present magnificent pictures; A few days ago, the setting sun gave us a perfect idea of a volcano throwing its fiery lava from all sides around it; other times they are more cheerful pictures, but always large and beautiful. And then the interior of the ship itself is a great and beautiful thing. When all the sails are set, what majesty in a building; it flies without any help from the crew. A few days ago, I moved to the front of the boat, to better contemplate its imposing progress in the middle of the waters. The slightly rough sea came to meet the ship and broke its wave against our sides; I was struck by the behavior of the boat which, receiving this violent wave, seemed not to notice it and sank calmly against its waves, barely moving. I remained for some time in admiration, and my heart again turned towards God to adore his works and especially his goodness towards men whom he made the kings of creation, and at whose feet he placed all creatures so that he might use them for his own use.

The memory of his country, that of his family, never left him: he often returned there and insistently asked for news of each one. At the same time, he tried to make them know his life, to console them and always to bring them to God. "True consolations are in memories and in hope. The present moment is more than ever a moment of passage. In the future, our hope makes us see the glory of God, the salvation of our brothers and this hope makes time pass. In our memories we also find true consolations. It happens to me frequently, especially on beautiful evenings, while I am walking on the solitary and silent bridge, contemplating the sky and the sea, it often happens to me to refer myself among you. I follow you in domestic life and especially in all the practices of the Christian life. I take pleasure in seeing you at the services, and then I remember the beautiful songs of our France, the touching greetings of Lent; the consoling times of my ministry come to mind, and there, alone, without witnesses, without listeners, I sing the canticles of penance, these songs so mournful and so beautiful

that the Church puts in our mouths to prepare us for the holy time of Easter, all this throws me into illusion, I still believe myself in Roye, in Amiens, in Paris, and moments of delicious joy come to strengthen my heart; yes, man lives easily in his memories.

“The name of Mary always comes to my lips to crown what I could call my offices, some canticles in her praise come to mind, I address some prayers to her, my heart expands and is relieved, it is still to a Mother that I speak; oh! how religion gives pure joys in positions where the worldly could not even imagine them. If we had a place to gather all together, these moments would be even sweeter, but we do not have it, and it is alone that I give myself over to these religious impressions. And could one believe that, in these moments, the heart does not unite with parents, friends, all those who are dear to us? It is impossible; it is this entourage that the imagination brings us that makes a large part of the charm of these illusions before God. “As always happens on long voyages, the least thing that came to break the monotony of the voyage was a subject of distraction, a small event; thus, a few days after leaving Gorée, Abbé Daveluy reports the capture of a young shark: “We calculate that it was not more than three months old, which allowed us to taste it, the next morning, and its flesh, still quite tender, seemed very good to most of the crew, and I was of this opinion; it was only two and a half feet long, I hope we will catch some nice ones, and then the thing is interesting. Other times, we saw a few other fish, but in small quantities and very rarely; likewise a few birds, such as the halcyon, the booby, the straw-tailed hawk, and even a swallow that we wanted to catch, but which preferred to take flight again, perhaps it will go and repopulate the barns of Bergicourt or flutter around your windows; it will not bring you news of me, I did not consider it to be a faithful courier (March 28). “

Moreover and rightly so, our traveler did not remain idle: “I am at the moment in good health and very satisfied, occupying myself passably: I devote myself to the study of Chinese, of which the strongest among us has been kind enough to give a course every two days; but this study is very long, full of difficulties and without attractions: however I devote myself to it with pleasure, it passes the time and will not be entirely useless to me, I make little progress, because one can never work as easily, nor as long as on land; it is enough to devote two or three hours a day to it. Besides, I must tell you that there are at the moment for the passengers all kinds of courses; the officers have laughed at it, but the passengers are doing well: drawing courses that the commander offered to do himself, and he is very good at it: English courses and Spanish courses, given by passengers who have been in the countries where these languages are spoken. I do not follow them, I could not have made enough progress to make these languages useful to me, but it creates a certain emulation and keeps the ship fairly busy.

“The first idea belongs to the commander, a positive and hard-working man, and it is very fortunate; the crossing will seem a third shorter. He even went so far as to offer his living room for the lessons, which we gratefully accepted, because without it we would not have known where to sit, having only public rooms.”

His religious exercises were also for him an occupation as well as a source of great consolation. We have already seen, however, how much he had to suffer from being deprived of the happiness of celebrating the holy Sacrifice. The indifference of the great number of those who surrounded them, the obligation to say Mass almost in secret, on Sundays, were a great cause of sorrow to him. Nevertheless, this sadness was also mixed with some consolation: “I have already said that we could not exercise the ministry on board the ship, however we do not miss the opportunities when they are good. Every Sunday, we have been able until then to celebrate the holy Mass and, since Easter Day, there have always been three or four people asking to hear it. They have shared our little hole, and we hope that they will have drawn some fruit from such a holy action, and also from the good will that they had to

have in this case. “Three or four sailors who are already quite old have asked to be instructed to make their first communion, several of us teach them catechism in secret, and we will see - later; it is in the evening that there is a little more freedom; we meet on deck with the good sailors and on occasion we talk to them a little about the good Lord, the darkness is then useful to us, because people are a little wary of us, and we try not to be seen. We then talk to them about the Holy Virgin, a few stories are told, medals or rosaries requested and distributed, but what precautions are necessary, it is worse than in a pagan country; one evening, a good sailor, after hearing stories of miracles, said in his admirable simpler cit.: With medals of the Holy Virgin, there is no need for a doctor, we prefer to have recourse to Mary. These are some small consolations, but in this respect, there is no more.”

Much later, between Singapore and Manila, a passenger was lost, who died of dysentery.

“He himself asked for the sacraments and received the main ones, in perfect knowledge.”

The end of the crossing was finally approaching: on August 24, “in a terrible and continuous rain,” the Archimedes dropped anchor in the port of Macao, six months and four days after its departure from Brest. Despite the rain, our travelers were picked up that same evening and, at half past nine, Abbé Daveluy and his two companions were at the Macao procurator, rejoicing with their colleague, Mr. Libois, at the happy outcome of the voyage and thanking God for the protection he had granted them during this long navigation.

The next day; Feast of Saint Louis, Abbé Daveluy said Mass in thanksgiving, then, learning that a ship was to leave the following day, he hastened to finish a letter, begun in Manila, to inform his parents of the happy outcome of his crossing.

A month later, when he had time to rest and set foot on Chinese soil, the missionary, casting a glance back, summarized all the impressions left on him by the voyage, in a new letter that his keen interest requires us to reproduce in full:

“(Macao) ended on September 21, 1844, the anniversary of Bergicourt's departure.

“Who has Jesus has everything.

“My very dear parents, Here I am at the end of this long six-month voyage, and you must have already learned of it by a letter of August 26, which the post office immediately removed. Six months of navigation! This is beginning to get on my nerves, because this way of travelling has something very monotonous about it, and yet, I cannot hide it, navigation, especially towards the end of the day, had great charms for me. Then, everything was quiet on the ship, part of the crew slept; the setting of the sun, the rising of the stars and sometimes of the moon, everything led to meditation, and it was a real pleasure to go and place myself in a corner to devote myself to my reflections. An hour, two hours passed like an instant, and often I prolonged the evening, instead of going to throw myself on my military bed. Apart from that, I am very happy to have arrived and, thanks to God, we can say that we had a very happy voyage, the weather having always favored us. After leaving the famous Bay of Biscay, we had no more bad weather; At the Cape of Good Hope, one evening foretold a storm, the beginnings of it were felt, and the hand of Mary, I like to believe, stopped the fury of the waves and the unleashing of the winds; after a few hours the fine weather was returned to us. Later, the very stormy harbors of Bourbon, Pondicherry and Madras regained their calm, to facilitate our passage, to the point that the crew was astonished at the continuity of this fine weather.

“Everyone expected a closure whose violence could compensate for such a long time of happiness. The seas of China are approached; between Manila and Macao the wind blows and the waves pile up and roar, a typhoon is feared. But good Mary, no doubt, remembers that

every day we invoke her, that every day she is invoked for us under the title of Star of the Sea; after two days this bad weather disappears. A typhoon has occurred in fact, everything has reported it in Macao, it has brought all its fury not far from the waters where we were, it is even claimed that a ship has just arrived in Hong Kong with its masts broken as a result of this storm; but, under the protection of Jesus and Mary, we have had no damage, here we are in port, thanks be to our good Master and to his holy Mother. That if now, after having travelled a notable part of the world and stopped in four parts of this vast universe, we cast a glance at this voyage, it has certainly not been without interest. More knowledge of languages, a longer stay in each country would doubtless have added to this interest, however, let us admit it, in this respect few of our brethren are so favored, most stopping only once or twice during this immense navigation. Cadiz showed us the remains of Catholic Spain, remains better preserved than elsewhere perhaps, thanks to the firmness of the venerable bishop whom the government did not dare to push to the limit.

“However, I have pointed out to you elsewhere, there are many ruins.

“Deserted and parched Africa, the Africa that is said to be cursed by God, revealed to us, at Gorée, all the apathy of its inhabitants, the languor of the Christians and the difficulty of awakening so many souls sleeping in the shadow of the flag of the disciples of Mahomet; an ungrateful land that is hardly watered by the sweat of the missionaries, whose very small number is only just beginning to increase. Then, considering this same land of curse at the Cape Colony, we found it freed from these burning sands, and also its inhabitants less distant from the light; but with the English flag Protestantism has established itself there, sowing its buildings and its Bibles, hardly recruiting itself, but nourished by the settlers from the mother country who flock there, and it is only by prudent, long and painful work that Catholicism will be able to establish itself there. There, however, hope brings the missionary, the bishop barely arrives there and already things are going a little better. Some resources would be needed, and they are lacking, some holy priests, and none are forthcoming; with that Catholicism would begin a struggle that has been to its advantage everywhere. - In passing, we left Madagascar aside, watered by the sweat of the children of Saint Vincent, and abandoned since that time. Some attempts have been made recently, it is true, but this mission presents difficulties little known in France; however the goal is pursued, measures are taken and several people believe the moment is quite favorable. From there to Bourbon the distance is not considerable.

“Bourbon, I told you, offers great hopes. The blacks of this island have seen the star that leads to the Lord Jesus; a few men, and the harvest will yield a hundredfold. They have, so to speak, shed their apathy to make way for the desire to know religion, and one notes with joy a return of the white population, the influential part of which received some shock last Lent, and leaves one hoping for better, especially when one sees at the head of the practicing faithful, the first families of the city and the country. And Mauritius! sad colony where the Catholic priest still finds something to reward his efforts, but what difficulties! “From there, our navigation, directed towards old Asia where was the cradle of the world and where all the great facts of religion took place, put us in a position to cast a glance at some points of these immense regions. Ceylon, first of all, showed us the Indian, more or less, in his ancient simplicity, the country that we saw having little connection with the Europeans. Pagans and Mohammedans came to see the Fathers almost as easily as the Christians; but in them our presence awakened faith, veneration, even enthusiasm.

“What hopes if the French priesthood could come and fill the gaps. Yes, there is the very simple faith of the Indian and to all one could apply these words: *Parvuli petierunt panem*. In Pondicherry, Christianity is more affected by European civilization; but the Christians have a lively and sincere attachment to their religion. The devil is powerful there, he acts as a master, makes himself well served and a thousand causes have stopped the

progress of the faith, it takes a blow of Providence to shake the masses, one hopes that he is preparing. Syncapour is the passage from India to China, the Indian is rarely found there, the Chinese rush there in crowds. From then on religion takes on a new physiognomy; it is no longer noise and uproar, there is more calm and no less attachment to holy ceremonies. Religion develops slowly there, but on good foundations. Unfortunately, this city is acquiring so much importance that the Europeans will soon be too numerous for the beautiful examples of which they offer the model everywhere.

“Before finishing, it was necessary to cast our eyes and set foot on the land of Oceania, Manila has offered us this advantage; everything is Catholic and takes from ancient Spain; the numerous and religious convents contribute to the good of religion by their prayers first, then by the teachings, the preachings and even by the care of the cures. Until then the impious laws of the mother country were stopped at the entrance.

“Ah! May God preserve forever this religious country. From there, we returned to the midst of the Chinese of Macao that other letters will perhaps make you know.

“This glance at the religious part of our stations makes us see the true faith known everywhere, practiced everywhere. But today, as always, the cross is a sign of contradiction. With this standard the fight begins, and the Church always needs to send help to support the attacks. These fights are great. Paganism does not want to give up its religion of freedom and pleasures. Mohammedanism, widespread in all these countries, rejects the inconvenience and the holy practices of Christianity to enjoy the delights promised “here below and elsewhere by the father of lies; Protestantism wants to extend its domination and appears as soon as the danger ceases, and when in place of their blood its emissaries have only to offer Bibles and to enrich themselves by trade; the schism itself, starting from a country which has begun to Catholicize all these countries, wants to snatch from Jesus Christ his faithful children, and comes to swell the number of all its enemies. “In the midst of all this, the Roman Church has to fight only a few priests, weak resources, no human support, but thanks to God we have the divine mission: Go, teach all nations; we have God and God alone for us, and with his help his true Church will know how to distinguish itself: we have humble confidence in this, that the pastor will not be seen to retreat before danger, or flee from too difficult work; that hell continues its persecution, we will have the consolation of appearing alone before these peoples, the number of enemies will diminish by the terror they will experience and, sooner or later, the triumph will remain with the true God. The lands most watered with the blood of martyrs are the most fertile.

“Tonkin and Cochinchina are new proof of this: the pagans are flocking in crowds and last year a bishop, by himself, baptized eight to nine hundred adults, an unheard-of thing; the other missionaries also see the number of proselytes increase; and there at least there will not be Protestantism so soon, because the heads of the missionaries are always put at a price and three of our brothers, betrayed by the same one who had betrayed several of the delivered priests, have only escaped by a special Providence.

“I thought that this summary of the long and insipid narratives sent during the crossing would please you; you will see the dominant impressions, experienced by our brothers and collected from the mouths of the priests working in these countries. I will not end it without adding that the presence of Europeans in these countries is still a fact from which we dare not draw any consequences for our missions. Relations become easier, persecutions more difficult, but what will ultimately be the religious result? God alone knows. Will China be more attacked by Europeans, at least in the near future? We do not know. What would be the result for us?

“Same ignorance. Will they present themselves before Korea, Japan, etc.? Same doubt. What conduct will they adopt for Cochinchina and Tonkin? Guess who can. In the midst of all this we take advantage of their ships to pass our letters into the ports, to go there

ourselves; everywhere we continue to enter, and, closing the doors behind us, so to speak, we go where God sends us, without worrying about all these great questions, awaiting their solution, and ready to profit from the advantages that they would bring us, as well as to withstand the shock if the position became more critical.

“France has quite impressive forces here, six warships, we do not know what she will do. M. de Lagrenée is very well disposed in favor of religion and would support it if he had the facility. I presented him with my father's letter, and he immediately received me as a compatriot and even showed me enough friendship; I will probably see him quite often during my stay in Macao, all the mission attorneys and missionaries are very pleased with him. He strongly recommended that I let you know, at the first opportunity, that he would not forget my father's letter of introduction, and he told me in the most kind terms that on any occasion he would be happy to help me as a missionary, as a Picard, and as a member of the Daveluy family. It so happens that the consul who is here on an interim basis, Mr. Debécourt, is also a Picard, a native of Abbeville, so that we are satisfied with this happy coincidence which brings together compatriots six thousand leagues from their homeland.

“Farewell, my very dear parents, I could probably write to you several more times before leaving for the interior, I will always do so; it is so sweet for me to be thus spiritually in the family for a few moments, and then it is a way of proving to you that my respectful attachment does not diminish in any way. Please remember me to my brothers and sisters, to my grandmother, to my uncles, aunts, cousins. Likewise to the MM. of Saint-Acheul, to whose prayers I especially recommend myself, and to the other ecclesiastics or communities; it is useless to make a detailed list, the heart preserves the memory and, on all occasions, I will prove that my feelings are invariable.

“Your respectful and devoted son, A. Daveluy, Miss. Apost.

“I would be very flattered if, upon receipt of this letter, you would be kind enough to make a novena to the Holy Virgin to consecrate, to her Immaculate Heart, the mission that will be entrusted to me, whatever it may be. This will be a great consolation for me, and I hope that some good souls and our good Carmelites will be kind enough to be part of it. Besides, I am always happy and content in the hands of God, and one of my greatest joys is to see that God grants you the grace to consider my mission from its true point of view. Always ask him for his help; there is so much calm and peace for those who love God and rely on him for everything.”

Chapter III

Stay in Macao. — First impressions of China. — The Procure of Foreign Missions. — Walks in Macao and the Surrounding Area. — Occupations of Mr. Daveluy. — His desire to go and announce Jesus Christ.

(1844-1845)

The stay of Abbé Daveluy in Macao lasted more than ten months. It was the last stop of the soldier of the cross before definitively engaging in battle: like a prolonged vigil of arms, a rest that seemed very long to his ardor and which was to be followed by more than twenty years of ceaseless struggles and relentless labors.

Until now, at the various stops of his voyage of circumnavigation along the coasts of the old continent, M. Daveluy, — as we shall henceforth call him following the custom of the members of the Society of Foreign Missions, — M. Daveluy, we say, had only been able to glimpse these peoples of the Orient of the old world, where the rest of his life was to pass. He now had to familiarize himself with customs, languages, and clothing so different from ours. He was going to see face to face this paganism which still reigns over so many millions of souls and against which he wanted to wage merciless war. In a letter to his brothers and sisters, written at the same time as that to his parents which has just been read, the young apostle thus expresses the first impressions which China made him experience: “I reread my letter to our good parents, my dear brothers and sisters, and I see that my paper is filled without having said anything about my present state; at your address will therefore be some small details about our arrival in this country.

“We notice, first of all, among these Chinese people, a notable difference with those whose country we visited; here, there is certainly civilization, they are always dressed and even with clothes whose shape is quite good. If, by chance, in work or in the boats, they make themselves a little comfortable, they always have long, well-conditioned trousers and only the shoulders remain to receive the rays of the sun, a very great difference with the negroes, Hottentots, Indians and others. Well before arriving at the port of Macao, we see the sea covered with boats. Are they walkers? Not at all; the activity of commerce is then noticeable and note well that there is nothing in the boats that smells of the savage; it is no longer here the pierced tree trunk as we have often seen; These are not three or four planks thrown on the sea, not even canoes such as the Europeans taught the Indians to make, they are large, solid boats, with masts and sails, and capable of supporting a wave. Some even have an enormous capacity, all this for the immense needs of trade. We have even glimpsed a wooden mechanism, by means of which they advance against the wind and, consequently, without the aid of sail. These are certainly at first sight marked distinctions, all to the advantage of the Chinese people. I cannot know it at present, so you will not be surprised to receive few details.

“The evening of our arrival, we were fetched with a Chinese boat; we went down with caution, because there is the whole dwelling of a family; there were therefore men, women and children and to leave us the kind of room, they had spread on the deck here a little brat, there a little girl, etc.; It was to be feared that they would be trampled underfoot, and it almost happened; however, no misfortune happened. Scarcely in the hut, a Chinese came and stood near a small cupboard, opened it and lit several lights and burned incense; this box was the dwelling of the god, they paid him homage; without that the boat would have inevitably capsized. It was necessary to see everything and say nothing, not even to make a gesture of contempt, that is understood. Poor people! if at least they had a Christ or the good Virgin there, they could reasonably perform acts of religion; but no, they are, I don't know what, devils, puppets with red bands; oh! let's not talk about it anymore. Besides, each house, and

we have visited some, has a hut for the god; often the god who receives the most honors is the evil spirit, we fear him, we try to make him favorable to us. "We must not imagine finding in China the hut of the savage or the shack of the Indian.

"No, they are large houses, sometimes magnificent. Sculptures abound for doors, windows, panels, etc., and solidity is not lacking, but care is taken to combine things with or without intention so that there is little daylight in the rooms; this is the great defect of these rooms, a defect sometimes very advantageous to the missionary whose eyes, complexion and prominence of the nose are thus somewhat disguised. In everything there is a good side.

"We see the Chinese working, they do not do it badly; our servants are not clumsy, and they even need enough intelligence to understand a little people who do not know any language known to them. The ink is very good, in my opinion, the one I am using at the moment is Indian ink, but made by me, this is my attempt. Their shoe polish is placed on the shoe and shines without the need for rubbing. Besides, I do not know if this polish is Chinese, but it is very convenient.

"We already have an idea of the most beautiful roads in China; around Macao we walked on one of the best-conditioned; it is a high ground somewhat above the rivers which are real marshes, it is not more than six feet, and does not continue far, they say, with such beautiful dimensions. Leave this beautiful road and you find yourself on paths where two people cannot pass, and they are, for more convenience, rough and full of earth, to the point that when we met someone one or the other had to jump out of the road. But I do not want to make descriptions, we are in Macao with many Europeans, from which I conclude that nothing in the empire must be as beautiful as the roads of our surroundings; let us reserve the details for the most remarkable of this vast empire, if God allows me to see and travel them.

"Here I am, settled in a rather pretty house built in the European style, having at my disposal three terraces on which there are small gardens, and at the top of all of them, there is a small building not unlike the beautiful castle of Bergicourt on the outside, apart from the wings; so I often think of Bergicourt. It is there that I work quite often, I frequently say my breviary there, we take our recreations there, in a word, we often go up there, because we find excellent air there, less heat than down below and beautiful views also amuse us. It is from there that we contemplated a third-rate typhoon the other day, which one of our colleagues withstood on board a State corvette. They got off lightly, he is here now. It was all well and good, but it is a very sad thought, when we know that many are exposed to the fury of this sea and all the violence of the wind. "I have begun the study of Chinese on a new plan given by expert people; you may imagine that I am here like a galley slave drying out on this cursed language. Oh! think again, I do this very quietly; I have imagined this study to be easy, from then on it is a game, no disgust, no boredom, I do it for recreation, so to speak, so do not believe me in terrible work, etc. Chinese is strange, singular, unique, but with good advice and good will, everything goes well and it is learned pretty much like all languages." So, at first glance, Mr. Daveluy does not seem inclined to criticize too much the distant land where Providence has sent him. He even praises certain industrial processes of the Chinese, such as their system of printing books, their bindings, without claiming to compare them to the productions of European art. It is good, however, to observe that he had as yet, he himself says, barely glimpsed the Middle Empire. We will even say that he was still only at the gates of China. Indeed, Macao, situated on the peninsula of that name, twenty leagues from Canton, has belonged to the Portuguese since 1580, and it was, for a long time, the only port in China where Europeans could land; but the Portuguese are the masters there much more by right than by fact and the Chinese mandarin, responsible for the police and administration of his nationals, is much more powerful there than they are. Before the war that the English made against China and before the opening of several ports to European trade, following the peace treaty, Macao, situated, as has been said, a short distance from the important city of Canton,

was one of the principal centers of trade with China. The Foreign Missions Society maintained a representative there responsible for receiving the missionaries and facilitating their introduction into the interior of China. It was also through the Macao General Procure that the missionaries sent or received their correspondence and that the financial resources they needed reached them. Today, Macao has fallen far short of the prosperity it still enjoyed a few years after 1840. Macao was erected into a bishopric by Alexander VIII on April 10, 1690 (2). This city was once the base of the missions in China. Its position made it the gateway to the Celestial Empire. Unfortunately, the petty pretensions of the Portuguese did great harm to these missions. Jealous of the foreign missionaries, they spared them no vexation, they even went so far as to denounce them to the Chinese authorities to have them arrested, and this in the name of the patronage and protectorate with which the Holy See had invested them. Also, as soon as England had taken possession of the island of Hong Kong, the procurators of the missions of China were transported to this city, while waiting for them to be established on dry land.

Whatever the case of these historical details, which do not seem to us to be without interest for our subject, these procurators were still in Macao in 1844-1845, the time of Mr. Daveluy's stay. We have just read the description that he made in his own way of that of the Society of Foreign Missions.

As he wrote to his mother, in the following December, it was "a real hostelry; today full, tomorrow empty, and each day has, so to speak, changes for the personnel. On my arrival, Mr. Libois, procurator, had been living for some time alone, like the ancient solitaries of the desert. But three people come down from the Archimedes to keep him company. Since that time, what departures and arrivals. Two days pass, a colleague arrives and leaves after eight or ten days. At the same time another arrives, then after fifteen days, Mr. Charrier, confessor of the faith. He had barely settled into the house when a large boat came to bring us two couriers from Tonkin, one a former catechist of Mr. Charrier, the other younger. To tell you how happy they were to learn that Mr. Charrier was in the house would not be an easy thing, it was quite reciprocal, because in the missions the catechists are our most faithful companions.

"So our number increases. But then, around the month of November, five or six Christians from Su-tchuen arrive. Three are couriers, the others for the college of Pinang, that is to say, preparing to study Latin, theology and to become priests or at least catechists. The very next day, without anyone having been able to expect it, Mr. Chauveau, one of our traveling companions, and from whom I did not think I would be separated, is warned to make his arrangements; thirty-six hours are given to him, and he leaves for Yun-nan, in the depths of China to the south. Ten days later, Mr. Charrier boarded a Tonkinese boat to return to the fight. Today the other couriers from Su-tchuen are leaving and we are waiting day by day for a ship to take one of our colleagues to Syncapour, accompanied by the two students for Pinang. So of all this, your very humble servant will remain in broad outline and detail with the two people from Macao, all at the grace of God. Am I right to say that I am in a hostel? But from now on we will be in solitude and calm. However, we will be able to hold a council, since three are enough. If you want a brand new sample of a departure for China, I can give it to you, it is the good Mr. Chauveau who offers it to us: he is very quiet in Macao and in thirty-six hours he is on his way. He does not know how to speak Chinese, but what is the use? He will go without speaking, his courier does not know any other language, they will get away with not understanding each other and with learning sign language."

Then follows the description of the ingenious plan devised by the Chinese to introduce the missionary into China, whom they made travel under the title and appearance of a wealthy merchant, not without some twists and turns.

Mr. Daveluy, installed at the Macao procuratorate, was completely unaware of his future destination and no one knew anything about it, events alone being able to decide. "I only know that at any moment I can leave, as I can stay here for another six months." He stayed for nearly eight more. - For a moment, he had hoped to be sent to the Liéou-Kiou Islands, to join his colleague Mr. Forcade, whose curious entry into these islands in the Sea of Japan he recounts in detail; but this hope soon vanished, and he had to continue to resign himself to waiting.

This waiting and this inaction seemed long to the ardent missionary. Prayer, study, walking in Macao and its surroundings divided his time; often he also addressed to his parents, to his friends in France, whom he never forgot, these long letters, so interesting, written with a flow of the pen, which were for those who received them the occasion of a great joy, and in which we find today the elements of his life.

"I study the Chinese language with a certain pleasure," he wrote to M. l'abbé Petit; "it is strange, one laughs at it; less difficult than one imagines in France. My life in this country is very sweet, when I am at home, I would still believe myself facing my office in Roye; if I go out, the picture changes, the Chinese figure, the dressing, the turn of phrase remind me neither of the inhabitants of Roye, nor of those of the capital; but what is more beautiful in this world than the variety of the works of the Creator and of those of men?"

"Also, believe it well, we are not unhappy here; on the contrary, few houses present the appearance of a community as gay, as satisfied, as happy: among us it is frankness, cordiality, often accompanied by jokes and everything that can pleasantly distract. All visitors find us in good health, good living, they say, and very cheerful. They do not understand it, but, for me, I do not know why they expect to see us sad and dejected. This is the house of the good Lord, he loves joyful servants, *Hilarem datorem diligit*, and then, I assure you, the future does not worry us much.

"Besides, the good Lord puts his hand in it. Thus the missionaries of Tonkin and Cochinchina have a very difficult life for nature, always hidden in the huts, whose openings are at the height of a few inches from the floor, let us say better, from the earth; to read one must crouch or lie down, to write in the same position, to eat no other, and God knows their food: well! there is no country where the missionaries are more cheerful, more content; it is always good, very good; the hand of God supports them and they are happy."

We will speak little of the excursions made by Mr. Daveluy in the vicinity of Macao, either by sea, in the neighboring islands, by means of the Chinese boats of which he has given the description, or on land, nevertheless without ever going very far, inland. "Other times," he writes after having recounted various walks, "we go to visit the truly Chinese terrain. The Portuguese, when establishing themselves in Macao, were restricted to the end of the peninsula, and the Chinese had built a short distance from the city a wall impenetrable to any European. In the middle is a gate, formerly guarded, and any foreigner wishing to pass through it was rejected. "Since the war of the English one can cross this gate with impunity, and little by little the Chinese are getting used to seeing the barbarians on his territory; one even goes quite far now, one visits some villages and a city two or three leagues away; but it is still rare, so that the poor Chinese make big eyes when they see the boldness of the Europeans, who go everywhere without worrying about anything. Little by little the coasts will become entirely free, but still the same prohibition to enter the interior. We had the curiosity, these past days, to visit a fort of His Chinese Majesty. We went there quietly, and not daring to chase us away, the mandarin commanding the fort, decided to receive us as friends; we examined their pitiful defenses, tea was served; we entered everywhere in the rooms of the mandarin and examined very at our leisure what was presented: pipes, weapons

or clothes. Completely as friends, everything well examined, we parted on the best terms and continued our walk to a neighboring village which we crossed very quietly, under the eyes of the curious and gathered children, and of the rather astonished adults. Besides, the French are very well regarded in China; we hate the English, who must be tolerated, and by policy we are welcomed graciously. A corvette commander who went to present himself in all the free ports told us that he had received the warmest welcome there, a Frenchman is almost a friend. I do not know if this will last." The details that he can give us, visually, on the Middle Empire, outside the city of Macao, are moreover little, in comparison with those that have been published since on China by other missionaries or travelers who had traveled it in all directions, we will therefore not dwell on them any longer, limiting ourselves to noting that the favorable impression made by the Chinese people on our missionary, upon his arrival, does not seem to have changed during the duration of his stay in Macao.

Mr. Daveluy arrived, moreover, in China, at a time of transition. Since the war followed by the treaty with England, the barriers until then insurmountable which separated the Chinese from the European had been opened, the treaty with France, signed on board this famous Archimedes, during the stay of our missionary in Macao, was going to open them even more, while waiting for them to disappear completely. The persecutory laws of Christianity still officially existed, but they were no longer applied with as much rigor, and Mr. Daveluy had the happiness, before leaving China, to learn of the first and happy results of the efforts attempted by Mr. de Lagrenée, in favor of the Christians of China. His French heart is deeply moved to see these benefits procured by a representative of France. Let us listen to the enthusiasm with which he greets the news which gives hope for religious freedom in China and the happy results which he expects from it: "What a harvest is being prepared, the Chinese are well disposed, and with this permission, everyone expects to see them rushing in mass. It would therefore be true that the name of Jesus would be publicly blessed in this famous and so populated empire. Oh! how beautiful that day would be, this earth, until then almost entirely given over to Satan, will then also be able to contemplate the light; it will no longer be necessary to seek it in the depths of caverns or in secluded places, it will show itself in broad daylight and many will let themselves be drawn away. Whatever the opinion on the population of China, it is certain that the figure is very high; what a magnificent conquest for Catholicism; and then it is probable that this permission will not be without influence on the countries neighboring China, the missionaries will lose the crown of martyrdom there, but they will win souls and doubtless the heaven of thousands of inhabitants. So we have recited a very beautiful Te Deum. I will stop; the details will come little by little, and, if I can, I will make you know everything. According to all appearances, the French name already popular and so honored in China, will become much more so. The freedom of religion obtained by a French ambassador will be a very fine title; without a doubt, it would be the most beautiful result of this famous expedition. "M. Daveluy also appreciates with great accuracy the advantages that Europeans can derive from trade with China and the good that can result from it for this country; "But above all," he said, "I would like good Catholics to support and help religion in the free ports. If there was a lot of movement, many lay people could also become missionaries, but a little fervor is needed. M. de Lagrenée was a missionary; his example was very noted and, as I said above, we believe we owe to his efforts the freedom that is considered very probably acquired." As one can well imagine, the news of the missions around him also preoccupies him a lot. He often speaks of Cochinchina, of Tong-king where persecution is still violent; of Korea, which can finally breathe a little. The executioner's arm, tired of hitting, rests and God alone knows if it is for good or only to hit even harder. "We will take advantage of this little improvement to try to bring in the bishop and the missionary who have been at the door for so long. " He did not suspect then that he himself would be the companion of Bishop Ferréol, on his perilous journey. On several occasions, he speaks of

Korea, but if he shows a lively interest in it, as in one of the most tested and most interesting missions, one cannot say that he appears, in his correspondence, to be more particularly concerned with it than with the others. He nevertheless very much desired to be sent there, we believe; but, according to a note that we have before our eyes, he is said to have said: I have never spoken of it except to the Holy Virgin. He felt, moreover, a holy impatience to snatch souls from the devil; his desire to proclaim Jesus Christ is read at every moment in his letters. Likewise, the thought of idolaters caused him a keen feeling of pain. "What can I say about Macao," he wrote to the Dean of Roye, "where every day I pass among pagans whom no one cares about. The Portuguese do not do it and it is forbidden to any other to meddle in the affairs of the Portuguese country." Also, we do not need to say, with what zeal he recommends the work of the Propagation of the Faith and that of the baptism of children (or of the Holy Childhood) of which he points out the marvelous benefits.

Chapter IV

Stay in Macao (Continued). — Pious thoughts and memories of the country. — Macao, its climate and customs. — Bishop Rameaux. — Next departure for Korea. (1844-1845)

Pious thoughts naturally recur in each line in the letters of the pious missionary and, especially at the time of the great festivals, his heart likes to return to his homeland. On All Saints' Day 1844, he wrote to his parents: "I transport myself in spirit near you to participate in all the pomp of this beautiful ceremony, because here there is little for the Portuguese, and for me nothing, or at least nothing external. How beautiful our religious festivals are in France, our great festivals especially, everything seizes the spirit, carries it away and captivates it, as if in spite of itself. Who would not participate in the solemnity of All Saints' Day, for example, in a Christian family? This morning, to move myself a little and to make my prayer with a certain solemnity, I reviewed all that takes place on these feast days and reflection proved to me that nothing approaches the Catholic feast, especially in happy countries where everything is done grandly." And he then describes, in terms as moving as touching, this beautiful day, the joys it inspires in the Christian soul.

"Here," he adds melancholically, "Sunday and Monday are all one. We try to consecrate them all to the good Lord, but outside nothing more; this morning we talked about the beautiful ceremonies of our old parishes; these memories alone made us happy, and we tried to make heard, we too, on the foreign and unfaithful land, this admirable song, I would say almost inimitable, of the solemn mass of Dumont. What grandeur in these Kyrie, etc. This is for me and for many the ne plus ultra of religious music. I do not know where it was composed, but it was undoubtedly in a religious transport and it always seems more beautiful to me. Let us leave these songs of the beautiful homeland, although with regret, the Church gives us today a foretaste of another, even more beautiful, where the songs will be without equal and the meetings without separation; how sweet it is for the exile to turn his thoughts to this place of delights! If we, French, spend such delightful moments in memory of our dear France, what must not be the happiness of the Christian glimpsing the felicity of the homeland of the saints! "On March 28 (Friday after Easter) 1845, he wrote again: "In this time of rejoicing, I want to sing my Alleluia with you, and I should do it today in all tones, to compensate for what I was unable to perform on the holy day of Easter. For me, it was limited to a few psalms and hymns intoned in my room or in the garden and repeated by the vaults or echoes of the walls.

"It is little, but nevertheless it is enough to unite with all Christians and rejoice the heart. The ceremonies of Holy Week and Easter are done in Macao quite on a grand scale and in a manner that proves the existence of a lively faith among the Portuguese, the troop and the music attended each procession; the Tombs were much visited; in a word the great week does not pass unnoticed, it is entirely devoted to the mysteries of our Redemption.

"For all external exercise, I made my visits to the Tombs, and then the rest was practiced in my room. However, Alleluia, Alleluia, one can say nothing better after Lent and in the middle of the Easter celebrations."

Inaction, however, weighed heavily on him and he asked his brothers and sisters to pray that God would send him to announce his name, "for here," he said, "I vegetate, I am like a log and you know that I prefer to move than to stay yawning. I do what I can to prepare myself, I stammer a few sentences of Chinese, I repair the ruins of my body which is not dilapidated, but rather in very good condition, by maneuvering the sticks in the Chinese way, and proudly swallowing my rice. I have almost given up bread, one day perhaps I will no longer know the taste of it. But the main thing I lack is the care of the soul, and in this respect,

I am very far from being what a priest should be; do not stop praying. Ah! if you knew how often I pray for your good conduct and sanctification, for everyone without exception, you would do the same for me and to encourage yourself, remember that man is always a man, that is to say, weak and sinful, even at the end of the world (January 1845).”

However, this inaction and this uncertainty which led to sadness had not altered his happy gaiety, as we can judge by this last extract from a letter to his brothers and sisters, dated May 1845: “Ah! a letter from the abbé? Yes, a beautiful one indeed. Already I can hear the warbling, we want to know who it is for, everyone comes closer and looks, we would like to read it all at once. - But, not in such a hurry Miss C., a little composure Mr I.

“Who will read it? I am addressing it to everyone, on condition that we do not fight to read it. Are people happy in Amiens, and how could they not be?

“You are, you others, in the most beautiful month of the year; everything is reborn and revived. Everything is laughing, and the good Mary whom you celebrate every day distributes many New Year's gifts to you, without sparing the sweets for the little darlings. So much the better for you, but in Macao the month of May is not so beautiful. Nature is far from putting on her best clothes, she has, I believe, sold all her toilet ornaments and has not kept much. Do you want to have an idea of the climate of Macao? I speak from experience.

“From September until the end of the year, magnificent weather, a real spring in these countries, sometimes a little too hot, and sometimes also a little very cold wind.

“January, February, alternating north wind and fine weather, often overcast.

“March, April, overcast weather, humidity, everything is in the water, lots of rain. May, June, July, according to the inhabitants, these are fogs, rains, interrupted by very strong heat. August keeps this heat and brings back the fine weather. This is our year, as far as a good Matthew Laensberg could determine. Here never ice and snow.

“The cold only comes from the north winds, often very biting. It is felt quite rarely. From November until April, it appears from time to time for a few days, then says goodbye and disappears. Most of the trees do not lose their greenery, it is constantly renewed. Others follow the custom of the trees of France and shed their leaves.

“Spring here is not pleasant, the greenery does not gladden the heart as in France, we do not see it reborn. Oh! what country would be worth the beautiful France. However, not everything is monotonous. The Chinese, very inclined to theft, frequently try to hide what they encounter: we learn daily that such and such has had his umbrella taken away, the cane of this one has disappeared, the handkerchief of that one is no longer to be found. When the opportunity is good, they also take piastres, watches, etc. “This is a good amusement. If we go out, we must be a little on our guard. A good man, at the corner of a street, seizes a cane or umbrella and disappears among the passers-by; if he has acted skillfully, all the good Chinese applaud him, far from stopping him. But, if the blow misses, he is booed, you can beat him and take him to the satellites, no one will defend him. At sea, they attack, although rarely, small ships and, of course, it is not for nothing; but if you do not defend yourself, they let you live, and, sometimes, enough to get back to the city, it is very honest!

“One day, a thousand robbers were announced to make an incursion into Macao during the night. Often, they announce themselves in this way and come at a fixed time. The whole garrison was under arms. The fortresses well-armed, nothing appeared. In spite of this, one is quiet, but one must be on one's guard.

“At the Chinese New Year, which this year fell on the Friday after Ash Wednesday, there was a terrible uproar everywhere. When the moon comes out, there is illumination on the boats, firecrackers are fired by the thousands, by the hundreds of thousands, - I am not exaggerating, - then the tom-toms are struck; in a word, they literally make the most noise possible, happy is he who can sleep. On this day and the following ones, the Chinese do not work; drinking, eating, smoking, setting off firecrackers and beating music, that is all his

occupation; a veritable hellish din. For two months now that everything has passed, our ears have hardly been restored. The gods are not forgotten either, so all is well.

“We often meet these poor people burning a small stick in front of a stone or a pagoda, all very devoutly and without any human respect; we laugh, but it does not trouble them; why could we not disabuse them! We also see women casting spells. This is often done in front of the small altars built in the countryside, or even near houses. The good old woman (or young woman) kneels down, takes two small pieces of wood and throws them on the ground. The good or bad spell depends on their respective positions, and it goes without saying that this is of great importance. It is said that during the recitation of the desired formula, they can be cast several times, and it is enough to find them good only once; from then on, there is more chance of happiness for the poor people.

“For funerals, there are always great ceremonies; I have not seen them in detail. But it seems that the superstitions are ridiculous. Food and drink are served for the dead; I don't know who benefits from it.

“Do you want an idea of our kitchenware? A few pots and other vases, that's all, no stoves for the Chinese; they often take old broken pots, literally, set them on fire, put the pot down and the stew is done. This is how they usually do it here, and elsewhere things are not much different; with that, they will make you a big dinner, if you like. Recently, the kitchen was repaired, we had to move into the courtyard, it was soon done. The old pots were placed against a wall and for two days the stew was no worse for it.

“And the fires? There have been three in Macao since my arrival. They announce themselves by a certain number of cannon shots, fired most often when half the house has disappeared. Only the Negroes (that is to say certain government workers) come to their aid. The troops are under arms to maintain order. The Chinese come running to see and especially to steal; if the fire is considerable and there is hope of arriving in time, thieves from the neighboring islands also come running.

“Everyone stays at home to guard their house.

“If it is daytime, some Portuguese also gather on the spot to see if the house is burning well, they talk and everyone gives their opinion.

“The wood here being dry and resinous, the workers generally limit themselves to preventing the fire from spreading; in two hours, only the four walls of the house remain. If the neighboring houses have been secured, everything is finished, everyone goes home without being very tired, since nothing has been done. People do not help each other as in France; there are one or more pumps in the city as heavy as rolling stock, they arrive when everything is finished; so many formalities are required to get them out of their prison! And then, once they have arrived, they are still of little use. It seems that in the past they wanted to excite and make the Europeans work; it was almost a waste of time; today it is no longer the custom, and is even sometimes refused; so it is advised to stay at home, and everyone practices it quite well.

“So here is this famous city of Macao well known to you; from there, you will be able to know what I am like, especially if I add the portrait of my individual, wearing hair in the style of Louis XIV, noticed by all passers-by.

“It is not, moreover, my fault, because on the one hand it costs a great abundance of sweat, and on the other I have great difficulty in keeping it passable, - it would be necessary to invent new instruments for such forests. - But what remedy? I must, first of all, know where I must go. And then perhaps then it will be permitted to pass the scythe over a part. Patience, it will come. In the meantime, I scrape, and I tire myself out scraping it all, I dare hope, for the glory of God.”

Mr. Daveluy, like all his confreres, maintained the best relations with the missionaries of the other congregations who also had their procurator in Macao. It was thus that he had the happiness of seeing, among the Lazarists, Bishop Rameaux, Bishop of Myra, Apostolic Vicar of Tché-Kiang and Kiang-Si. This venerable son of Saint Vincent de Paul, had been superior of the college of Roye, then entrusted to the priests of the mission and had kept the best memory of the small Picardy town. Unforeseen circumstances brought him to Macao towards the end of June. He hardly suspected that God had marked the end of his journey there. Mr. Daveluy had often spoken of this holy bishop with Father Petit, and it was a great joy for him to be able to make his acquaintance. He received the best welcome. "He had hardly known my diocese and the town where I had exercised the holy ministry," wrote M. Daveluy to the Dean of Roye, "that he spoke to me continually about it. When he was alone with me, he would say to me: "Let us talk a little more about our town of Roye!" And I need not say that it held the first place in our conversations. Your heart can guess it, as ours dictated its memories. All the confreres, all the families where Monseigneur was loved, venerated, were reviewed, and thus very sweet moments passed. Monseigneur learned with great pleasure of the improvements made in all respects. He cherished the Archconfraternity and wanted to establish it in his vast diocese. All this had established very familiar relations between Monseigneur and me, His Grandeur had so much kindness and indulgence! Must I now see the end of these very sweet relations. God's designs are inscrutable. After three weeks of stay in Macao, we had to render to this good bishop the last duties. He died suddenly, most likely of a stroke, and this loss was keenly felt by all those who had known him. For his confreres in Macao, it was love at first sight. I was with them for two days to console them, help them and render to Monsignor the ordinary duties. It was a consolation for me; we ourselves buried him, dressed him and looked after him until the time of the burial, which is done here with great pomp."

At the time when the death of Bishop Rameaux thus painfully impressed the very sensitive heart of Mr. Daveluy, he had been for several days under the weight of very serious concerns caused by the unexpected arrival in Macao of Bishop Ferréol, apostolic vicar of Korea. Indeed, the long inaction to which our missionary seemed still condemned for an indefinite time was going to end. He had not lost by waiting, and the most precious portion in his eyes of the Lord's vineyard, because it was the most difficult and the most perilous to cultivate, was going to be entrusted to him. It was in a letter addressed to his sister, Mrs. Daveluy, a nun of the Sacred Heart in Autun, on July 12, that he gave the first news of it. After recalling, in a perfect spirit of submission to the will of God, that he had been unoccupied for ten months already and that it was almost two years since he ceased all active ministry, he added: "And poor Korea! You know how much we have talked about it! It is still without a priest! We had hoped that the apostolic vicar could enter this year with two priests from the country, he went as far as the entrance, but it was impossible for him to get past it. The two young Koreans have not yet been ordained priests, they are deacons; only one of them has been able to enter, poor people! The couriers each time report some new arrests followed by torture and sometimes death; however they say that the number of catechumens is increasing greatly and that the pagans are inquiring in droves about religion, the blood of the martyrs is therefore also germinating in this country. The young Korean deacon who entered six months ago is a bold, enterprising and zealous young man (André Kim, of whom we will speak later. Ordained priest in Shanghai on August 17, 1845, he was arrested the following year and gloriously suffered martyrdom on September 16, 1846. He was declared Venerable on September 24, 1857, by S. S. Pius IX.). He has just pulled off a most daring stunt. He procures a Korean boat (which is to say that this boat is not a famous ship), then without a guide, without instruments, he embarks with a few Christian sailors to surrender

himself to Providence and try to cross 150 leagues of sea, to come and touch at a port in China. Everything was to be feared, the sea, the thieves and especially the Chinese, because when arriving in China the Koreans must be taken to Peking and brought back to their country. Well! the storm tested them, the masts had to be cut down, but all the men escaped, and after a thousand dangers they arrived in Shanghai, a port in China open to Europeans, and placed themselves under English protection. We have no details of the voyage; the apostolic vicar of Korea, who came to Macao on business, is going to leave again and board this boat to enter his mission. And what would you say if your brother were to accompany him? What do you think?

“Now, it is possible, perhaps probable, I was going to say decided; but let's not speak too quickly.

“I hope, and perhaps I will write in a few days to our good parents to announce this happy news; let's wait a few days; but, tell me, would I not be too happy! In Korea! Yes, you have all prayed so well that the thing does not seem impossible to me; but, in fact, I would blush at such an honor. If you ever learn of this, you will thank the good Lord. ; heard, right? But also you will not have news every day; to that I tell myself that the sacrifice has been made for a long time, and that we have promised ourselves to talk in Paradise at our ease, but I have not given up on this project, and I still hope to have there, according to the expression of Father Charrier, a small square foot; thus granted, if I go to Korea, to the grace of God, we will write when we can; but we will all be happy, and then, compensation in Paradise, which I do not renounce for that. “This time, it was not a vain hope. Eight days had not passed before the missionary could tell his beloved parents the great news:

“Hong Kong, July 20, 1845.

“Who has Jesus has everything!

“My dear parents, This time, as always, departures are hurried, I am at this moment in Hong Kong, having left Macao two days ago, and probably never to see him again.

“A letter received on Thursday morning (July 17), announced a ship for these days, the same evening I was on my way with my baggage in the company of Bishop Ferréol, apostolic vicar of Korea. I had believed for a long time that I should be sent to Liéou-Kiéou, islands dependent on this apostolic vicariate; but God did not allow it. Today I await the departure of a ship where our places are reserved for Shanghai. This is, as you know, the highest free port in China, it is not far from the Chusan Islands. There, still under the orders of Monseigneur, I must try to enter with him into Korea, into this poor country, deprived for so long of its pastors. It is useless to tell you what feeling animates me; none of you, I am sure, doubts my happiness: I did not dare to hope for this mission so beautiful, so consoling and which gives such beautiful hopes. I fear only one thing, that circumstances will put an obstacle to our entry, but for that again, I count on the help of your prayers and especially on those of all those associated with the Propagation.

“I would like to be certain of entering, my happiness would be at its height; if at this news your heart tightens even a little, if this name has a resonance that makes nature shudder, faith and piety will have to compensate for these fears.

“Our good Master has told us: Not a single hair of our head can fall without his permission. In this poor and arid country, we will always remember that the lily has a more beautiful garment than that of kings, and that food is not lacking for the birds of the air.

“Are we not more than that in the eyes of God,” said Jesus; “and if, by chance, we do not always have somewhere to lay our heads, assuredly the sight of him who, for us, was the first in this extremity, will well compensate for our sufferings. Pray then for our poor Christians. As for me, I am happy and happier than ever. Share my happiness, and let us thank the good Lord again for his kindness to me. From now on, it is useless to wait for news every

month, but I will give some whenever I am able. I will do it first from Shanghai, where I will give you all the details that I am able to have.

“For you, my dear parents, it seems to me that since you can only receive your letters very rarely, it will be enough to write to me four times a year: there is no point in paying more postage, which is completely a waste: if the routes subsequently open up, as is not likely for a long time, we will see to making other arrangements to take advantage of them.

“I say the same of religious objects, I cannot ask you now, it is so difficult to enter anything into this country. If anyone wants to make an offering in money, it will be very useful to us, in a country where the Christians are so poor and ruined by persecution, and where so many expenses are necessary to communicate with the outside world. Later, we will see about other objects.

“I doubt very much that I will be able to write subsequently to all the people to whom I have addressed a few lines since my departure; please make them accept my excuses on the occasion, but who knows the circumstances in which I will find myself? It may also happen that I write to some friends, without there being a letter for other relatives quite close. Please make it clear to those who might find it bad, that this is the only way for me to have news of those who are dear to me, while I will always have news from you of all the family. I received your letters of March and that of papa of April 3, announcing the entry into heaven of our dear little Marie; he will not miss the appointment again. I cannot mourn him, this dear child, his business is assured, his career so short has acquired him the goal. Let us all try to join him by the way that it will please God to indicate to us.

“M. de Ferrière not arriving, I leave without the letters that he has for me. They will come later to Korea to make me spend very sweet moments. I regret very much not to find a ship for the small consignments that I had been asked for; I had already made choice of about twenty objects for the use of the Chinese, fortunately I did not buy anything, because, when one cannot speak to the captain, it is impossible to entrust anything, and then, not knowing through which port the objects must pass, one cannot warn anyone to receive them. I left a fortnight too early, the ships from Europe are expected from day to day, besides, no one will hold it against me for that, I had already chosen everything. Farewell then, be at ease on my account, what the good Lord keeps is well kept. Do not expect a letter too soon, because the wind is contrary, and consequently the ships cannot go fast. Farewell to all, pray for me, all will be well.

“Your most devoted son, A. Daveluy, Miss. Apost.”

The time of rest was forever over in this world for Antoine Daveluy. He was going to enter this living sepulchre which was called Korea, this land of martyrs, at the entrance of which man could believe to read the frightening inscription of Dante's hell, was in his eyes as a priest and apostle only a blessed abode, filled with immortal hopes. But, before following him to this distant and inhospitable land, which will be the scene of his evangelical exploits and his glorious combat, it is necessary to say at least a few words about this country still so little known, and to summarize as briefly as possible the origin and history of the Catholic Church in Korea, which are both, as the historian of Bishop Berneux has so aptly said, only a long but glorious martyrology.

Chapter V.
Korea. Topography. — History.

Korea (in Chinese: Tsio-sien, the serenity of the morning), is the only country on the globe which, until our time, has remained separated from the rest of the world by an insurmountable barrier. No foreigner can cross its frontiers without being put to death, and, except for the French missionaries, who, braving the risk of a double capital sentence, have penetrated there, lived there and almost all shed their blood there, no European has set foot on Korean soil.

These barriers are beginning to be shaken; perhaps they have, in part, been lowered at the time of writing; we do not yet know; but, in fact, Korea is presently known only through information due to missionaries; It is with the help of these documents, preserved in the archives of the Foreign Missions Society and coming for the most part from Bishop Daveluy, that Mr. Dallet published, in 1874, the *History of the Church of Korea*, preceded by an introduction on the history, institutions, customs and traditions of Korea. The summary information that follows is almost all taken from this remarkable work.

We limit ourselves to general notions, reserving for Bishop Daveluy himself the right to make us better acquainted, through his correspondence, with the strange and barbarously civilized country where he spent twenty-one years of his life.

§ I. Topography.

The kingdom of Korea, vassal and tributary of the Chinese empire, situated in the north-east of Asia, is composed, says M. Dallet, of a peninsula of oblong shape, and a very considerable number of islands, especially along the west coast. The whole is between $33^{\circ} 15'$ and $42^{\circ} 25'$ north latitude; $122^{\circ} 15'$ and $128^{\circ} 30'$ east longitude of Paris. The inhabitants of the peninsula assign it an approximate length of 3,000 lys (The ly is 360 geometric paces, — 567 meters. Ten lys are equivalent to the nautical or geographical league of twenty to the degree.), about 300 leagues, and a width of 1,300 lys, or 130 leagues; but these figures are evidently exaggerated. Korea is bounded to the north by the Chan-yan-alin mountain range, dominated by the Paik-tou-san (white-headed mountain), and by the two great rivers which have their source in the opposite flank of this range. The Ya-lou-kiang (in Korean Am-nokang, river of the green duck) flows towards the west and empties into the Yellow Sea; it forms the natural frontier between Korea and the Chinese countries of Leao-tong and Manchuria. The Mi-kiang (in Korean Touman-kang) which empties into the Sea of Japan to the east, separates Korea from Manchuria and the new Russian territories, ceded by China in November 1860. — The other limits are: to the west and southwest, the Yellow Sea; to the east, the Sea of Japan; and to the southeast, the Korea Strait, with an average width of twenty-five leagues, which separates the Korean peninsula from the Japanese islands. Although the north of Korea is at the same latitude as the south of Italy, the climate of this country is not what is called a temperate climate. As in all the countries of the Far East, says M. Dallet, it is much colder there in winter, and much warmer in summer, than in the corresponding European countries. In the north, the Tou-man-kang is frozen for six months of the year, and the south of the peninsula, although at the same latitude as Malta or Sicily, remains covered for a long time with thick snow. At 35° latitude, the missionaries have not seen the thermometer fall below -15° centigrade, but at $37^{\circ} 30'$ or 38° , they have often found -25° . Spring and autumn are generally very fine. Summer, on the contrary, is the time of torrential rains which often interrupt, for several days, all communication. Korea is a country of mountains. A great chain, starting from the Chan-yan-alin in Manchuria, runs from north to south, following the eastern shore, the outline of which it determines, and the ramifications of this chain cover almost the entire country. These various branches of mountains leave

between them numerous valleys used for cultivation, but nowhere, it seems, do we find plains similar to our great plains of France. Vast forests occupy a large area of land. Construction timber of different species abounds there, especially pines and firs. The most beautiful are found in the northern provinces.

As we will see later, the population of Korea is estimated at approximately ten million inhabitants. The kingdom is divided into eight provinces. Its capital city is called Haniang. This name, however, is hardly in use and it is commonly called Seoul (or Sye-oul), which means: the big city, the capital. (1) Before going further, we want to warn one observation: Korean names are generally spelled differently in the note of Bishop Ridel, in the book of Mr. Dallet and sometimes also in the letters of the missionaries. This is due to the difficulty of rendering Korean pronunciation in French. Certain Korean letters have no equivalent in our alphabet and, in Korea as elsewhere, the pronunciation varying according to the provinces, each person has reproduced as best he could the sounds as he heard them. The spelling of Bishop Ridel is, we believe, the one that was definitively adopted, but as it is subsequent to the publication of Mr. Dallet's work, we have had to limit ourselves to reproducing exactly the names as given in the History of the Church of Korea or the authors we cite

II. History.

The Koreans are of Tartar origin. The first missionaries and travelers in China believed that the Korean language was only a patois of the Chinese language; they concluded from this the identity of origin of the two peoples, but we know today, with certainty, that the two languages and the two peoples differ. The history of this country is surrounded by great obscurity: it is very clearly summarized in a note by Bishop Ridel, apostolic vicar of Korea, immediate successor of Bishop Daveluy. This note was inserted in the January 12, 1882 issue of the geographical review *L'Exploration*. We will quote numerous extracts from it.

“There was a time,” said this prelate, “when Korea extended its limits beyond the country of the Manchus properly so-called, and made of the two states only one kingdom, inhabited by the same people. We still find in Manchuria certain families whose genealogy, religiously preserved, attests a Korean origin; we also find there tombs containing Korean weapons, coins, vases and books. The Manchu language has a great affinity with the Korean language. Such facts put beyond doubt the opinion which attributes to the two peoples a common stock, the Tartar race, of which they form two branches.

“Although different from the Chinese, the Koreans, from the most remote times, have been subject to the influence of the Celestial Empire. The traditions of both nations agree in regarding Keui-tja as the founder or legislator of Korea.

The prince had been condemned to exile for having allowed himself to address wise representations to the emperor Syang-tjyou, the Nero of China. However, the tyrant disappeared, leaving the throne to Tjyou-mou-oang, his adversary, founder of a new dynasty. Recalled from exile by Tjyou-mou-oang, and rallying around his person the remains of the troops who had served the dynasty of Syang or Eun, Keui-tja went to Korea around the year 1122 BC. He was recognized as king, and established his capital at Hepyeng-yang (northwest of present-day Korea, in the province of Hpyengan). The Koreans were still a savage people. Keui-tja civilized them, teaching them rites and music. His dynasty lasted about a thousand years. Only, like all distant uncultured ages, devoid of historical monuments, this period is shrouded in darkness. “We know absolutely nothing,” says Father Dallet, “of the history of Korea before the first century of the Christian era. Only then do we find traces of three distinct states, which share the peninsula: to the north and northeast the kingdom of Ko-rye, to the west that of Paik-tjyei, to the southeast that of Sin-la. A chaos of interminable civil wars between these rival states, quarrels constantly recurring between the kingdom of Ko-rye and

China on the one hand, between the kingdom of Sin-la and Japan on the other hand, such was the history of Korea for more than ten centuries. What seems obvious is that towards the end of this period the kingdom of Sin-la had a marked preponderance over the other two. Indeed, the histories of Korea give the name of Sin-la to the dynasty which preceded that of Ko-rye. Another proof of this superiority is that the West and the North appear to have almost always been, willingly or by force, under the suzerainty of China, while the South or kingdom of Sin-la supported, for centuries, the war against Japan, with alternating successes and reverses. The Japanese annals mention about fifty successive treaties between the two peoples.

In any case, towards the end of the eleventh century of the Christian era, Oang-ken, that is to say Oang the founder, united into one the three kingdoms of Ko-kou-rye (Ko-rye), Paik-tjyei and Sin-la. At this time began the Ko-rye dynasty, a designation applied from then on to the new monarchy, from which came the name of Korea, under which the present kingdom is still known to Europeans. It established its seat at Syon (in the province of Kyeng-keui), where it reigned for more than three hundred years, submitted to the suzerainty of the Mongol emperors (Ouen), masters of China, in recognition of the services received; protected Buddhism, introduced into Korea in the fourth century, and made it the official religion. “ This dynasty was supplanted by the Ni dynasty, currently reigning, of which Bishop Ridel gives the complete list; we will only mention a few dates and facts.

The founder of the dynasty, Htai-tjo, son of Hoan-tjo, reigned seven years (from 1391 to 1398). With the support of the Myeng, who were about to dethrone the Mongols, he seized the whole kingdom in the year Im-sin (1392); moved the capital from Syong-to to Han-yang (Sye-oul); divided the country into eight provinces, a division maintained to this day, organized the system of government which is still in force, built the wall surrounding Sye-oul (Seoul); abandoned the religion of Buddha to itself and adopted the doctrine of Confucius, which soon became the official religion.

The origin of the two political parties known as Tong-in and Sye-in is traced back to the time of Syeng-tjong, who reigned for 25 years, from 1469 to 1494, followed some time later by the Nam-in and the Pouk-in, whose divisions caused so much harm to Korea and who, after many struggles and transformations, formed the four great parties into which the Korean nobility is still divided, who alone take part in the government in this country where the people are absolutely nothing.

During the reign of Tjyoung-tjong (1505-1544), there was war between Korea and Japan, on the occasion of the revolt of Tai-ma-te and other Japanese provinces tributary to Korea.

“Syen-tjo reigned for 41 years (1566-1607). He had to endure, in 1592, a formidable Japanese invasion launched by Taïko-sama; and that would have been the end of Korean independence, if the death of the powerful chogonn (1598) had not stopped the conquest, by determining the recall of the expedition. The peace treaty, definitively signed by the head of the new chogunal dynasty, imposed on the Koreans the obligation to pay each year a tribute of thirty human skins, a tax which was later changed into a less barbaric annual fee. The same treaty assured the Japanese the ownership of the port of Fou-san (Pou-san), where they have acquired since 1876 the right to trade. “

“In-tjo reigned 27 years (1621-1648). In 1636, he took the side of the Myeng against the Manchus, who aspired to the empire of China. The latter, victorious, took revenge on Korea by turning their weapons against it. After invading the country, they went to dictate to Sye-oul himself the onerous and humiliating conditions of the treaty, by virtue of which the kings of Korea recognize themselves as subjects of the new Sons of Heaven.” Under Syuk-tjong, who reigned for 44 years (1676-1720), the Sye-in party, split into two, gave birth to the Syo-ron and the No-ron. In 1720, at the beginning of the reign of Kyeng-tjong (1720-1724),

the four parties No-ron, Syo-ron, Narn-in and Syopouk were divided into two camps: that of the Pyek-pai and that of the Si-pai (1).

(1) These four parties still exist and they have played an important role in the persecutions against Christianity. When the Christian religion was introduced into Korea at the end of the last century, says Mr. Dallet, most of the nobles who converted first were Si, and belonged to the Nam-in party; it did not take more to stir up the Pyek and the No-ron against it, and these political hatreds were largely responsible for the first persecutions. The Nam-in party, extremely powerful until 1801, could not withstand the shock; it was completely overthrown, most of its leaders perished, and today the No-ron, in full possession of power, no longer have to fear serious competitors. The Syo-ron, a numerous but flexible and accommodating party, obtained a fairly large number of dignities. Some are granted, but with reserve, to the Nam-in and the Syo-pouk. The latter, moreover, are few in number and have no influence in the country.

Here, according to M. Dallet, is how a Korean caricature represents this state of affairs. The richly dressed No-ron is seated at a sumptuously served table, and savors at his ease the best pieces. The Syo-ron seated next to him, but a little behind, graciously acts as a servant, and as a reward for his obsequiousness receives a part of the food. The Syo-pouk, knowing that the feast is not for him, is seated much further away with a serious and calm air; he will have some leftovers when the others are satisfied. Finally the Nam-in, covered in rags, stands behind the No-ron, whom he is not seen by; he is vexed, gnashes his teeth, and shakes his fist, like a man who promises himself a resounding vengeance.

This caricature, published twenty or thirty years ago, gives a very accurate idea of the respective positions of the parties at the present time. — DALLET. Introduction, p. XXIII.

Yeng-tjong, youngest son of Syouk-tjong, reigned 52 years (1724-1776). He abolished a large number of tortures and forbade the branding of thieves on the forehead. A skillful but cruel monarch, he used the Pyek-pai, his partisans, to execute a large number of Si-pai. He was succeeded by his grandson, Tjyeng-tjong, under whom Christianity was introduced, for the first time, in Korea in a definitive manner.

“Tjyeng-tjong reigned 24 years (1776-1800). A wise, moderate, prudent prince, a friend of science. He revised and published the code in 1785; favored the Nam-in Si-pai, men of merit, against the Pyek-pai, partisans of the opposition.

“Syoun-tjo, son of Tyeng-tjong, reigned 34 years (1800-1834). — The No-ron Pyek-pai took advantage of the regency to satisfy their political and religious hatreds against the Nam-in. The year 1801 was marked in blood by a general persecution against Christianity; in 1802 a defamatory libel appeared, in the form of a proclamation or instruction to the people, which served as a basis for subsequent persecutions.

“Ik-tjong, son of Syoun-tjo, appears in 1834 in the history of his dynasty, and disappears immediately. His wife, Tjo-tai-pi, still alive, adopted the currently reigning king.

“Hen-tjong, son of Ik-tjong, reigned 15 years (1834-1849); began to publicly sell literary degrees; debauched prince, accomplice in the fanaticism of his ministers. In 1839, great persecution against Christianity.

“Tchyel-tjong, adopted son of Syoun-tjo, reigned 14 years (1849-1863). He was the grandson of a younger brother of Tjyeng-tjong, and, consequently, great-grandson of Sato. Prince gentle in character, loving his subjects, but stupid; died without posterity. His wife, Kim-tai-pi, died in 1878.

“The month of January 1863 was marked by a palace revolution which placed on the throne the current king, then aged 12, son of a prince of the royal family. Adopted by Tjo-tai-pi, widow of King Ik-tjong, the new monarch, by a dynastic fiction, used in the Far East, is regarded as the son of Ik-tjong and younger brother of Hen-tjong. During his minority, his

real father held the reins of government under the title of Tai-onen-koun. In 1866, violent persecution instigated by the four principal ministers and fomented by the regent, a bloodthirsty man.

The latter was excluded from power in 1874 (?) by his son, who had come of age, a prince of a character inclined to clemency.”

Chapter VI

Korea (continued). Relations with China and other nations.— religion and superstitions.— Korean language.

§ I. Relations with China and other nations.

The subjection of the kingdom of Korea to the Chinese empire is very real (events have demonstrated this very recently with great evidence). Each year, a Korean embassy goes to pay tribute to Peking and receive the calendar. This last obligation, says Mr. Dallet, is, in the minds of these peoples, of capital importance. In China, the fixing of the calendar is an imperial right, exclusively reserved for the person of the Son of Heaven. Various courts of astronomers and mathematicians were charged with preparing it, and each year the emperor promulgated it by an edict, bearing the great seal of the State, forbidding under penalty of death to follow or publish another. The great dignitaries of the empire went to receive it solemnly at the palace of Peking; the mandarins and subordinate employees received it from the governors or viceroys. To receive this calendar was to declare oneself subject and tributary to the emperor; to refuse it was to put oneself in open insurrection. Never since the treaty did the kings of Korea dare to do without the imperial calendar; but to safeguard their authority over their own subjects, and to give themselves a certain air of independence, they affect to make some changes, placing the long lunations (those of thirty days) at different intervals, advancing or delaying the intercalary months, etc., so that the Koreans, to know the civil dates and the time of official festivals, are forced to wait for the publication of their own calendar.

Furthermore, each new king of Korea must ask the emperor for investiture; he must give an account of everything concerning his family, and of the principal events which occur in his kingdom. Most of the Chinese ambassadors being, in the imperial hierarchy, of a higher rank than the king of Korea, the latter must go outside his capital to receive them and offer them his humble greetings, and he must for this purpose take a different door from that by which the ambassador makes his entry. The latter, during his stay, does not leave the palace intended for him, and everything that appears each day on his table, dishes, silverware, etc., becomes his property, which causes the Korean government enormous expenses. It also seems that Korean ambassadors do not have the right to pass through the gate of Pien-men, the first Chinese city on the border, near the Yellow Sea (1), and that they are obliged to make a detour. The imperial color is forbidden to the king of Korea; he cannot wear a crown similar to that of the emperor; all civil acts must be dated from the years of the emperor; and when something serious happens in Peking, the king must send by an extraordinary embassy, his congratulations or his condolences, according to the case. The embassies in Peking and two fairs which will be discussed were until now the only means by which the inhabitants of Korea could have some relations with the rest of the world. The commercial relations of this kingdom with neighboring nations were almost nil. In order to better preserve its independence against its two powerful neighbors, China and Japan, says Mr. Dallet, this country has locked itself in complete isolation. All communication with foreigners, except in cases provided for by law, is a crime worthy of death. According to international conventions, no Chinese or Japanese may settle in Korea, and vice versa. Chinese ambassadors who come from Seoul leave their entourage at the frontier, except for one or two servants attached to their person, and while they are in the capital, do not leave the palace assigned to them as their residence. Korean ambassadors may, on the contrary, enter China with all the people in their entourage, and circulate freely in the streets of Peking during their stay. It was through relations established with Chinese Christians by members of the Korean embassy that Christianity owed its introduction into Korea, towards the end of the last century.

During the ambassador's passage through Pien-men, on the way there and back, there is a fair which lasts several days. The mandarin of Ei-tsiou, the last Korean town on the Chinese frontier, has the sole right to have relations by letters with the authorities of Pien-men, at all times of the year. Every two years, another fair is held at the northern extremity of the province of Hamkieng, between Hung-tchoung, a Tartar village in that part of Manchuria which was recently ceded to the Russians, and Kieng-ouen, the nearest Korean town (1). This fair is considerable, but it lasts only two or three days, and only a few hours each day, from noon to sunset. At the given signal, everyone hurries to cross the frontier again, and the soldiers push the stragglers with their lances. If we add the monthly markets between the Koreans and the few Japanese soldiers established at Fusan-kai, we will have mentioned all the relations that Korea had by land with other nations. By sea, it had even less. Chinese or Japanese ships are allowed to come and fish for hai-san (holothuria) on the shore of Pieng-an, and herring on the coasts of Hoanghai, but on two conditions: never to set foot on land, and never to meet, in the open sea, with the people of the country, under penalty of confiscation of the ship and imprisonment of the crew. The first condition is generally observed, but there is, between the Korean boats and the Chinese junks, sheltered by the innumerable rocks or islets of the Korean archipelago, a fairly considerable contraband trade. The mandarins, for a few secret profits, turn a blind eye. If the storm throws a Chinese ship on the Korean coast or a Korean ship on the Chinese coast, the shipwrecked are picked up, maintained by the government, carefully guarded to prevent any communication between them and the inhabitants, and returned by land to the first city of their country.

Return by sea is forbidden to them. Between Japan and Korea, repatriation is done by sea, but with similar precautions.

This state of affairs, so strange, will probably change. It is announced, in fact, that Korea, which has already concluded a trade treaty with Japan, in 1876, has just concluded one with the United States of America and England. The latter coincided with a terrible revolution repressed by China, as suzerain of Korea. We still lack details on these events and we propose to give in a note, at the end of this volume, those which have been able to reach us, before the completion of the printing of our book. The details of the political situation of Korea and its relations with foreign nations, given in this chapter, therefore apply to the state of this kingdom before the month of June 1882, and especially to the time when Bishop Daveluy lived there

Let us hope that these relations with the Christian nations will be an opportunity for this unfortunate people to better understand the divine religion that they have hitherto persecuted with a pitiless fury for which they have already been terribly punished. Let us hope that, later, under the shelter of the French flag, Catholicism will be able to freely enter the Korean land, which was recently watered with the blood of French missionaries, that once again we will see the words of Tertullian come true: *Sanguis martyrum, semen christianorum* (The blood of martyrs is a seed of Christians), that the land of martyrs will remain the land of saints, and that the victorious cross will see the infernal legions flee before it, whose shameful and ridiculous superstitions still possess and abuse the Korean people.

§ II. Religion and superstitions.

Buddhism (or the doctrine of Fô), introduced into Korea in the 4th century, became the official religion until the 14th, when it was replaced by the doctrine of Confucius. These two doctrines, as has often been noted and, according to Mr. Dallet, with great accuracy, are, at bottom, only two different forms of atheism. But, if almost all Koreans are practically atheists, on the other hand and by an inevitable consequence, they are the most superstitious of men.

They see the devil everywhere, we will say again with Mr. Dallet; they believe in auspicious and inauspicious days, in propitious or unfavorable places; everything is a sign of happiness or misfortune to them.

They constantly consult fate and diviners; they multiply conjurations, sacrifices, spells, before, during and after all their actions or important enterprises. In each house, there are one or two earthenware jugs to contain the household gods: Seng-tsou, the protector of birth and life; Tse-tsou, the protector of dwellings, etc., and from time to time one makes the great prostration before these jugs. If some accident happens while passing over a mountain, one is required to make some offering to the genius of the mountain. Hunters have special observances for days of success or failure; the sailors even more, because they make sacrifices and offerings to all the winds of the sky, to the stars, to the earth, to the water. On the roads, and especially on the tops of the hills, there are small temples or only piles of stones; each passer-by will hang a paper, ribbon, or other sign on the temple, or throw a stone on the pile.

The snake is in Korea, as everywhere and always among the pagans, the object of a superstitious fear; very few Koreans would dare to kill one. Sometimes, they even provide food in abundance, and regularly, to the snakes that lodge in the roofs or walls of their hovels. A man in mourning cannot kill any animal; he does not even dare to get rid of the vermin that devours him. The women, who in this country do all possible jobs, would never want to kill a chicken, or even gut it after it had been killed by another person.

Most families carefully keep the fire in the house, and make sure never to let it go out. If such a misfortune were to happen, it would be for the family the prognosis and the cause of the greatest misfortunes, etc.

§ III. Korean language.

The letters of Bishop Daveluy will complete our knowledge of these superstitions and religious practices of the Koreans who, for the great majority, are limited to the cult of ancestors, just as they will initiate us into the manners, customs and dress of this distant country; for the moment, we will end our extracts, already very long from Mr. Dallet's book, with a few notes on the Korean language, this language so different from ours (1) by its origins, its rules, its pronunciation, so strange for Westerners, that our missionaries alone have revealed to European linguists, to whom it was totally unknown.

The author of the History of the Church of Korea gives the most interesting details on this subject, which he accompanies with explanatory tables. We limit ourselves to saying that Korean belongs to the languages commonly called Tartar languages and which present the greatest differences with the Indo-European languages or languages with inflections.

(1) The Korean alphabet is composed of twenty-five letters: eleven vowels and fourteen consonants. Of the eleven vowels, seven are simple: a, ô, o, ou, eu, i, â; the other four are wet, that is to say preceded by the sound i, which is pronounced with the following vowel in a single emission of voice: ia, iô, io, iou.

There are nine simple consonants; k, n, t, l, m, p, s, ng, ts, and five aspirated: tch, M, th, pli, h. — The sounds that are missing in Korean are: for vowels, Vu français, although the sound of one of the diphthongs is somewhat similar; for consonants b, g dur, f, v, j, ch, d, z. Sometimes k takes the sound of g dur, M and p take the sound of b, but Koreans cannot pronounce the other letters. Similarly, although they pronounce r very well between two vowels, they cannot pronounce this letter at the beginning of a word, nor when it is immediately joined to another consonant: for pra, tra, etc., they will be obliged to say pira, tira.- Korean is written from top to bottom, syllable by syllable, in a perpendicular column. We begin on the right of the page. Pagination is also counted from right to left, so that the end of a Korean book is where it would seem to us to be the beginning.

We will see, in the rest of this work, that the missionaries devoted themselves with ardor to the study of Korean. Bishop Daveluy, who mastered the Korean language better than many Koreans, had worked for a long time on a Chinese-Korean-French dictionary; M. Pourthié had composed another Korean-Chinese-Latin; M. Petitnicolas had made the Latin-Korean dictionary, which included more than thirty thousand Latin words and nearly one hundred thousand Korean words. These various dictionaries, as well as a grammar composed in common, were completed, and work was being done on copying them, in order to keep a copy of each in the mission, while another would be sent to France to be printed there, when the persecution of 1866 broke out. Everything was seized and given over to the flames. Since then, Bishop Ridel, apostolic vicar of Korea, and his new confreres have partly re-done the work of their predecessors, the martyrs, and prepared, with the help of some highly educated native Christians, a grammar and a dictionary of the Korean language. These works have recently been published in Nagasaki. The dictionary is accompanied by the most beautiful map of Korea that has yet been unearthed.

Chapter VII
Christianity in Korea.
(1594-1839)

The Church of Korea, which has already given heaven a legion of martyrs, is not yet a century old. Indeed, the Korean peninsula is one of the parts of the ancient world where the Christian faith was most late in establishing itself. Moreover, we have only confused and sometimes contradictory notions about the preaching of the Gospel in some part of Korea, before the end of the 18th century.

Towards the end of the 16th century, says Father Dallet (1), forty years after the death of Saint Francis Xavier, when the flourishing Church of Japan already numbered millions of children, when China, evangelized since the 6th century, evangelized again in the 13th and 14th centuries, had just reopened itself for the third time to the zeal of missionaries, the kingdom of Korea, whose very name was unknown in Europe, had not yet heard Jesus Christ preached.

In 1592, Taïko-sama, having become master of all Japan, conceived the project of conquering China.

To clear the way, he had Korea invaded by an army of two hundred thousand men, who defeated the Koreans and the Chinese who came to their aid, seized five provinces out of eight, took the capital, caused an immense carnage, and sent a considerable number of prisoners as slaves to Japan.

Most of these Japanese soldiers were Christians, for Taïko-sama, who had secretly resolved to make the religion of Jesus Christ disappear from Japan, had mainly employed Christian princes and lords for this expedition.

He intended, if they were victorious, to give them appanages in the conquered country, and to transplant there willingly or by force all the Christians of his empire; if they were defeated, to abandon them without help and thus get rid of them, without giving himself the odium of open persecution.

The war being prolonged in Korea, the Christian princes and lords, and especially Augustin Arimadono, king of Hingo and grand admiral of Japan, the principal and most zealous of them, made strong requests to the superior of the mission of Japan to obtain a priest. Towards the end of 1594, the vice-provincial of the Society of Jesus sent them Father Gregorio de Cespedes, and a Japanese brother named Foucan Eion. This Father and his companion were forced to winter on the island of Tsechima, whose prince, a zealous neophyte, was himself serving in Korea. They baptized a large number of pagans there. Finally, at the beginning of 1594, they arrived in Korea and reached the fortress of Comangai where Augustine resided. Father de Cespedes exercised his ministry among the Japanese troops for nearly a year, with inexpressible zeal and great fruits; but he was suddenly arrested in the middle of his work. A pagan general, jealous of Prince Augustine, denounced him to Taïko-sama, claiming that his efforts and those of the missionary for the propagation of the Christian faith concealed a conspiracy against the emperor. Augustine, warned, immediately sent Father de Cespedes back to Japan; he returned there himself shortly afterwards and easily managed to justify himself from the accusation brought against him.

At this same time, the prince of Tsechima sent to his wife Marie, daughter of Augustin, two young Korean slaves: one, son of a secretary of the king of Korea and the other, also of very noble family. The princess immediately sent the eldest to the seminary of the PP. Jesuits and kept the other at home, until he could be sent there in his turn. A large number of the Koreans sent captive to Japan converted to Christianity, and great hopes were conceived for the conversion of Korea if the Christian faith could from then on be preached

there. Unfortunately these hopes were not realized. In 1598, Taïko-sama, feeling himself dying, sent his troops the formal order to abandon all their conquests, and to return immediately to Japan. His son's guardians pressed the execution of this order, and the whole of Korea, except the military post of Fusan-kai on the south-east coast, found itself, without a fight, under the authority of its own king.

Did the Japanese troops, in leaving Korea, leave behind some germs of Christianity, and should the true origin of the Korean Church be traced back to this expedition? This has been said and repeated in recent times; but this assertion, says M. Dallet (1), does not bear serious examination.

During his stay in Korea, in 1594, Father de Cespedes had seen no other natives than the prisoners of war who were being sent to Japan to be sold as slaves. The letters written at that time by the Jesuits of Japan to their Father General prove that it had been impossible for him to enter into relations with the people of the country. In fact, the tactic of the Koreans was to isolate the Japanese, by completely devastating the country around the fortresses they occupied; most of the inhabitants had fled to the northern provinces; the others retreated before the invaders, and, at their approach, sought refuge in the woods and mountains. After the departure of Father de Cespedes, the Japanese army remained in Korea for more than three years, but the zealous missionary was unable to return, and no other priest was sent in his place. The Christian Japanese were no more able than he to establish contact with the inhabitants; moreover, the innate hatred of the Koreans for everything foreign, the natural exasperation of a vanquished people against its conquerors, would certainly have caused any attempt at proselytism to fail. The Koreans taken to Japan as prisoners of war thus had, alone among their compatriots, the opportunity to learn the Christian faith, and thank God, a great number took advantage of it. A few years after the expedition of Taïko-sama, there began in Japan itself that persecution so long, so bloody, so glorious which seemed to have to extinguish Christianity there, and it is easy to understand that the missionaries of this country could no longer think of Korea, and made no attempt to penetrate there.

In this great persecution, a certain number of Korean neophytes shared with their Japanese brothers the honor of confessing Jesus Christ before the executioners. Their life and their martyrdom belong to the Church of Japan, but, by their birth, they are the first fruits of the Church of Korea. We will limit ourselves to citing Corne Taquea (Takeya); Antoine, catechist of the Fathers.

Jesuits; Caius (Caïo); and Vincent Caun (KouanCafioë) of the Society of Jesus, beatified by Pius IX, on "July 7, 1867 (1).

The Japanese invasion had disappeared from Korea, without leaving any trace of Christianity. Two centuries were to pass before the faith could penetrate this unfortunate country. The only fact to be cited during this long interval is the introduction into Korea, by means of the annual embassy in China, of some Christian books in the Chinese language. Indeed, the Korean ambassadors and the members of their retinue could not be absolutely ignorant of the existence of the missionaries in Peking and, for their part, the Father Jesuits, established at the imperial court, could not, however embarrassed they were in the exercise of their zeal, let slip the opportunity to enter into contact with the representatives of a pagan kingdom not yet evangelized.

Dispatches and interviews of this kind are cited in 1631 and 1720.

Ni Siou, one of the ancestors of the martyr Charles Ni and one of the most famous Korean scholars, mentions in his writings the Chinese book of Father Ricci entitled True Principles on God and he gives a fairly exact analysis of it. He also speaks of the constitution of the Church under the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The reading of a few Christian books and these few necessarily rare and limited reports of the ambassadors with the missionaries of Peking had been able to give the Koreans

only a very vague idea of Christianity. It was nevertheless sufficient, if we are to believe Korean traditions, to convert a man of good will. This man, named Hong Iou-han-i, or Sa-riang-i, lived in Niei-san; he was born in 1736, of an honorable family whose members had often held important positions. In 1770, he came across Christian books, read them with joy, abandoned all other studies, and devoted himself to the practice of religion. Having neither a calendar nor a prayer book, and knowing only that the festivals followed one another every seven days, he began to religiously rest on the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th of each month, leaving aside, on those days, all the affairs of the world, to devote himself entirely to prayer. As he did not know the days of abstinence, he made it a rule to always deprive himself of the most delicate dishes, giving as a reason to those who remarked to him the fact that natural greed is bad in itself, and that it must be tamed as much as possible. Several edifying traits are related of him. It is said that he spent thirteen years in the mountains of Paik-san, to devote himself without hindrance, in solitude, to contemplation and prayer. He died at Niei-san, probably never having received any other baptism than the baptism of desire. We do not see that he sought to convert anyone, and at his death, he left no disciples.

We can see, in several places in the collection of Edifying Letters, the interest that the Jesuit missionaries of Peking had in Korea, and the care with which they collected the information, very rare, that they could obtain on this still unknown country where they would have been happy to bring the good news and to suffer for the name of Jesus Christ. Their desires were in vain and they had disappeared from the Chinese empire as from the rest of the world, when divine mercy finally opened the doors of Korea to the Gospel, in 1784.

It is to the long and patient research of Bishop Daveluy that we owe the information that has reached us on the history of Christianity in Korea since the Japanese invasion of 1592. The author of the History of the Church of Korea has only reproduced and implemented the documents sent by the Bishop of Acônes. The history of the facts, events and persecutions that took place from 1784 to 1845, the date of the entry into Korea of Bishop Ferréol and Mr. Daveluy, comprises no less than 650 octavo pages. It is easy to imagine that we have not even thought of giving an analysis of it. We had to limit ourselves to a very brief summary, and we are happy to have found this summary coming from the pen of one of Bishop Daveluy's companions in martyrdom, Mr. Aumaître. We therefore reproduce it verbatim with some additions and corrections borrowed from Mr. Dallet's book. — The missionary from Korea wrote to one of his friends: "Catholic books, brought from China, fell into the hands of some literate Koreans in the second half of the 18th century.

They often gathered with their friends to study together the questions treated in these books. In 1777, a young man full of ardor and talent," whose Korean relations paint a magnificent portrait both morally and physically, "Ni Piek-i, made a long and arduous journey to join them. Unable to practice everything that Christianity teaches, since they did not know it, they conformed their lives to it as much as they could. Thus, "as Hong Iou-han-i did at the same time, "they observed a kind of Sunday which they fixed on the seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first and twenty-eighth days of each month.

"In 1783 (M. Aumaître writes 1784, but this year is that of the return of the embassy, which left Korea towards the end of 1783.), the son of one of the ambassadors who each year bring to China the tribute of Korea and the intimate friend of Piek-i, was strongly requested by the latter to obtain information on the religion of the Europeans. Ni Seng-houn-i (that was the name of this young man), having arrived in Peking, went to see Bishop Alexandre de Gouvea, Portuguese, of the Order of Saint Francis, and received from him the first notions of the faith. On his return to Korea, in 1784, he announced to his friends that he had received baptism and that he bore the name of Peter. He sent his friend Piek-i pictures and books that the latter hastened to read and study in retreat. Strengthened by this study, Piek-i came out of

his retreat and preached the new doctrine with great brilliance and great success. Have you ever seen, my dear friend, anything similar in the whole history of the Church?

“In 1785, a new convert, Thomas Kim Pem-ou, seized by the minister of crimes, who wanted to stop the progress of religion, was sent into exile in a distant city. He died there two years later, from the effects of the tortures he had endured for the faith. A martyr in a country where there was not yet a priest! I find, dear friend, that this is a prodigious effect of divine grace. The Koreans evangelized themselves. In their good will and also their ignorance, they improvised a clergy. François-Xavier Kouen, who had worked zealously for the propagation of religion, was elected bishop; Pierre Ni Seng-houn-i, Louis-de-Gonzague Ni Tan-ouen-i and a few others were elected priests. They immediately began to exercise a sort of ecclesiastical ministry; this lasted about two years. But, in 1789, the more attentive reading of some books on religion gave rise to doubts about the validity of their election and their ministry. They consulted the Bishop of Peking, who reprimanded them and gave them wise instructions on the sacraments, preaching, and ancestor worship. These instructions were gratefully received and most complied with them. There were, however, separations because of ancestor worship; some weak Christians then abandoned the practice of religion.

“However, the faithful Christians did not cease to ask for a true priest. They made several attempts to obtain one, which came to nothing. In the meantime, a violent persecution broke out which should have drowned this nascent Church in the blood and tears of its martyrs, if the blood of the martyrs had no longer been a seed of Christians. This very persecution,” signaled by glorious triumphs and by some shameful defections, “was what earned them the favor of finally receiving the priest they had been calling for so long. Bishop de Govea sent them a young Chinese priest, Jacques Tsiou, called Jacques Vellozo by the Portuguese. It was on December 23, 1794 that he entered Korea. He was originally from the province of Kiang-nan and had exercised the holy ministry in the province of Peking. “Father Tsiou arrived in the capital at the beginning of 1795; he hastened to devote himself to the exercise of his holy ministry. On Easter Day, he had, for the first time in Korea, the happiness of celebrating the holy Sacrifice and of giving communion to the people he had confessed the day before. The zeal of the pious missionary bore happy fruits; nevertheless, Father Tsiou had to remain hidden, in order to escape the police who never ceased to search for him. For six years he thus continued his laborious work, in the midst of incessant partial persecutions, which were crowned, in 1801, by a terrible general persecution.

In the presence of the implacable rigors of the persecutors, Father Tsiou believed he had to surrender himself to those who had so long sought him in vain.

On April 28, 1801, he presented himself at the prison door; the court servants having asked him who he was and what he wanted: “I too,” he told them, “practice the religion of the Christians. I have heard that it is severely prohibited by the government, and that every day innocent people are being killed in great numbers; as my life would henceforth be useless, I come to ask you for death. It is I who am this priest whom you seek in vain everywhere. It seems that in your kingdom there is not a single able man, since until now no one has been able to discover me.” He was immediately seized and put in prison. The president of the court asked him why he had come to Korea, he replied: “I had only one motive in entering, that of preaching the true religion, and thereby saving the souls of these poor people.” During his trial, Father Tsiou had a countenance worthy of his good life, and on May 31, 1801, he had the joy of giving his blood for the faith he had come to preach. Christian tradition assures that he predicted almost at the moment of his death, that in thirty years, priests would return to Korea. It was, in fact, only after thirty-two years of waiting that the Christians received new missionaries.

The persecution of 1801 caused the death of a great number of heroic victims, among whom we will only mention Luthgarde Ni, a young woman aged 18 to 19, “the pearl of all the “martyrs of Korea”, whose beautiful and touching story we will see later on when Bishop Daveluy sent her sisters.

We find in the story of the death of these martyrs traits that recall what the history of the first centuries of the Church offers us of the most admirable. Let us mention just one: Colombe Kang, from a noble Korean family, suffered six times without weakening the terrible torture of having her bones spread. Those who saw her thus as impassive in the midst of torture, said: “She is a genius and not a “woman”. Her stepson Philip, arrested with her but imprisoned in another prison, having appeared to weaken in the torments, she learned of it and having seen him from afar, one day as he was going to the tribunal, she cried out to him in a loud voice: “Jesus is above your head and sees you; can you blind yourself and lose yourself like this? Take courage, my child, think of the happiness of heaven!” This generous exhortation saved the soul of the young man who, strengthened by these words, received the crown of martyrdom a few months later.

Would one not believe one was hearing the mother of Saint Symphorian? In all centuries and in all places, the Church is always the same.

Likewise, one is struck by the resemblance or rather the identity of the infamous calumnies officially uttered against Christianity by the Korean persecutors in the 19th century and by the pagan emperors of the first three centuries of our era; and yet, says Mr. Dallet rightly, the regent of Korea and her ministers certainly did not think of copying the decrees of Nero or Diocletian; but, like them, they wrote under the dictation of the same spirit of lies, which at all times has used, and will always use, the same weapons against God and his Church.

The persecution ended at the beginning of 1802. “The Christians who had escaped punishment found themselves in the saddest situation; but they did not become discouraged: on the contrary, each year they made new attempts to obtain priests; they even wrote to Rome. France, then agitated by all the troubles that you know about, placed relatively few subjects at the disposal of the Sovereign Pontiff. It was necessary to wait nearly thirty years and to go through more cruel persecutions, before obtaining these priests that they requested with such insistence. It was only in 1831 that the successor of Saint Peter separated Korea from the diocese of Peking to entrust it to the Society of Foreign Missions. I would never finish, said Mr. Aumaître in closing, if I wanted to go into all the details of the persecutions that the devil has caused in this country and the admirable examples of courage and patience that the martyrs have provided. I have drawn this information from the notes of Bishop Daveluy, coadjutor of Bishop Berneux. Before long, I hope, a work will be published in Paris that will tell at length so many wonders of divine grace. You will be able to nourish your piety there at leisure. “The book announced is none other than the History of the Church of Korea, from which we have already borrowed more than once. It was not to appear until 1874, eight years after the glorious death of the missionary who announced it and of the bishop who had collected the documents; both had enriched it with an immortal page by their last battles.

It was in 1827 that the Holy See took the resolution to erect Korea into an apostolic vicariate and to entrust this mission to the Society of Foreign Missions of Paris. Questioned on this subject, the French missionaries, without accepting or refusing positively, submitted to the sacred Congregation of Propaganda their doubts and their difficulties on the possibility of undertaking this formidable mission and ended by declaring themselves ready to obey the orders of Rome.

Shortly after, a member of this Society, Mr. Barthélemy Bruguière, who was to be consecrated bishop of Capsus and coadjutor of the apostolic vicar of Siam, generously offered himself first for the mission of Korea; Finally, by a brief of September 9, 1831, — thirty years

after the death of Father Tsiou, — Pope Gregory XVI erected the kingdom of Korea into an apostolic vicariate, entirely distinct and independent of the diocese of Peking. By another brief, of the same day, Bishop Bruguière, Bishop of Capsus in partibus, was named apostolic vicar of Korea. As soon as he learned of his nomination (July 1832), with an intrepidity that was equaled only by his zeal, almost without any resources, without even knowing the Chinese language or customs, Bishop Bruguière set out. A young Chinese priest, a student at the college of Naples, Father Pacifique Yu, placed under his control, had already left and quite happily managed to penetrate into Korea, where, unfortunately, instead of preparing the way for the apostolic vicar, he only sought to create obstacles for him.

Bishop Bruguière himself retraced in a long account the numerous adventures of his journey, of more than fifteen hundred leagues, across China. He had to endure unheard-of fatigue, to overcome innumerable obstacles, and the physical pains were still nothing in comparison with the anguish caused to him by the timidity of his guides and his hosts, without all this shaking his courage and his confident serenity. Finally, in the month of October 1833, he arrived at Chang-si, on the borders of Mongol Tartary. He left there to go to Korea.

After long delays and painful waiting, the bishop arrived at Sivang, in Tartary, where he met his colleague Mr. Maubant, who was to accompany him to Korea. Bishop Bruguière managed to establish relations with the Koreans, who seemed hardly less timid than the Chinese. However, after another year of waiting and efforts, Bishop Bruguière had arrived at the gates of his mission. This three-year journey, these fatigues, these privations, these countless annoyances had only purified his heart and increased his charity. As his host, Mr. Mouly, then a missionary at Sivang or Siouen-tse, and who was since apostolic vicar of Mongolia, wrote: “The pusillanimity of the Koreans and the numerous obstacles that have successively presented themselves afflict Bishop de Capsus, without however slowing down his zeal or his courage. He had, while crossing China, a harsh apprenticeship of miseries and setbacks; the incompetence of his couriers made him suffer infinitely more than other missionaries usually suffer; he gave the finest examples of patience, poverty and obedience to his conductors. Respectable people, among whom are three illustrious prelates of these countries, can despair of the success of his noble enterprise; he alone, like another Abraham, knows how to hope against all hope.” However, thanks to the energy of the prelate, all the obstacles finally seemed to be removed, the Koreans promised to come towards the end of 1835 to receive their bishop at the border, and Bishop Bruguière was finally going to penetrate this promised land where, according to his expression, torrents of tribulations and sufferings were to flow for him. He bade farewell to M. Mouly, and left Sivang on October 7. But God, who needs no one for the accomplishment of his designs, is often satisfied with the goodwill of the faithful servants whom he calls to the honor of cooperating in them. The courier who was to bring Mr. Maubant the news of the entry into Korea of the apostolic vicar, brought him, on the contrary, the announcement of his death.

Having left Sivang on October 7, he stopped on the 19th in a Christian house, located on the road; the next day, he suddenly fell ill and died, an hour after receiving the extreme unction of a Chinese priest who accompanied him.

Mr. Maubant had remained in Sivang to await the favorable opportunity to enter Korea himself, because it would have been too dangerous for two Europeans to travel together, and moreover, according to the agreements made by Bishop Bruguière with the Koreans, they were to introduce only one missionary at a time. Filled with grief, but accustomed, as a true missionary, to wanting what God wants, Mr. Maubant immediately made his resolution. It was too late to summon Mr. Chastan, the second French missionary who was to accompany Bishop Bruguière. He therefore set off alone by the route taken by the Bishop of Capsus, in order to go and present himself in his place at the borders of Korea.

Arriving at Pie-li-keou, he had himself taken immediately to the body of Bishop Bruguière, which had not yet been buried, and before the mortal remains of this holy bishop, he was able to shed his tears and prayers. On November 21, the day of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, assisted by Father Ko, a Chinese priest of the Lazarist mission, who had closed Bishop Bruguière's eyes, Mr. Maubant celebrated the funeral with all possible solemnity. All the Christians of the village and the surrounding area attended.

The body of the apostolic vicar was buried in a grave dug on the southern slope of the neighboring mountain, among the graves of Christians. A stone was placed on this tomb on which was engraved the character Sou, the Chinese name of the bishop of Capsus. It is there, in an unknown village of Western Tartary, that the first apostolic vicar of Korea (1) rests, awaiting the glorious resurrection.

Trusting in Providence, Mr. Maubant then resumed his march towards the border of Korea, which he had the good fortune to cross without incident, on the night of January 12, 1836. Having arrived happily in the capital, he devoted himself entirely to his holy ministry, which God filled with blessings. He had the pain of seeing himself forced to launch an interdict against Father Yu, forgetful of his duties and unfaithful to his sublime vocation, and to send him back to China.

The couriers, charged with escorting Father Yu back to the border, took with them three young Koreans in whom Mr. Maubant believed he discerned good dispositions for the ecclesiastical state, and whom he sent to his confreres in Macao so that they could complete their studies. The sequel showed that the missionary had had the right eye. One of them, François-Xavier Tseng, died as a predestined man, in Macao, in 1838; the other two, André Kim, of whom we have already spoken, and Thomas Choe, faithful to their vocation, will give us the opportunity to cite them gloriously several more times in the course of this book. The couriers who had taken the young Koreans to China met at Pien-men and brought back with them Mr. Chastan who, after crossing the border on January 15, 1837, joined Mr. Maubant fifteen days later, and thus happily came to console him for the pain that Father Yu had caused his heart as a priest and apostle. The two missionaries, entirely united in heart and soul, worked courageously and successfully in the midst of the perils that surrounded them. They ardently desired that the presence of an apostolic vicar would come to encourage and strengthen them. God granted their wishes. On December 18, 1837, at midnight, the Korean soil was trodden for the first time by the foot of a bishop. It was the angel that the Lord Jesus sent to the Church of Korea, Bishop Imbert, Bishop of Capsus and apostolic vicar. After thirteen days of walking from the border, he entered the capital, where Mr. Maubant was waiting for him, on the evening of December 30.

Born in the commune of Cabriès, two or three leagues from Aix en Provence, on April 15, 1797, Laurent-Marie-Joseph Imbert belonged to a very poor family and owed to the charity of a good old woman the knowledge of the first elements of reading and writing, then to that of the priest of his parish to succeed in completing his classical studies and entering the seminary of Aix.

Not having yet reached the age required for the sub-diaconate, when he had finished his theology course, Mr. Imbert was for some time a tutor in a rich and worthy family.

Imbued with the desire to devote himself to the missions and recognizing the call of God in this deep desire, Mr. Imbert entered the seminary of Foreign Missions in 1818; On December 18, 1819, he was ordained a priest, with a dispensation of age, and, on May 1, 1820, embarked in Bordeaux for the mission of Su-tchuen, where, due to various circumstances, he was only able to arrive five years later, in March 1825.

M. Imbert remained more than twelve years in this mission, where his zeal and his virtues, as well as his rare talents, won him the esteem and affection of all and earned him the right to go and serve God on an even more difficult terrain, where he was to win the supreme

reward. When the letter from the Seminary of Foreign Missions, announcing the offer that the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda was making to the Society of the Mission of Korea, reached Su-tchuen, not only did Mr. Imbert plead energetically, like all his confreres, for the proposal to be accepted, but imitating, without knowing it, the one whose successor he was to be, he had offered to leave for this mission if he was allowed. Also, as soon as the death of Bishop Bruguière was known in Rome, they thought of Mr. Imbert to replace him. MM. Maubant and Chastan requested him in their letters, his superiors considered him the most suitable to fulfill this perilous mission by his virtue, his talents and his long experience of the Chinese language and customs. The Holy See therefore had his bulls sent to him, and on the day of Pentecost, May 14, 1837, he was consecrated bishop of Capsus by Bishop. Fontana, bishop of Sinite, apostolic vicar of Su-tchuen. In the following August, he set out for his mission; we have just seen that he had the happiness of entering it four months later. Received with the most filial eagerness by his two collaborators and by his flock, Bishop. Imbert immediately devoted himself entirely to the work, the difficulties of which he knew better than anyone else. Full of confidence in the protection of the One in whose name he came to evangelize, he found in his piety an inexhaustible source of consolation. He thus experienced a great joy in thinking that he was saying the first Mass in the entire world every morning: "A great consolation for me," he wrote in 1838, "is to think that I celebrate every morning the first Mass that is said, that day, in the universe and that I thus bring to the souls in Purgatory the good news of the graces and refreshments that they will receive on that day. *Ab ortu solis usque ad occasum, magnum est nomen meum in gentibus; et in omni loco sacrificatur, et offertur nomini meo oblatio munda.*" Indeed, the peninsula of Korea, located at the easternmost extremity of the ancient continent, sees the sun rise about eight hours and twenty minutes earlier than we see it in France. Thus, when for us it is eight o'clock in the evening, for the Korean it is more than four o'clock in the morning and the missionary is already at the altar, celebrating the Holy Mysteries. The work of Bishop Imbert and Messrs. Maubant and Chastan was crowned with happy success, although the bishop and his two collaborators always had to take the greatest precautions to avoid the Korean police. In November 1838, the three missionaries had baptized, since the arrival of the apostolic vicar, 1994 adults. The work of baptizing infidel children in danger of death was also developing; its importance was made felt by Christians and especially by catechists. In the first eight months, out of 192 pagan children baptized in this way, 154 had already flown to heaven.

The Church of Korea, after its long disasters, thus took on a new life; the grace of God became more and more fruitful there and the number of Christians increased rapidly.

From less than 6,000 that they were at the arrival of Mr. Maubant, they were 9,000 at the end of 1838.

These consoling results were obtained, it is true, only at the cost of painful and continuous work; but what are the fatigues and the pains for those who always see suspended above their heads the crown of martyrdom! This crown was not long in being awarded to the three missionaries.

The persecution was rekindled, with extreme violence, in the first months of 1839. A large number of Christians were arrested and subjected to the most rigorous tortures, either to make them apostatize, or to obtain that they reveal the retreat of the missionaries. It was then that Bishop Imbert, to save his poor Christians, resolved to deliver himself to the persecutors and wrote to his two companions to do the same. MM. Maubant and Chastan obeyed their apostolic vicar with joy, as if it were the order of God himself (1). All three of them generously confessed their faith and were condemned to death, after having undergone a violent flagellation. Finally, on September 21, 1839, the feast day of the apostle Saint Matthew, they were led to the torture and, "bending their heads under the sword, they "reaped

laurels in their blood.” Bishop Imbert, Messrs. Maubant and Chastan were declared Venerable, by His Holiness Pius IX, on September 27, 1857.

We can judge the separation that existed between Korea and the rest of the world by learning that the persecution of Korea and the death of Bishop Imbert were not known in Europe until four years later. We have proof of this in a letter written by Father Daveluy to his brothers and sisters, shortly after he entered the seminary of Foreign Missions, on October 20, 1843. We read there: “Letters received from the north of China give news of Korea, they only report, it is true, rumors, but so well-founded that we do not fear to give them as some. According to this, the Bishop and the two missionaries of Korea were martyred for the faith and with them nearly two hundred Christians. What a beautiful day for heaven, and the earth must also rejoice. How beautiful it must have been for Bishop Imbert to enter paradise with two of his priests and this crowd of Christians. So if on the one hand we regretted their loss, we rejoiced in it according to faith.”

In these few lines, written in the course of the pen, does it not seem that the future successor of the apostolic vicar of Korea indicates in advance the feelings that will animate all his people, on the occasion of his own death?

The death of Bishop Imbert did not stop the persecution; it continued to rage with great violence until the end of the year. This persecution of 1839-40, which can be considered as the second act of that of 1801-1802, was more general than any of the previous ones. All Christian communities were turned upside down and the Christians who escaped imprisonment lost, through pillage or forced emigration, everything they possessed. It was the occasion of many truly heroic acts of faith, and if several Christians were at first weak enough to apostatize, almost all of them subsequently made a solemn recantation and attested by their death the sincerity of their repentance. In all, more than seventy Christians were beheaded. About sixty others died either from blows, or strangled, or from the consequences of their wounds. The account of the death of several of these glorious witnesses of Christianity in the nineteenth century is not inferior in beauty to the acts of the most illustrious martyrs of the early centuries of the Church. The results of the persecution of 1839 were quite different from what the Korean government had hoped for. The Christians, it is true, had lost their pastors and the greater number of their catechists; but this was only a temporary deprivation for Christianity, and without speaking of the advantage, so great in the eyes of the faith, of counting in heaven so many new martyrs, religion gained a publicity that years of preaching could not have given it. From the prime minister to the lowest prison valet, everyone, judges, nobles, scholars, common people, executioners, in the most distant districts as in the capital, heard of the religion of the Master of Heaven, and acquired a certain knowledge of its principal dogmas. A fact that missionaries have often noted since, says The History of Korea is that from this time onwards, Christians and their doctrine ceased to be despised. The hostility of the government did not diminish, but public opinion did justice to charity, patience, good faith, and all the virtues of which confessors then gave such striking examples. Let us add that, as terrible as this persecution was, it did not have the power to discourage the faithful. Four years later, these Christians, worthy of those of the early ages, had already made three attempts to obtain new missionaries. Their wishes were not long in being fulfilled: even before the Korean persecution was learned in China, a new French missionary had set out for Korea, where we will see him enter, no longer as a simple priest, but as a bishop, to take over the succession of the pontiff whose collaborator he had hoped to be, taking with him Mr. Daveluy.

Chapter VIII

Monsignor Ferréol, Apostolic Vicar of Korea. — Edifying Life and Death of the Korean Pierre Ni Tsiem-Tsi. — Deacon André Kim. — M. Daveluy is designated for the Mission of Korea.

(1840-1845)

Born in 1808, in Cucurron, diocese of Avignon, M. Jean-Joseph Ferréol had already been a priest for several years, when he entered the seminary of Foreign Missions, in 1838. Designated for the mission of Korea, he embarked at Bordeaux, at the beginning of May 1839, to go to this almost inaccessible region, where already reigned, for several months, the persecution which was to take away the three missionaries of whom M. Ferréol hoped to be the devoted collaborator.

Happily arrived in China on January 23, 1840, the future apostle of Korea stayed only six weeks in Macao and, on the following March 6, he embarked on a pagan boat which, after a perilous voyage of thirty-six days, took him to the province of Fo-kien. M. Ferréol did not yet know how to speak the Chinese language and his face hardly resembled those of the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. Nevertheless, he managed to cross China from south to north without being disturbed. He skirted the walls of Peking for two hours without entering this city, and, after having fortunately crossed the great wall, finally arrived at Sivang in Tartary, where he was received with the most fraternal hospitality by the Lazarists. Mr. Ferréol found, on arriving at Sivang, a letter from Bishop Imbert, addressed to the first missionary who would come to Korea, urging the newcomer to be patient and to retire to the small port of Yang-vou, from where the coast of Korea could be seen, in order to attempt some means of communication there. The venerable prelate and his two confreres had been dead for months when Mr. Ferréol opened this letter, but no news of them had yet reached Tartary or elsewhere. Nevertheless, he began to feel some anxiety about the fate of the missionaries and the Christians of Korea. In 1840, no news had been received from the mission; no Christian courier had come to Peking. — The Christians of Korea had, however, sent one, but this courier had died before reaching the frontier. — A Chinese having asked a member of the embassy why a noble Korean was no longer part of the deputation, — “What do you want from him?” the latter had replied? —

“I lent him some money and I would like to claim it back.” — “You will wait a long time for your money;” “they have cut off his head, as well as many others,” said the Korean. These sinister words and other symptoms only too clearly gave a glimpse of what had happened; but the missionary was not discouraged.

M. Ferréol remained only about six weeks in Sivang and then resumed his journey to cover, through Mongolia and Manchuria, the three hundred leagues which still separated him from the frontier of Korea. After twenty-two days of walking, he reached Moukden, in Leaotong; but rather badly received by the Christians whom some Portuguese priests had unfortunately warned against the French missionaries, he could not remain in this region, and the hostility of the Christians of Leaotong did not allow him to go to Yang-vou. He therefore departed, praying God to enlighten them and change their hearts, and took refuge in Mongolia, 90 leagues north of Mukden. He remained there two years.

During this time, the Christians of Korea had again made an unsuccessful attempt to renew relations with China. They prayed, hoped and strove to reconstitute Christianity so cruelly tried. Although the general persecution had ceased at the beginning of 1840, several Christians still generously confessed their faith during the course of the following year, for peace, for the faithful of this unfortunate country, was never complete or of long duration. The history of the Church of Korea offers us, at this time, besides the invincible constancy of

the martyrs, an admirable example of the most heroic virtues in the last years of the life of a poor Christian. Although it is only indirectly related to our subject, we believe we should quote it for the edification of our readers. We reproduce almost in its entirety the story of Mr. Dallet, who has done little more than transcribe that of Bishop Daveluy.

“Pierre Ni Pa-ou-i, better known under the name of Ni Tsiem-tsi, was born of a family of the people, around the year 1775. His two sisters were married, the eldest in the capital, the other in Siou-ouen, and after the death of his father, Pierre, still a child, followed his mother sometimes to one, sometimes to the other of his sisters. Around the time of the arrival of Father Tsiou, during a stay in the capital, Pierre's mother heard about the Christian religion for the first time. After having learned it well, she taught it to her three children. The husband of his eldest daughter did not want to embrace her, but he did not disturb the people of his family in the practice of their religious duties, and Pierre followed in all freedom the advice of his pious mother. Soon she fell ill, and died surrounded by her children who, unable to contain their grief, cried out to her with groans: “Mother, “mother, go to Jesus and Mary.” They thought they heard a voice from heaven which answered them distinctly, three times in succession: “Yes, “yes.” Several of those present, including the stepson who had been unfaithful until then, were so struck with admiration that, that very day, they declared themselves Christians. “Pierre remained for some time with his elder sister, faithfully practicing his religious duties, but without being baptized; he then married a Christian. The persecution of 1801 having dispersed and ruined almost all the neophytes, he found himself in such great poverty that he had to practice the trade of shoemaker to earn his living. This profession, considered in Korea as very vile, made him despised by his acquaintances, and Pierre, unable to bear their jokes, left the capital, made friends with people without confession, and began to roam the country, without having a fixed abode.

“It is understandable that, in this nomadic life, he would hardly practice religion; nevertheless, he remained attached to it, and kept deep in his heart a vague desire to convert one day. He lived in this way for many years, without having any relations with the Christians. At the end, however, he returned to the house of his second sister and, touched by her advice, gradually resumed some exercises of piety, although he often still allowed himself to be drawn into his old habits of vagrancy. All do him this justice that, even in his worst days, the purity of his morals was not suspected. At the age of fifty-one, he fell seriously ill and was, probably by the care of his sister, baptized at the end. This time he escaped death, and the grace of the sacrament having acted on his heart, he firmly resolved to change his life.

“From that day on, he was a completely new man. Remembering that wounded vanity had been the first cause of his faults, he first worked to acquire true humility, and made marvelous progress in this virtue.

“He was so convinced of his unworthiness and his nothingness, that he placed himself below all men, and in the depths of his heart sincerely regarded himself as the most miserable and the last of sinners. Humility, according to the promise of Our Lord, soon brought in its wake all the other virtues: true contrition, fervor in prayer, the spirit of prayer, gentleness, patience, etc. During the famine, one day when Pierre was begging for a few grains of rice, a rich Christian, touched by his poverty and his great age, gave him ten *nhiangs* (about twenty francs). He had accepted them when, after reflection, he returned them to the donor. The latter did not want to take them back, but Pierre put them on the ground and left, saying that he did not dare to receive such a considerable sum, that it was already too much for him to obtain, by begging, his daily food. His clothes were of simple linen, always old and patched, and he never complained of the cold, even in the harshest winters.

“When the satellites invaded Kot-tangi, in 1839, they met Pierre and said to him: “You too, follow the Christian religion?”

“Pierre, in the humility of his heart, answered ingenuously: “Truly yes, I am a Christian; but what I do is very little. “The satellites, not caring about such an insignificant capture, passed on. This answer was for a long time a cause of regret and anguish for Peter; he feared that it would be taken for a word of apostasy. When he met Christians, he would begin to weep and ask if, in speaking thus to the satellites, he had not been guilty of a mortal sin. He often spent the night alone in the mountains, feeding on herbs and roots, and no longer wishing to go among the Christians, for fear that his presence would compromise them.

“His wife having died in 1840, he retired to his eldest daughter who was then living in Ienp'ong, in the house of a nobleman named Ambroise Ni, a rather indifferent Christian. There he was soon seized with a serious illness which kept him in bed for several months; it was the last trial by which God wished to purify this holy soul. His body, cracked in several places and covered with pus, gave off a fetid odor; his sufferings were extreme, and yet, when he was alone and believed himself without witnesses, he stretched out on the bare ground or on stones, thinking that a mat was too great a luxury for him. This humble and heroic patience struck pagans as well as Christians with admiration. Pierre ardently wished that one of his nephews, a fervent and educated man, would come and prepare him for death; God granted him this grace. “When this nephew arrived near him, his exhausted body had only one breath left, but his ideas still retained all their lucidity. They spent the night in pious conversations, and the next day towards noon, while they were still talking about Jesus and Mary, suddenly Peter said with serene joy: “Here are Jesus and Mary coming to me, from the west,” and saying these words, he expired. It was the 6th of the first moon of 1841; he was then sixty-six years old.

“When Peter had breathed his last, the nauseating odor which was exhaled from his body suddenly ceased, and although the sky was very clear and without the slightest cloud, a meteor similar to a very brilliant rainbow appeared and rested on the room where the body was. The news of this strange phenomenon spread rapidly in the neighbourhood, and all, Christians and pagans alike, came out of their houses to see it with their own eyes, and could not restrain the expression of their astonishment. When they wanted to bury him, the earth was everywhere frozen and covered with abundant snow; they did not know where to dig the grave. At last a small space was discovered, of the necessary width and length, where the earth was neither frozen nor covered with snow, and there they laid the body of this poor beggar, for whose memory, not only our neophytes, but the pagans themselves have preserved the greatest veneration. It is certain that Peter practiced the virtue of humility in a heroic degree; As for the dazzling sign by which God would have glorified the one who had so humbled himself, we will only say that several of the people who had seen this rainbow affirmed the fact by a solemn oath, and placed in the hands of Bishop Daveluy their written and signed testimony of the authenticity of the prodigy. “

God could not abandon a country where such virtues flourished in the midst of the most terrible persecutions. The prayers of the martyrs joined with those of the faithful Koreans were going to be answered and the moment was approaching when the half-dispersed flock would receive a new pastor.

We remember that in 1836, Mr. Maubant had sent to China three young Koreans in whom he had believed he had discerned certain signs of an ecclesiastical vocation. Of these three young men, one had died a saint in 1838, as we have said, but the other two, André Kim and Thomas Choe, full of faith and ardor, continued their studies with perseverance and success. In 1840, they had for some time as professor of philosophy Mr. Berneux, who had just arrived in Macao, destined for the mission of the Tong-king and who later, having become bishop of Capsus and apostolic vicar of Korea, was to be one of the most illustrious victims of the persecution of 1866. He was accompanied, on his arrival in China, by another

missionary, Mr. Maistre, who remained in Macao, awaiting a later destination, when Mr. Berneux left for the Tong-king, and was almost alone in charge of the education of the Korean and Chinese students who were then at the procurator. Since Mr. Ferréol had been waiting, calm and resigned, in Mongolia, for a favorable opportunity to enter his mission, events had occurred in the Far East which were to have great results for the propagation of the faith in that part of the world. The so-called Opium War, declared on China by England, was to have as its final result the overthrow of the barriers which still closed the entrance to the Middle Empire to Europeans and also to allow missionaries to freely proclaim the Gospel there. We have already spoken of the treaty signed between France and China during Mr. Daveluy's stay in Macao.

Even before this time, France, which had taken no part in the Opium War, had sent to China, to monitor events and profit from them if possible, two frigates: the *Érigone*, commanded by Captain Cécile, and the *Favorite* by Captain Page. The *Érigone* dropped anchor in the harbor of Macao on September 7, 1841, at a time when the war was being very vigorously pushed by the English. Captain Cécile immediately sought to assess the state of affairs, and to examine whether he could derive from his expedition some advantage for the commerce and influence of France. He thought of occupying some important point, for example one of the islands situated to the south of Japan, to make it a position both strategic and commercial. He also intended to conclude trade treaties with the kingdoms neighboring China, especially with Korea. To this end, in February 1842, he asked Mr. Libois, attorney of the Congregation of Foreign Missions in Macao, to entrust to him for a while one of the young Koreans raised in his home, so that he could serve as his interpreter in the event that he went to Korea. Mr. Libois accepted this proposal with joy, hoping thereby to renew communications, interrupted for several years, with the Church of Korea. André Kim was appointed for this purpose, and as his office would have been difficult to fulfill, because he spoke very little French and he had to use Latin to interpret the Korean, Mr. Maistre was charged with accompanying him, with the mission of entering Korea himself, as soon as the opportunity arose. They both embarked on the *Érigone* in February 1842, and a few months later, Thomas Choe, in turn, accompanied on the *Favorite* another missionary, M. de la Brunière, destined for Tartary. Thomas was to join M. Ferréol.

On June 27, the *Érigone* anchored at the mouth of the Blue River; the *Favorite* came to join him there on August 23. The war was coming to an end; the capture of Nang-king and the occupation of the Chusan Islands had decided the Chinese to conclude peace with the English. By the treaty of August 29, the emperor ceded to them the ownership of the island of Hong Kong, a large war indemnity, free access and stay in six different ports, etc. The French commanders did not want to advance further north, and the Korean expedition was postponed indefinitely.

In these circumstances, the two missionaries who had met believed they had to leave the French ships to continue their route to their missions. Embarked with the two Koreans on a Chinese junk, they arrived on October 25, 1842, on the coasts of Leao-tong, where they disembarked in broad daylight, but not without peril.

Nevertheless, they fortunately escaped the threats of the Chinese customs satellites and the pagans.

Mr. de la Brunière, accompanied by Thomas Choe, immediately headed for Mongolia to join Mr. Ferréol; Mr. Maistre had great difficulty finding refuge, with André Kim, in a village eight leagues from the sea. On November 7, a Chinese courier arrived in this village from the borders of Korea, of which the missionaries still had no positive news. Mr. Maistre and his student, to escape this cruel uncertainty, then formed the bold plan of entering Korea disguised as beggars. Everything was ready for their departure, when Bishop Verrolles,

apostolic vicar of Manchuria, opposed Mr. Maistre's plan, as being contrary to the rules of prudence, and André Kim set off alone to explore.

The young Korean, as courageous as he was intelligent and devoted, set out on December 26 with two couriers. Two leagues from Pien-men, they met the Korean embassy going to Peking. It formed a caravan of about three hundred people, among whom he had the good fortune to meet a Christian who told him the terrible and glorious news of the persecution. André thus learned that his own father had shed his blood for the faith, that the father and mother of Thomas Choe had also been put to death, etc.

He received from the hands of the courier, who was very moved, the documents he was secretly carrying: the account of the persecution written by Bishop Imbert up to the day of his arrest; the letters of Messrs. Maubant and Chastan and a letter from the Korean Christians asking for new pastors. This is how the Missionaries received the first official news of the persecution of 1839.

It was the end of 1842.

Andre Kim then courageously continued his march towards his inhospitable homeland. He crossed the border without much difficulty, but, having arrived near the first Korean city, the danger of being arrested became so evident that he had to resign himself to turning back and heading towards China. For two days he had not taken any food. Unable to bear it any longer with weariness, he felt his strength abandon him, fell and fell asleep on the snow. He was soon awakened by a voice which said: "Get up and walk," and at the same time, he thought he saw a shadow showing him the way in the midst of darkness. In recounting this event later, Andre said: "I took this voice and this ghost for an illusion of my imagination, exalted by hunger and by the horror of solitude. However, Providence did me a great service in this, for very probably I would have been frozen, and would not have woken up until the other world."

He therefore set off again and, with extreme pains and suffering, fortunately managed to return to M. Maistre's retreat.

For his part, M. Ferréol was soon informed of the news brought by the Korean courier we have spoken of. He had just received the apostolic briefs by which Pope Gregory XVI named him Bishop of Belline and coadjutor with future succession of the Apostolic Vicar of Korea. This succession was already open and the zealous missionary found it too good to think for a moment of refusing it. On December 31, 1843, he received episcopal consecration, at Kaytcheou, in Manchuria, from the hands of Bishop Verrolles and from then on thought only of entering his mission as quickly as possible.

He went, for this purpose, to Moukden, to await the Korean embassy there. François Kim, the courageous Christian who had already accepted the perilous task of mission courier the previous year, had promised to come again as a merchant following the ambassadors. He arrived in fact, on the evening of January 24, 1844, and during the night, came secretly to greet his bishop in the house that gave him asylum. The news was bad; the persecution, although dormant for some time, still threatened the Christians, and for the moment, it was not possible to introduce a missionary. If peace were not disturbed, it could perhaps be done on the eleventh moon of the following year, that is to say at the beginning of 1845. Forced to take the road to Mongolia with M. Maistre, Bishop Ferréol sent André Kim to make a new attempt in the north-east of Korea. At the mouth of the Mi-kiang, near the Sea of Japan, is located on the frontier of Korea the Tartar town named Hung-tchoung, where, every two years, as we have already said, a considerable fair brings together for a few hours the people of the two bordering countries. It had been agreed the previous year that Korean Christians should go there to explore the passage.

Andrew set out, accompanied by a Chinese Christian, in order to make contact with them and study this route.

The young Korean himself wrote the most interesting account of his long and perilous journey.

He succeeded in making contact with his faithful compatriots and learned that “since the persecution the Korean Church had been quite quiet; that a large number of the faithful had retired to the southern provinces, as less exposed to the blows of the storm; that several families had recently been converted to the faith; that it would be difficult for the neophytes to keep a European missionary in the country for long, but that, trusting in divine goodness, they would do everything in their power to receive him; that Pien-men would be less dangerous than Houg-tchoung for his introduction, for the reason that by entering from the north, in addition to the difficulty of crossing the border, he would still have to cross the entire kingdom. André immediately took the road to Mongolia and happily managed to join Bishop Ferréol, M. Maistre and his fellow student Thomas Choe. These two young Koreans gave the most beautiful hopes which predicted a glorious destiny for them. They were then both twenty-three years old, their theological studies were completed, their faith and piety grew day by day. The Bishop of Belline was therefore happy to fulfill their wishes, by admitting them to the holy orders which he conferred on them successively during the course of this year 1844, their age not allowing them to be raised to the priesthood yet.

Finally the time came when Bishop Ferréol had to set off to meet at the meeting assigned by the courier François Kim and attempt to enter Korea once and for all. Accompanied by André, he arrived at Pien-men on 1 January 1845, at the very moment when the Korean embassy was crossing the border to enter China. The Apostolic Vicar had the joy of blessing the faithful courier François Kim the following night, but the news he received greatly saddened him, as it showed him how impossible it was for the missionaries to enter Korea from that time on, because of the increased surveillance and harassment of Korean customs, which was ensuring that no foreign Christian could enter the kingdom. Faced with this impossibility, Bishop Ferréol had to resign himself to seeking later, as he had been advised, the means of entering Korea by sea, although it had been pointed out to him as still bristling with the greatest dangers. He only obtained from the Korean couriers that they would try to introduce into Korea the deacon André Kim, who, if he had the good fortune to arrive there, would try to establish relations by sea with China and would come himself on a boat to Shanghai, to seek the apostolic vicar. Bishop Ferréol having given his last instructions to his faithful disciple, blessed him and went to embark at Léao-tong to go to Macao, to await God's hour, while André, always full of zeal and intrepidity, began again for the third time one of those perilous journeys whose story later drew from the Korean judges, before whom André had the honor of confessing the Faith, this exclamation of pity and admiration: “Poor young man, in what terrible works he has always been since childhood!” It would be to deviate completely from our framework to give the detailed account of the moving journey of the Korean deacon, a journey which resulted in the entry into Korea of Bishop Ferréol and Mr. Daveluy. It will suffice for us to say that André Kim, after having been able to cross the border without too much difficulty, arrived, without hindrance, as far as Seoul, where he bought a house and arranged everything for the reception of the apostolic vicar. He then managed to procure a small boat, on which he set off intrepidly, with a small compass for a guide, accompanied by eleven Christians, “among whom were only four fishermen; the others had never seen the sea,” and, after a difficult and dangerous navigation, landed at Wou-song near Shanghai, in the month of June 1845. Already, moreover, we have learned something of this surprising voyage, from the letter in which M. Daveluy speaks for the first time of his probable departure for Korea (July 12, 1845). The appearance of Andrew's boat, with its Korean crew, in the harbor of Wu-song, was a phenomenon for the country. The singular

construction of this boat, the foreign costumes of those who were on it, aroused public curiosity to the highest degree, and Andrew would have run the greatest dangers if he had not had the presence of mind to anchor in the middle of the English ships on station. The surprise of the officers was great when they heard Andrew shout to them in French: "I, a Korean, ask for your protection." This protection was generously granted to him. The English consul had him carried in a palanquin to a Christian family, from where he wrote in all haste to Father Gotteland, of the Society of Jesus, who arrived two days later and was greatly edified, not only by Andrew's piety, but also by that of his companions. The worthy religious had the Korean deacon given the money necessary to provide for the first needs of his crew and returned to him all the services in his power.

The apostolic vicar of Korea soon learned, in Macao, how his beloved deacon, with no other protection than that of the Immaculate Virgin whom we love to greet by the name of Star of the Sea, had marvelously crossed a sea completely unknown to him as to his crew, and that he was waiting for him in Shanghai, to lead him by the same route to his country. The heart of the prelate was filled with joy at this happy news, and he immediately made his preparations, to go and join, as soon as possible, his beloved flock.

Bishop Ferréol wanted to take with him a collaborator. We have already seen that he received in this capacity M. Daveluy, whom Providence seemed to have preserved in Macao for this glorious mission, and who left with him for Hong Kong, from where they were to reach Shanghai, on July 17, 1845.

Chapter IX

Journey of Mr. Daveluy and Bishop Ferréol from Hong Kong to Shanghai. — Stay in this city and its surroundings. — Feast of the Assumption. — André Kim ordained Priest. — Departure for Korea. — Events and perils of the journey. — Arrival.
(July-October 1845)

Mr. Daveluy took advantage of his stay in Hong Kong to write to his parents (on July 20) the letter that we read in Chapter IV, in which he announced his departure for the mission in Korea.

Soon after, he embarked with Bishop Ferréol on the ship that was to transport them to Shanghai. Their crossing, he said, “was eleven to twelve days, and had nothing remarkable. Contrary and favorable winds, calms, seasickness, everything returned more or less according to the general law. Finally the long-awaited city arrived, while waiting for something better.

“—Barely informed of our arrival, Bishop. Count de Bézi (Bishop of Canope in partibus. The apostolic vicariate of Chan-tong, of which Bishop. Louis de Bézi was instituted apostolic vicar in January 1840, had been formed, at that time, from a part of the former diocese of Peking.), Italian bishop, apostolic vicar of Chan-tong and administrator of Kiangnan, received us at his home. His home is in a small Christian community of about five hundred souls, located one or two leagues from the city of Shanghai. Thanks to the new customs imposed by the Europeans, we were able to go there in European clothes, and we even keep them in the house. His Grandeur, whose face and all manners announce goodness itself, receives us as brothers, as friends, what more can be said? So much kindness does not make disappear a great dignity that His Highness preserves admirably, while making himself accessible to the simplest. To tell you now that we are well and very well there, would be a waste of time. “A great joy awaited Bishop Ferréol in Shanghai, that of seeing again his faithful disciple the Venerable André Kim and of blessing the generous Christians who accompanied him. We do not need to say how much this joy was shared by Mr. Daveluy. - The bishop and his collaborator found the Koreans “very peaceful in the port of “Shanghai”.

When these poor Christians were allowed to see their pastor, to receive his blessing, when they saw another priest willing to come and help them, their emotion was extreme. A certain sadness, however, diminished a little the joy that they felt. Looking at these two men who had sacrificed everything to come to them, thinking of their past lives, then of the work and suffering that awaited them in Korea, their hearts were oppressed, and they grieved at leading them thus, in the midst of persecutions, to an almost certain death. “They did not yet know, doubtless,” wrote Bishop Ferréol's companion, “they did not know the delights with which our soul is flooded, and the happiness with which God already rewards in this world the sacrifices made for his glory. Soon, I hope, they will see that we are leaving with all our hearts; and, if there are sufferings, God will grant us the strength to follow him to Calvary.” We know how the missionary's wish was granted to the letter since, twenty-one years later, he gave his life for his divine Master on the very day of Good Friday. M. Daveluy speaks with enthusiasm of the feelings of faith and courage that animated the Korean Christians. “All,” he said, “have boundless confidence, the sight of their bishop electrified them. On the day of his arrival, as soon as they were informed of it, they began to jump, dance, and beat the tam-tam (a kind of drum or box); they beat so hard that the box almost burst, then two or three jumped half the night. They are so good and so simple! The Protestant ministers did not fail to come and visit them to try to convert some Koreans. - They were, according to the custom, accompanied by bundles of Bibles in Chinese, and, the captain of the boat being absent, they were content to throw the bundles of books on the ship and fled. Our good Christians, at first speechless, soon remembered that Andrew had forbidden them to receive books; They

immediately put all the packages back on their boat, ran after the ministers and sharply rejected all these books, saying only in Chinese: “We don't want them, we don't want them.” In several other attempts, Andrew sharply rejected them and even refuted their doctrine and their slander. Today, they no longer try.

Mr. Daveluy, in the same letter from which we extract the above, gives further interesting details on the perilous journey of the Koreans from their country to Shanghai, on the extraordinary happiness with which they arrived in this port and on the freedom which was providentially left to them there, despite all the Chinese and Korean laws against the stay of Koreans in China, as well as on the piety and courage of the Christians of Korea during and since the persecution. It can be said that Mr. Daveluy's stay in Shanghai and the surrounding area, during the month of August 1845, was for him a time of unmixed joy. He had broken the ties which bound him to the earth, and, while remaining faithfully united to his own in the sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, had only to walk in the way which God had shown him. A day would come when he would share in the pains of the Garden of Olives and the agony, now he is in the joys of Tabor and the transports of joy that the imminent sight of the promised land causes him.

On August 15, he begins, in Kin-ka-ham, for his parents, a long letter, which he will finish a few days later in Mont-sie, the residence of Bishop de Bézi. We feel that joy overflows from his soul.

“I begin this letter on the evening of this beautiful day of the Assumption of Mary, spent so sadly at sea in 1844, and in a rather suitable manner this year. Needless to say, this morning the mass was for the whole family, in union with all its members who have received the bread of life. — The Christendom in which I am located is a few leagues from Shanghai, and is composed of several hundred people. We celebrated the holy mass there in the midst of the gathering of all the Christians of the place and even of the surrounding area; it is well worth the poor mass celebrated a year ago on the Archimedes, almost in sight of Manila.” We have already given several extracts from this letter, regretting not being able to quote it in its entirety. In addition to the information on Christianity in Korea that we have spoken of, we also find some on its spread in China and on the work of infant baptism or Holy Childhood: “I saw,” he said, “a good Father who is on a mission on the island of Tsum-min, opposite Shanghai; he arrived eight months ago, still speaks with difficulty and yet he works wonders. He has visited thousands of Christians, baptized a few pagans, has two hundred catechumens who are truly willing; and to top it all off, he was able to have two hundred and fifteen children of infidels baptized, taken away almost immediately by death. The pagans sometimes present them themselves. A pagan midwife brought about fifteen of them herself, and once she said to the parents: I heal bodies, but the father of the Christians heals souls, I will take your dying child to him and he will pray to God to give you another, more beautiful and kinder. — This poor little one died immediately after his baptism. “

Our missionary, after having written at length to his beloved parents, wanted to say one last farewell to his friends in Europe. It is from Mont-sie that the letter, dated August 27, to Father Petit, is dated, in which he gives him the details about Bishop Rameaux that we have reproduced above.

Before embarking for Korea, Bishop Ferréol wanted, by securing one more zealous collaborator, to reward the zeal and virtues of André Kim. He conferred the priestly anointing on him on Sunday, August 17, 1845, in the chapel of Kinka-ham. Christians flocked in crowds to this ordination, which was attended by a Chinese priest and four European priests. The following Sunday, the 24th, André celebrated his first mass, with the Jesuit Fathers, at the

seminary of Wamdang. M. Daveluy had the joy of assisting him at the altar. The emotion of the witnesses of this holy Sacrifice, celebrated for the first time by the first Korean to be raised to the priesthood, would have been even greater if they had been given the opportunity to pierce the veils of the future, and to know that the celebrant, like his assistant, would both receive the crown of martyrdom, and that the young French priest, who was edifying them so much at that moment, would one day be the fifth apostolic vicar of Korea.

After this beautiful day, the missionaries had only to head towards the goal of their journey; so, on August 27, Mr. Daveluy, recommending himself one last time to the prayers of all his people, had the happiness of writing to his parents: "I am leaving with Bishop, the apostolic vicar of Korea and a Korean deacon ordained by Monsignor these past days, which will bring to three the number of priests who will attempt to enter this country of such difficult access. We are going by sea and we will certainly enter. How long will we stay there? God alone knows, but that matters little. If we can stay, there is an admirable harvest to be gathered; the blood of the martyrs has germinated. If God allows us to be arrested, I hope to expiate much by some suffering and to obtain from the mercy of God a small place at the top, and, from my little corner, I will not forget you and yours. But I am mistaken, I am reasoning on unlikely possibilities; it is the time to work and not to enjoy, so pray for me. If every day all the members of your family said a little word for me to the Holy Virgin, you would be performing a well-placed act of charity. And then do not forget our good Christians, oh! if I knew the language, in a few weeks, I would relieve them; but we must learn their language before setting to work. We are leaving on board the Raphaël; this is the name given by our Koreans to their boat. Monsignor has confirmed it. It is a happy idea on their part. This angel has protected them and will do so again; but above all we are flying the standard of Mary, Star and mistress of the sea, and from then on what could we fear?"

From now on, the missionaries and their faithful companions had nothing left to do but abandon themselves to the dangerous waves of the Yellow Sea, to try to reach this land which was for all the true homeland. The day of departure was set for August 31; it was therefore under the auspices of Saint Rose of Lima, the first saint of the new world, that the apostolic vicar of Korea and his two collaborators set out to go and announce Jesus Christ in that perhaps of all the countries of the old world, where he was still the least known.

The crossing was long and painful. Mr. Daveluy will tell us about it in all its details in the following letter, the first that he had the good fortune to write from Korean soil, addressed to Mr. Barran, director of the seminary of Foreign Missions.

"Kontong, October 23, 1845.

"Who has Jesus has everything.

"Sir and respectable colleague, Having finally arrived on this much-desired soil of Korea, I am eager to tell you the details of our adventurous and very providential expedition aboard the Raphael) as our ship was christened). Monseigneur not caring to report his memories on days of trial, this task falls to me and I will acquit myself of it as well as possible.

"I will not return here to the ship's first voyage to China, you know this story and the very providential way in which they were saved from the storm, then brought to Shanghai. There again the good Lord smoothed out all the difficulties and used the Protestant English consul to do in our favor what we perhaps would not have obtained from a Catholic consul. Finally, everything being arranged, the departure was set for August 31.

"Allow me to detail here the elements that will be at stake during the entire route.

"Our ship first, nicknamed the Korean frigate, is well worthy of the name. It could have been about 30 feet long, by 12 or 13 wide; its height could not have exceeded 8 feet all told ("It is 25 feet long by 9 wide and 7 deep, not a nail has entered into its construction, pegs

hold the boards together; no tar, no caulking; the Koreans do not know this improvement,” says Bishop Ferréol in the letter that he himself addressed to Mr. Barran, on the 29th of the same month, from Kang-kien-in, in the southern province of Korea.). Here is our pretty frigate, not very elegant either outside or inside. Two masts, of an out of proportion height, were to support sails made of mats, that is to say, of artistically woven straw. Finally, the Koreans not being in the habit of making decks for their ships, we had to do without them. The front did not even have the appearance of one. For the rest, these fine navigators put a few planks in the middle of the ship, taking great care not to join them, then on both sides are simply sticks arranged in a lattice and covered with mats.

“By this means, if the sea is a little rough, the water enters the ship perfectly, they can only shelter themselves from the rain by dropping anchor and forming a roof of straw on the ship.

“For a rudder, they prepare a strong board about five fingers thick and place it entirely under the ship. Also the waves make cheap use of it. All this is explained when we know that the Koreans never leave the coast, resting when it rains, and never venturing out in bad weather. To all this must be added the fatigue endured by our ship in the first storm; even before our departure, it was taking on water in abundance. Our sailors were worthy of this ship. Two or three had sailed a little, but were inexperienced; the rest were made up of brave countrymen, also admirable maneuvers. Finally the captain or admiral, if you like, was André, a Korean deacon and ordained priest in Shanghai by Bishop Ferréol. He had the experience of a young seminarian, but faith had to make up for it. So here was our entire crew. Eleven Christians, one of whom was sick the entire crossing, Father André at their head.

“Then came on board Bishop Ferréol and your servant, happy as he had never been in his life.

“It was the 31st of August in the night; Bishop de Bézi wanted to accompany us on board and left us between ten and eleven o'clock. The next morning, we went down the river following a Chinese ship manned by Christians. On this ship was Mr. Faivre, a French Lazarist, going to Sivang in Tartary; we were to follow as far as Chan-tong, then head straight for the capital of Korea. We had barely reached Wousson, that is to say the mouth of the river, when the wind turned against us, we had to fear the bad weather usually caused in September by the change of the monsoon: from then on the north-east wind began to blow and made us fear delays. However, we tried to advance, but soon we had to drop anchor, and the weather turning to stormy, we returned to Wousson: the storm came, in fact, and we did not suffer from it.

“This was done five or six times: we set off, the weather held for 8, 10, 15 leagues, then becoming bad forced us to return to port. This lasted until the 17th, that is to say 17 days; God wanted to test us.

“During almost all this time, Monseigneur and I were on board the Chinese ship. There was much more room; the movement was not violent, and we enjoyed the company of Mr. Faivre, whom we had met in Macao; we entertained ourselves as best we could, and sometimes, it must be said, we had a lot of fun. The good Lord also reserved consolations for us: during these days of waiting, we were able to celebrate Holy Mass several times, and on the eve of the Nativity, having dropped anchor off the island of Tsum-ming, God allowed four Christian ships to meet there: we made our presence known to them, immediately all wanted to confess and take Holy Communion. They spent the whole night for confession, and on the day of the Nativity, Monseigneur gave communion to about forty of these good Christians; we all said Holy Mass, all our Koreans attended the ceremony. Finally it was a day of joy, of happiness: these were our compensations.

“Every morning we hoped for good weather, and our hopes were always disappointed. I must not omit a circumstance where Providence showed itself again

ostentatiously. It was during the storm that we experienced in the harbor of Wousson. We were on board the Chinese ship, and fearing for our Korean boat, we made it go up higher in the river; it was contained by two anchors, in spite of this it drifted. The cries of the English sailors excited our Koreans, but ignorant of human precautions, they began to pray instead of acting.

“God blessed their simplicity: the boat, carried by the waves, sailed among a large number of astonished ships, it did not touch anywhere, and after a fairly long interval, the anchors were fixed again. We thanked God for this signal providence, and we concluded that God was watching over us in a special way.

“Finally, on September 18, we set off again, we were not to return: the navigation was fine, we were content and happy. But on the 21st, the sea changed, and without becoming threatening, it was very annoying for our poor little boat. Still towed by the Chinese ship, we spent a rather uneasy night.

“Around four in the morning, the sea rising and threatening to capsize our ship, we changed course: our sails were beginning to open, the raised masts increased the agitation, we had to hold on tight to avoid being thrown into the sea. At this moment, the danger increasing, Monseigneur asked the Chinese ship to take us on board; he agreed, but we could not approach without risking breaking the ships. So we prepared ropes to hoist us up while keeping a respectful distance: everything was ready, we were going to throw the rope, we were almost against the ship, when suddenly the cable that held us together broke, and in a few moments we were quite far away. It was a dramatic turn of events, and the consternation was great on both sides. As for me, I could not help laughing, seeing this providential accident. Three times ropes were thrown to us to try to repair the cable, but the force of the sea and the inexperience of our men prevented them from seizing them, and we had to separate forever.

“We threw into the sea a makeshift basket that the Chinese put to stop the fury of the waves, and after a few moments, all the sailors were of the opinion to cut the masts. The sea was not stormy, but for us, the danger was becoming more and more serious. We had to agree to it by recommending to tie them to preserve them. In a few moments, the first mast was in the sea, and soon after the rope that held our basket having broken, the second mast was cut. From then on we went at the mercy of the waves and the winds; we turned in all directions and we awaited the outcome of all these trials when we were told that the rudder was broken; so there was nothing more to hope for, except in the mercy of God. Everyone went to rest, and not being able to cook the rice, they tried to gnaw whatever was left of bread and meat.

“In these cases, everything is good. I will not try to represent to you all that was critical about our position: without masts, without a rudder, on a threatening sea and constantly obliged to empty the water coming in from all sides, we had little hope except in God. What to do in the middle of this vast sea! And then, supposing that the sea did not swallow us up, experience proved to us that even without a storm, our ship could not withstand a rough sea. In this extremity, Monseigneur had given orders to call any ship that was seen, and we would have tried to have ourselves taken to Chan-tong, from which we were not to be far. But God wanted us in Korea, he did not allow any to approach; on the contrary, as we approached, they seemed to deliberately change course. However, the agitation continued; during the afternoon, I went up on deck several times: sitting on the remains of our masts floating around the ship, I considered this terrible element whose depths we were perhaps going to sound, and I meditated on the frivolity of all things on earth. However, I was happy and calm; before embarking on this ship, I had foreseen the situation in which we found ourselves and I had accustomed myself to consider this death as a true martyrdom, since we had in view only the glory of God. I have often heard it repeated that Saint Francis Xavier had desired this death as meritorious and pleasing to God.

“Perhaps I have never slept more peacefully than that night.

“Towards evening, the weather was not reassuring, we confessed to each other, ready to face any event. We were not at the end of the trials. That very evening, Monseigneur, whom the sea had inconvenienced enough since the departure, found himself very ill. A high fever, accompanied by headaches and a violent disturbance of the body, manifested itself. Judge of our embarrassment, we had no remedy, nor even any person capable of giving good advice. The next day, the illness continued, except the fever which had diminished, but the stomach refused all food. I had made all the broths imaginable, they were rejected immediately: the two following days increased our fears. Monseigneur was getting weaker visibly; his face was changing noticeably; having no possible remedy, I began to fear seriously. I prayed to God not to join this terrible ordeal to so many others.

“Finally, a good night began an improvement that did not fade.

“I return to navigation. The day after this famous day when our frigate had been put out of action, the wind had ceased, the sea was calming. Our first care was to bring our two masts on board, to try to put them back in place; fortunately we had among our sailors a man who was experienced in shipbuilding, it was a providence. Our two masts safe, we began to remake a rudder; it took a day and a half: three days of calm favored us singularly, and at the end of this time everything was repaired and put back in more or less good condition. On Thursday (September 25) evening, the transferred feast of the Holy Name of Mary, we set off with a fine favorable breeze; until ten o'clock everything went well, but then the breeze, increasing constantly, became a little violent; it was necessary to reduce the sails and even at midnight, our sailors fearing a new incident, began to dismantle the mainmast so as not to be obliged to cut it: thus prepared to receive the gust of wind, we went, not without agitation, led by a single sail.

“The next day, the weather was the same and did not threaten; we remained dismasted; at three o'clock an island was sighted to the great astonishment of all. To paint you the joy, the happiness of our brave men, would not be an easy thing. Immediately each one makes his plan: it is such an island near the capital; without doubt, each one recognizes it. The night prevents one from being sure of the fact. Early in the morning, everyone was watching, we had passed the island and found ourselves in the middle of many others. This time we no longer recognized each other so well, but we could not be far from the capital. So we cleared the ship of everything suspicious; we dressed entirely in Korean style; we threw the European shoes into the sea, we had arrived. However, the contrary wind forced us to push a little to the south, and towards the evening the perfect calm let us be carried by the current; fortunately we were able to reach a small islet, and we anchored in 14 fathoms, for us it was enormous. The next day, Sunday (September 28), was eagerly awaited, we had to know exactly the distance that separated us from the capital; we went ashore, we made inquiries. But, alas! instead of being near the capital, we found ourselves on a small island to the south of Korea, very close to Quelpaërt; what a disappointment, I would almost say discouragement! to the capital there are more than a hundred leagues. The north-east wind hardly ceases, it is completely contrary, what to do? We decide to try to go up among this multitude of islands which skirt the continent, and in spite of the contrary winds, we advance one or two leagues per day, sometimes nothing at all. This was the way it was necessary to do for fifteen days, every night we dropped anchor; unfortunately the cable was rotten, it was strewn with mushrooms and we were always afraid of seeing it broken. In completely contrary winds, we stopped; in calm weather, we took advantage of the good tide to be carried, and with the help of the oar, we could still go a few leagues.

“During this new kind of navigation, Providence showed itself always the same. Thus, for example, if we had not succeeded in dropping anchor near an islet, on the evening when we thought we were at the capital, everything suggests that we would have been cast

into Japan; we were not in distrust. In the midst of all these islands, there are a great number of rocks, God has removed them all from our route. On one occasion, among others, a rock was lying at water level, so much in the way, that we could not pass elsewhere unless we turned a great way around. God permitted us to drop anchor ten minutes before this rock to ask for directions. Finally, on the 12th of October, we arrived at Kan-Kiang-ë, a port far from the capital, but despairing of being able, at this late season, to climb so high with our bad ship, we determined to land at this port. Two days before we had landed a servant to go by land to prepare our way among the Christians; this circumstance nearly ruined us. A boat was called to take the traveler down, one of the sailors came on board and made all his remarks. This ship comes from far away, its masts are not Korean, here are Chinese pipes, this cable is very old, etc. To get out of there, it took all the cunning of one of our sailors; he made up a story in his own way, almost true, not entirely false, and got himself out of the embarrassment.

“Before entering the port, there are many rocks, they are marked by poles in the water. Our sailors, very experienced, and wanting to avoid one, put themselves in the current, and the wind not having enough force, we were carried precisely onto the rock. At this sight, a few cries escape, we invoke Mary, and we pass over the rock, taking the signal with us. Fortunately the sea was high, we would have perished in the port.

“These, Sir, are the trials by which God has allowed us to come to Korea. It seems that hell has been unleashed to prevent us from entering this kingdom, but, led by the hand of Mary through the dangers, and directed by the holy archangel Raphael, we have conquered hell in the name of the Lord. Pains and privations have not been lacking for us; God grant that we may erase a few days of Purgatory. The missionary in these cases finds himself happy and consoled to have some connection with the first Apostles. In reading the Epistles of Saint Paul, and seeing the dangers he has run, I find many from which we have not been exempt; why did I not have his virtue to bear them?

“So we landed on Sunday, October 12, at 8 o'clock in the evening, six weeks after our departure from Shanghai. Scarcely on land, we admired again the merciful conduct of God. It was rumored, we are told, it was rumored in the capital, that a ship that had left a long time ago had not returned, and as it is forbidden to communicate with foreigners, orders were given to visit all ships arriving at the capital, to recognize the guilty. If the weather had been favorable, we would have gone straight to the capital and on arriving we would all have been seized. Is not everything providential in our voyage?

“Now new dangers present themselves: we thought all our sailors were dead, not seeing them return; how to make them reappear, especially since the government is looking for the ship that has been missing for so long. This is a serious difficulty from which we will emerge, I hope, with the grace of God. Then we must try to get rid of our ship so that its marvelous story will never be known.

“The day after our disembarkation, a Christian from the area came to get me, in order to immediately separate me from Monseigneur (“I immediately separated from M. Daveluy, says Bishop Ferréol again in the letter already cited, I sent him to a small Christian community to study the language. He is full of zeal, very pious, gifted with all the qualities of an apostolic missionary. I hope for the happiness of the Koreans that God preserves his life for a long time.”). It was thought appropriate to make me take mourning clothes for the voyage. Now these clothes are absolutely made of gray canvas, I had a real penitent's robe. A Korean in mourning must be poorly dressed, whatever his condition. He cannot, so to speak, look at the sky, he must hide from the public gaze; so he is given a hat of which I admit I am unable to give an exact idea, so remarkable is its oddity. It is made of straw, very wide and folded over the shoulders; in the background a scaffolding is built to receive the head, in this way the face cannot be seen.

“I was wearing this hat, of course, because I was in deep mourning, and despite the joy with which my heart was flooded, it was necessary to simulate great pain. That is not all: noble Koreans always carry a kind of cloth fan to hide their face when they do not want to be seen, a man in mourning cannot do without it. So I took this gray cloth fan like all the rest, and when passing through the towns, or when I met humans, I covered my whole face with it; very clever who could even distinguish whether I was white or black. I could barely see the heels of my courier two steps ahead of me so as not to get lost.

“In this attire, I traveled for nine hours, to reach the secluded place where I must - learn the language, not without asking mercy sometimes for my poor feet unaccustomed to the string shoes worn by the Koreans. May God erase by this day a few hours of Purgatory. Amen.

“Then, I entered a Korean palace, 6 to 7 feet high, except for the sides because of the slope of the roof: length and width about the same, earth floor, wall of the same, door two and a half feet high; for a bed a mat, chimney like the underground radiators of the capital of France. This is my palace where I know no boredom or worries, where the good Lord is pleased to keep his servant company, and how could I not be happy and satisfied since every morning our good Master is pleased, at my request, to come down to this poor little place; it is the most suitable place in the dwelling, and therefore it serves as a chapel for want of anything better. It has beautiful stained-glass windows made of paper, the Koreans do not have any others, at least not usually. I decorate it as best I can with draperies, and it is even superior to the stable of Bethlehem.

“So that is where I am at the moment, barely stammering a few words and working with all my strength so that I can soon be useful to our poor Christians. We hide our presence as much as possible even from the Christians, to avoid any noise; when we can speak, it will be time to announce ourselves. Besides, our position is quite critical: the Christians who are delighted with our presence, say that it will doubtless soon be known, especially when we are in the countryside, and then God knows what will happen. In any case, we will do our best to live and serve the Christians, but if God allows us to go to him soon, certainly, it will be a very fine day!

“You also expect a few words from me on the state of our Christians; I do not know much about it; Perhaps Monseigneur will tell you more; however I will say a few words about it. At this moment, there is no persecution, the Christians are quite peaceful, a large number are scattered as a result of the persecution, they have prayed and taken refuge in the mountains and remote places. Such is the Christianity in which I live; it is in a secluded place between the mountains, and cultivates the land that is suitable for it. It is composed of seven families, about thirty or thirty-two people; a few minutes away are three other families and within a radius of a few leagues, there are a very large number living isolated and separated from the pagans with whom they have no connection. Many of them have abandoned great wealth to preserve their faith; such is the Christian who gave us hospitality when we left our ship; he was very comfortable and as a result of the persecution has lost everything. It is sweet to think that these good people have given such beautiful proofs of their devotion to religion, and we eat with good heart the poor meal they offer us.

“It is always said that a fairly large number of pagans want to embrace the faith; on that subject I dare not affirm anything, one must be a little wary of the Koreans as of the Chinese, later we will see what is true. There, Sir, the only details that I can transmit to you, it is almost nothing, but what to expect from a missionary who has landed for eight days and confined in the woods? I hope that Monsignor has a few more details to transmit to you; another time, if God grants me life, I will speak to you at length about what I have seen and learned, and it will be, I hope, for your edification, because in general our Christians are, it is said, very fervent.

“You see how much our poor mission needs God's help, so please invoke Him often in our favor, no one needs help so much since persecution has taken everything away from Christians; at least ask God that they may all be divites in fide, and that I may make myself less unworthy of this admirable mission. Besides, I have great confidence for the future, our mission is dedicated to Mary Immaculate, she will feel the effects.

“I am finishing this long letter written in haste and with much negligence. Excuse me, you know that we have neither the facilities to write, nor the time to take such care. I only wanted to make you know the goodness of God: *Quoniam magnificata est super nos misericordia ejus*. Please recommend me to the prayers and holy Sacrifices of all our Gentlemen, I do not forget the house of Paris. Ask again, if you please, prayers to the holy souls, it is our strength and our consolation.

“Please accept the assurance of the respectful sentiments with which I have the honor to be, Sir, Your very humble servant and colleague, A. Daveluy, Miss. Apostle of the Society of Miss. Foreign.

Kontong, October 25, 1845.”

Chapter X

Beginnings of Mr. Daveluy's Stay in Korea. — Beginnings of his Apostolate. — Persecution. — Arrest and torture of the Venerable André Kim. — Letter from Mr. Daveluy to Mr. Jurines on Korea. — Second Year of Apostolate. — Illness.

(1845-1847)

“At last, however, I am in Korea, God be blessed! After many miseries and trials, we have disembarked at a port quite different from the one we wanted to go to; Providence has wanted to save us from the dangers that awaited us in the capital. Everything is turning out well for his friends and I almost dare to hope to be among them.”

Thus begins the first letter, dated from Kontong in Korea on October 27, 1845, by which Mr. Daveluy announces to his parents his happy arrival in the country entrusted to his apostolate, and makes known to them, at the same time, the joy that fills his soul.

Until now we have been able, thanks to an exceptional abundance of information, to follow, if not day by day, at least almost month by month, Antoine Daveluy, from his childhood to his perilous arrival on Korean soil. Now it can no longer be the same. It is only once a year that the missionary can send news of him. His letters, however long and detailed they may be, cannot always have the form of a journal, the result being that it will be less easy for us to observe a strictly chronological order in our story, or that, at least, the events of each year will often present themselves to us grouped in a bundle.

Let us add, however, that the letters and annual reports of the other missionaries which, together with the correspondence of Bishop Daveluy, provided Mr. Dallet with the elements of his History of the Church of Korea, will help us to complete the life of the missionary whose existence was, so to speak, identified, for twenty-one years, with that of Christianity in this country.

Bishop Ferréol and Mr. Daveluy had to separate immediately after their arrival. The apostolic vicar went to the capital, where he arrived a few days before December 27, the date of the letter in which he announced his entry into this city. Mr. Daveluy had gone immediately to the small Christian community where he resided for two and a half months before being able to begin the visit of the Christians. The faithful who, at the risk of their lives, thus gave him hospitality were Christians from the environs of Seoul, driven from their country by persecution. Thirty or thirty-two persons, forming seven families, they had taken refuge “in this secluded corner”, and lived there poorly on the product of tobacco cultivation. Their joy at possessing the missionary was extreme and they took the greatest care of him. But their poverty was great and the Korean habits, food and dwellings differ so strangely from those of the Europeans, that it took the apostolic zeal of Mr. Daveluy to find himself as happy there as he really was. It is true that the fervor of his hosts was for him a subject of great consolation. So he wrote to his brothers and sisters, on November 4: “Imagine, my good friends, how happy I am, I am here as in a little hermitage, peace and inner joy reign around me; look for the poorest “hut of our Bergicourt, no doubt you will have even better than me, but I am in the midst of my good Christians who love me like a father. Their happiness is quite simple, all their joys and pleasures are innocent. They look me up and down and examine me so much that it seems that each one wants to draw my portrait. If my interesting

person has faults (and God alone knows the number), they must know them well, perhaps they even know the number of hairs with which my illustrious chin is gradually crowned, because here beard and hair all grow at will.

“Watching me write, eat, walk, is for them a delicious occupation, and for me it has its charms, I love them so much!

Are they around me, I try to cheer them up, which is not difficult: my jargon or rather the crooked or flayed words are a great recreation for them, for me a subject of distraction; did I manage to say it right, all are happy, even your servant. And then, would you like to believe me in pain or sadness? She has fled from our mountains. Does a Christian from the area show up? Quickly we must hide the smuggler, that is the order: some manage to know of my presence, how could I be saddened by it? It is so sweet to see new children! And then, how can I tell you their joy at finally having fathers. “

In the letter to his parents written a few days before, Mr. Daveluy had given other details which allow us to get an idea of his “quasi-episcopal palace”, as he laughingly calls his residence to his brothers and sisters.

Korean houses, he says, “are almost always made of earth and very low, one must stoop to enter, and the door covered with paper serves as a window at the same time; they cook at one of the outer ends of the house, and make a kind of flue for the smoke under the house; by this means, all their rooms are heated; for us it is not very healthy and in summer not very pleasant. My room is about 7 feet long, 7 wide, 6 1/2 feet high and 5 1/2 on the sides, there are two glass doors, that is to say covered with paper, they serve as windows, they are two 1/2 feet high, by eighteen inches wide. The earth serves as my floor; all the walls have been covered with paper in honor of the father, and also because my room serves as a chapel.

“The first time I celebrated Holy Mass there, I could not help thinking of the hymn: In this stable, how charming Jesus is!

“However, the room is worth a hundred times the stable of Bethlehem: I have very clean mats to sleep on and sit on during the day; little by little my legs will get used to this posture which is tiring at first.”

In the same letter the missionary greatly praises the piety of the Christians who surround him.

“Every day,” he says, “most of them attend the mass that I say early in the morning and edify me greatly; they also often run to attend my meals, and amuse themselves by hearing me stammer a few words of their language. I enjoy it very much too, and I have not had the thought of being bored since I have been alone; I am learning the language by force, the good Lord keeps me company, I have never been happier, I can only explain it by these privileged graces with which God is so kind as to fill us. I hope after two months to be able to begin some ministry, in the meantime, I am not moving.

“You are not expecting from me today, no doubt,” he said in the same letter, “great details about Korea, what can a poor missionary who has just arrived at his destination know?

However, to satisfy your curiosity, I will tell you a few words about what I have seen. The Koreans of both sexes are closer to the European form than the Chinese. It is no longer this special type which characterizes the Chinese, many Koreans do not differ much from a Frenchman; however in general they have a short nose, a rounded head and face and eyes a little different from ours. Men generally have little beard, many do not have any, they put all their hair up in the middle of their head and form a bun about the same as women in France, but a little more at the front. They put a kind of horsehair net on top which holds back hair that is too short and does not fail to have a certain elegance. Before marriage, young people let all their hair hang down and braid it into a ponytail about the same as the Chinese. Korean women do not have the whim of small feet like the Chinese, they let nature take its course. Their morals are closer to European morals, they are not always withdrawn, prisoners.

“Korean clothes are like those of all these peoples, extremely wide. The body would easily pass through each leg of the trousers; the shapes are not very graceful but one gets used to it. To go out, one must have I don't know how many clothes: a pair of stockings, two pairs of trousers, gaiters, two shirts, and over them, two or three kinds of canvas frock coats, according to the conditions and the solemnity. Above all that, one always needs an enormous horsehair hat, at least two and a half feet wide; I lean towards three feet, but not having a measure, I fear being accused of exaggeration. In short, to enter the rooms, one must almost always bend one's head to reduce its width. The shoes are either made of string or straw and very inconvenient for walking, besides the fact that they do little to attenuate the force of stones. The tall people, in the capital, wear shoes made of cloth or skin; in the rooms one never wears shoes, and even the Koreans take them off to take a step in the room and come out again immediately.

“Korean paper is remarkable for its strength and the size of its formats. I have seen some that are equivalent to canvas; it cannot be torn, it is composed of very strong filaments. The Koreans use it like glass for their doors and sell a lot of it for this use, in the north of China. They coat it with oil and make a material almost equivalent to our light oilcloths; for packages it is of great use. “

He ends his letter with some details on Korean food: “You may think I am very unlucky for food, think again; I am given delicious rice, soon I am afraid of committing sins of gluttony, and then there is chicken, beef, what do I know? Recently, a good man killed a delicious pigeon and offered it to me. I have very good fruits, a kind of large plum very good, pears almost European, small plums not bad, chestnuts which, cooked, are European chestnuts, and raw, are good almonds, and several other fruits. Korea is quite well supplied with them, they say, and I easily believe it since there are already so many in my Ut ou.

“The Koreans live on rice, but they also have wheat, a kind of corn, a kind of millet and quite a few vegetables. I saw on my way birds which do not differ, I believe, from the magpie, it is a beautiful species, then another which, for flight, cry, plumage, must be a partridge. My good people, while working, take their rifles and thus procure some pieces of game. The Korean rifles are much superior to the Chinese rifles, the barrel is perfectly made and of great solidity, but the battery is not famous; they use a long fuse that is attached to the hammer and that touches the powder when you fire, it is not very convenient.”

Whatever the feasts that Mr. Daveluy's hosts were pleased to offer him may have been, it is certain that Korean cuisine is detestable to European stomachs, that it was later a cause of great suffering for our missionary, and that he declared one day that he had never been able to get used to it; but, at the time we are in, it was the least of his worries.

The joy shown by Mr. Daveluy was, moreover, entirely supernatural, and in no way based on human motives, because no one less than he was under any illusion about the dangers of his situation.

We find proof of this in a completely confidential letter addressed to his parents, - probably for them alone, - barely a few days after the one from which we have given numerous extracts. We read there: "The very Christian way in which you view my position does not allow me to hide from you all that is critical about it, when viewed humanly. Our presence here is unknown not only to the government and the pagans, but also to the great number of Christians; we will not make ourselves known until we have learned the language and when we can administer.

But then it will be very difficult to remain unknown; and if the government hears of it, no doubt they will make searches, and from then on it is probable that they will be able to find us; the Koreans are very clever in the art of finding those they are looking for. — What would happen to us then? God alone knows. For us, you know, a few days of suffering would be well compensated by the happiness of confessing the name of Jesus Christ; and if God allowed the palm to be granted to us, we would be too happy, you would be too, I have no doubt: that is why I hide nothing from you. — However, God has protected us in such a providential manner in the journey and in all that has had to do with our entry, that we can supernaturally hope to escape the searches of the tyrants. It seems that he wants to grant some help to the poor Christians of this country. Such are the things as they are.

"Now, Monsignor does not think he will be able to send couriers to China before a year; do not expect news from me so soon. —

"If there are opportunities, I will always take advantage of them. I must remain in the south of Korea where there are many Christians; I will always think of you and all those who are willing to take an interest in me, and will try not to forget our days of meetings so sweet and so consoling for Christian hearts. In praying for me, always remember that God watches over the missionaries in a special way: already, I have experienced in a very tangible way the effects of his goodness, since in the midst of all our miseries, I have enjoyed excellent health. And then, I have not the shadow of a worry, no annoyance, no discouragement, I am always calm, cheerful, content, happy: this is the beginning of the signal graces with which God wishes to surround us. Under his care, what can I fear? I would not change my condition for anything in the world. In the eyes of faith, all is very well.

"I have finished, my dear parents, you see that I speak to you without beating around the bush, your religion allows me to; all to the glory of God.

"Farewell again, with Jesus and Mary we will always be happy, and we will be able to reunite one day. Then no more separation.

"I am for life and ultra your very respectful and devoted son, A. DAVELUY, Miss. Apost. in Korea."

Mr. Daveluy's great occupation, in his "hermitage," was the study of Korean; but this language, especially for pronunciation (11) "If you change their pronunciation even a little, you might as well speak French or Turkish to them." — Letter to parents October 1847.),

presents such difficulties that, despite his efforts, his progress was very slow. His great desire, naturally, was to succeed in being able to hear confessions. To get there faster, every evening he gave “free entry to all male individuals of Christendom. Each one said at will the faults that came to mind; I questioned, I joked, the interpreter played a big role, but in the end it worked for me. I was able to understand more or less the main details of the confession.” Less than two months after his arrival, he was able to begin exercising his ministry. “For the day of Saint Francis Xavier (December 3, 1845), there were two or three communions, and on the day of the Immaculate Conception, fifteen people received this sacrament. What joy!” he exclaimed (1(1) Letter to parents. August 27, 1816.).

Finally, after having been able to admit about sixty people to participate in the sacraments in his retreat and the surrounding area, the missionary found himself in a position to begin visiting the Christians entrusted to him. On January 1, 1846, through the snows of the harsh Korean winter, he set out, according to his expression, on campaign: “On campaign, I should say in the mountains,” he adds, “because from that day on I have not left them.

The snow covered everything, but not to a depth of ten feet. The deepest I had was up to the top of my thighs when crossing a short mountain. Besides, it was usually necessary to climb with snow up to mid-leg, following, in the absence of a path, the tracks of tigers, but not meeting them. Do not talk to me about horses on such paths, they would do beautiful somersaults on these mountains capable of frightening Master Xavier himself. Once at the top, one would willingly lie down on the admirable white carpet if prudence permitted it, besides it is less the height than the steepness that tires. After the snow, we had the advantage of traveling in the water, and that barefoot, because the straw shoes are equivalent to those of Father Adam; I wear out a pair a day, they are replaced for four or five sous. I also use a lot of stockings, ten or twenty sous replace them. As for my other clothes, I pay little attention; the more worn they are, the better they will be. Also in the beginning, I used them as much as possible. I am speaking of my traveling clothes, that is to say, of farce and carnival (1(1) That is to say, the mourning costume of the noble Koreans, the description of which has already been read and which is that of all missionaries on a journey.).”

Despite all the fatigues of such journeys, our missionary was able in two months to visit about seven hundred Christians, scattered in a fairly large number of localities, “very poor, very miserable, but finally, he says, having, I believe, good will.” He thus sums up the impression that this first visit left on him: “There were sorrows! There were some, and great ones. I expected them: for these dear neophytes have been deprived of the sacramenti for seven or eight years, and God knows what a year of persecution is worth. Consolations! I had some too, and even greater ones. Here are old soldiers of Jesus Christ whom persecution has not shaken; There, it is a widow who saw her husband die under the executioners' irons; further on, orphans whose father and mother obtained the crown of martyrdom; today, it is a young girl who tells of the torture of her brothers; tomorrow, a mother whose children have preceded her to heaven. Always, they are Christians who repent of their sins, and weep with joy at the sight of the priest they have been waiting for so long.

“These poor people do not know how to show me their respect and their attachment. They rush around me; the poorest bring me their little offering. When in the evening I am talking with twenty or thirty people crammed into my hut, often I do not have the courage to leave the conversation; it goes on very late, and they never say: enough. I speak to them in an impossible language, mixed with Chinese, Korean, I don't know what. They understand or they do not understand, but in the end they are happy and so am I, and when the time of

separation has come, it is a family from which one must tear oneself away, there are tears, groans. Alas! perhaps in their life they will never see the Father again to ease their conscience and unite themselves with their God. Do you understand this series of strong emotions, too strong for my poor heart? Several times I have fled as if stealthily to avoid these painful moments, these dangerous manifestations, because the appearance of a pagan in such a case would compromise the whole mission.

“I have not said all my consolations; I have not spoken of the new Christians. The almighty grace of God always knows how to call his elect. Persecution has not stopped conversions, and I still have to baptize a few adults.

“I like to question fathers of families before baptism, to scrutinize the various, but equally admirable, dispositions by which the mercy of God has called them all. I like their lively and faith-filled answers; some have left a sweet and pleasant life to secure another happier life; others even before their baptism have already suffered some persecution: some arrive at the eleventh hour, they are old men who, having heard of our holy religion, want to consecrate to the good Lord the last years of a life that they see slipping away every day (1(1) Letter quoted in *The History of the Church of Korea*, volume II, p. 305.). “

The incredible fatigue of such journeys and the incessant labors of such an administration which barely left him the time necessary for his exercises of piety, to the point that he often succumbed to sleep, fortunately did not affect either the good humor or the health of our missionary. “With all this,” he said to his parents, “I am not doing badly, I work hard and I am not dead. My Lent went well and I did it completely, except for the days of big races, because then I did not fast. The fish is so deliciously prepared that I lived during these six weeks only on rice. Add a few eggs at noon from time to time, because there were not always any. And I was all the better for it; before Lent, a little tired; after Easter, everything had disappeared; besides, there are graces of state; I sometimes do famous races, I always have the strength to reach the end, often as tired for three or four leagues as for ten, but finally God sends strength for the race to be done, that is the main thing (1(1) Letter already cited from August 27, 1846.)”

Further on, he relates that, during Holy Week, he had to do things more or less. On Holy Thursday, no Tomb, of course. There was an adoration of the Cross, then on Holy Saturday, all the ceremonies. He had prepared a beautiful Paschal candle a foot long, and then took it with him, but, after fifteen days, unfortunately, it was worn out.

After long months of fatigue and incessant labor, Mr. Daveluy finally had a few days of joy and rest. In the month of May, Bishop Ferréol, who had been confined to the capital until then, came to visit him, also beginning his apostolic journeys. The apostolic vicar arrived at his devoted collaborator's house at nine o'clock in the evening.

It would be impossible to describe the joy of the two missionaries on seeing each other again after seven months of separation. “Seven months without seeing a European, without being able to communicate one's thoughts to one another, that was certainly a rare thing in the past. Of course, that night was spent in chats; however, between two and three o'clock, we tried to close our eyes, but at four we had to prepare for the holy mass. All day long it was a pleasure, it was a joy for the Christians to see us together; we were all happy. For a few days, we remained like that, doing together the work of one and then resting. What charming days! Monsignor lives with me with all the frankness and friendship possible. No

embarrassment, no constraint, it is a real joy; there one rebuilds the body, the spirit and gives life to the soul; for five months the internal washing had not been able to be done (1(1) Letter to parents already cited several times.)”

After these few days of happiness, the two missionaries separated to each resume the course of his tour. M. Daveluy left for a province in the South. This time he traveled on horseback. He gives the most pleasant description of his Korean noble carriage, accompanied by his catechist, also on horseback and no less noble than he, and a retinue of five or six people. Besides, all went well and great consolations came to rejoice the soul of the missionary and prepare him for the trials that were not to be long in coming.

Mgr Ferréol and M. Daveluy had administered about six thousand Christians spread across three provinces, “when, suddenly, a cry was heard throughout Korea. It was a cry of blood; Father André having been arrested, persecution could not fail to break out (1(1) Letter to Mr. Barran, director of the seminary of Foreign Missions, procurator of the mission of Korea. October 26, 1846.)” The terror of the Christians was universal.

In the first months of the year, Mr. Maistre and Thomas Choe had made an unsuccessful attempt to enter Korea by IloungTchoung. Bishop Ferréol sought another way of introduction for the two missionaries: every year in the spring Chinese boats come in fairly large numbers to the coasts of Korea for fishing. The bishop sent André Kim there, charging him with visiting the place, examining whether entry by that way would be possible and getting in touch with some Chinese. The Korean priest had happily fulfilled his mission, when God, who wanted to reward him for all he had done and suffered for his glory, allowed an unforeseen incident to cause him to fall into the hands of the mandarins. He was subjected to ill-treatment and taken to Seoul, where, after generously confessing his faith, he had the glory of being condemned to death for the name of Jesus Christ. He was beheaded on September 16, 1846, at the age of 25. As we have already said, Andrew Kim was declared Venerable by His Holiness Pius IX, on the same day as Bishop Imbert and other martyrs of Korea, September 27, 1857.

The martyrdom of Andrew Kim was followed, a few days later, by the torture of eight other Christians arrested on his occasion and who did not want to redeem their lives by apostasy. The principal one among them had his head cut off, the seven others were strangled in the prison, after having been almost knocked unconscious with blows from boards (1(1) V. History of the Church of Korea, volume II, p. 322.).

The persecution did not go any further, but the memory of the horrors of that of 1839 was too present to all, for extreme fear not to seize all the Korean Christians at the first sign. They hastened to hide, to bury religious objects and all that was precious to them. This was already a cause of great losses for the missionaries. They had believed, from the first rumors of persecution, that they would have to withdraw to a less exposed place, waiting each day for news of their denunciation.

“I was enjoying in advance,” says Mr. Daveluy, “the good opportunity to go and visit the capital of Korea, I was polishing my boots and preparing my festive clothes for such a beautiful day. We were in a miserable little room, equivalent to a prison. It was in the month of July, at the time of the strong heat. It was impossible to stay in the apartments, heated constantly by the kitchen stoves. Several times we tried to spend the night in the room, but the multiplicity of vermin (1(1) Vermin, a natural consequence of the incurable uncleanness of

the Koreans and their dwellings, is one of the scourges of this country and, for the missionaries, a real torture. Besides fleas, bedbugs and other small game, we must especially mention, among these enemies of man, the cockroaches, whose bite is most cruel.) never allowed us to close our eyes. We killed the bedbugs every day by the hundreds, we had to give up; we settled outside, at the back of the house. A mat, about three feet wide, must have received our two people for a month, both day and night. It was placed on damp earth and, during the heavy rains which abound at that time, another mat served us as a screen. The food, in this poor retreat, was in proportion; We were feared that illness would come to visit us: we separated to look for other lodgings; after two months, we met again. During this time, Father André tried to steer his boat, to avoid compromising our presence. Some suspicions, aroused by surprise letters, were dispelled by him. The most worthy were crowned with martyrdom. Today (October 26), we think the alert is over, our presence is not known, perhaps suspected; however, we are thinking of going back into the campaign to finish the administration of the Christians. Will we be part of it in some time? God alone knows; if we are caught, what will be our fate?

Same uncertainty. If we get our hands on the rabbit, and then by some miracle, I get out of these admirable places, where the prisoners are, I promise you an article on the prisons in Korea, an article which will serve as a note for the system to be adopted by our legislators, and then another article on the liberal arts in Korea. For Christians, the game of the stick is very much in use, the Koreans acquit themselves, I am assured, in a remarkable manner, it is the only art for which they are liberal. Patience then, and then we will describe or we will not describe. Notice to all those who are not Hercules. I am very well.

I have done here, in races, abstinences, fasts, etc., what I could not have done, even in France. One does not die therefore to leave one's country and change climate, customs, etc. One is only better for it. Monseigneur can hardly get used to food, but he has the special grace of living without eating. As for me, I have become a little more accustomed to it, I eat rice, then rice, then rice. I drink wine of all qualities, which the blind would swallow more willingly than other mortals, but it does not matter. To tell the truth, after a Lent, such as I spent this year, I am almost convinced that little by little and with patience, one would manage to live without eating. In France, it would be difficult, it will be one of the wonders to be noted in this little-known country (1(1) Letter to Mr. Barran, already cited.). “

Despite the tone of gaiety, usual for Mr. Daveluy, which characterizes what he says about his health and the way in which he endured his seclusion, it is certain that he retained from this period painful infirmities of which he hardly spoke. We believe we should reproduce here the details communicated to us on this subject by a former missionary of Korea, Mr. Féron: these details apply, we think, to the time when Mr. Daveluy was hidden apart from Mgr. Ferréol, a circumstance that he limits himself to mentioning in the preceding lines.

“Bishop d'Acônes, in Korea, did not enjoy good health for long. From 1846, during the persecution excited by the capture of Father André Kim, he had to remain hidden for a long time in a damp and unhealthy place where he had for shelter only a small lean-to, just wide enough to stretch out, on the edge of a stream that flowed behind the cottage where he had taken refuge. I do not know if he ever recounted this in his letters, but I later met Paul Kian, his host; he must be dead now, for he had completed his eightieth year in 1866. But twenty years before, he was still a man of athletic strength and size, half-savage, of a coarseness and insolence that made him feared by everyone, especially since he was the

guardian of the tombs of a powerful family. He was only a Christian in his baptism, his wife and children were even less advanced. It was of him that the Christians thought to hide the missionary who was then called Father An (peace); he accepted willingly and, when M. Daveluy arrived at his house, astonished at those who received him, he asked Paul: "Would you still like to be a martyr?" - "But," said the other, "just a little longer."

"As the pagans frequented this house a lot, Bishop Daveluy could not come out of his hiding place. Only in the evening Paul would take his flute and come and play music for him, Monseigneur would give him a sapèque (1(1) The sapèque is the only currency in Korea. "Stronger than the Chinese sapèque, it is the size of a small penny and pierced in the middle. Its value relative to our currencies could be two liards or two centimes." - Letter from Mr. Daveluy to Mr. Jurines..), they would laugh, and they would teach catechism: in short, the whole family was educated, baptized and, during the six years that I was their pastor, I always considered them to be very good Christians.

"But it also resulted that the humidity caused Bishop Daveluy an infirmity that has never been cured. It was a relaxation of the tendons of the right knee, which very frequently dislocated, so that, since that time, long runs on foot became impossible (2(2) Letter from Mr. Féron, of the Foreign Missions Society, October 24, 1874.). "From the beginning of his seclusion in what he calls his "fortress of Eurikoal", Mr. Daveluy wrote to his parents, on July 11, a letter that he thought could be the last, without telling them precisely. He tells them of André's arrest, the probability of a denunciation.

He tells them how he went to his new retreat, walking thirty leagues, "Don Quixote style", through the rain, mud, rice fields and very strong heat. "Monseigneur came to join me in the fortified castle; it is a real joy. "And he rejoiced, at the same time, to have thus a good opportunity to re-immersé his soul in the holy waters of penance.

This letter, entrusted to a Christian to be sent in the event of his death, was sent, doubtless without the knowledge of Mr. Daveluy who never spoke of it in the rest of his correspondence. It ended thus: "Farewell, my very dear parents, a respectful and friendly remembrance to all the parents, from my good grandmother to the distant relatives, I forget no one, I believe I have given proof of it in the past; to the friends also, Amiens, Paris, Roye, Querrieux, etc., etc., how much satisfaction I still have in remembering them!

"Farewell, in the holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary; we will know how to bear crosses and sufferings for the name of Jesus Christ; fidelity of all to the great meeting. I will try not to fail to do so. A very special farewell to my brothers and sisters, I loved them very much, but in God; I will always love them, I will always think of them. I entrust them again to Jesus our Master, to Mary Queen of Martyrs, our good mother; we will meet again one day."

In the midst of all these sufferings and worries, Mr. Daveluy always remained perfectly calm and master of all his faculties. We find remarkable proof of this in the long letter on Korea that he wrote at the time to one of his colleagues at the Seminary of Foreign Missions, Mr. Jurines. This letter, also dated from Eurikoal, "fortress in times of persecution," July 15, 1846, finished at Seng-tsi-kool, the following August 25, comprises no less than 22 quarto pages in very fine handwriting; It was published, in part only, in volume XX of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, pp. 291 to 308. It is a complete study on Korea, the writing of which denotes in its author a great talent for observation, at the same time as a full possession of himself. We would have liked to reproduce it in extenso; its extent does not allow us to do so, we do not want to disfigure it by analyzing it. Let it suffice us to say that it

was, for a long time, the most complete study that we have in Europe on Korea. Even today, its complete publication would be of great interest. On November 1, Mr. Daveluy added to his letter a postscript, much abbreviated by the Annals, in which he announced the end of the persecution.

The two missionaries were then thinking of separating, to resume their apostolic life, but, before doing so, they wanted to place themselves in a special way under an all-powerful protection. For seven years, Korea had received from the Holy See as its patroness the most holy Virgin Mary, under her glorious title of Immaculate.

It was She, it was this star of the sea that had served as a beacon to André Kim in his perilous voyage; it was She who had been the compass of the little boat Raphaël, on his return to Korea.

Her image was constantly displayed at the foot of the mast; she was invoked during the day, she was invoked at night, and the missionaries rightly believed that it was through her help that they had escaped all the dangers of the sea and persecution.

They therefore resolved to show their gratitude to her by erecting in Korea the Archconfraternity of her Immaculate Heart, this Archconfraternity so dear, as we remember, to Mr. Daveluy. The difficulty was finding a suitable place to carry out their project; they had no chapels, and large gatherings of Christians were impossible. They chose a small cabin where the family of a fervent neophyte lived in a secluded place. It was there that the confraternity was erected on November 2, 1816, in the presence of a few Christians, happy to cement a new alliance with Mary. It was arranged that every Sunday, a small number of the faithful would come to recite a few prayers before the image of the Mother of God, in union with the associates spread throughout the universe. Four days later, the missionaries wrote a letter to Mr. Desgenettes, parish priest of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, to ask him to register in his register the small association thus established in the valley of Sour-itsikol (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, pp. 331-332.).

Mr. Daveluy announcing to his family the establishment of the Archconfraternity seems to transfer all the honor to Mgr. Ferréol. But, to us who know the zeal shown recently by the seminarian of Saint-Sulpice and the vicar of Roye for the extension of the Archconfraternity, it is quite permissible to believe that he had his good part in the first thought of establishing this pious association in Korea. "Most of our neophytes," he said, "haste to register to participate in the countless graces that flow to the associates. After six months I returned to this poor cabin, and on Sunday we did the usual little exercise. What sweet impressions when, hearing the prayers of our Christians in the Korean language, I thought of this competition of all languages united for the praises of Mary and to bring about the conversion of sinners.

May this good Mother share with us these countless benefits that she has spread over so many countries; to this end I request the prayers of all the associates and of all good souls (2(2) Letter to parents. October 1847.)."

The two missionaries, now alone to work in the vineyard of the Lord, courageously set to work again, and the year 1847 passed without incident. God poured out an abundant blessing on their work. The number of annual confessions which, in 1846, because of the difficulties of the time, had been only 3,484, rose in 1847 to 5,246. There were also, in 1847, nearly 770 adult baptisms; the previous year, despite the persecution, there had been 946. In

two years, there were one thousand seven hundred new worshipers of the true God, torn from the cult of the demon, and enrolled in the holy Church of Jesus Christ (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, p. 335.).”

The month of May 1846 had been, for Mr. Daveluy, a time of joy on the occasion of the visit of Mgr Ferréol. The Holy Virgin arranged for him, for that of 1847, another cause for joy.

He received news from France. The beginning of his letter to his parents of the following October makes us understand the happiness he felt: “Finally, finally, finally has arrived what I have been waiting for so long. It was at the beginning of May, a man arrives from the capital. Has the courier from Peking returned, I asked him immediately? Yes, for a few days. — My heart was beating very hard. — Are there any letters? —

The Bishop has received many. — And for me?

— I don't know, I bring a package from the Bishop. — I open this package. Judge if the heart was beating hard, a package of letters is encountered, but where does it come from? Finally everything is open, I recognized the writing of my father, my mother, of so many people who are dear to me. I must admit my weakness, a few tears of joy escaped from my eyes, and this was happening in the house of the father of the Peking courier, who also wept, knowing that his son had returned safe and sound. God be blessed! I have received your letters since the end of March 1845, up to August 1, 1846 inclusive. In all more than seventy letters from thirty different hands, what satisfaction! “But joy was no longer to be granted without pain, to the one who sought on earth only the cross of his divine Master, and the year 1847 was marked, for Mr. Daveluy, by an illness, an obvious consequence of the fatigues of his ministry and the privations of the previous year, the beginning of the long sufferings that he experienced for almost the rest of his life. In his letter of October 1847, he speaks of it to his parents as a simple indisposition, but, with his brothers and sisters, the following year, he is more explicit.

“Last year, if I remember correctly,” he said, “I wrote to you when I had just shaken off the remains of a slight but tolerable illness; by the grace of God it has entirely disappeared, and this year nothing very unfortunate has occurred. Perhaps it will not be indifferent to you to know how things go on this side of the continent in such circumstances. Towards the spring of 1847, my strength diminishing and the beast threatening to have a small fall, I was urged on all sides to take comforting and protective remedies; by dint of insistence, I had to put aside my repugnance, and the council of the learned assembled decided that everything that was good and comfortable was necessary for the Father. It was necessary to lower the flag. Some wanted me to take the famous ginseng (1) Gin-seng, jin-seng or gen-seng is a famous plant throughout the Far East, the root of which is, according to the inhabitants of these countries, the first tonic in the universe. The most esteemed is the wild gin-seng of Tartary, which is said to sell for 50,000 francs a pound. A lot of it is cultivated in Korea; but it is much inferior to that of Tartary. Gin-seng is generally not beneficial to Europeans.), whose reputation has spread to Europe, but, on my formal refusal to take this plant generally harmful to Europeans, it was necessary to follow the party opining for deer horn. You laugh and yet the fact is true; deer horn is a very comforting remedy, some say delicious. In short, an express was sent and brought me, at a high price, a few packets of the drug in question, and even the stubborn ones put in it without my knowledge a little of the famous gin-seng. So I innocently took the delicious drink, certainly the Korean nectar, and I took it in good measure. All was well and I thought I was quit, when an inner fire, lit by the

gin-seng swallowed without knowing it, came to consume me from all sides. It was the time of the heat. Impossible to hold on; day, night, everything was fire; I swallowed the fire, I gave back the fire; fever sets in, food refuses to go down. And there you have it!!! In this circumstance many judged the matter serious, and it was necessary to bring from far away some Christians, men of the art, who could save my days. Couriers sent brought me one after five days, he was a noble gentleman, styled in the Korean style, and who was considered capable; but, after seven or eight days, a good old man arrived, one of the most famous purgons in the kingdom, whose serious and pedantic style must have made the poor martyr tremble. Drugs did not fail me: everything that was most bitter and most horrible was gathered for my person; it was necessary to drink it all; moreover they smeared my face and arms with I don't know what disgusting compote. In short, I had never seen such filth even from afar, and yet, glory be to the purgon; the drug had its effect, the fire was extinguished and little by little I was given to resume my natural state. Everything was paid for well, however note that to make me sick it cost me twice as much as to cure me. That's the style of this country, what do you think? Pode passeia, a Portuguese would say, and each one boasts of his exploits, the purges emphasizing the seriousness of the disease; others, inler quos ego, on the disgustingness of the drugs; they boasted of their talent and I of my skill in making such hosts descend into my stomach, I really laughed a lot (after the fact, of course), and now I pray to God not to let me fall into the hands of these empirics; I would rather take my bowl of rice than all these delicious stews. But do we think about it? I am ashamed, what a tirade on purges, purgations and the like. Let us quickly shut up, because this year I have not even tasted the drugs (August 1848).”

Fortunately, Mr. Daveluy's good constitution overcame this first assault: he could believe himself saved and two months later, in December 1847, he set out to visit the Christians scattered in the south of Korea, where neither Bishop Ferréol nor his collaborator had yet been able to go.

Chapter XI

Continuation of the Apostolate of M. Daveluy in Korea. Entry of Thomas Choe. — Serious Illness of M. Daveluy. — His Journey to the Capital. He Sees the King Pass by. — Death of Mgr Ferréol.

(1848-1856)

More than two years had passed since Mr. Daveluy entered Korea. He had become accustomed to the clothes and customs of this strange country; had learned to stammer in his guttural language; had learned a painful apostolate; inhabited filthy hovels; finally, paid a large tribute to illness that would often be demanded of him since.

From now on he could call himself a naturalized Korean and resume with a new zeal the exercise of his holy ministry. The sufferings, by weakening his body, had further strengthened his soul and it was with a redoubled courage and ardor that he returned to work.

The extent of the task seemed such as to make the most intrepid retreat: what were they, in fact, but two foreign missionaries who barely understood the language, to provide for the spiritual needs of a few thousand Christians, scattered and as if lost in the midst of ten million pagans (1(1) “What is the total population of Korea today? it is difficult to know exactly. The official statistics of the government counted, thirty years ago, more than one million seven hundred thousand houses and nearly seven and a half million inhabitants; but the lists are made with so much negligence that they cannot be trusted. It seems certain that many individuals are not counted. Perhaps one would not be mistaken in estimating the total figure at ten million, which would give an average of almost six individuals per house. Some modern geographers suppose that Korea has fifteen million inhabitants, but they do not say on what their obviously very exaggerated conjectures are based.” Dallet, *History of the Church of Korea*. Introduction, p. XII.)? And how could the torch of the Gospel be made to shine in the eyes of these same pagans, when it was necessary, under penalty of death, to conceal its presence from them? In Korea especially one could say: The harvest is great and the workers are few. But the difficulties only increased the zeal of the messengers of the Good News and the threat of persecution had further tempered their souls and inflamed their courage. For a moment, they had believed they had reached the port, now the much-desired palm seemed to be moving away, it was a reason for them to increase their activity and their devotion still further.

M. Daveluy ended the year 1847 and began 1848 with an apostolic journey in the southern provinces, where, scattered on both sides, about five hundred sheep awaited him, - while, for his part, Mgr Ferréol headed towards the north. — This visit was happy in fruits of salvation, without being troubled by any notable incident, apart from the difficulties of the journey and the permanent fear of the pagans who, moreover, did not disturb the serenity of the missionary in any way.

Let us listen to him: “Hardly on the road, we had to receive gratis pro Deo a driving rain which did not suit my followers on foot very well; as for me, mounted on a dashing horse, and buried in an oiled paper coat, I was only half wet. Soon the road became dreadful, we had to cross a long country in the middle of rice fields, paddling as best we could and each one carrying a supply of mud; we had to give up the horse and paddle too. On this, here is a

wide river to cross where the tide was rising in all its force, there were still about three leagues to go - against the tide; the boatman, frightened by the rain, the mud, the tide, refused to come, we had to use force; Fortunately I had many accompaniments; we shout, we threaten, and gaining nothing we seize one of the boatmen and begin to beat him. Then they consented to let us pass, and after a long work we arrived on the other side, but in a grotesque outfit, wet and covered in mud, however having lost nothing of our nobility and passing everywhere for such. From that day and thereafter we made the people leave the house at each inn to take their apartment. Sometimes these poor people were very cold, sleeping outside with their children, I pitied them inwardly, but what to do? It is the only way to avoid bad encounters and not to be recognized; consequently, we always acted like real watchdogs, speaking in a severe tone, often threatening, and according to the custom of the Korean nobles, not letting us be walked on. "The province I started with was that of Tsien-la, in the southwest of Korea; the people of this province have a distrustful, suspicious and unsociable character. The nobility rarely lives in this province, one is not accustomed to seeing people who are a bit posh; from there, our passage could not be made without noise, everyone came out to see our equipment; in the inns, women and children came to look through the holes when we were in the apartments; in spite of this nothing serious happened to us. We were especially afraid of my mourning costume being seriously compromised in this province of great persecution; God pulled us out of all the bad times.

"Only three were a little slippery: first when pierced by the rain, we had to spend a whole day and a night in an inn where there was a bad guy who proudly examined us, he even said some rather nasty words, my people were a little embarrassed about what to do. We rightly decided to wait, my servants began to smoke a pipe, and one of them, a storyteller by profession, began his tales, stories, episodes and, for three or four hours, no one thought of us. The rain having stopped a little, we slipped away lightly and disappeared.

"Another time, led by an unlucky star, my people went to an inn run by a former satellite known for his hatred of religion and for his vexations against Christians. He had played an active role in the great persecution, is aware of all our tricks, and, unfortunately, knew one of my servants. As soon as he entered, this servant, seeing the butler, turned pale, but to retreat was to compromise oneself directly. God granted that this tiger had a blindfold; he did not recognize my servant, otherwise the danger was great, especially since we were in a city where a seizure would be promptly executed. Finally, I do not know why, we turned, once again through ignorance, to an inn where Father Chastan was recognized, in 1838 or 39, and was rather pestered. My costume, my accompaniment, everything was similar, and the sly hare recognized me at first sight. Without doubt, he is not bad, he was content to say a few pleasant words to us and we slipped away peacefully.

These are the only positive dangers I have run; I do not speak of the dangers of the roads, in the midst of ice, snow, steep mountains; sometimes, it is rather a rock than a path, it takes very skillful horses to get out of it, they risk perishing at every step. I remember one time when I had to get my horse down on large stones covered with ice, the jump was more than two feet and there was no stone on which the two legs of the horse could rest at the same time: my people half pulled him, half carried him; for my part, I do not know how he managed to get out of it. We other pedestrians fell down, like little children; and all this is in the mountains, when there is no way to go elsewhere or to turn. (1(1) Letter to the brothers and sisters. August 1848.)" Fortunately, in the midst of all these trials, the missionary's confidence did not diminish, his usual cheerfulness never abandoned him, and always, when he relates the most accidental episodes of his dangerous journey through the mountains, he

does not fail to say that he laughed with all his heart at the most perilous moments, when he had to almost carry his horse and pull it by the head and the tail at the same time.

Moreover, it took this cheerfulness and this resolution, which were not carelessness but firmness, to advance thus, in the midst of the dangers of the road and the timidity of his guides, who, about ten days after his departure, unable to bear it any longer and frightened by the rumors of persecution that were spreading, would have liked to see him turn back.

He hesitated for three days, then, trusting in God and imploring the intercession of Mary, he courageously continued, against the advice of his servants; except for some extortions of money from some pagans, everything went off without a hitch, and M. Daveluy blessed Providence for not having turned back. "Three hundred Christians," he said, "would not have seen the priest again this time."

"Besides," he said in the same letter, "the country that I traveled through in this province has nothing extraordinary, except that they wanted to call by this name the boundary stones which, on the royal roads, indicate distances. Nothing cruder than these so-called human figures, carved on a wooden beam. The figure alone is traced, but with blows of an axe; the eyes, the nose, the mouth, all of it is enough to frighten, and perhaps some of our French would fear to pass near such monsters. Their true place would be in a fair, in the house of grotesque figures, and doubtless they would surpass all French industry in this genre. Shall I tell you that one day, exhausted with fatigue after a long journey, we hoped to have come a long way.

One of these monsters is encountered and for the day is a league less than we thought. My men, entering into a holy anger against this monstrous figure, and not seeing any witnesses, knocked it down with stones, and no doubt someone from the promontories protruding from the black figure will have disappeared under the blows. I burst out laughing at seeing their relentlessness; for them they found strength in this act of vengeance, and followed me more cheerfully. Would we not find similar farces in the French schoolboy, the man is the same everywhere." After about twenty-five days of travel in the province of Tsien-la, our missionary passed into the south-eastern province of Kiang-sang. "There," he said, "everything is different: it is the country of the nobility, people are more respected, the road becomes safer, and, if I did not fear a false judgment, I would call this province the Auvergne of Korea, there is in many of its inhabitants a character of charming simplicity. But there again, mountains, rocks, snow, nothing is lacking, and the latter does not even retreat before the countries that I believe to be at the 33rd degree of latitude. One day, it was charming, I was going to say grandiose: imagine a road of about six leagues between two mountain ranges; everything is steep, the snow covers a few bushes sown here and there, a severe rock forms the background of the picture; the road is only a series of rocks and stones that one travels with great difficulty and not without a heavy heart; everything is ice and freezes you with fear. But on the other hand the view is very much rejoiced by a thousand pictures of a charming asperity. Here, it is a stream that rolls lightly under the ice its little trickle of water; further on it has swelled and forms into a torrent whose bubbling waters make the echoes of the rocks resound. In the middle of these waters, are stones or rocks of all sizes that form as many islands, astonish the spectator and multiply the cascades to infinity; all this is traveled in the middle of the most complete silence, one hears only a few cries of admiration, or else the redoubled cries of the servants carrying or lifting in turn a poor beast that can take no more. Yes, it is a beautiful horror, a horrible beauty, and there in the middle of the mountains, the rocks, the cascades and the ice where is found everything that nature, on the day of its most horrible fertility, could sow on the earth, its fertile asperity seems to be exhausted there.

“And there, God supporting us with his powerful arm, the journey passed gaily and without accident; Christian countries were visited little by little; the poor people renewed each time these touching scenes that I cannot repeat here; everything, in a word, made us bless Providence which takes care of its children in whatever distant place they may be (1(1) Letter to brothers and sisters, already quoted.). “

One thing, however, came to sadden the heart of the valiant apostle. There remained to visit a Christian land five days' journey away, and from there another six days' journey were necessary to find a Christian habitation. The missionary's horse was out of order. Impossible despite all efforts to obtain another one. It was necessary to resign oneself and return to the north, limiting oneself to sending to the abandoned poor a few objects of piety through the intermediary of those of their fellow citizens who had come to meet the missionary and had had to leave without him, to his poignant regret.

“The poor people, on the return of their companions who had come to meet me, all gathered in the catechist's house and, their heads resting on the altar already prepared, they uttered long groans; then, receiving my little objects, they kissed them, but their tears did not dry up. They wait, they pray. Oh! when will I be among them?

“This is my expedition of last year, during which Isidore himself was not forgotten. One day in particular I would have liked to be only a few days away from you; I met, in a Christian country, a horse, but a very small horse, a real toy horse. In my life I had never seen one like it, as tall as a big dog, but besides so cute to eat; Isidore would have been enchanted. My servants wanted to mount him, we set off with him in tow, but when they wanted to mount him he acted dashing and sent the rider two paces behind. Three riders made their efforts without gaining anything other than seeing their busts very well imprinted in the snow. Finally they tamed him and he followed, but the poor poodle (he was a horse, however) after two leagues, unable to take it any longer, was sent back to his lodgings, to the great regret of my men who had enjoyed themselves wonderfully. These are recreations, you will say; yes, we take them when they present themselves and they help us digest the bad weather.

In his letters to his brothers and sisters, Mr. Daveluy insists above all, if we may say so, on the picturesque sides of his apostolic journeys. In those to his parents, he dwells at greater length on the moral state of the country he lives in, on the results of the mission, on the difficulties encountered there in the propagation of the Gospel. The missionaries are too few in number and then, obliged to remain constantly hidden, they cannot have any relations with the pagans.

Catechists are therefore of great importance and it is easy to understand that, despite their good will, many are below their task. “Imagine then our large peasants of France transformed into preachers and catechists and you will have a faint idea of our catechists.

A few come from this class, but the number is very small. For the moment, one can say that conversions are few in the educated class; What Christians we have who are a little good are almost all old Christians, and each persecution takes away some who are not replaced. Those who come to recruit our ranks are good people, more suitable than the rich for the kingdom of God, says the Gospel. They are simple, and the faith is given to them more easily. Despite the conversions each year and the daily births, there is little increase in Christians in total; this can be due to many causes, but probably the large number of children who die in infancy has a lot to do with it. There are still often old Christians who enter the

fold. A year ago, I saw a good old woman who, for 30 or 40 years, had been a Christian in spirit, but, by some circumstance, having been separated from Christians and unable to find them again, she could never satisfy her desire to be a Christian. She could only sigh before God. During the stay of our former confreres she knew nothing, only the sound of their name reached her; besides she did not know any Christian. Finally, Providence allowed her to meet Christians and learn of the presence of priests. Immediately, she came with her children to pitch her tent in Christian country; I met her about ten days after her arrival, but her complete ignorance prevented me from giving her baptism. I urged her to learn as soon as possible, and a few months later I learned that she had died, having received baptism at the hour of death. These examples of special providence are not rare; how many Christians at heart have been thus dispersed for a more or less considerable number of years. (1(1) Letter to parents. September 1848.) “ Finally, the missionary had done all that his strength had allowed him. For the third time he had visited almost his entire district.

If the weakness and hesitations of many had saddened him, the intrepid faith, perseverance and fervor of a great number had consoled him. From now on, the years would follow one another, always more or less the same, divided between the long and monotonous solitudes of the days of seclusion and the incessant and perilous activity of the times of administration, not to mention the too long moments of suffering and illness, until the supreme day of immolation.

At the time we have reached, an event hitherto unheard of in the annals of Korea had caused a great emotion throughout the kingdom. Two French vessels, the frigate *Gloire*, commanded by Lapierre, and the corvette *Victorieuse*, commanded by Rigault de Genouilly, ran aground on August 10, 1847, in the middle of the islands bordering the Korean coast; the crews were saved and returned to China on English ships that had rushed to their aid. Mr. Maistre and Thomas Choe, who were on the French ships, had to, this time again, give up on entering Korea.

This event was a cause of great concern for the Korean government, of great hopes and finally of great disappointments for the Christians. Here is how Mr. Daveluy appreciates it in his letter to his parents already quoted, from the month of September 1848: “Last year, the French returned to our coasts, but by an unprecedented fatality, two ships were wrecked at the same time, and we withdrew without saying a word. In this country we are very vexed to see foreign ships constantly. I say constantly, because the French having come twice, there is no longer any question during the whole year of anything but the arrival of foreign ships. They are announced by the dozens, the entire French navy is on the coasts; this time again, after the departure of the ships, we heard nasty noises. They were more violent than last year: very formal petitions to seize and exterminate all Christians were addressed to the king, and the persecution was seen so closely that Monseigneur, in the environs of the capital, was obliged to cease the administration and go into hiding for some time. The time had not come, God suppressed the efforts of the impious and it had no result. However, hatred of Christians increased among the people in place; a Christian village was completely pillaged by the satellites and neighbors, without orders from the mandarin. Even, Monseigneur having been seen by the pagans in the administration of the sacraments, there was a denunciation to the authority: the Christians called responses spoke skillfully, and, thanks no doubt to the peaceful character of the mandarin, he accepted the responses. In the province we only spoke of foreigners and Christians, it is still now a major affair in the country, everyone is busy with it; some to hate them, and these are especially the people in place; others speak in an

indifferent manner of everything, and would look favorably on freedom of religion and the reception of foreigners.

But all blame the French for their ambiguous and not frank conduct; if they want freedom, then let them speak loudly and frankly; if they do not want it, what grimaces and declamations they come to make on our coasts.

All laugh and mock at this aborted policy. Foreign ships are laughingly called mandarin-swallowers. The reason is that the custom of the country requires that the mandarin, opposite the district in which the ships drop anchor, be immediately dismissed; hence until now the arrival of the ships has had no other effect than to dismiss all those who have given the news of it.

They gossip of all kinds and they begin to believe that their words are pure farces. From all this, therefore, we derive no good, and we have less peace.

Having seen no one this year, I think that the French will not reappear; and truly if they do not want to act a little strongly, it will be a great good that we hear no more about them; because it is painful and shameful to see and hear oneself mocked and insulted even by the Korean people.”

A little further down, the missionary adds, speaking of the incessant threat of persecution which makes many timid souls retreat: “We had hoped a little from the French intervention, it had stirred many hearts, but today we have fallen into despair; how many tears flowed at the departure of the French, and courage has dried up in hearts. From there, the number of annual conversions is not considerable; only a small number, marching above all, begin in earnest. The number of the hesitant, those who postpone the game until happier times, is much greater. Last year we had quite a few more baptisms, either of new catechumens, or of old ones not yet baptized, but the number of new converts exceeded two hundred. Monsignor and I, who are on the spot and who see all the obstacles, have received this number with great joy, and we fear that each year the land will not produce as much. As for you, accustomed to seeing in the Annals countries where conversions are counted by the thousand, you will look at us with an eye of pity. Ah! at least may this pity excites you to pray to God for this poor country. “

However, Thomas Choe and Mr. Maistre, after having been obliged to give up penetrating Korea, during the shipwreck of the French ships, had to return to Shanghai, from where they made another unsuccessful attempt, at the beginning of the following year. On Quasimodo Day 1849, Thomas was ordained a priest, in Shanghai, by Mgr Maresca, apostolic vicar of Kiang-nan, and left soon after to try again to penetrate his homeland. Finally, in the month of December, he took the road to Korea, by PienMen, and was fortunate enough to be able to cross the border and arrive safely in Seoul. One of the first acts of the holy ministry that he had to exercise in Korea was to go and administer Extreme Unction to M. Daveluy. Indeed, the French missionary, after having peacefully spent the end of 1848 and the year 1849, devoting himself entirely to his apostolic ministry, was preparing to leave for distant Christian lands, when, in the course of January 1850, precisely the day before the day he had fixed for his departure, a serious illness broke out and in a few days reduced him to extremity. For two days, he says, “they despaired entirely and, at night, the Christians were gathered near my room, still believing they had received the news of my death. God did not permit it.

A horrible drug, given at the right time, got me out of the bad situation, but it took a long convalescence. For about two months, I could not say Holy Mass, then, for a long time more, celebrate it only from time to time. Today, I still feel a void, and a weakness that I did not have before. However, the illness has been cured (1(1) Letter to parents. End of September 1850. -).”

M. Daveluy was at the height of this illness and in the grip of delirium, when letters from France arrived, they preceded Thomas Choe who hastened to come and console and comfort his dying colleague. His arrival caused great joy to the sick man whose delirium had passed. He read him one or two letters, and little by little, as his strength returned, M. Daveluy was able to read them all. This is how he learned of the events that had taken place in France in 1848. This news and the death of Bishop Affre especially caused him great emotion. “Poor France!” he cried, “but above all I am eager to know where the sovereign Pontiff is. God has his designs; may these great blows from the right hand of the Most High bring back to themselves so many people who still have faith, but let themselves be carried away too easily. God has protected you all well in the moment of peril, and I like to believe that this protection still lasts. Glory especially to the holy martyr Archbishop, he is one more protector in heaven, since he was willing to take an interest in our whole family.” For a long time still Mr. Daveluy's health was to prevent him from the fatigues of the apostolate.

“My lord,” he said in the same letter, “fearing that the administration would harm me, by way of rest, has charged me with giving Latin lessons to some little fellows who are not quick at work. Is it the fault of the master or the pupils?”

I do not know, perhaps both have something to do with it. Consequently, I am with some, and I must go shortly to where I have had a house prepared which will serve as our winter quarters. It is very large, two rooms, plus the neighboring houses which will do a little work for us. I will be there like a prince, waiting, if God permits, for circumstances and unfortunate rumors to make me lift up my heel and clear off with or without a trumpet, according to the demands of the time. Thus you will know that I am at the head of the first Catholic and literary establishment in the kingdom of Korea.

What a beautiful title! Will you not be proud of this, especially when you think that, for want of a competitor, I was appointed superior of the establishment, professor of Latin, and teaching into the bargain all the parts of the sciences known or unknown to me; if God grants us life, we will see wonders. The worst of all is that the Koreans do not have the virtue of perseverance to a high degree. “

Fortunately, nothing came to disturb the tranquility of the convalescent. The year 1850 passed well, it was the same in 1851; little by little the missionary's strength returned and, towards the autumn of that year, he made a journey which was quite pleasant to him, on which he gives the following details:

- “In the month of September, making a diversion from these serious occupations (1(1) The functions of schoolmaster or, as he says jokingly, of Magister.), and having also business to settle, I took my flight to the capital, a city of delights for a Korean. Mounted on a cow, belonging to me, if you please, I took my sport as a noble gentleman, and arrived in a few days near His Highness, living in a passable house, having a beautiful garden, but, according to the custom of the country, no paths to walk, everything is pell-mell and without

any trace of art. There, I had a little more distraction no longer finding myself alone, but above all, I allowed myself one that you perhaps wish to learn in detail.

I went to see the exit of His Majesty, the King of Korea. Despite my heterodox face, I, in order to examine everything in detail, went to wait on the side of the main road and I contemplated the procession from close up. First it must be said that the kings of these countries do not go out when they want, all this is planned and arranged in advance; moreover, they must have a procession required by custom, and it is always in a grand manner. From then on, the. The day before, a kind of flying camps were placed in the vicinity of the palace, which were to guard the royal residence during his absence, and to police more strictly than usual; tents were erected for this purpose, and the military went there with their captains in the afternoon. The next day, His Majesty was to leave at daybreak, during the night or early in the morning everyone gathered at the palace.

We were, when the sun appeared, waiting on the edge of the main road, the people had gone there in crowds. I do not know how many thousands of people were there waiting to contemplate the march and the king. Soon we saw first convoys arrive which seemed to contain provisions; little by little, some great personages, accompanied as always by a numerous procession of slaves and servants. A little time later, a squadron of soldiers ranged five by five, in files quite distant from each other, then other bodies of troops on foot or on horseback, from distance to distance. Then came some grand marshals with the confused crowd which accompanies them, everything becomes more and more solemn, what represents the great bodies of the State must be there. Finally we see from afar the one whom all eyes seek. In front and behind are very numerous bodies of musicians on horseback, fairly dressed; around His Majesty, the eunuchs and other guardians of the palace, perhaps some great ones. His Majesty is a young man whose figure does not seem unpleasant, except to see it more closely, mounted on a white horse, and covered on the side with a red parasol which sheltered his person from the rays of the rising sun. The procession passes, the act is not finished; there is after it a troop almost similar to that which preceded, and, it is said, more numerous, but I had seen the important thing, hunger and cold made me return to my lodging to comfort myself.

“The goal of His Majesty was a visit to the tomb of the deceased king, about four leagues from the city; elegant chairs preceded to carry her if necessary, and a special one to make her climb the mountain where the tomb is located.

This procession extended over more than a league of main road. Having arrived at the goal, the king had to pay his superstitious duties to his predecessor, take his meal as well as the whole band, and return the same day by the same road; and, in case night should surprise, monster torches had been prepared on both sides of the road, very close together and larger than the body of a man. It is the most pompous and beautiful ceremony that there is in these countries, and each time there is a crowd beyond what one can imagine.

Truly, there would be materials to make something good, but unfortunately there is no order, the troops themselves are without alignment and without gravity, there is even a lot of talk. The clothing of all the troops is a little varied, but very different from our European style. There would be enough connections with the clothes of our actors in troops and of the carnival festivals; large clothes of various colors, thrown from top to bottom, plumes of all kinds, and especially thousands of flags, some of which are quite pretty, and which from a distance form a not contemptible sight. The great ones also have their clothes, a sort of dress in the oriental style. The weapons, that is to say guns, lances and bows, seem in rather poor

condition and the iron very rusty. The music was composed largely, at least from what I could see, of a kind of flutes and clarinets and trumpets with long tubes; but all these sounds had little harmony; they blow into the instruments without order or measure, do not come out of a few combined notes to prevent too great a cacophony, which does not produce pleasant sensations. I do not know how many thousand the whole procession must be, but it is not little. In summary, despite its faults and jumble, it is a march that deserves to be seen by anyone living in Korea, -and this can give an idea of their pomp (1(1) Letter to the brothers and sisters, dated from the capital of Korea, October 1851.).”

After having made a retreat of a few days, Mr. Daveluy left Seoul, in the month of November, and went to join his students. He returned the following year to the capital, because of the very worrying state of health of Mgr Ferréol, to whom he administered the last sacraments. The prelate did not yet succumb, but the missionary's anxiety remained great. A few months later, the dying bishop and his faithful companion had a great consolation in seeing Mr. Maistre arrive who, after ten years of efforts, had finally been able to enter Korea.

This joy was only a moment in the midst of the sadness caused by the state of Bishop Ferréol, whose health was not to improve any more. The bishop nevertheless wanted his collaborators to go and administer their Christians. While Mr. Maistre went to a distant district,⁷ Mr. Daveluy remained in the vicinity of Seoul, to be within reach of running to the sick man at the first signal. At Christmas, having received bad news, he wanted to set off, but Bishop Ferréol sent word to him to come without hurrying and visit the Christians who were on the road. Several times he returned to the charge, asking permission to make the journey to Seoul immediately, but he always received the same answer: “The danger is not imminent, it is better to first complete the administration of the Christians.”

In the end, however, having received a more alarming letter from Mgr Ferréol's servant, M. Daveluy believed he had to violate his bishop's orders, and hastened his march towards the Capital. When he arrived at the little house that served as the episcopal residence, on February 5, he found everyone in tears. Mgr Ferréol had died on February 3, 1853, around ten o'clock in the evening, after a short agony less painful than several attacks of his illness had been. On the last day of his life, he had felt that his end was near, and had regretted not having M. Daveluy with him. He was only forty-five years old.

It was necessary to hide this death from the pagans of the neighborhood. On the evening of his arrival, Mr. Daveluy dressed the body of the venerable deceased in priestly robes, with some insignia of the episcopal dignity, and, around midnight, he was secretly transported to another more secluded house. The next morning, the missionary celebrated the holy Sacrifice in the presence of the body of his bishop. He then placed it in a pine wood coffin, which was covered on the outside with a thick layer of varnish, on which were inscribed the names and qualities of the Bishop of Belline. The whole was enclosed, according to the custom of the country, in another lighter coffin intended to protect the varnish.

Since the snow and ice did not allow the burial to take place immediately, the coffin was entrusted to a good Christian who remained in charge of it for two months, and it was not until April 11, during the night, that Mr. Daveluy was able to pay his last respects to his bishop. Mgr Ferréol had expressed the desire to be buried near Mgr Imbert, his predecessor, or near the native priest André Kim. The opposition of some pagans having made the first place difficult to access, it was near the martyr André, in the village of Miri-nai, fifteen

leagues from the capital, that the third apostolic vicar of Korea was buried (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, p. 378.).

We can understand what M. Daveluy's pain was. "This blow which strikes me so closely," he wrote to his parents, "will be very sensitive to you, I am sure. Our mission loses in its leader a missionary in the prime of life: he was only forty-five years old; of robust health, fearing no fatigue, and able, through his knowledge of the language and customs, to render great services to religion in this country for a long time; and then again without knowing when we will be able to receive a new bishop. I lose in Monsignor a necessary support and a very sincere friend. You know how I accompanied him when he entered this country, how great perils and so many difficult moments were shared alone with him. For seven years and more, I had and could have no other guide, no other counsel, no other friend. Judge my deep pain; here I am alone, what a void! I can find a good bishop again, I will not find this friend again. You see that God is pleased to test us, may I use everything to the benefit of the salvation of my soul.

As a result of these events, we are still reduced to two European priests and one native.

Our joy in receiving a colleague a year ago has turned to mourning, no more bishop among us.

Pray for the repose of the soul of His Highness, for this mission which has become a widow, pray for me (1(1) Letter of September 18, 1853.)"

M. Maistre, who was the oldest missionary and had moreover been named pro-vicar by Mgr Ferréol when he was still in China, took over the direction until the sovereign Pontiff sent a new bishop to the Church of Korea and everything followed its course without further incident.

In March 1854, a new missionary managed to enter Korea, it was Mr. François Stanislas Jansou, from the diocese of Albi. The joy caused by his happy entry unfortunately did not last long. "Immediately after his arrival," wrote Mr. Daveluy, "this young confrere was taken by a violent illness which, after ten to fifteen days, subsided. He came to me to breathe the good mountain air and enjoy freedom. Unfortunately the illness still existed, and after about six weeks, returned more strongly; after eight days, difficult to describe, he died in my arms. To tell you my position, my pain, that of the Christians, finally the general mourning, would not be possible. We must say our Amen and pray to God to put balm on the wounds (1(1) Letter to parents. November 1854.)."

The missionary continued his apostolic life, trusting in Providence and his hope was not disappointed. No accident marked the following year, except for minor alerts, and 1856 brought him a great joy: that of seeing the arrival of the new Angel of the Church of Korea, Bishop Berneux, whose much-desired arrival was to be a great consolation for the missionaries and for Mr. Daveluy, without his foreseeing it, the occasion of an immense sacrifice.

Chapter XII

Monseigneur Berneux, Bishop of Capsus and Apostolic Vicar of Korea. — His Arrival and the Beginnings of his Apostolate. — He Choses M. Daveluy as Coadjutor.

(1856-1857)

Bishop Siméon-François Berneux was born in Château-du-Loir, a small town in the diocese of Le Mans, on May 14, 1814. His parents lived hard from their work, but they were good Christians and took care to raise their son in piety and the fear of God. Ordained a priest on May 20, 1837, he was a professor of philosophy when, not without difficulty, he obtained permission from Bishop Bouvier, Bishop of Le Mans, to enter the seminary of Foreign Missions, where he arrived on July 27, 1839.

On February 12, 1840, he embarked from Le Havre, with as traveling companions Mr. Maistre, whom we have already seen in Korea, and Mr. Chamaison, from the diocese of Montauban. After a very difficult crossing for Mr. Berneux and a fairly long break in Manila, the missionaries arrived in Macao towards the end of December. During his few weeks of stay at the procuratorate, Mr. Berneux gave theology lessons to the students who were there and in particular, as we have already said, to André Kim and Thomas Choe. Thus Providence was already calling him to work for the mission in Korea.

In the following January, Mr. Berneux, accompanying Mgr. Retord, apostolic vicar, and two other missionaries, left for Tong-King, where a laborious apostolate began for him, violently interrupted by the persecution. On April 11, 1841, he was arrested with his colleague Mr. Galy and several Christians; After spending a month chained in cages and undergoing several interrogations, the two missionaries were transferred to the capital, where they were interrogated again and received several times the beating given with rattans, each blow of which left a bloody furrow on the body, five or six inches long; then found guilty of having preached the Christian faith, they were condemned to death. Only the sanction of the king was lacking for the sentence to be carried out. The various letters written by Mr. Berneux during his captivity show us how great was in his soul the desire for martyrdom. Divine Providence indeed reserved this crown for him, but he had to buy it by longer sufferings and longer labors.

However, other missionaries had fallen into the hands of the persecutors. M. Charrier was arrested at Tong-king on October 5, 1841, and condemned to death, then transferred to the prison of Hué, with his colleagues. MM. Miche and Duclos, arrested in Cochinchina on February 16, 1842, soon came to join them there. It was not until the following December 3 that the king finally sanctioned the death penalty imposed on the European missionaries, ordering, however, to await new orders before proceeding with the execution. The very next day, the confessors learned of the royal decree, despite all the precautions taken by the mandarins to hide it from them. "You cannot form an idea," wrote M. Miche, "of the joy that the prince's decision has spread in our souls; one must experience it to be able to judge it. What will it be like when the day of punishment comes! when the executioner knocks at our door and says: Go, heaven is open to you! "These holy hopes were to be disappointed.

Thieu-tri, still not firmly established on his throne, fearing to attract a war with France, hesitated to allow the execution of the missionaries, when on February 25, 1843, the corvette *Héroïne* came to anchor at the port of Touranne. M. Chamaison, hidden three-quarters of a league from the coast, managed to have a letter secretly delivered to the

commander, M. Lévêque, informing him that five French missionaries, Messrs. Galy and Berneux, imprisoned for twenty-three months, M. Charrier for seventeen months, Messrs. Miche and Duclos for thirteen months, were at that moment chained in the dungeons of Hué, under sentence of death which could, from one day to the next, be put into execution. Faced with such precise information, the commander did not hesitate. He took upon himself the responsibility of claiming his compatriots, and responded to the lies of the mandarins who denied having ever heard of Frenchmen and missionaries, by threatening to go and anchor off the capital. A few days later, on March 17, the five confessors were on board the *Héroïne*, which left immediately.

Scarcely delivered, the missionaries made pressing requests to the commander, to obtain to be deposited on a point of the coast of their adopted homeland, and to return to their apostolic works. M. Lévêque refused to consent, and declared to them that having promised, in the name of the French government, that they would neither return to Tong-king nor to Cochinchina, he intended to bring them back to France and hand them over to the French government. He had nevertheless to leave in Syngapour MM. Miche and Duclos, whose weakened health could not endure a longer sea voyage.

Arriving at Bourbon, M. Berneux reiterated to the governor the requests he had made in vain to Commander Lévêque, and this time was more fortunate. After many difficulties, the governor authorized him to go to China, on condition that he never return to Tong-king. On June 22, he embarked for Syngapour, on the frigate *Cleopatra*, and finally landed at Macao, on August 23. M. Berneux had some hope of being sent to Korea, but it was preferred to direct him to the new mission in Manchuria, of which Mgr Verrolles had taken possession as first apostolic vicar in 1841.

Then began for M. Berneux an apostolate, as laborious as it was fruitful, of nearly twelve years, in which we cannot follow him.

Let us only say that his zeal and his eminent virtues shone no less brightly than his courage and his firmness in the midst of the perils that surrounded him and in the dangerous illnesses that struck him.

As early as 1845, Mgr Ferréol had proposed to Mr. Berneux to be his coadjutor with future succession.

The profound and sincere humility of the missionary had made him refuse an honor of which he believed himself unworthy; nevertheless, later, he had to resign himself and accept to become the coadjutor of Mgr Verrolles. He was to be consecrated for this purpose on December 27, 1854, under the title of Bishop of Tremita, but, three days before his consecration, Mr. Berneux received bulls naming him Bishop of Capsus (1(1) Capsus, in Latin Capsa, of which three apostolic vicars of Korea have borne the title, is an episcopal city of ancient Numidia.) and apostolic vicar of Korea.

He was therefore consecrated in this capacity by Bishop Verrolles. Bishop Daguin, a Lazarist, Bishop of Troas, Apostolic Vicar of Mongolia, and two other missionaries attended the ceremony which, despite the secrecy that had been sought to be kept, had attracted a large number of Christians. Here is how Bishop Berneux himself announced his nomination: "You may know that Bishop Ferréol, Apostolic Vicar of Korea, died two years ago, before having named his successor, or rather by designating me to replace him. In 1845, His Grace had offered me the coadjutorship of Korea, which I then believed I had to refuse; I was too young

and without any experience of missions. I believed that it was a finished affair; and never since has it been mentioned in my relations with Monsignor of Korea. But His Highness, without warning me, maintained his choice in his will made in 1845.

“Rome did not want to change the dispositions of the deceased prelate. The Holy Father did not let himself be stopped by the consideration that I was not a missionary of Korea and that I was already consecrated coadjutor of Manchuria; for I was believed to be consecrated then. By his letters of August 5, 1854, His Holiness declared me Apostolic Vicar of Korea with the title of Bishop of Capsus, and urged me to go as soon as possible to the midst of my new flock. After hesitating for a few days, and imploring with abundant tears the lights of the Holy Spirit, I made up my mind, and I found calm again.

“I am leaving a mission where I have worked for eleven years, whose language and customs I know, a mission where the Christians have always shown me confidence and attachment; I am leaving my confreres and an apostolic vicar with whom I have had such sweet relations for many years, to go to Korea to learn, at my age, a new language and new customs; in Korea, which is so difficult to enter. I suffer horribly at sea; and perhaps I will have to run there for a long time before being able to enter my mission, if I can ever enter it. All these considerations no longer stop me. Your will, O my God, and nothing but your will!” The new apostolic vicar was eager to go to his mission. “Korea! he wrote to Mr. Baron de la Bouillerie, this land of martyrs par excellence; Korea whose name alone makes every fiber of the missionary's heart vibrate, how can one refuse to enter it when the doors are open to you? “ But a long and very serious illness which lasted eight months inevitably delayed his departure, and it was only in September 1855 that he was able to embark for Shanghai, where he was joined by two young missionaries, Messrs. Petitnicolas and Pourthié, destined to accompany him to Korea and, later, to share his martyrdom (1) Mr. Michel-Alexandre Petitnicolas, born in Coinches, diocese of Saint-Dié, on August 25, 1828, entered the seminary of Foreign Missions in 1849, left for India in August 1853. His health could not withstand the tropical heat of this country, and, after two years of stay in Coimbatore, he had to leave for Hong Kong, where he received his new destination for Korea. — Mr. CharlesAntoine Pourthié, born on December 20, 1830, in the diocese of Albi, had been a priest for only a few days when he entered the seminary of Foreign Missions, on June 30, 1854. Destined for the mission in China, he left on June 27, 1855, but when he arrived in Hong Kong, the urgent need of the mission in Korea determined Mr. Libois to change his destination and send him to join Bishop Berneux in Shanghai.). Finally, on January 17, 1856, the three new apostles of Korea left Shanghai, aboard a Chinese junk, to go to their adopted homeland.

Forced to take the sea route, their journey was long and difficult; Contrary winds prevented them from advancing for two months at first, and the three missionaries had to remain locked up in their cabin day and night during all this time. It was not until March 14 that they were finally able to set sail and set off on an adventure, no one knowing which route to take. The next day, the 15th, they sighted land; where was they? No one knew. Fortunately, it was Korea. But all was not over: on the contrary, the greatest difficulties began. For five days, they searched in vain for the Korean ship that was to come to meet the missionaries; finally they found it, and on Easter Day, March 23, at one o'clock in the morning, Bishop Berneux and his companions left the Chinese junk for the Korean ship. A few days later, they disembarked, dressed in mourning attire, and undertook to walk the four or five leagues that separated them from the capital. The journey was completed without incident and dawn had not yet appeared when the travelers reached the walls of Seoul; but, that day, the king being

absent, the gates were not to open until sunrise and, in the meantime, they went to take a little rest in the house of a Christian.

“When day came and the gates were open, writes Mgr Berneux, we made our entry into the first city of the kingdom. I walked preceded by a Christian, and followed at a distance by M. Petitnicolas and M. Pourthié. I really wanted to look at a tall mandarin who was coming out at that moment, mounted on a kind of wheelbarrow, and surrounded by a large procession. However, I judged it prudent to do nothing of the sort, for fear of being recognized. I was also very busy arguing with the wind, which wanted to seize the protective hat which was then so necessary to me. Even more modest, one of my colleagues (Mr. Pourthié) forbade himself the use of his eyes so much that he lost sight of us in the crowd that filled the street, and he entered small, detoured streets, following the pagans he took for his guides.

Fortunately, his disappearance was noticed, and he was found. A moment later, we gathered at the excellent Mr. Daveluy, and all together we gave thanks to the Lord who had granted us such a happy journey (1(1) Life of Mgr Berneux, by Mr. Abbé FILLION. - History of the Church of Korea, volume II, pp. 390-406. - Life of Mr. Petitnicolas, by Mr. Abbé RENARD.).”

One can easily understand Mr. Daveluy's joy when he had the good fortune to see Bishop Berneux arrive safe and sound and to receive his first blessing. Here is how he told his parents this happy news in his annual letter of November 1856, dated from the capital of Korea.

“I received some of your letters, on the Thursday after Easter, by a hand very dear to my heart. Would you believe it? Our wishes have been fulfilled; His Highness, Bishop Berneux, our new apostolic vicar, arrived that day while I was saying my morning prayers. The entry was without incident, two confreres brought by His Highness followed him; all the baggage, little by little, was received. What thanksgivings do we not owe to the Lord! To tell you of my joy, my happiness, the joy of all our Christians would not be an easy thing. Our bishop among us! Is it not the head united to the body? confreres to help in the work of God! Is it not the object of all our wishes, of all our prayers?

“My emotion was such that the fatigue of the administration from which I returned to receive His Grandeur, suddenly disappeared as if by magic; and during a month that I remained near him, I was better than I had been for a long time.

“And then, I must say, still in thanksgiving, the knowledge of our new bishop increased my joy still more. He is a good friend to his missionaries, he is a very excellent pastor for the flock. God chose him himself for us and everything fits perfectly with the needs of the mission; affairs will have a new impetus, and I can hope for everything for the good. What peace and calm there is in the heart, when I see the finger of God directing all things so well! Yes, I come back to life thinking of this admirable Providence. Unfortunately, His Highness, who last year was attacked by an illness from which he did not hope to recover, suffered from it again this summer, and some rather serious worries mingled with the common joy. But, at the beginning of autumn, this illness seemed to be cured and, for the moment, we no longer have this cause for pain. God who brought him to us will know how to keep him at the mission, and your wishes will join ours to obtain it.” The first year of Bishop Bernoux's apostolate was fairly peaceful and the missionaries were not too worried; Father

Choe alone ran a serious danger from which fortunately he was able to escape. In Mr. Daveluy's district, there was concern about the fate of five imprisoned neophytes, when, one fine day, it was learned that they had just been set free, without paying the slightest ransom and without having had to pronounce a formula of apostasy. They returned to their village and continued to publicly profess the Christian religion.

The main cause of this unusual moderation was the presence of a French frigate, the *Virginie*, which stayed on the coast of Korea for several weeks. The missionaries, warned too late, were unable to get in touch with their compatriots and, when Mr. Daveluy, poorly informed, deceived by the most contradictory rumors, arrived, after several days of marches and counter-marches, at the place opposite which the frigate had anchored, he met no one. The Korean government was in the greatest anxiety. It had on its conscience the blood of the three missionaries martyred in 1839, and it did not believe that France could let this death go unpunished. The ban and rear ban of the militia, that is to say almost all the able-bodied men of the kingdom, received the order to be ready to enter the campaign at the first signal. But as the vast majority of these poor people barely know which hand to hold the bow with, the royal family and the ministers, who had no illusions about their valour, had various places of refuge prepared in the mountains of the north-east, to put their persons and their treasures in safety, if necessary.

The missionaries, for their part, believed they were glimpsing the day when freedom of religion would allow them to convert pagans by the thousands. Unfortunately, the hope of some and the fear of others were equally chimerical (1(1) *History of the Church of Korea*, volume II, pp. 416-413.).

Nevertheless, the mission of Korea found itself, at this time, in relative tranquility and Mr. Daveluy devoted himself with redoubled zeal to his holy ministry, when his humility was put to a severe test. In fact, Bishop Berneux had received from the Holy See, before his departure for Korea, the necessary powers to choose and consecrate a coadjutor. He did not want to remain any longer without making use of them. The still precarious state of Christianity, the memory of past disasters, the unheard-of difficulties that had been overcome to bring in missionaries, the fear that new persecutions would soon come, by striking the first pastor, to destroy the hope of perpetuating the priesthood in Korea, all these considerations combined made it his duty not to delay. His choice fell on Mr. Daveluy, whom eleven years of work, an exact knowledge of the country, an entirely apostolic zeal and the solid virtues of a true missionary, clearly designated as the most worthy. But he had to struggle against the humility of this holy priest, and had, so to speak, to impose this formidable charge on him by force (1(1) *History of the Church of Korea*, volume II, p. 423.).”

A child of obedience, Antoine Daveluy submitted to the orders of the one who held for him the place of the divine Master and the ceremony of his consecration was fixed for March 25, 1857. It was right that the devout servant of Mary should receive the fullness of the priesthood on the day of one of the feasts of his beloved Mother.

Part Three The Bishop

Chapter 1

Mr. Daveluy Consecrated Bishop of Acones and Appointed Coadjutor of the Apostolic Vicar of Korea. — First Synod of the Church of Korea. Arrival of Mr. Féron.

(1857)

On the night of March 25, 1857, the feast of the Annunciation of the Most Holy Virgin, which this year fell on the Wednesday of the fourth week of Lent, a ceremony, unheard of until then in the annals of Korea, took place in the capital of this kingdom. Bishop Berneux, Bishop of Capsus and Apostolic Vicar of Korea, using the powers that Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX had conferred on him, imposed his hands on Mr. Daveluy, who had become his coadjutor with future succession, and consecrated him under the title of Bishop of Acônes (1(1) The episcopal seat of Acônes is none other, it seems, than that of Acon or Accon, the ancient Ptolemaïs, a famous maritime city in the province of Phoenicia, in Syria; today Saint-Jean-de-Acre. See in the *Oriens Christianus* of Father Le Quien, volume III, col. 1329 et seq., the list of *Episcopi Aconenses*.)

There is hardly a more imposing function in the Catholic liturgy than the consecration of a bishop, and those who have had the good fortune to witness this august ceremony never forget it. About three years before the time we are in the life of our missionary, the native city of Antoine Daveluy had seen, under the vaults of Notre-Dame d'Amiens, a prince of the Church solemnly confer the anointing of the pontiffs on an illustrious priest (2(2) M. l'abbé Gerbet, author of the *Sketch of Christian Rome*, consecrated bishop of Perpignan, on June 29, 1854, by Cardinal Gousset, archbishop of Reims, assisted by the bishops of Amiens and Beauvais, in the presence of the archbishop and bishops of Sens, Soissons, Saint-Claude, Blois, Nancy, Bruges, Liège, Boston and Adras.), in the presence of eleven bishops, an innumerable clergy and an immense crowd.

The consecration of the child of the diocese of Amiens, performed at the ends of the old world, in the silence of the night, and amidst the fear of persecution, had none of these external pomps, but the ceremony was no less august, and he who received, on that day, the fullness of the priesthood had to be faithful to his sublime vocation even to the shedding of blood.

Let him himself relate some details: “Messrs. Maistre, Petitnicolas and Father Thomas were gathered for this ceremony which prudence did not allow to be done among the Christians. It took place in the house of His Highness, during the night, in the presence of the catechists of the capital and a small number of the principal Christians. The locality and the secrecy did not allow for great pomp; it was almost as in the catacombs. How painful it was for us not to be able to satisfy the desire of all our neophytes! They have never been given the opportunity to contemplate the majesty of our ceremonies, and they are inconsolable at not having been able to attend the only one of this kind perhaps which will take place in their lifetime (1(1) Letter cited in the *History of the Church of Korea*, volume II, p. 423.)”

It was therefore behind closed doors, before the eyes of God, the angels of Korea and its apostles, that the diadem of the pontificate was placed on the head of the one who was to be the fifth bishop of Korea.

M. Maistre acted as first assistant and M. Petitnicolas as second.

If the joy of the consecrator and his assistants was great on this day, it was not the same for the pious elect, whose humility inspired a profound terror of the formidable burden that obedience imposed on him. Here are the terms in which he announced this great news to his parents, at the end of his annual letter, of the month of November 1857: "I have yet to speak to you of an event which will be, I have no doubt, more painful than pleasant to you, as it was to me; and certainly, in the eyes of faith, how could one rejoice in it? I have always been convinced that I was made to be led and not to lead. For many years I was happy under the obedience of my bishop, and I never desired to leave this state; moreover, I really feared it, and I did all I could to spend my whole life thus. What then are the designs of God?"

A combination of circumstances and the fear of failing in my duty and of bringing other evils upon this mission, forced my consent in an entirely new line. When it seems clear that God asks it, there is great danger in resisting. Finally, you will forgive me, you will even take pity on my position before God, the fact is accomplished. On March 25th last, the day of the Annunciation, I had to once again allow hands to be laid on me and I was consecrated coadjutor bishop of Korea, under the title of Bishop of Acones, designated by the sovereign Pontiff. I have said enough to urge you to redouble your prayers in my favor, it is heavy, very heavy, but since I did it only out of necessity, I have the right to expect proportionate help from the Most High, and the most holy Virgin whose feast I have chosen for the day of my consecration, cannot abandon me. I no longer have the courage to say more.

"Please accept the assurance of the devotion and profound respect with which I have the honor to be, even more than in the past, "Your very obedient son, "A. DAVELUY, "Bishop of Acônes, coadjutor of Korea."

Bishop Daveluy's family welcomed the news of his elevation to the episcopate with the sentiments of faith and piety that distinguish them. Given the difficulty of communications, it was only in the letter of November 11, 1860, that the Bishop of Acônes responded to the congratulations of his parents: "I thank you very sincerely for the offers that you have been kind enough to make me in the event that my new position requires some expenses; for the moment I need nothing and as long as we are in our huts and under the weight of proscription, I think I will have no expenses to make. The representation of bishops in Korea is about that of shepherds in France, and even if they can hardly carry the crook, this is not an evil, it is a great good, from this dignity will only come charges, nature will therefore have nothing to prize. Deo Gratias."

He adds, in the postscript of the same letter: "I was very surprised by my father's determination not to address me any more in the familiar form, but what is done for God must have its reward, I have nothing to say."

His natural repugnance for this position, he wrote to his superiors, a few weeks after his coronation, was enough alone to lead him to refuse. "I never believed myself made to command," he said; "it is already a lot for me to know how to obey. On the other hand, the real exhaustion of my strength, followed by the loss of my intellectual faculties, did not allow me to accept this burden. But His Highness spoke to me in terms which made me fear that an obstinate refusal would put me off the path of Providence, and I had the misfortune to give my consent.

Today, all is over, but, if it were not for me, it would be a great consolation to think of the progressive march of religion in this country. Here too, episcopal consecration has been given, the hierarchy is established according to the usual rules of the Church. Is this not real progress? an act of the greatest consequence for the future? Yes, this land fertilized by the blood of so many martyrs will bear its fruits; yes, I dare to count on the protection of so many valiant athletes, whose heads fallen under the sabre serve as the foundation of the holy Church of God in this country. Land of martyrs, Korea will become Christian, I have no doubt, and this is what consoles me in the midst of the dejection in which I am. Events are hurrying, and all seem to announce to us an era of rapid development. The day after my consecration, our dear mission could contemplate its numerous clergy, - the expression has become apt, - gathered in synod, according to the spirit of the Church, to regulate what can contribute to the advancement of religion. Pressed by circumstances, we devoted only three days to this happy meeting, where our rules of conduct and the plan of operations that circumstances seem to allow us were more clearly established. Discipline is strengthened, minds tend more easily towards the same goal, and above all the union of charity between us is admirably tightened. What thanksgivings should we not render to God (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, pp. 423-424.)? “

A great joy had come to crown those of the consecration of the coadjutor of the mission of Korea. The three days of synod which had followed the solemnity of March 25 had happily and fruitfully ended, when, “on March 29 before daybreak,” says Bishop Daveluy, “while the four of us were gathered at Monseigneur's house in the capital, the servant knocked at the door to wake us. “What do you want?” “A father has just arrived.” “Where does he come from?” “From the sea.” At this well-understood word, we jumped up, put on a garment, opened the door, and in fact it was indeed a new confrere. How did he come?

That was when the finger of God showed itself. Not having an appointment this year at the sea, or rather not having understood the procurator well, no boat had been sent. This dear confrere happened to come across a boat lent by a pagan to go smuggling and manned by Christian sailors. We do not hesitate despite the presence of the pagan, we receive the priest on board and bring him to us fortunately. Is there not something providential there? God alone brings him to us, without anyone suspecting it and getting involved. Where are we then? This Korea, once impenetrable, seems to have its doors wide open. Let us thank the Lord, but also what an omen for the future, I leave you to think (1(1) Letter to parents, already cited, from October 1857.).

The missionary whose happy entry made Bishop Daveluy entertain hopes that were not realized, — for events soon came to show that Korea was still as impenetrable as before, — was M. Féron, a young priest of the diocese of Séz. Everyone believed he would still be in China for a long time; so Bishop Berneux thought his servant was mad when the latter, waking him, announced the arrival of a new father. “I found almost all the confreres gathered there,” wrote M. Féron, “Bishop Berneux had just consecrated his coadjutor and finished a synod: I arrived in time to eat my share of the crust of the bread whose crumb had served to wipe the anointings of the consecration. Imagine what a celebration! (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, p. 425.)” But the missionaries' feasts, especially those of the missionaries of Korea, are never long on this earth. The time to part soon arrived and each returned to his post with more ardor and confidence than ever.

Chapter II

Bishop Daveluy Coadjutor of Korea. - Receipt and Drafting of the Acts of the Martyrs and of the History of the Church of Korea. — Death of Mr. Maistre. — Success and Perils of the Mission. — Request for Prayers in Europe. — Cholera. — Persecution.

(1857-1860)

The year 1857 was a year of blessings for the mission of Korea. It now had two bishops, several priests and the relative peace which religion enjoyed allowed the missionaries to devote themselves more easily to their holy ministry, and many fruits of grace came to reward their zeal. The Christian population was then 15,206 souls.

“You are eager to have details on our position,” wrote Mgr Daveluy in his letter of October 1857, “and I do not fail you in your expectation.

“But really what can we say about us? It is always the same thing, nothing new, nothing remarkable. Thanks to the peace we enjoy, we live almost as in France, except for a few precautions. There are baptisms, confessions, everything that takes place everywhere. How can I write a letter that could interest you? All the more so since my old imagination no longer knows how to embroider. In any case, two short words. A young man came with his mother to learn religion, and began to learn prayers and catechism. He soon fell ill and, reduced to the point of death, he was baptized by a catechist from a neighboring country and died. That night, it is said, a rainbow appeared resting on the house of the deceased. Several pagans, going to the mortuary, said they had seen him very distinctly, and information obtained on the spot by one of our colleagues confirms all these rumors. Whatever the cause of this extraordinary event, several of the neighboring pagans concluded that the deceased had gone to a place of happiness and that the religion he followed must therefore be good. Several were immediately returned, and at the beginning of this summer three or four families from this place had begun to practice. This gives us about fifteen new Christians; what resources God has! The event did not have a great impact because the village has few houses, but would it not have other consequences, is it not enough to thank God for this manifestation that he seems to have made?” ,

For the moment, however, the apostolic works of the active ministry occupied Bishop Daveluy less than previously. Bishop Berneux had assigned him a work that, better than anyone, the Bishop of Acônes was able to fulfill, and which, even to the exclusion of any other cause, would alone be enough to assign him an exceptional rank among the missionaries of Korea, the research and translation of all the documents relating to the history of Christianity in this country and to its numerous martyrs.

“Before finishing,” he wrote in the same letter, “I must still tell you a word about my personal position. For a year now, His Highness the Apostolic Vicar, feeling the need for certain works for the good of the mission, has charged me with doing them. These are language works, books, history. This is the part that has fallen to me and which has already kept me going all this year without going out. I have had little contact with Christians, always in the office and retired. This kind of life suits me well in every way. I am very happy and am in better health than in the past, I have only weakness left, but what is that? I am happy to be able to make myself useful in this way, when I no longer have the strength of youth to run around as before; everything is still for the glory of God and the good of this mission. Since

this spring I have also been charged with compiling and collecting all the documents relating to the introduction of religion in this country and to our numerous martyrs. This part of my work has a special interest, but unfortunately the continuity of the persecutions will not allow us to find the things in their entirety. There have been few writings and several are not found.”

Bishop Daveluy devoted himself entirely to this work and continued his work rapidly. During the last months of 1857, he had the consolation of having as a guest or neighbor Mr. Petitnicolas, whose health forced him to rest (1(1) Life of Mr. Petitnicolas, already cited, pp. 99 et seq.).

At the end of this same year, very sad events, although of a different kind, unfortunately came to disturb the peace that the missionaries were then enjoying. First, a local persecution, which fortunately did not have bloody consequences and soon subsided, took place precisely in the vicinity of the Prelate's residence. He believed he should yield to the advice of prudence, — it had been said that his residence had been denounced, — and went secretly and without anyone knowing to ten lys from there, where he stayed for fifteen days “to see how things turned out.” Fortunately everything seemed to calm down, but, as if to justify the proverb misfortune never comes alone, “the very day I had left my home,” wrote Mgr Daveluy, “to flee the danger, at the beginning of the night my servant arrived with a heartbreaking letter. The Christians wrote to me that our dear colleague, Mr. Maistre, was dying 25 or 30 leagues from my lodgings. Being unable to go there except in short days, I sent a courier that very night to a colleague (1(1) Mr. Petitnicolas.) who, that very day, had left to get closer to the place where the sick person was, and soon I learned that our dear colleague had left the world after receiving the last sacraments.

“What a loss for this mission! He was one of the missionaries whose health, virtues and knowledge made him considered the pillar of our work.” He died in the midst of the exercise of the apostolic life and in such a holy and admirable manner that all our Christians were struck by it. Please recommend his soul to God sometimes, although I believe he is already in possession of happiness. He was my only companion after the death of Bishop Ferréol and was to be my support, but for me it is a deplorable void. Let us adore the judgments of God; he does not want to allow our number to increase much, each entry is followed by a loss. Ah! Are the days of great blessing still far away (2(2) Letter to parents. September 1858.)?”

Following the death of Mr. Maistre, Bishop Daveluy had to leave his sedentary work and resume the administration. Returning home after three months of apostolic travel, it was necessary, according to his expression, “to double the work rations.”

“It was a question, while waiting for the history of the martyrs and the mission of Korea to be completed, of making a choice of the lives of our most beautiful martyrs to place them at the feet of His Holiness and to ask for a judgment of the Church on these venerable confessors of the faith. The writings are for me now slow and tiring, but supported by the intercession of our Christian heroes, I was able to gather the documents and everything is ready. The choice includes the abbreviated lives of more than 150 martyrs and must be sent this year. The history of the Korean Church is also progressing, I have collected almost all the documents that one can hope to have, it is only necessary to complete them, which is long because of the distant places where the people to be consulted are, but nevertheless we will see the end of it if God preserves our peace (1(1) Letter to parents, already cited.)”

Bishop Daveluy had to a high degree all the qualities required to carry out such a work: complete and in-depth knowledge of the Korean peninsula, sure and prompt judgment, lively intelligence and above all scrupulous accuracy. “If they knew in Rome with what rigor Bishop Daveluy proceeded,” said Bishop Berneux, “all the martyrs presented by him for canonization would be admitted immediately (1(1) Information from Mr. Féron.)” At the same time that the Bishop of Acones sent to the Seminary of Foreign Missions the documents on the Korean martyrs of which he has just spoken, he wanted to make known to his family two of the most beautiful flowers of his rich harvest, and, judging well that no present would be more agreeable to them, he addressed to his two sisters, nuns at the Ladies of Louvencourt, the touching account of the martyrdom of Luthgarde Ni (2(2) V. second part, chapter VII.) and that of Anastasie Ni, victim of the persecution of 1839. The extent of these accounts does not allow us to insert them, but we express the wish that the letter which contains them be published before any other in extenso; no reading is more edifying and more touching.

Let us say right away that Bishop Daveluy still devoted to this hagiographical and historical research all the time he had available in 1859. “It was in this year especially,” says the author of the History of the Church of Korea, “that surrounded by books, translators and copyists, examining precious manuscripts, and consulting oral tradition, he was able to collect documents of the highest interest, add one hundred and fifty pages to the annals of the first martyrs, and write biographical notes on almost all the confessors. To throw light on some of the obscurities, to fill up some of the gaps in the history of the great persecution of 1801 and of the times which had preceded it, he made a three-month journey into the most remote parts of Christendom (1(1) This journey was completed in January, 1859. — Letter to parents, end of January, 1859.), in order to find and question in person, under oath, all the eye-witnesses or ear-witnesses still living, who could give him some useful information. “May God please,” he wrote after this expedition, “may God please that these works may soon be finished for his greater glory! I am convinced that the history of the martyrs of Corea will be a true manifestation of the divine power and goodness.” Three years later (October 1862), Bishop Daveluy wrote to Mr. Albrand, superior of the seminary of Foreign Missions: “I am sending this time to Mr. Libois, hotre procurator in Hong Kong, to pass them on to you by the safest route, all my notes on the history of the martyrs. They have not been written, despite all the prayers you have made to me; but for me, here, it is a physical impossibility that you will not reproach me for. I was already worn out, and deprived, so to speak, of all my faculties. The long journeys that I have been obliged to make, in recent times, have reduced me to the point that a page of writing is now a frightening labor for me. You tell me that a little rest might dispose me to attempt this writing; I answer that the thought, even of rest, cannot come to me. Each year my responsibilities and my occupations multiply. In our present position in Korea, there is no possible rest, not even a place where one can settle down. I insist on this point, because your last letters seem to make it my duty to finish everything myself, but no one is obliged to do the impossible. I do not refuse any work, especially of this kind, but it would be necessary to have the means at hand, and I absolutely lack them.”

“This sending of the French translation of the documents collected by Mgr Daveluy,” continues Mr. Dallet, “was an inspiration from heaven, because, in the spring of the following year, fire broke out in the episcopal house, in the absence of the prelate, and consumed a large chest in which were gathered, in seven or eight volumes, the original titles and detailed accounts of the history of the martyrs in Chinese and Korean, with various works on the history of the country, among others a chronological list of the kings of the various dynasties, and a quantity of very precious Korean books. It is with the documents and notes then sent to France that the greater part of our history was written. Why did God not allow it to be written

entirely by the holy bishop, with his heart as an apostle and martyr (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, pp. 454-455.)?” : We have insisted on reproducing verbatim the lines in which the historian of the Church of Korea pays such just homage to the zeal and work of the Bishop of Acônes. We must add that, according to the information that Mr. Féron was kind enough to transmit to us, the Chinese and Korean originals of the acts of the martyrs of Korea did not perish in the fire in question.

“I have it,” the former missionary of Korea wrote to us (2(2) Letter of October 24, 1874. — We will see a mention of this happy rescue in the last letter from Mgr Daveluy to his parents, dated October 16, 1865, which we quote further on.), “from Mgr Daveluy himself who told me that they had escaped as if by miracle, the arm that contained them having been burned, and its ironwork even melted by the violence of the fire.

After the martyrdom of His Highness, one of his catechists assured me that he had put them in deposit, as soon as the persecution began, in a house that he indicated to me and where one can hope that divine Providence will deign to preserve them still. But the translation having been sent to France, the main thing is saved.

Let us add, to conclude at this moment what concerns the works of Bishop Daveluy on the martyrs of Korea, that his account of the martyrdom of Laurent Pack, one of the most glorious victims that the persecution made in Korea at the end of the 18th century, inserted in the September issue of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith of the year 1859, was read with great interest, at that time, by the Christian public.

Let us now resume the continuation of the life of the Bishop of Acônes. The year 1858 ended without incident. In short, despite many local vexations, “this year,” he said, “has been good and above all has allowed us to take up some new and advantageous positions for the next campaign. Some parts of the mission have movement, the capital, among others, is experiencing a commotion and the catechumens are showing up in crowds (1(1) Letter to parents, already cited.)” All this gave rise to good hopes which were partly realized.

Indeed, 1859 was still a year of relative calm and the Christian population increased; it then amounted to 16,700 souls. At the beginning of November, the number of catechumens was 1,212; two months later, it rose to 2,000, of whom nearly half were soon to receive baptism.

Unfortunately, the missionaries were too few in number (1(1) Two new missionaries, Messrs. Landre and Joanno, had been sent to Korea in the course of 1859; but they were unable to enter and had to return to Shanghai.) and their strength was below their task. Bishop Berneux was obliged to stay in bed during the months of June, July and August. Messrs. Petitnicolas and Pourthié remained several days in a desperate state; they had been struck down with typhus, following excessive fatigue. M. Féron suffered from frequent attacks of fever and, if Bishop Daveluy had no reason to complain of severe suffering, he was nevertheless “broken and worn out before his time.” - “I no longer have the strength,” he wrote, “to have an illness; I am a young old man, whose memory and all his faculties are disappearing.”

Despite this, the work of God was advancing. In addition to the work of visiting Christians, Father Thomas completed the translation of the main prayer books; a printing press was organized in the capital; Mr. Pourthié directed the seminary which had seven

students, and continued the large dictionary begun by Bishop Daveluy, who himself, in addition to his historical works, gave the final touches to the publication of various important works for the instruction of neophytes. Also the annual letter from the Bishop of Acônes to his parents (1859) is perhaps a little shorter than others, but it does not show any weakness or failure. Hope and confidence, submission to the will of God fill his soul, and he always asks for prayers.)

“After having finished my correspondence which must however not be sent until December, I will leave four days from here for the administration. I will probably be obliged to make it long enough for everyone to be able to do their task. Ask that God sustain me and look upon my works with a favorable eye, but above all that in seeking to save others I think of sanctifying my soul and stripping it of its miseries. Everything is danger, everything is a pitfall, but with the help of on High I can avoid everything - and trample underfoot asp and basilisk. “

The very Christian family of Mgr Daveluy had not waited for this new recommendation - to unite its prayers to his. After receiving the letter of 1858, which, by announcing local persecutions, gave a glimpse of great hopes, it had resolved to ask all its compatriots to join it in imploring the mercy of God in favor of the mission of Korea. Consequently, M. Daveluy senior, with the approval of the diocesan authority, addressed to the clergy of the diocese of Amiens, the following letter, which we wish to reproduce in extenso: 1

“Dear Father, “We celebrated, not long ago, the feast of the apostle of this diocese and it was able to remind many of the faithful that other apostles also left France to go to the infidel countries, gates of light of the Gospel, as Saint Firmin came to bring them to ours.

Priests, several of whom belong to this diocese and are known to us, have left their native soil, their country, their friends, their families to devote themselves to the work of the missions. Perhaps you have read in the September issue of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, the letter by which one of them, Bishop Daveluy, recounts the terrible torments to which a Korean (1(1) Laurent Pack, of whom we spoke above) was condemned who persisted before the mandarins in not denying his faith. In another letter written to his parents (2(2) Letter of September 1858, already cited.), he describes the persecutions to which a large number of those who want to become and remain Christians are exposed within their families. He then highlights the hopes given by these courageous neophytes.

“All these facts,” he says (persecutions of the family), “recur so often that we no longer count them, and in this respect it must be admitted that the capital gives admirable examples that are rarely found elsewhere. The faith has penetrated into some very high families, and also recently into some palaces, and we await its effects from time and constant practice if it is maintained. Little by little we will have milestones everywhere and will be able to extend the circle of our works. How beautiful all this is and does good to the soul, and truly sometimes we need it. Redouble your zeal for our mission, dear parents, it has its troubles and its privations, but it is not entirely thankless. God has his designs on this mission and the days of salvation will come. The introduction and preservation of Catholicism in Korea has something too providential for it not to bear fruit there one day, which perhaps is not very far away.

“Since we entered here with Bishop Ferréol, what a change and what an increase! This past must give us confidence for the future, and if the prayers of pious souls join with the

work of the missionaries, there is nothing that we cannot hope for. Please therefore collect many of these alms (all spiritual which cannot bother anyone and bear fruit in the one who gives as in the one who receives. A large memory to all the communities who wish to be in union of prayers with us. We must deliver a general attack to obtain from God the advancement of our mission. “

“The parents of the missionary Bishop who wrote these lines must not have remained insensitive to this call. Jealous of associating themselves with the zeal of a son, of a beloved brother, they intend to make a novena which will begin on the day of Saint Andrew the Apostle, and which will end on the day of the Conception by the Holy Communion.

During this novena they will recite each day the Pater and the Ave Maria for the mission of Korea.

The religious houses of the city of Amiens and a fairly large number of faithful will be kind enough to join them. Allow me, Father, that with the authorization of Monseigneur the Bishop we implore you to unite your prayers to ours and to solicit for the same end that of the pious persons of your parish. It is in the name of a compatriot, a missionary and a bishop; for a certain number of the members of our clergy, it is in the name of a former fellow student that we address you, to ask you for the support of your prayers in favor of the mission entrusted to his care: we hope that you will not refuse it to him.

“Accept, Monsieur le Curé, the assurance of my respectful and devoted feelings.

“ I^{re}-N^{as} DAVELUY.”

“Amiens, November 14, 1859.”

Bishop Boudinet, Bishop of Amiens, the same who, seven years later, was to so splendidly honor the memory of Bishop Daveluy, had added a warm and eloquent apostille to this letter. A large number of the faithful of the diocese of Amiens, priests and lay people, fervently made this novena, which was also proposed in several other dioceses.

At the very moment when the compatriots of the Bishop of Acônes were thus granting him the only help in their power, great misfortunes were threatening the mission in Korea. First, in the month of November 1859, cholera suddenly broke out in the capital where Bishop Daveluy was then with Bishop Berneux, and in a short time wreaked horrible havoc. The apostolic vicar miraculously recovered his strength to provide for the spiritual needs of his flock who were besieging the houses where he was successively administering the sacraments. In a short time, he heard more than fifteen hundred confessions; then, the scourge having spread throughout the kingdom, he set out at the beginning of November to visit the Christians who were calling out to him with loud cries. For his part, Bishop Daveluy was going about his holy ministry quite peacefully, when, towards the end of December, a persecution broke out that seemed more violent than any that had taken place since the arrival of our missionary.

This persecution was not bloody, but it struck Christians with terror at first. It was instigated, not by the government, but by the criminal judge in charge of the general police of the kingdom, driven by hatred of the Christians whom his grandfather and father had pursued in 1801 and 1839, and above all, it seems, by the desire to obtain money. Bishop Berneux was then in the mountains where cholera was causing great ravages; He learned the news by three

couriers, sent one after the other, and wrote immediately to Bishop Daveluy, then, fleeing at night, across the snow-covered mountains, had to take refuge from lodging to lodging, first with Christians, then with some honest pagans, without being able, for eight days, to find a place to rest. For his part, as soon as he received the news, Bishop Daveluy sent couriers to all the missionaries, to warn them to hide as soon and as well as possible, while waiting for events.

Fortunately the evil was not as great as had been feared. Nevertheless, the Christians of the capital and the neighboring provinces, seeing their coreligionists arrested, their houses pillaged, entire villages burned or razed, were struck with terror and fled. It was a terrible misery and disaster. Hundreds of families, fleeing thus in the midst of the ice of the Korean winter, died of hunger and cold.

Bishop Berneux, soon informed that this affair was instigated by an isolated official, resolved, despite the danger, to return to Seoul, to try to save the most precious objects of the mission.

His arrival could not have been more opportune, for the guardians of his house had lost their heads and were only waiting for an opportunity to flee, abandoning everything that had been entrusted to them.

Thanks to this bold determination of Bishop Berneux, the mission was saved. If this house had been invaded, the presence of the papers, ornaments and other European objects would have proved so clearly the existence of the missionaries in the country, that it would have been impossible for the government to close its eyes, while on the contrary it refused to follow the prefect of police in the path he wanted to lead him. This one had to limit himself to searching for the foreigners that he did not find, without worrying the Koreans any more.

Such was, in summary, the persecution of 1860, which caused an immense disturbance in the Church of Korea, without officially killing anyone.

“Long live Jesus anyway,” exclaims Mgr Daveluy at the beginning of the letter in which he recounts it to his parents. It is written that the Christian must enter the kingdom of heaven through many tribulations, you will judge if our divine Master has opened a beautiful road for us to try to reach it; but, alas! we must know how to take advantage of the trials that his paternal hand is willing to send us.

“As for me, I had very little to suffer, bodily suffering; I was left to go from slum to slum. From the first days I made my sacrifice and expected to see the prisons in a short time. Later the hope of life returned to me and very special protections made me think that God had other plans. Chance prevented me from going to a retreat that I had designated and where I had already sent some effects. Well! a few days later the pagans suddenly fell upon the village and searched every corner of the rooms, so I should have fallen into their hands. Having no longer a home, I had deposited the bulk of my effects with a Christian in a pagan country who could flatter himself that he would not be disturbed, even in times of persecution. Now, he was denounced by a Christian traitor and the satellites went to seize him. He was absent, everything he had was found and 200 francs that I had left there were taken from him; his mother, through reproaches and threats, temporarily prevented the masters from entering the women's apartment where my belongings were and the masters ran on the trail of the Christian whom they seized. However, that same day, a distant Christian arrived by chance,

he managed to remove my belongings (the load of two oxen) and transported them elsewhere; then soon the masters returned after the master had been seized and seized everything.

What Providence then watched over my baggage, which without this combination of circumstances would have been taken and denounced us loudly and without remedy! Now, there were gathered all the Chinese and Korean originals of the history of the martyrs, of the history of Korea and all my works on the language, etc. This loss would have been irreparable in the full force of the term. Does God then have some design for the future? When the satellites arrived in the district where I was, and which I had to leave for other reasons, I slipped quietly behind their tracks and went up to the capital. Now, I had slept at the inn and left before daybreak; an hour after my departure, the satellites, badly received by the mandarin and disgusted with this district, retraced their steps, came to lodge at the inn where I had slept and rested there all day. If I had followed the advice of my people, who wanted me to leave quietly only after lunch, I would have fallen into the hands of these good people.

So what God keeps is well kept, and not a hair of our head will fall without the permission of our heavenly Father” (November 11, 1860).

Chapter III

Bishop Daveluy Coadjutor of the Apostolic Vicar of Korea (Continued). — End of the Persecution. — Arrivals and Deaths of Missionaries. — Translation of the Bull of the Immaculate Conception. — Apostolic Works. — Success of the Mission. — Trials and Illnesses.

(1860-1865)

The first four or five years following the persecution of 1860 were, comparatively, for our missionary, a time of calm. The Church of Korea saw its disasters repaired, its clergy increased and it almost hoped for fine days, when the storm broke out which came to crown it with an imperishable glory.

The persecution over, each one set about visiting the Christians to warm them and strengthen their faith. The missionaries' task was hard: cholera had been succeeded by famine; they were exhausted with fatigue and the two expected confreres, this time again, had failed to show up, which caused great anxiety. The results of the Franco-English war with China fortunately came to the aid of the faithful. These events, as was right, greatly preoccupied all minds in the Far East. We know how, in October 1860, the allied armies seized Peking. The noise of this victory was devastating news for Korea. The invincible Empire of the Middle had been defeated by the Devils of the West! Terror was at its height. This terror nevertheless had favorable results for the Christians. "The missionaries had barely begun the visit of the Christians which followed the persecution," says Mgr Daveluy, "when there arrived here, in the 12th moon, the details of the disasters of the empire of China and the treaties imposed on this empire. Nothing could convey to you the terror and the fright which struck this kingdom: from the court to the people everything was at bay, so that everything, business and work, was suspended for a long time; we no longer thought, we only spoke of the invasion of the Europeans and the means of preserving our lives. The picture which then presented itself was most curious. We saw very elevated mandarins humbly praying to relatives whom they presumed to be Christians, to recommend them to our protection, or taking steps to obtain from us some sign of salvation for the bad days.

"All the people no longer spoke of anything but religion, the only means henceforth of preserving their lives. The satellites in their meetings excused themselves as best they could of all the cooperation they had had in the affairs against the Christians. Countless people recommended themselves to the Christians of their acquaintance, and things had reached the point that we seriously discussed whether it was not the case to show ourselves publicly. The advice of the rulers was no less singular and each day gave glimpses of events of such importance that, in spite of the pressing business which called me to the provinces, the Apostolic Vicar did not let me leave, in order to be able to take some concerted decision if necessary and to face any event. Thus began the year 1861. But after a few days, spirits calmed down a little and, despite a great internal uneasiness that still lasts today, things resumed more or less their ordinary course (1(1) Letter to parents, dated from the capital of Korea, October 10, 1861.)."

"The profoundness of God's designs, exclaims Mr. Dallet! If at that moment a French ship, a simple longboat, had presented itself, demanding for religion the same freedom that had just been stipulated in China, they would have hastened to grant everything, happy still to be off with it at this price.

“This peace would have been troubled, perhaps, as in China and in Tong-King, by popular riots, by secret intrigues, by church fires or assassinations of missionaries, but it would have given years of comparative tranquility, favored the development of Christian works and the conversion of the gentiles.

“It would have made a large breach in this wall of separation which still exists between Korea and the Christian peoples, and hastened the day when it will fall forever. God did not want it! The ships which, from the point of Chan-tong where they stayed for whole months, were not forty leagues from the coast of Korea, left without making even a brief appearance there (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, pp. 469-470.)”

During all these events, the missionaries had the consolation of seeing four new confreres arrive: Messrs. Landre and Joanno, who had already, in 1859 and 1860, tried in vain to penetrate Korea; Messrs. Ridel and Calais whom the seminary of Foreign Missions had just added to them. Having left the port of Tché-fou on March 19, 1861, they arrived in Seoul on Quasimodo Day, April 7, early in the morning. Bishop Daveluy was still there.

“To make use of my stay and forced rest in the capital,” he said, “I continued my ordinary cabinet work and we awaited news of the expedition sent to sea to try to receive some confrere. How solemn and joyful was that beautiful day when, after having traveled almost all night, four new confreres took advantage of the darkness to enter the home of Bishop Capsus. I had the good fortune to be there and no words could make you understand the impressions that are felt in such circumstances; they are compatriots, friends, helpers, brothers, among others Mr. Ridel who, on his departure, had seen my youngest brother. *Te Deum. Magnificat.*”

It is not without interest to quote some passages from the account in which the new arrivals recount their entry into the capital: « After having crossed some dirty and winding streets, we found ourselves in front of a gate, which opened to let us pass and suddenly closed behind us. Immediately some Christians, for there was no mistaking them, approached us, took off our sandals and straw hats, made us stop for a moment in a fairly simple but clean room, then led us through an interior courtyard into a room where two characters with long, thick beards, with features aged by fatigue even more than by age, were waiting for us. They were Mgr Berneux and his coadjutor Mgr Daveluy. We threw ourselves at their feet, and after a few moments of whispered conversation, with the doors and windows hermetically closed, Bishop Daveluy celebrated Holy Mass, to thank God for our happy arrival, and to ask Him that the four newcomers would soon be true apostles.

“After fifteen delightful days spent in the society of our venerable bishops, we had to separate, to go each on our own to study the Korean language; and at the time of writing (October 1861), His Grace has just assigned us our respective districts. The mission of Korea has very recently been dedicated to the most holy Virgin, and each district bears the name of one of her feasts. The city of Seoul, the capital, where the apostolic vicar resides, is the district of the Immaculate Conception; that of Bishop Daveluy bears the name of the Nativity; that of Mr. Féron is the district of the Assumption; the college where MM. Pourthié and Petitnicolas, is called the Saint-Joseph college. We others had in share: Mr. Ridel, the district of the Presentation; Mr. Joanno, that of the Annunciation; Mr. Landre, that of the Visitation; and Mr. Calais, that of the Purification. (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, pp. 473 and 474.)”

Bishop Daveluy had taken advantage of some free time after the arrival of the new confreres “to go and make a tour of the places most mistreated in the last storm.” He had found great disasters there, but also great reasons for hope and consolation.

Unfortunately, as joys are never long here below, especially among the missionaries of Korea, they had barely had time to rejoice in the increase in their numbers when, in the following June, they had the pain of losing Father Thomas Choe. “He had carried out his long administration with his well-known zeal,” wrote Bishop Daveluy, “and God had crowned his work with abundant blessings; we were expecting him any day, when the news came that he had fallen ill on the way. A brother ran to him to help him, only had time to administer the sacraments to him, and the same day he gave up his soul to God. What terrible news and what consternation on all sides? His rare virtue, his tireless zeal, his talents and the facilities he had for doing good, make us feel all the loss that the mission is making in his person.

“It is a very deep sorrow for us, he carries the general regret and for the moment nothing can replace it. Here again, what are the designs of God? Let us adore them and submit ourselves, although nature bears this cross with much repugnance; nothing foreshadowed this accident, our turn may come soon, mine more than any other, since, humanly speaking, I should not have survived so many faithful ministers, stronger than me and more useful to the vineyard of the Lord. Ask more than ever that I prepare myself for this passage, by finally emerging from my lukewarm state and completely absorbed in nature, and please remember that it is more difficult to save oneself here than in France, and that the habit does not make the monk, any more than the state does not make a saint.

“Above all, pray well for me, because I have good reason to tremble and the accounts are muddled. However, have confidence and may this feeling never abandon us (1(1) Letter to parents, already cited.)”

“The death of Father Choe, wrote Bishop Berneux, after having eulogized the venerable deceased, plunges me into great embarrassment. The district that he administered contains a large number of villages where a European will have difficulty penetrating without running the greatest dangers. Finally, God who took him from us will provide for our needs.”

“The district of Father Thomas was entrusted to Bishop Daveluy; we will see shortly what his apostolic successes were there. Let us say immediately that, of the four new missionaries, two were promptly taken from their confreres. Mr. Joanno died of a chest illness on April 13, 1863, assisted until the end by Mr. Ridel whom he greatly edified. On the following September 15, an epidemic illness took Mr. Landre. Bishop Daveluy, who had rushed to the first news of the danger, did not arrive at his side until a few hours after his death and “performed the funeral ceremony (1(1) Life of Mr. Aumaître, by Mr. Léandre POITOU.)”

Fortunately, between these two deaths, the arrival of a new missionary had come to help fill some of the gaps that death had left in the ranks of the Church of Korea. It was Mr. Aumaître, whom Providence had destined to become one of Bishop Daveluy's companions in martyrdom. Born on April 8, 1837, in Aizecq, diocese of Angoulême, Pierre Aumaitre entered the seminary of Foreign Missions on August 18, 1859. Ordained a priest on May 30, 1862, and destined for the mission in Korea, he left France the following August to go to Hong Kong and then to Shanghai. There, two young Koreans, returning from studying in Paulo Pinang, were waiting for him to return with him to their homeland. Deceived by Chinese sailors, he missed the meeting indicated by Bishop Berneux and had to spend several months in Manchuria; finally, on June 18, 1863, he and his companions, having arrived four days earlier at the Korean islet of Mérin-to, met the envoys of the apostolic vicar there and, on the 23rd of the same month, the missionary happily entered Seoul.

Despite their separation from the whole world, the Korean missionaries were not completely ignorant of what was happening in Europe, and at the end of 1861, Bishop Berneux, in his name and that of his collaborators, wrote to the Sovereign Pontiff to unite his voice with that of all the bishops in favor of the threatened rights of the Holy Father. To console the heart of the Pontiff so tried, the Apostolic Vicar of Korea informed him that the persecution, which had arisen the previous year, had completely ceased; “the field which we have to cultivate,” he said, “flowers again, and this year we have given baptism to nearly eight hundred adults” (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, p. 475.)”

“What a celebration for all,” said Bishop Daveluy, “when, gathering the administration sheets, we found more than 750 adult baptisms for the year, while we feared a decrease due to persecution; far from it, we are increasing on the past.

“Glory to God who has done everything!” Also the meeting of the missionaries in the fall of 1861 was a moment of delight and each one left full of zeal, confidence and hope. In addition, for the first time in many years, consignments of objects from Europe had been able to enter in large numbers and bring the missionaries things that they greatly needed. Everything therefore came together to comfort them.

The year 1862 was more difficult to get through: all the missionaries were excessively tired and several were sick. Popular unrest was stirring up a part of the kingdom and, in the absence of a government, the pagans were relentless in their pursuit of the Christians, whom they vexed and pillaged, trying to ruin them in every way. The report addressed to Bishop Berneux by Bishop Daveluy, on the former district of Father Choe for which he was responsible, shows the deplorable effects of all the insults that the faithful had to endure. “So many vexations,” he said, “discourage, not only those who are the victims, but all our Christians in general, because all, from one day to the next, can experience similar ones, in a country where no one represses them. If this kind of persecution continues, the mission of Korea, which, with a little peace, would offer so many resources to the preaching of the Gospel, will cease to prosper, and will end up perishing entirely. Pray then that the time of these trials may be shortened!”

It was especially for the Coadjutor of Korea, in fact, that the year was hard and laborious: charged with visiting the Christians of the district of Father Thomas, he had to make distant journeys far beyond his strength, but God protected him and, more and more, blessed his work. He celebrated the Christmas holidays (1861) in Tai-kou, capital of the province of Kieng-sang, but very sadly. “The place was so small and so suspect that only twenty or thirty people could meet; it is nevertheless fortunate that we have a small nucleus in this large city, famous for a certain number of martyrs at various times (1(1) Letter to parents. October 1862.)”

Elsewhere, the consolations were greater, as also in other places the worries; but, on the whole, all went well. If the persecution had prevented conversions, it had procured others; and the missionary explains how often Christians forced to flee, had become apostles in the countries where they had taken refuge. There had been fears for his visit to the district of Tong-nai, where the Japanese are; the journey was even countermanded; an influential pagan reassured the Christians and told them that the Bishop could come without fear; which happened and with fruit. The intrepid apostle thus continued his journey over hill and dale, but not with impunity, because seized by an attack of his old illness, he had to stop to get treatment and arrived in short days at the home of one of his confreres. The very next day, he had to be taken to another, seriously ill, with whom he remained until mid-April,

when finally he was able to choose a home to try to get treatment and rest, “after a short tour of two thousand and three or four hundred lilies, in the space of nearly five months. “In the past,” he adds, “it would not have been difficult, but today I have found myself exhausted and for a long time unable to do anything, absolutely nothing. The vital breath not being yet absolutely extinguished, should we not thank the Lord (1(1) Letter to parents, already cited.)?”

The vexations mentioned above and a “squall of cholera” completed the trials of the year, trials which did not alter the confidence of our missionary, who wrote in the month of October: “I am still among the living and am taking a rest in a small village in the mountains, where perhaps I will succeed in fixing a residence after four years spent without a permanent home, following almost in the footsteps of the patriarch Abraham; however, things are not yet decided, I am making an attempt during this summer and, if all goes well, I will collect my small effects from the four sides where they are scattered, and will pretend to believe that I can have a permanent house. The following year passed quietly.

“We are still in the same position,” he wrote, “without liberty and also without serious persecutions, the government continuing its system of closing its eyes to what concerns us (1(1) Letter to parents. September 13, 1863.)”

His ministry was filled with blessings and the zeal of the Christians in some localities even needed to be moderated “to avoid breaking windows.” In the whole southern part, it had even become customary to hold burials publicly without worrying about the pagans and without too many inconveniences resulting from it. “

“It is very strange,” continues our missionary, “to see convoys parading in Korea with the cross at the head, each one holding a candle and reciting psalms aloud, without worrying about the crowd of pagans who come running to satisfy their curiosity. Generally the pagans of these distant countries have found our ceremonies serious and beautiful, and have even said that the burials of Christians were better than theirs; but it is to be feared that this will have bad consequences, what can be done? It is recognized that there one cannot deceive the world and practice in secret; from then on, the Christians prefer to do things openly and on a grand scale; there might be a middle ground, but is it so easy to get started? we must therefore try to stop the excesses and place the rest in the hands of God; the same is true of administration, it cannot be done incognito; I take some precautions so as not to have anything to reproach myself for, but in many places, it is absolutely public, and God allows that nothing follows, except conversions (1(1) Letter to parents, already cited.)” Also, Mgr Berneux had the joy of writing, in the month of November of that same year, that * the truth was making progress, that eight men from the only province where the good God did not yet have worshipers had come to ask for baptism, and he added: “The most remarkable district for conversions is that of Mgr Daveluy, where we had 230 adults baptized.”

During his moments of rest in the year 1863, the Coadjutor of Korea had to fulfill a task very dear to his heart as a faithful child of Mary and that his rare knowledge of the Korean language alone could put him in a position to fulfill. It is known that a priest of the Society of Saint Sulpice, Father Sire, had the fine idea of offering Pope Pius IX the translation of the dogmatic bull *Ineffabilis Deus* in all the languages of the universe. This collection, enclosed in a splendid piece of furniture which was one of the ornaments of the Universal Exhibition of 1878, was offered to the Holy Father on February 11, 1877.

* Father Sire addressed the Bishop of Acônes to obtain the translation of the bull into Korean. His letter reached Bishop Daveluy in February 1863, but the Latin text of the bull that had been left behind did not arrive in Korea until the end of June, and could not be delivered to him until a few weeks later. We need not say the zeal with which he applied himself to this work, and as early as September 8, he was able to announce to Mr. Sire the accomplishment of his task, in a letter of which we will quote the greater part.

“How could I not enter into views that are so well in harmony with the sentiments that I feel animated for the glory of the spotless Virgin, sentiments drawn from my family and developed by the care of the pious society of Saint-Sulpice of which you have the honor to be a member?”

“Despite the considerable time that I devoted to this work of translation, and the assiduous care that I took in decorating the manuscript, the result is far from meeting my desires. Above all, it is far from responding to the greatness of the truly Catholic work for which it is intended, and I would not have had the courage to address it to you, without the thought that you could not resort to another or elsewhere, to include the Korean language in the collection of all languages.

“I dare therefore to send it to you by our winter mail. I place these pages under the very special protection of Mary Immaculate, so that she may deign to lead them amidst the thousand dangers of the roads and that, having arrived at the feet of Our Lady of France, to go from there into the hands of Our Most Holy Father Pope Pius IX, they may be in Rome a monument of the homage and devotion of the little Church of Korea towards the Immaculate Conception. I give thanks at the same time to this good Mother for having inspired you to think of us, and for having given us the opportunity to join our act of grateful faith to that of all peoples.

“You also ask me, for your large collection of documents relating to the definition of December 8, 1854, preserved in Le Puy, near Our Lady of France, some details on the ceremonies which would have taken place in Korea, on the occasion of this solemn definition.

I must confess to you that there have been none. Our position as proscribed people, the great embarrassment in which we find ourselves, the impossibility of attempting any pomp or external demonstration, have not allowed us to celebrate any of these feasts, which have been celebrated on all sides in such a brilliant and consoling manner. Our Christians, moreover, raised in devotion to Mary, Mother of God, patroness of this mission, have believed from the beginning in the mystery of her Immaculate Conception. Never has a word of doubt resounded in their ears, and in their simple, naive faith, they find themselves happy to think that they have always believed what the Father of all the faithful proposes to them today in an explicit manner. All the joy is here concentrated in the heart or is revealed, as among the first persecuted Christians, only by a few words. May the Immaculate Virgin grant that we may soon be permitted to emerge from this state, and to celebrate feasts as are celebrated everywhere, in other parts of the world (1(1) This letter was published in the Union of February 14, 1867.)!” The humble Coadjutor then submitted his work to the approval of his apostolic vicar. Happy to have been able to use his science for the glory of his beloved Mother, he wanted to leave all the honor to Bishop Berneux. We have seen the photograph of the beginning and the end of this translation: it is, it seems, a model of Korean calligraphy and the ornamentation of the pages is in very good taste. On the last one we read: Translation into Korean of the Bull by which N. T.

S. P. Pope Pius IX proclaimed the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin as a dogma of faith, made at the request of M. l'abbé Sire, director of the seminary of Saint-Sulpice, to be presented to S. H. Pope Pius IX. — Done at Hanlang, capital of Korea, November 25, 1863.

— Seen and approved. S. BERNEUX, Bishop of Capsus.

Vic. Ap. of Korea.

The seal of the apostolic vicar is seen to the left of his signature. Only the name of the author of the translation is missing and this omission is certainly voluntary.

The beginning of the year 1864 was marked by an event which was to have very disastrous consequences for Christianity in Korea: the death of King Tchyel-tjong (or Tchiel-tsong), which occurred on January 15, following which a palace revolution (1(1) See above, second part, chapter V. It is wrongly, and doubtless as a result of a typographical error, that the article in *L'Exploration*, cited by us here, places in 1863 an event which occurred in 1864, as we see here.) placed on the throne a prince aged twelve, which caused power to pass into the hands of a family which had always been very hostile to Christians.

The year nevertheless passed fairly quietly. The rumour was spread that persecution was going to break out, but nothing came of it yet.

“The only district that has been seriously disturbed,” says Bishop Berneux, “is that of Bishop d'Acônes, the province of Kieng-sang, which for several years has given us many conversions. The satellites, sent in search of a sect that has been formed for five years in this province, under the name of tong-hac (doctrine of the East) - to distinguish themselves from the Christians designated under the name of sen-hac (doctrine of the West), - the satellites, I say, taking advantage of this opportunity to mint money and satisfy their vengeance, have arrested at the same time a good number of Christians. Many others have deserted their homes, their fields, and are reduced thereby to extreme poverty (1(1) *History of the Church of Korea*, volume II, p. 503.)”

These troubles had broken out a few days after Bishop Daveluy had completed his visit to this province, a visit which had given, like the previous ones, the happiest results and had even been made quite publicly in most places; Bishop Daveluy was known everywhere there. “This good but rude people,” he said, “and completely new to religion, requires care and effort that we will not encounter elsewhere; it is scattered over a vast area which, each year, extends further, and moreover mixed almost everywhere with the pagans; it is more difficult to instruct, train and administer it, but its real good will means that we always obtain significant progress. Also, almost everywhere we find satisfaction (2(2) Letter to parents. October 1864.)”

The year 1865 still seemed to be looking quite good. Bishop Berneux had inaugurated it with his first visit to the northern provinces, during which he baptized 130 adults. For Bishop Daveluy, the administration was carried out regularly and without any remarkable incidents. “Not having been in charge of the Christianities of the south-east,” he wrote (1(1) Letter to parents. October 16, 1865.), “I am supposed to have had some relief.” On the other hand, he spent the greater part of his administration in the Nai-po plain,

“formerly the nursery of Christianity and today, containing about four thousand Christians, a large number of whom live among the pagans. This country, full of memories, is hardly more than a vast marsh, a low country conquered from the sea, full of ponds and canals, cut in all directions by natural basins where the sea spreads during its flow. A very humid country where spring water is very rare; there is almost always drinking dirty and often infected pond water, despite this, this water is not considered harmful, it is enough to get used to the taste; all the land is divided into rivers, and the houses, built on the less low parts between these rivers, are frequently surrounded by water; houses and villages often form the effect of islands and islets.

This is where I spent the greater part of the six months of my administration and there is work, I assure you. “

So our missionary was very tired when, on April 20, he wrote to his parents: “I take up the pen not to write a letter, time does not permit me, but to give a sign of life by the departure of the boat which will try to bring in some confreres. I finished this morning a six-month administration and was to leave today for the capital. The rain has kept me back and in the midst of other embarrassments I send you this insignificant greeting without knowing what to say or write: for I am stupefied with fatigue; the administration is like a storm where the waves beat you from all sides and without respite, every day I take my head in both hands to try to hold back the reason which would seem to want to escape, and one can hardly breathe. Three days must take me to the capital and there it is necessary to make the preparations for the boat, not to mention some urgent business letters, all this must be done in four or five days, the time fixed for departure and then I will probably do as every year on returning from the administration, one takes the horizontal position and for a few days one does not leave it to try to dissipate the state of drunkenness in which one is, little by little good sense returns and one sets to work again. This is not an exaggeration, but the simple statement of facts: so do not be surprised by my brevity.”

Bishop Daveluy had not only had to suffer from the fatigue and worries of the administration, other worries had come to join them. He had almost finished the work in the Nai-po, when the news reached him that his home had been set on fire. Cf “What consoled me,” he said, “is that the fire did not start at my house, but at the neighbor's; moreover the fire was so rapid that in a few minutes, there was nothing left but ashes. Four houses had disappeared, only two small boxes were saved, but what was more deplorable, my servant, indisposed, did not have time to withdraw and perished in the flames, my servant also had a month to recover from the injuries of the fire. All the furniture was consumed and, by an admirable Providence, two precious works which had taken me a lot of time were subsequently removed from the ashes; one, are oaths collected to push the matter of our martyrs, the other for the instruction of Christians, and both had no duplicate; burned only on four sides, one can, with work, try to complete them and this is what I have already done for one of them in a few weeks of work. I wanted to do the same for the other, but I could not find the time. According to this, and despite some rather regrettable losses, I console myself for this accident, God has permitted it (1(1) Letter to parents. October 16, 1865.)”

“Unable to return to this place, continues the missionary, I found myself without a home and, after having arranged some business with His Grace, I went back down to try to find a lodging for the summer in my marshes, when, in the middle of my journey, I learned that the four brothers, expected from the sea, instead of being taken to the capital according to the conventions, had just been disembarked in my district. I left immediately and met them

one on top of the other in a small house located on the shores of the sea, with all the baggage of the mission and theirs. Unable to move in this place, we left on three small boats taking all the baggage and, having arrived at a large village, little by little in a month's time, I was able to send everything to a safe port. The summer was advancing, I resumed my most advanced work and, without stopping, I continued until these days when the letters for Europe forced me to interrupt. I am quite well, except that my strength, memory and common sense have left me; this will soon force me to no longer occupy myself with work, I would do it too badly. In the meantime, let us thank God for the protection he grants us and the reinforcement he has sent us.”

The four missionaries that God sent to the Church of Korea, a few months before one of the most formidable storms that has ever assailed it fell upon it, had left the seminary of Foreign Missions on July 15, 1864 and embarked at Marseilles on the 19th. Arriving in Hong Kong around mid-September, they then went to Manchuria, where they spent the winter.

On May 2, 1865, they boarded a Chinese junk that transported them to the Korean islet of Mérim-to, where the envoys of Bishop Berneux joined them on the 20th. On the 26th they disembarked in Korea, which they entered only to die. Here are the names of these young apostles, to whom God, in his infinite goodness, had resolved to grant, from the first hour, the highest reward that the missionary could desire in this world, the crown of martyrdom: Mr. Simon-Marie-Antoine-Just Ranfer de Bretenières, of the diocese of Dijon, born on February 28, 1838, in Châlons-sur-Saône, where his parents were temporarily residing, belonged to an old family, whose members had long succeeded one another in the high offices of the magistracy of Burgundy. Having entered the Issy seminary in 1859, and two years later, on July 25, 1861, the Foreign Missions seminary, he was, along with his companions Messrs. Beaulieu and Dorie, ordained priest on May 21, 1864, by Mgr. Thomine-Desmazures, apostolic vicar of Tibet.

Mr. Bernard-Louis Beaulieu, born October 8, 1840, in Langon, diocese of Bordeaux, was a deacon when he was admitted to the seminary of Foreign Missions, on August 28, 1863.

Mr. Pierre-Henri Dorie, born in Saint-Hilaire-de-Talmont, diocese of Luçon, on September 22, 1839, had only received minor orders when he arrived at the seminary of Foreign Missions, on August 13, 1862.

Mr. Martin-Luc Huin, who was to be one of the companions in martyrdom of Bishop Daveluy, born in Guyonville, diocese of Langres, entered the seminary of Foreign Missions, on August 20, 1863.

He had been a priest for more than two years, and had exercised with great zeal the functions of vicar in the parishes of Melay and Voisey (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, p. 511.).

The letter by which Bishop Berneux announces the happy arrival of these new apostles, the last that the holy bishop wrote in Europe, gives the result of the administration of the sacraments during the year. Here are the most salient figures: annual confessions, 14,433; repeated confessions, 3,493; adults baptized, 907; children of pagans baptized, 1,116, of whom died, 983.

This letter ends with the following postscript: “I have recently had with the prince regent, through a mandarin, some reports on the subject of the new request that the Russians are making to obtain permission to settle on Korean territory. The prince has received my communications with kindness. His wife, mother of the king, has had me secretly asked to write to our minister in Peking, to come and ask for religious freedom. The nobles of the capital desire the arrival of the French. For my part, I persist in doing nothing before having conferred with the regent. Although still proscribed, our position is good, and I believe that next year we will be even more at ease (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, p. 512.)”

These hopes, which all of Mgr Berneux's colleagues were far from sharing, were to be cruelly disappointed.

The health of the Apostolic Vicar of Korea, at the time he wrote these lines, had long been deplorable. All of Bishop Daveluy's letters mention the great concerns he and his confreres had on this subject.

“Above all,” he wrote on October 14, 1865, to the one of his sisters who was always his confidante, “pray that the good Lord will preserve our Apostolic Vicar for us, because he would be irreplaceable in every way. Now His Highness, totally exhausted, has been tormented for two months by a bad fever whose attacks cannot be stopped; our concerns are becoming very serious and the doctors do not hide theirs; I fear that before this letter reaches you, we will have tears to shed. Oh! for pity's sake and above all, have pity on me, ask God to preserve him for us for a long time to come.”

These worries, the weakening of his own health, the terror that his humility made him feel of the burden with which the death of Bishop Berneux was to invest him, finally led Bishop Daveluy to take a resolution that he had apparently been meditating for a long time; and the courier who carried the missionaries' letters took with them the one we are about to read, addressed to Mr. Albrand, superior of the seminary of Foreign Missions, written without anyone knowing: “Korea, November 22, 1865.

“MR. SUPERIOR, “To you alone, this confidential letter. After much hesitation, I have this time made up my mind to take the step I spoke to you about last year (1(1) No trace of the confidence to which Bishop Daveluy alludes has been found.) and I am writing to the cardinal prefect of Propaganda. Have I done well or badly? I do not yet know; but, engaged in a road which does not seem to me to be able to lead me happily to my end, I believed I had to take the usual means to get out of the bad situation.

I should have first submitted my resignation to the hands of the apostolic vicar perhaps; but, certain that it would not be accepted and fearing that on this occasion Monseigneur would immediately leave the country, I did not do so. Besides, you will see my letter, I speak frankly in it, and if I did not see myself exposed to seeing the whole burden fall on me from one moment to the next, I would try to hold the post again; but to tell the truth, the chief administration of this mission seems to me impossible for my strength. I do not know what His Eminence will think and say, and it could well be that I will be answered in an evasive manner. No matter; His Eminence will know that if God were to call Bishop de Capsus to him, the burden must be placed somewhere other than on my shoulders, and it is good to know this in advance: even if my letter had only this advantage, I believe that it is one for the mission and for me, and that will give me some peace of mind.

“I spoke the truth when I said that if it is found good that I remain here, I will remain here, I have no thought of leaving the society; and as long as Bishop Berneux is here, the very intimate union that exists between His Highness and me is a guarantee that my presence would not be onerous for him. So there you have it: and I await a decision, if you will be so kind as to send my letter to its destination without noise.

As for the miracle that could restore my health and my moral and spiritual strength, I cannot hope for it. My approach is therefore not without foundation. It is up to God to arrange the rest.

“Always believe, Monsieur Superior, in the sincerity of my feelings, and do not seek to find any other reason for my conduct. Nothing is hidden underneath, the sequel will be proof of it, whatever happens.

“Your very devoted servant and colleague, “ANTOINE, ÉV. Coadj.”

We do not have to seek the reception that the superior of the Foreign Missions and the cardinal prefect of the sacred Congregation of Propaganda would have given to the approach that humility and the excessive distrust of his forces had dictated to Mgr Daveluy. When the letters of the Coadjutor of the mission of Korea arrived in Europe, the faithful servant had already entered into the joy of his Master.

Chapter IV

Bishop Daveluy Coadjutor of Korea (Continued). Habitual Life of a Missionary. — Character. — Virtues. — Infirmities, Etc.

Quite often the authors of edifying lives, having reached the end of their work, summarize the principal points, in order to show to what eminent degree their hero practiced all the Christian virtues and fulfilled the duties of his state. It is not our plan to imitate them in this point. One day, we like to hope, voices more authoritative than ours will proclaim the heroism of Bishop Daveluy in the practice of virtues and in the accomplishment of his sublime vocation. We believe that the reader who has been kind enough to follow us to the end of this book, - will be sufficiently convinced of the lively faith, the unshakeable hope and the ardent charity of the Bishop of Acônes, so that we do not need to remind him of them in a summary; likewise, he will have sufficiently noted his prudence, as full of strength as of moderation, his spirit of justice and wisdom, so that we do not need to demonstrate them to him. But, approaching the end of the twenty-one years that Bishop Daveluy spent in Korea, before retracing his last battles on this land of martyrs that he loved so much and which drank his blood, we believe it useful to recall, in an overall picture, the type of life, the habits, the works, the sufferings of the missionary of Korea. This picture will contain details that we have not been able to place until now and which will perhaps not be judged the least interesting. As we have said, we owe this valuable information to the three missionaries who escaped the Korean persecution of 1866, notably to Mr. Féron, currently an apostolic missionary in Pondicherry, and to Bishop Ridel, today apostolic vicar of Korea.

Responding with great complacency to the kind of questionnaire that we had taken the liberty of sending him, Mr. Féron, after reminding us how rare and difficult were the interviews between the missionaries of Korea, forced to hide and separated from each other by long distances, each in his district, by which many details of the private life of each of them necessarily escaped his confreres, added: "I could almost answer you as the late venerable Mr. Albrand, former superior of the Foreign Missions, did in a similar case: "Well! but, he did like all the others."

"But I feel that this answer would not be enough for you and that it would tell you nothing. As I have had the good fortune to spend several days with His Grace on several occasions, either in his palace or in my presbytery (one was as good as the other), and even to make my annual retreat two or three times in his company, I will recall my memories and try to satisfy you.

Bishop Ridel, whose reception by Bishop Daveluy in Seoul on April 7, 1861, we have not forgotten, tells us that he only knew the Bishop of Acônes somewhat intimately during the last two years of his stay in Korea, "and even then," he said, "how short were the moments that I was given to spend each year with His Grace! I once had the honor of making my retreat with His Grace, it was the occasion of my longest stay with her; apart from that, the visits that I could pay her from time to time lasted only a day or two.

"We were so busy then, our work was so considerable, and the number of missionaries so small!

“Nevertheless,” the venerable prelate deigns to add, “I transcribe here for you the most interesting memories that my relations with Bishop Daveluy have left in my memory and in my heart.

“For the rest, I urge you to contact my colleague Mr. Féron, who had the honor of enjoying the company of Mgr. Daveluy for longer and more often than I did.”

We already know that the life of the missionary in Korea was divided into two completely different parts, one of incessant activity, the other of almost absolute seclusion. “The rules of the one,” says Mr. Féron, “had necessarily to differ a little from the rules of the other. The first part, that is to say the visit of the Christian communities, began in the month of October, after the harvest, and lasted more or less, according to the number of workers who shared the work. At the beginning, when Mgr. Daveluy was alone with Mgr. Ferréol, this first part occupied the whole year or almost; later, I saw it last until July 8 or 10 and, when we were more numerous, until the beginning of May.

“At all times, without consulting the watch that was not always there or that did not always work, the rising was very early in the morning, at the first or, at the latest, at the second cockcrow; meditation, holy mass, then work until evening: during the administration, this work consisted of the instruction of Christians, the hearing of confessions, the examination of catechumens, the solution of a host of difficulties, research on the martyrs and on the origins of the mission, all this sometimes lasted until ten o'clock in the evening, without excluding even the time of meals. The breviary, the rosary and a little recollection were placed where possible in the evening, to replace the visit to the most holy Sacrament.

“Bishop Daveluy, his tour finished, belonged to himself a little more, but did not think of rest. It was in these intervals that His Grace devoted himself to his literary works, with an activity that none of us has equaled. Thus he composed a Korean-French dictionary (1(1) This “Korean-Chinese-French dictionary, although incomplete, is the only help that new missionaries have to begin their studies,” said, in 1866, the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* (vol. xxxviii, p. 425). It is now replaced, we believe, by the *Korean-French Dictionary*, recently published, which we have spoken of elsewhere.), his excellent book of meditations entitled: *Sinmieng tcho haing*, literally the first step in the spiritual life, a holy story for the use of Christians, which persecution unfortunately made disappear before it could be printed, but it was finished; that he reviewed and corrected the prayer books of the Christians, and above all that he collected, coordinated and verified with the most rigorous accuracy the acts of the martyrs and the introduction of Christianity in Korea (2(2) “The History of the Korean Martyrs forms seven volumes.” *Annals*, 1. c. — “There exist in Korea,” says Mr. Féron again, “a few copies of the acts of the martyrs collected, some composed by Mgr Daveluy. The handwritten collection, because there was no time to print it, forms several volumes; I had obtained a copy that fortunately I gave to a pious family who will certainly keep it, if they can. I do not know in whose hands the others are.” — The same missionary also tells us about the following other works, composed by Mgr Daveluy: “1° The Ritual, or prayers and ceremonies for burials, with a method to prepare the sick for a holy death; 2° Preparation for baptism; 3° Examination of conscience.” — We will complete these indications on the immense literary works of the Bishop of Acônes by saying that in 1859 he announced having put “75 years of the Korean calendar in relation, day by day, with our ecclesiastical calendar.” *Annales*, 1. c..).

“So much for the day's work; for his meal it was, according to the custom of the country, a bowl of rice in the morning and one in the evening, with that some salted

vegetables, a little salted fish, rarely meat, unless he was at someone else's house, or he received someone at his house. Only, when by chance the people of his house were feasting on a dog, the Bishop reserved the head for himself, it was the worst bit, but he made a broth from it that he found fortifying. "It is a long time," he once told me, "since I have sinned through 'gluttony, unless in thought.'" These sins of thought, if there were any, would be quite natural: Bishop Daveluy did not have a peasant's stomach, much less a Korean's, and for many years he had to make incredible efforts to force his own to accept the food of the country. But he had succeeded in doing so in such a way as to excite the admiration of the Koreans themselves."

"Bishop Daveluy," wrote Bishop Ridel, "was very sober, and had adopted the Korean diet entirely, not the diet of well-off people, but the diet of poor people, such as most of our Christians were. The table and the bowls were a little cleaner, but that was all the difference. A cup of rice, another of cabbage or turnip broth, or turnip greens, or mountain herbs, etc., shellfish extracted from the shell and preserved in salt water, sometimes eggs, more rarely meat. Such was the menu of the meal that I found on the table when I arrived unexpectedly at His Grace's. When she received "an unexpected guest, she was a little embarrassed to find something to treat him a little better than herself, it was then that one of the village chickens paid for the meal. - His Highness usually drank only hot water, rice water, the drink of the people of the country; I say usually, because when she had a colleague at her table, rice wine was served, but Monseigneur drank little of it."

It should not be believed that, despite his efforts and the energy of his will, the Coadjutor of Korea had arrived with impunity at this perfection of Korean life. Far from it: it was, on the contrary, these incessant efforts and this repulsive food which contributed most to ruining his health.

"Bishop Daveluy," said Bishop Ridel again, "had applied himself to adopting the customs and habits of the country, and tried to conform to them down to the smallest details. But there are things that are beyond human strength. One day His Grace asked me kindly: "Are you accustomed to the country's diet? Do you eat chili jam without flinching?" "I'm beginning to get used to it a little," I replied, "but it's not happening quickly." "But what about you, Monsignor?" He replied, laughing: "I haven't been able to get used to it for twenty years." Thus, during the twenty years he had already spent in Korea, Monsignor had found, every day and at every meal, the opportunity to offer the divine Master a mortification, a sacrifice.

"After his lunch, Monsignor (always during vacation time, because during the administration, the work of the ministry was regulated like that of each missionary) recited his little hours, then devoted himself to work.

Bishop Daveluy knew the Korean language perfectly, his works attest to this; It was even said that His Highness knew Korean better than the Koreans themselves; but since the pronunciation of this idiom is so difficult, so different from that of our European languages, Monseigneur could not have spoken without being recognized as a foreigner (1(1) Indeed, Mr. Féron tells us that Bishop Daveluy had retained a rather pronounced accent from which he was never able to get rid.). — "I have never," he told me once, "during my twenty years of mission, held a conversation with a pagan. One day, however, being in a chair, I had crossed a river by boat; when I arrived on land, as a pagan rushed to carry my chair, I said to him in

Korean: “Assera (leave); that is all the preaching I have done to the pagans.” — However, Monseigneur saw pagans up close and spoke to them, but they were catechumens.

“In his house, Monseigneur never took any recreation, he did not leave the room; when he was too tired, he would take a few steps along the length of the apartment, as a walk, then come and stand near the paper window, which alone let a little light through, and there he would read and work. When a missionary came to visit him, Monseigneur was always happy, he would stop his particular work, but nevertheless continued to direct his scholar and to outline for him the work he had to do.

“Around noon, Monseigneur would take a little refreshment which consisted of little, and a third at the end of the day, but for variety, it was always salted cabbages, turnips, etc., as at lunch. His clothes were like those of simple missionaries, that is to say, quite Korean and very simple, of ordinary quality. He was always clean and his outer clothes without tears; for those below, I remember a poor shirt that could no longer be mended, it had a hole in the back to put your head through, His Highness wore it out of a spirit of poverty.

“In the room occupied by Monseigneur, everything was in very good order, nothing was lying on the floor, his papers, his notes were separate and in good order, the smallest little note was clean, neat. As for the furnishings of the room, it was very simple: a board fixed to the wall served as an altar, on it rested a basket containing all the ornaments necessary for the holy mass; under the altar a small box contained the objects of daily use. The mat served as a seat; a blanket, rolled up during the day, served as a bed for the night. A pagan would have entered there without seeing a single European object.”

“Bishop Daveluy, said Mr. Féron, seems to have been naturally very cheerful and one could still see the traces of it, but he reproached himself for lacking gravity and worked hard to acquire it, to the point where one would have believed sometimes that he was going to fall a little into the opposite excess. Sometimes a hint of stiffness seemed to want to break through to repress what he called frivolity and he impressed a certain fear, especially on Christians who would have been tempted to break the religious silence required during the time of the holy mass.

But he always seemed to me very loved and very respected by those who approached him closely. Among ordinary Christians, fear was at least equal to love.”

“Monsignor, at first sight, said Bishop Ridet, seemed serious and severe; also he had a lot of authority over the Christians, a single glance from him was enough to restore order, and before him everyone behaved with the deepest respect.

But in particular Monseigneur put his world more at ease, listening willingly and answering with simplicity the questions of the Christians.

With the missionaries, he seemed like a colleague: his conversation was pleasant, cheerful, putting everyone at ease. Most often the conversation turned to the ministry, the progress of religion, its obstacles, etc. Monseigneur proposed cases of conscience, consulted, but responded little to the consultations, usually referring to the apostolic vicar, Mgr Berneux.

Monseigneur also spoke willingly of his family, of the seminary of Saint-Sulpice. He recounted his travels from France to China, from China to Korea, his excursions in the southern provinces of the kingdom for the administration of the Christians.

“Almost always suffering from leg pains and a stomach ailment, he hid his illness as much as possible and one only noticed it when the pains went as far as suffocation; then, unable to utter a word, on the point of fainting, he asked forgiveness for the obligation he was under to rest for a moment, then he returned full of gaiety and resumed the conversation that his varied knowledge and his excellent memory always made very interesting. Sometimes also, he allowed himself to be carried away in some way to more intimacy, spoke to us of his family, of his good old father, of his brothers and sisters, and related to us some little scenes from his childhood that had a great charm of candor and simplicity; thus took place these little meetings always enclosed and hidden in the episcopal palace or the deuterio, as His Highness liked to call this room, which served at the same time as a refectory, dormitory, audience hall and chapel, etc. (1(1) Letter from Mr. Ridel to Mr. Daveluy senior. Shanghai, August 27, 1866.)

“Monseigneur had a servant, O Théodore, who remained with him for a very long time, accompanying him everywhere. This servant spoke with veneration and affection of His Grandeur. It is known that his scholar Hoang Luc wanted to follow him until death.” Never, Mr. Féron tells us, did Bishop Daveluy want to direct his collaborators. “As long as he was a simple priest, his docility towards his bishop was that of a child; having become Coadjutor, his respect for Bishop Berneux and his humility gave him such great reserve that he referred everything to Bishop the apostolic vicar. I have from the latter himself that he was obliged to order Bishop Daveluy to answer our questions and resolve the difficulties that we proposed to him, when proximity led us to address ourselves to him in preference. Without refusing to obey, Bishop Daveluy always knew how to go about things in a way that always highlighted, for the honor and authority, the person of his superior. This was the conduct of Saint Francis de Sales, as long as he was coadjutor of Geneva; also, during the nine years of his episcopate with the title of Coadjutor, one never saw, on any point, the slightest discord between the two bishops: the thought of one was the thought of the other. They were truly one heart and one soul. “

All the missionaries of Korea agree in recognizing the profound piety of the Bishop of Acônes. “When I spent the night at Monseigneur's,” says Mgr Ridel, “as we slept in the same room, on the same mat, in the morning, when I woke up, I saw Mgr Daveluy on his knees, very often with his face on the ground, making his prayer, avoiding all kinds of noise, for fear of waking me.”

“Mgr Daveluy,” adds M. Féron, “was very reserved about everything that concerned him; that is why, while seeing him very pious, and admiring his dignity and his devotion to the holy mass, I never knew his particular devotions.

“For the same reason,” continues the same missionary, “I do not know if he had any particular mortifications or austerities; he already had quite a few like that without looking for them.

Indeed, what good is a hair shirt, when one must wear almost continually the living hair shirt of Saint Benedict Labre?

“What could be taken away from an already meager and insufficient diet? For several years, he observed with rigor, like all the others, the obligatory fasts of the Church, including all the vigils of the feasts of the apostles; perhaps he would have done better to ask his superior for a dispensation: this dispensation has since been granted by the Holy See, with a few reservations. But if this austerity contributed to ruining his health, it did not diminish either his zeal or his work.

“He took his infirmities and the small miseries inherent in the apostolic condition with great simplicity and good nature, without showing any pain or repugnance of any kind. I saw him sometimes, when his knee dislocated, which happened even when at rest, perhaps because of the habitual position, sitting on the ground with his legs crossed, he took it with both hands and put it back in place, without showing any pain; but so naturally, that I never thought of asking him if it really did not hurt him a lot. But when the stomach pains took hold of him, it was impossible for him to hide the pallor and the alteration of his features, then one knew that he was suffering; he did not complain, but if one questioned him, he answered simply without seeking to put any mystery into it.

We already know that, early on, his health was deplorable. “Monseigneur seemed to be suffering,” said Mgr Ridel, “his face was pale, he was very thin, but what was his illness? Several times, in the middle of the conversation, he would interrupt: “Excuse me for a moment,” he would say, and then he would be obliged to lie down on the mat, and would appear to be suffering from stomach pains like violent colic. He would hasten to chew a few pieces of pomegranate peel, then after remaining in this position for about four or five minutes, he would get up again, saying: “It's over, he has gone down, I beg your pardon for having left you like this, but I couldn't stand it; it's something that often comes upon me, I don't know of a remedy.” Usually he would take the precaution of warning. “If you see me in this state, don't worry, leave me alone, there is nothing to do, and it passes after a few minutes.”

— Besides that, His Highness had other illnesses, among others a bad knee that prevented him from walking a long way. In short, I believe that Monseigneur was anemic., — In addition, Monseigneur often felt dizzy in his last years and I heard him tell me that very often, when crossing the mountains carried in a chair, he was obliged to put a blindfold on his eyes. As a result of this sickly state, Monseigneur complained of losing his memory. Sometimes, searching in vain for a Korean expression that did not come back to him, he would say: “I who knew this so well in the past, I forget everything, I feel that my memory is failing.”

“Finally, said Mr. Féron again, when I saw His Highness for the first time, in 1857, I arrived the day after his coronation, he had been suffering for quite a long time from eye pains, caused by the smoke that spreads in Korean houses and by his application to study. These eye pains, with intervals of better and worse, have never really stopped either. I have never seen His Highness again without him complaining about them, if anyone spoke to him about them. His sufferings and his work made his hair fall out early: at 40 years of age he was almost completely bald.

“In summary, adds the same missionary, what was most striking in the conduct of Bishop Daveluy was a dignity of bearing always the same, and a constant and uninterrupted application to his duties as a missionary, which always seemed to me to come from the constant thought of God. I believe that our holy Coadjutor hardly lost sight of this sweet

presence; his interior dispositions were rarely betrayed in conversation, but, by the whole of his conduct, one saw that he always stood under the eye of God. “

We will end this chapter with the following extract from the account of Mr. Calais: “In addition to what has already been reported about Bishop Daveluy, we must say that His Grandeur experienced great interior pains, we have it from him and from Bishop Berneux; his crosses, his interior trials which lasted more than five years, were sometimes so strong that not only did they make him easily forget all his exterior crosses, but they reduced him to a great state of weakness. God willed that body and soul, his whole being should be immolated to Him, because one can say that, during the twenty years he spent in Korea, he was a true and perfect host placed on the altar of immolation.

He was given to the earth to greatly serve the glory of God and the salvation of his brothers; who will tell the thousands of infidels he regenerated in the waters of baptism, of children of the devil made them children of God, of half-barbarians made them human and civilized people?

As of the Apostle, one could say of him: “He became all things to all, to win them all to Jesus Christ.”

Chapter V

Attachment of Mgr Daveluy for his Family. — His Correspondence with his Parents and Friends.

Our work would be incomplete if we neglected to point out the love of Mgr Daveluy for all his family. Indeed, one of his most characteristic distinctive qualities was certainly his love and respect for his father and mother, his affection for his brothers and sisters, his attachment to all the friends he had left in France. His soul loved to pour itself out in these long, cordial letters, which have provided us with the main elements of our book, but which are no less precious and no less touching in terms of the feelings they express.

The first part of this work has shown us sufficiently how much Antoine Daveluy was a devoted son and an affectionate brother, at the same time as a sincere friend; his correspondence, since his departure for the missions, shows us always the same.

From his entry into Korea, Abbé Daveluy could no longer correspond with Europe except once a year, except during the last years when sometimes the Bishop of Acônes was able to address a short letter to Mr. and Mrs. Daveluy, by means of the small expedition sent by Mgr Berneux to the islet of Mérin-to, to bring in missionaries. But each year, in the month of December, the Christian courier who accompanied the Korean embassy to Peking, carried many letters from Mgr Daveluy: one at first longer than all the others to his father and mother, - it is from these especially that we have given numerous extracts; — others then for brothers and sisters, confreres from Europe, friends, pious communities with whom he remained in correspondence. Each has his own successively and often even simultaneously.

All are relatively long, always written in this small handwriting as clear and as regular in 1865 as in 1845. It is always the pious thoughts that dominate; one feels that the writer is imbued with this thought of the author of the Imitation: “Any friendship without me is worthless and will not last and that of those whom I have not united is neither true nor pure (1(1) Imitation of Jesus Christ, book III, chap. XLII.);” but nevertheless, how interested he is in everything and everyone, how he speaks to each one in the language that suits him, how he forgets no one, especially the old servants to whom he sends each time an affectionate hello!

Above all, he recalls and recommends pious meetings: to his brothers and sisters he especially recalls the happiness they have in belonging to a Christian family and the duties that these exceptional graces impose on them; he always exhorts them to preserve and increase the spirit of family and union. Then, there is not an event in the life of each, first communion, marriage, etc. that does not interest him and that he does not mention in particular. The Ladies of Louvencourt have replaced the Ursulines in Roye and one of his sisters is sent there, it is for the former vicar of Roye the occasion of a charming return to the past, which testifies to the fidelity of his memory for the small town which had the beginnings of his priestly zeal. We understand the reserve that the intimacy of these correspondences imposes on us, but we do not hesitate to say that it is necessary to have read them to know well the loving, frank, loyal and devoted heart of Antoine Daveluy. Let us hope that a day will come when all these letters can be published: the glory of the Coadjutor of Korea will only shine with a brighter brilliance, and the men of the world will only understand better how the love of God pushed to the most absolute devotion and to the immolation of oneself does not weaken the love of the family.

We would like to be able to give here long passages from these intimate letters, but we must limit ourselves to reproducing, at this moment, only a very small number of extracts.

He had received the collection of photographs of each. "I have in my Korea," he said, "charming meetings, despite the smallness of my house, I do not fear the number, and truly the illusion is sometimes complete; I thank you therefore for having procured me this satisfaction."

His elder sister, whose entry into the novitiate of the Sacred Heart on November 21, 1833, had inspired the rhetorician of Saint-Riquier with such pious reflections (1(1) V. first part, chapter IV.), died a saintly death at the Sacred Heart of Amiens on December 5, 1856. The news of this naturally did not reach Bishop Daveluy until 1858.

"I was far from thinking," he said to his parents, at the beginning of his letter of September 1858, "that God would have called our dear Thérèse to him so quickly, and, despite her continual ailments, I thought that she would hold on. Since the Lord wanted to grant her the crown at once, I do not want to grieve too much about it, but rather, reflecting on her life and death, I dare to flatter myself that we have one more protectress on high and that she will help us to go and join her. How all the details of her last moments edified me! How many special graces she was able to receive; this is indeed the reward of her virtue and a very consoling sign of her predestination. While praying for her, I cannot but recommend myself and my mission to her intercession and I find my consolation there. Your solitude is very painful for me to think about, however, I always flatter myself that you are happy to see your last children on a less slippery path than many others, and that you find your rest and your consolation there. Besides, our two new nuns being so close (1(1) The two daughters that Mr. and Mrs. Daveluy still had with them had entered the Ladies of Louvencourt:), the separation is a little less painful; all these thoughts deceive my worries, and I cannot believe that God does not grant you very special favors in your advanced days, to prepare you even more for the great journey which must effect the great reunion."

With this same concern, a few years later, he wrote to the last of his brothers, a vicar in one of the parishes of Amiens: "Try to be always assiduous in going to bring some consolation to the isolation of our good parents. You will be able to do so easily by way of recreation and God, far from reproaching you for these frequent visits, will take them into account as an act of filial piety; replace me with them in their old age."

Among all family celebrations, there is one, more solemn and rarer, which sees gathered, in the morning at the foot of the altar, and in the evening at the paternal table, often three or four generations celebrating what is fashionable today, in imitation of the foreigner, to call the Golden Wedding, and what others like to continue to call, like our fathers, the Fiftieth. This feast, Abbé Daveluy, on leaving France, hoped, with reason, that it would be granted to his venerated father and mother to celebrate it one day; but, as it was known that, in all probability, it would not be possible for him to attend, we have seen how his parents had wanted to celebrate with him, before his departure, the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage. Later, when the time of this great day approached, the Bishop of Acônes did not forget to mention it and to associate himself with it in advance: "This letter will reach you," he wrote in October 1862, "a short time before the ceremony of September 13. The designs of Providence not seeming to be that I have the happiness of attending it, I make the sacrifice; I will be there with all my heart and by the offering of the holy Sacrifice. I sincerely hope that everyone can

then come together to thank God for having happily preserved you in our love; my sincere desire is that this feast will contribute to strengthening the union of all the members of our family, so dispersed, and that each one will take advantage of it to immerse himself in the proper spirit of the family that we must all strive not to lose; such are the wishes that I address and will address again to God to obtain that we may all be the crown and the consolation of our dear parents. You will be happy, dear parents, to see all your children then united in the same heart and the same spirit, this thought has charms for me and I dare to hope that God will grant you very special blessings on this occasion. “

The following year, he dates the very day of the feast, his annual letter: “Who has Jesus has everything.

“Today is September 13, the fiftieth anniversary of September 13, 1813, a day awaited by all of us during these last years, and on which each one asked the Lord to be able to celebrate the renewal of your marriage. Convinced that our vows had been heard by God, as your eldest son, I celebrated the first Mass for you, while everything around you was still plunged into the silence of the night; praises, thanksgiving, prayers, all followed one another in my mind without interruption, but above all the verses of the Psalm:

Beati omnes qui timent Dominum, qui ambulant in viis ejus, did not leave my thoughts and helped me to praise the Lord, to thank him, to pray to him also for my father and my mother, as for all the other members of the family whom I saw gathered around them, and to whom I made at will the various applications that presented themselves. So, occupied with this sweet and consoling picture, I was no longer in Korea, I was in Amiens, I was truly close to you, and I enjoyed universal joy without envying anyone, then finally I cried out: How good God is!

Quam bonus Israel Deus! Were not all these thoughts, dear parents, yours, yes, I do not doubt it; that day doubtless all your children will have been gathered together, the feast will have been found complete and entirely Christian; God, who knew that I could not be present corporeally, had in his mercy chosen my replacement, and our dear abbot will have been able to perform this touching ceremony, so that the second blessing falls from the hands of one of those who are the fruit of the first blessing, and that the sacrifice of thanksgiving is offered by one of those whose heart feels the need and is led by nature itself to testify his gratitude to God for all the favors that he has transmitted to us through the authors of our days. Thanks to God, forever, for so many benefits. “

Chapter VI

Preliminaries of the Great Persecution. —The Russians and Korea. — Mgr Berneux and Mgr Daveluy are Called by the Regent. Persecution Is Decreed. — Arrest and Martyrdom of Mgr Berneux and Five Missionaries.

(January-March 1866)

It will be remembered that Korea borders on the north the territories recently ceded (1860) to Russia by China in Manchuria. The Mikiang, in Korean Tou-man-kang, a small river that flows into the Sea of Japan, is the border of the kingdom on this side. This proximity did not fail to worry Korea, when in January 1866 a Russian ship arrived at Ouen-san, a commercial port on the Sea of Japan and from there addressed a letter to the Korean government, demanding quite imperatively freedom of trade and the right to settle in Korea for Russian merchants. At the same time, it is said, some troops crossed the Tou-man-kang, to support this request. Following Asian custom, they were paid with words, answering them that Korea, a vassal of China, could not treat with any nation without the permission of the emperor, and that an extraordinary embassy on this subject was immediately sent to Peking.

However, the excitement was great at court and the ministers did not hide their concerns.

Bishop Berneux had left for the provinces of Hoang-haï and Pieng-han; the catechumens were more numerous than ever and the prelate, who had time to visit only four stations, had already baptized eight hundred. Bishop Daveluy was still in Nai-po. During this time, some nobles of Seoul, rather lukewarm Christians, from old families degraded because of religion, believed they had found an excellent opportunity to show their wisdom by giving themselves the honor of obtaining freedom for the Christians.

They therefore consulted together, without the knowledge of their bishop and everyone else, and had a letter presented to the regent, the king's father, in which they explained how the Russians were coming to invade Korea and, as the only way to resist them, indicated an alliance with France and England.

This document, written, says Mr. Féron, with the clumsiness that one could expect from people so poorly educated, put forward the two bishops in the most deplorable manner. It was received by the regent with a coldness that terrified our diplomats and one of them even hastened to flee to the provinces.

Despite this, two days later, a few words from the regent's wife, the young king's mother, to the king's wet nurse, Marthe Pak, gave courage to one of these Christians, Thomas Hong, master of the house where the apostolic vicar lived. He went to the mandarin Jean Nam, a highly educated Christian who had taught Korean to several missionaries, including Mr. Ridel. He explained the situation to him and begged him to compose a new letter. Jean Nam was then residing at the palace, giving Chinese lessons to the son of a great personage of the court.

He agreed to draw up a new request, and went himself to present it to the regent, whom he found surrounded by five or six great mandarins. The regent read the letter with

great attention and contented himself with replying: "That is good; go and speak to the minister about it." The next day, he called Jean Nam again, and spoke with him at length, first about the Christian religion, which he found beautiful, then, suddenly, asked him if he was sure that the bishop could prevent the taking of Korea by the Russians and, Jean answering in the affirmative: "Where is he?" the regent replied? Is he in the capital? "No, he has been away for some days." "Oh! He must have gone to the province of Hoang-hai to visit the Christians." "He is there indeed." "Well! let him know that I would be very happy to see him (1(1) Hist. of the Church of Korea, Tom. II, p. 522.)."

This interview, the consequences of which were so disastrous, filled the Christians of Seoul with joy, - and for a moment there was only talk of the freedom that was going to be obtained, of a church to be built in the capital, etc. Mgr Berneux, doubtless not satisfied with the clumsy approach of the Christians of his episcopal city, refused to comply with the * desire of the regent. "I have replied," he wrote, "that, despite all my desire to be useful to the king, being neither of the same religion nor of the same nation as the Russians, I could have no influence over them. "The apostolic vicar added that he feared, as much as anyone, the danger with which Korea was threatened by these foreigners who, sooner or later, would end up establishing themselves on its territory, but that the constant refusal of the government to establish relations with the European powers, a refusal which he refrained from blaming, left no way of warding off the danger (2(2) Life of Bishop Berneux, by Father PICHON. 2nd edition, p. 333.).

The Christians, however, continued to insist that the two bishops return to Seoul.

The father-in-law of the regent, the very one who had given him the first petition so coldly received, even provided the expenses of the journey. The two prelates decided to acquiesce to the desire of the faithful and, on January 25, Bishop Daveluy arrived in Seoul. Bishop Berneux did not arrive there until four days later. On January 31, the Bishop of Acônes wrote to Mr. Ridel: "I am currently in the capital, and you would not guess for what business; it is a question of an interview with the Regent, father of the young king, concerning the affairs of the Russians who have just presented themselves in the north of Korea; I receive the mail from Europe, I send you your letters; and since Mgr de Capsus is back, I will go down to Naï-po to continue my administration which will be very late this year (1(1) Letter from Mr. Ridel to Mr. Daveluy father. Chang-IIäi, August 27, 1866.)".

We see in these lines that Mgr Daveluy did not base great hopes on the result of the planned interview with the regent. Indeed, according to the expression of Mr. Féron, "the wind had already turned. "When, on the very day that Bishop Daveluy was writing, Jean Nam presented himself to the regent to inform him of the arrival of the bishops, the latter received him very coldly and said to him, before he could open his mouth: "What, you are still here! I thought you had gone down to the province to visit your father." And Jean, continuing that he had had to stay in the capital for the important business that - "Yes, yes," interrupted the regent, "I know; but there is no hurry now, we will see later. And, since you are going to see your father, consult him a little about all this." Jean's father, Augustin Nam, was an old mandarin of 84 years, with a great reputation throughout the kingdom and an excellent Christian. On learning from his son what had happened, he said to him: "You have done the work of a devoted subject, but it will certainly cost you your life. When you are made to sign your death sentence (according to Korean custom), do not fail to erase from it any expression insulting to religion." This reception by the regent inspired concern. Bishop Berneux, seeing that the interview was being postponed, under the pretext of the proximity of the Korean New

Year's Day, went to administer the sacraments in two neighboring Christian communities; he spent three days there and returned home on February 5. Since that time he only left his home to go two or three times five minutes away, to administer confirmation and the other sacraments, at a catechist's, to some of the faithful from the northern provinces. For his part, Bishop Daveluy had returned to resume his Apostolic Luvaux in Nai-po.

Already at that time the death of the two bishops, that of their colleagues and the definitive extinction of Christianity in Korea had just been decreed.

The court was almost exclusively composed of bitter enemies of the Christians. Several times they had asked in vain for the new publication of the edicts of persecution. They waited for the opportunity and did not let it slip away.

There was no longer any question of the Russians and the fear they had inspired had almost disappeared; their ship had withdrawn, it is said, and their troops had crossed the border again; but the annual embassy to Peking, which had left in December 1865, had sent a letter in which it was said that the Chinese were putting to death the Europeans scattered throughout the empire. This letter, arriving in Seoul in the last days of January, was like oil thrown on the fire. The four principal ministers began to highly disapprove of the regent's approach towards the bishops. "Hatred to the Europeans! " they cried; "no alliance with them, or the kingdom is over! Death to all the barbarians of the West! Death to all the Christians!" The regent recalled the Franco-English expedition to China, the danger to which they were exposed, the possible invasion of Korea, etc. "No," they replied, "all that is vain fear! Have we not already killed several of these Europeans? Who has ever sought to avenge their deaths? What harm have we suffered?" They were referring to Mgr Imbert, Messrs. Maubant and Chastan, martyred in 1839, perhaps also to the shipwrecked people who, at various times, had been mercilessly massacred on the coasts. Did the regent, alone of his opinion, allow himself to be convinced by their reasons and carried away by their fanaticism? Or was he forced to yield to the torrent, so as not to risk his own authority and compromise his position? We do not yet know well. In any case, he yielded, and signed the death warrant of all the European bishops and priests and the enforcement of the ancient laws of the kingdom against the Christians. It was something like the famous edicts of Diocletian, of the year 303.

Bishop Berneux, who for a long time had liked to hope, was still calmly waiting for the regent to call him, when he noticed that his house was being watched; he refused to seek another retreat: "It is me that they are looking for," he said, "if I hide, they will make searches everywhere and the result will be a general persecution." Finally, denounced by his servant Nisou-ki, who, not content with betraying his master, also denounced the other missionaries whose residence he knew, the apostolic vicar of Korea was arrested on February 23, at four o'clock in the evening, with all the people of his house.

"We were for some time," wrote M. Féron, "without knowing what this arrest meant, and at first we were not very frightened by it, but everything soon became clear. Orders had been given everywhere, persecution broke out everywhere at once." M. de Bretenières lived in Seoul, a few minutes from Mgr Berneux; he was beginning to understand Korean well enough to administer to the faithful. On February 23, he had gone to a fairly distant district where he had heard the confession of two people and blessed a marriage. That evening, when he returned, he learned of Mgr Berneux's arrest. He did not think of fleeing and was content to send the news to Bishop Daveluy and the other confreres. The day after, February 25, he was

placed under arrest at home. Messrs. Dorie and Beaulieu were in turn arrested on February 27 and brought the next day to Seoul.

It is not part of our plan to dwell on the last battles of these glorious witnesses of Christianity in Korea. Torture could not overcome their constancy or break their courage.

Bishop Berneux, who was finally going to obtain the palm that he had been unable to conquer at the Tong-King, showed them a worthily example. March 8 (22 of the first moon) was the day of their triumph.

An immense crowd, eager to see the foreign priests, had gathered at the prison gate. Some looked curiously at their faces, their attitude; most laughed and lavished coarse insults on them. "Do not laugh and do not mock each other like this," Bishop Berneux told them; "you should rather weep. We came to procure for you eternal happiness, and now who will show you the way to heaven? Oh! how pitiable you are!" During the journey, the bearers stopped several times to rest. Then Bishop Berneux would talk with his young colleagues, or else, casting his gaze on the crowd that followed them, he would say with a sigh: "Alas! my God! how pitiable they are!"

The martyrs, surrounded by an escort of four hundred soldiers, were thus led out of Seoul, on a large sandy beach, along the river, near the village of Sai-nam-to. It was there that their heads fell gloriously for Jesus Christ.

The death of Bishop Berneux immediately invested Bishop Daveluy with the office of Apostolic Vicar of Korea. The dignity of which his humility had been frightened was thus conferred on him in a moment too solemn for him to refuse it.

He was to keep it for only twenty-two days; for him too the hour of reward was about to sound.

On the very day of Bishop Berneux's martyrdom, MM. Pourthié and Petitnicolas, arrested in the provinces, arrived in Seoul. Three days later, on March 11, they too shed their blood for the faith they had come to preach.

Chapter VII

Arrest and Martyrdom of Mgr Daveluy and Fathers Aumaître and Huin.

(March 11-30, 1866)

Following the arrest of Mgr Berneux, Mgr Daveluy had become de facto, before being de jure, the head of the mission in Korea. The anxieties with which his soul must have been filled did not alter his serenity. Several times already, we know, he had offered to God the sacrifice of his life: the moment had come when his offering would be accepted.

After his useless journey to Seoul, we said that the Bishop of Acônes had hastened to return to Naï-po to continue his administration. He was still busy there when he received the letter in which M. de Bretenières announced the arrest of Mgr Berneux. Mgr Daveluy was then living in a place called Keu-to-ri. Mr. Huin, who was beginning to understand enough Korean to begin administering the sacraments, was a short distance away. Mr. Aumaître, who was called Father O in Korean, had begun visiting his district again since All Saints' Day and was then busy in the canton of Pou-en, at Sai-am-kol, not far from the Coadjutor's residence.

At the first news, Mgr Daveluy did not believe in a general persecution; he thought that the government wanted to have the bishops and missionaries on hand to better get out of trouble with the Russians or for some other purpose not yet admitted. Also, seeing the abominable violence exercised on the Christians by the satellites sent to search for the missionaries, violence which placed the faithful between death and apostasy to make them denounce their priests, he had for a moment the thought of giving himself up.

On March 1, he wrote to M. Ridel: "Bishop de Capsus is arrested, His Highness saw the Regent, his demeanor was full of calm, dignity and holiness. What will become of it? God knows, *Fiai voluntas*. It is said that the Regent spoke of me to the servant of Monseigneur. As for me, if I learn that the Regent wants to take me, my intention is to present myself, perhaps I will urge you to do the same."

He had also made known his thoughts of surrendering himself to the persecutors, to M. Féron, without urging him to imitate him, without forbidding him to do so either.

"Do," he said to him, "what the good Lord inspires you."

Bishop Daveluy had been able to receive some news from the confessors of the faith. Thomas Hong, master of the house of Bishop Berneux, himself a prisoner, was able to send to the Coadjutor of the illustrious captive a note in which were found these words: "Bishop Berneux is always and everywhere full of dignity and holiness."

Events moved quickly, bad news followed one another in rapid succession, Bishop Daveluy could soon no longer doubt that the arrest of Bishop Berneux would have a fatal outcome.

He ordered a boat to be prepared and some Christian sailors to be sent to sea to try to deliver to some European ship the following note addressed to Mgr Verrolles, apostolic vicar of Manchuria: "Korea, March 10, 1866.

“We are in persecution: Mgr Berneux, apostolic vicar, was captured on February 23 and since then, five confreres: MM. Pourthié, Petit” nicolas, de Bretenières, Beaulieu and Dorie.

“All the others will be captured immediately, no way of escaping. There is already talk of executing the six captured Europeans, and I believe that it will be so, despite the French-Chinese passports.

“Whatever: Fiat voluntas! My turn will come too and I pray to God to support me in the arena. The house of Bishop Berneux, where the money and all the objects of the mission were gathered, was pillaged.

“Farewell, pray to God for me.”

“Antoine, Coadjutor Bishop of Korea.”

“The letter had not yet left,” said M. Calais, to whom we owe these details, “that he learned that Bishop Berneux had been put to death with several of his colleagues and that a new Judas had placed himself in the service of the persecutors. He wrote a second letter giving these sad details. The bearers of these letters left with diligence, but they did not see any ship and, after much running, they were going to bring them back, when they saw a young Chinese woman who had come to smuggle on the coasts of Korea; they were able with great difficulty to load her with the first letter for Bishop Verrolles, because they had lost the second.” This letter did not reach the Apostolic Vicar of Manchuria until June 20.

However, the rumors of persecution having caused trouble among the Christians, M. Aumaitre had to interrupt his administration and went to Mgr Daveluy to ask his advice and orders. The Bishop of Acônes immediately called M. Huin, and the three of them spent an entire day together (1(1) M. Aumaître's historian says the day was Friday, March 9, but it seems more likely that this meeting took place). When they parted, they told a few trusted Christians that they had little hope of escaping, because their presence was too well known, and that, moreover, escape was almost impossible in a country of plains like Nai-po. Bishop Daveluy remained at Keu-to-ri, where the meeting had taken place, Mr. Aumaitre went to So-tel, a village a league and a half away, and Mr. Huin returned to Sei-ko-ri. The two following days, the villages of Keu-to-ri and So-tel were invaded and visited up to seven times by bands of satellites. Bishop Daveluy and Mr. Aumaître threw themselves into a small boat at night, without any kind of provisions, in order to reach the sea: but a contrary wind arose; for two days it was impossible to leave the shore, and, at last, seeing that they were even more exposed to the searches of the satellites on this boat than in their houses, they returned to the villages they had left. Bishop Daveluy lodged, at Ko-teu-ri, with the catechist Nicolas Song. A relative of the latter, a rather lukewarm Christian, wanted to go to Seoul to get certain news, and obtained from the Bishop, not without difficulty, permission to leave and money for his journey. It was March 10.

On the morning of the 11th, the fourth Sunday of Lent, this individual returned saying that he had met a place a little earlier. We follow here, step by step, The History of the Church of Korea, which does not indicate a date, of the satellites who came to take the Europeans.

Bishop Daveluy, who was suspicious of him, refused to see him. Was this man a traitor? We do not know; but a few hours after his arrival, the satellites entered the village. At their head was Philippe Pak, a theology student at the college of Pai-rong, who was immediately recognized by the Christians. Was this unfortunate young man who, a few days before, had been tortured and thrown into prison in the district capital, in fact playing the role of Judas? Everyone, and Bishop Daveluy first, believed him then, says Mr. Dallet. Two or three months later, Philippe Pak protested that he had been taken from prison against his will, because the satellites did not know the way to Keuto-ri, and that he had been put by force on a horse, so that he could serve as their guide. In any case, at the moment when the village was invaded, Bishop Daveluy, yielding to the urgent prayers of the Christians, hid under a pile of dry wood, next to the basket which contained his chapel. The satellites, searching all the houses, arrived at that of Nicolas Song, and one of them, with a kick given to the wood, discovered the basket. Encouraged by this first success, he gave another kick a little further, and discovered the head of the Bishop. Frightened, he took a step back, but Bishop Daveluy, getting up, said to him: "Do not be afraid.

Who are you looking for?" "The men of the West," replied the satellite. "Then take me, for I am one of them." "The other satellites ran up and, without binding the Bishop, were content to keep him in his own room, but they tied up the master of the house, Nicolas Song.

The satellites urged Mgr Daveluy to indicate the retreat of the other missionaries whom they had been charged with seizing. The prelate, convinced that repeated betrayals had eliminated all chance of escape, and not wanting to expose the Christians to pillage, torture, and perhaps apostasy, agreed to call Mr. Huin to him, on the formal condition that no one would accompany the messengers whom he would charge with his letter. He hoped in this way to save the Christianity of Sei-ko-ri. He was solemnly promised everything he wanted, but this promise was immediately violated, and from the door of his room he could see the satellites leaving with the two Christians he was sending. No account was taken of his complaints and reproaches.

Mr. Huin, having returned to Sei-ko-ri, had the following day heard some confessions, but, on the advice of the wisest Christians, he had retired to another village where a Christian nobleman, Paul Sin, offered him a retreat. There too were some satellites who, suspecting Paul of hiding a European and not daring nevertheless to violate the privilege of the nobility by entering his house by force, made a frightful noise around the house all day long.

A pagan nobleman, a friend of Paul, got him out of his embarrassment; he intimidated the satellites, slipped some money into the hands of their chiefs, and finally obtained their removal. During this time, Mr. Huin had been obliged to take refuge in a small cupboard made in the wall, which he could hardly enter. He spent more than an hour there, withdrawn into himself, and breathing only with difficulty. When night fell, he reached another village, two leagues away, and a few hours later, the two messengers of Bishop Daveluy, accompanied by five satellites, entered his room. Mr. Huin cast his eyes on the letter they brought him and said to them: "The Bishop was arrested this morning; he invites me to go and join him. That is enough." The satellites asked him a host of questions, but his servant cut them short by pointing out that the man in whose house they were was not a Christian; that if they stayed until daylight, they would know what had happened and that it would cause him great harm. Consequently, he advised them to leave immediately. They agreed and on the morning of March 12, the missionary arrived at Bishop Daveluy's.

Mr. Aumaître soon learned of the arrest of the Bishop of Acônes; understanding that it would be impossible for him to escape the searches that were being made in all the surrounding villages, he thought only of not compromising any Christian. He therefore inquired exactly about the road that led to Keu-to-ri and set off alone. Arriving at the village, he entered a Christian house, while waiting for the Apostolic Vicar to call him. That same morning, Mgr Daveluy hearing the satellites call for Father O, whose existence they had recently learned of in the vicinity

Having arrived in the village, he entered a Christian house, while waiting for the Apostolic Vicar to call him. That same morning, Mgr Daveluy, hearing the satellites claim Father O, whose existence they had recently learned of in the neighborhood, had written to him to tell him to surrender; but the bearers of the letter, having taken another route, had not met him on the way. On their return, they found the three missionaries gathered in the room which served as their prison. Satisfied with their expedition and the manner in which the Europeans had surrendered, the satellites showed themselves full of consideration for them. They did not bind them, did not cause any damage in the village, and, at their request, released and set at liberty the arrested Christians. These were, in addition to Mr. Huin's servant, the catechist Nicolas Song, the seminarian Philippe Pak, and Luc Hoang, Mgr Daveluy's servant. But the latter refused to leave; he declared that he would follow the one who was at once his master and his father, and, although the satellites, says Mr. Féron, refused to arrest him, he forced them, in a way, to add him to their prisoners.

Luc Hoang, whose name will henceforth be inseparable from that of the Bishop of Acônes, was from a fairly wealthy pagan family. Around the age of twenty, on the exhortations of his Chinese teacher, he converted to the Christian religion, and successively won over all the members of his family.

On the arrival of Bishop Ferréol, Luc devoted himself entirely to the service of the mission. Bishop Ferréol thought of making him a priest, because his wife agreed to separate from him to live in continence; but, as there is no regularly established women's monastery in Korea, the Holy See did not consider it appropriate to grant the requested permission. Luc's father having died and his elder brother having, through clumsy management, squandered the family fortune, Luc first gave to his family all that he possessed, then, to come to their aid more effectively, tried various unfortunate speculations and succeeded only in ruining his financial backers. The missionaries, fearing that the relations they had had with him would give him a certain credit and would be a trap for those from whom he borrowed money, closed their doors to him. This kind of ostracism lasted ten years. In 1858, M. Féron convinced Luc to give up all his enterprises, and took him with him as a Chinese teacher. He was then catechist to M. Joanno, then to Mgr Berneux, and finally attached to Mgr Daveluy to help him with the composition and correction of books. He lived with the greatest frugality, and all that he received, whether from missionaries or from Christians, was used to pay his debts; also, he had recovered the confidence of all, and his creditors themselves had much respect and affection for him. He did not want to separate from Mgr Daveluy, and in fact followed him until his death. He was then 52 years old (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, volume II, pp. 551-552.).

The satellites remained two days at Keu-to-ri, before taking the road to the capital. They showed themselves honest and considerate towards their prisoners, and seemed to listen with pleasure to the exhortations which, on several occasions, were addressed to them. "They

admitted,” says M. Calais, “that religion was good, and that if they arrested them, it was only because there was an order from the government to do so. Bishop Daveluy, remembering that he had 1,300 sapèques hidden in a place, said to go and get them and give them to the satellites; they went themselves to the designated place, and instead of 1,300 found only 900; then the heads of the satellites, believing that it was their subordinates who had taken 400, had those who were suspected beaten severely with sticks; 300 sapèques were returned; there were only 100 left, and they were still having them beaten, when Monseigneur, having great pity, told them to stop beating them, because it could well be that it was only 1,200 and not 1,300 that he had had deposited; on this, the question was ended. Some satellites, remembering the wealth and effects that had been taken from the house of Bishop Berneux, asked Bishop Daveluy where his goods were. “As for my goods,” replied Bishop Daveluy, “I have always had very little, and what I had was burned only a few months ago, as well as my entire little cabin.” — “Yes, that is very true,” replied other satellites, “we have learned in fact that the Bishop of Acônes experienced a great fire at Pang-sa-kol, and that all his goods were lost.” As the first interlocutors still replied with certain murmurs. “Ah! that, would you be so kind as to be quiet,” replied several of their colleagues at once, “do you believe that the Bishop tells lies, no the Bishop does not know how to lie.”

Finally, on Wednesday, March 14, the mournful procession, or rather, the triumphant procession of confessors of the faith set out for Seoul. The glorious victims, treated with special consideration, had not been bound. “To keep the law,” says Mr. Calais, “the red rope was only on their shoulders; they also had a bonnet with folded edges covering their entire body.” This bonnet of the great criminals is yellow. It has wide canvas edges, which, folded down, cover the face and upper body, so that one can neither see nor be seen. “The other brothers who needed to meditate,” says Mr. Ridel, “used it as a veil to keep away distractions; but Bishop Daveluy, who felt as a captain that he needed to show his serene and unafraid face, drew back this veil, looked at everyone and encouraged with a smile the Christians he met (1(1) Letter from Mr. Ridel to Mr. Daveluy senior, already cited.)”

Bishop Daveluy had been taken in a chair to Hong-tsiou, a town not far away; the two other missionaries went on foot, crossing a crowd of people curious to see these European figures who were no longer obliged to wear veils. It was at Hong-tsiou that they were given the criminals' attire, “then, they were made to climb into the chairs of the guilty, a kind of roughly made straw baskets and under which pass two crosspieces which are used for carrying; this is how they went up to the capital. Passing through Sin-tchiang, Monseigneur learned that young Pak, a student at the college, was still in prison; he asked for and obtained his freedom, then he gave him two ligatures of sapèques for his journey (1(1) Letter from Mr. Ridel cited above.). “They left thus, continues the account of Mr. Calais, joyful and contented as if they had been at a great feast. “It is this singular, repeated the pagans and the satellites, what is it with these people who go to their death, to laugh and be thus contented?” On their way, passing the city of Pieu-taik, they stopped there to eat; they had been served a beautiful dinner in fat and it was a day of abstinence; as they did not touch the meat dishes that were brought to them, the satellites asked them the reason: “It is,” replied Monseigneur, “that today is a day when all Christians do not eat meat.” Immediately they apologized, cleared the tables and ordered a new meal in lean which three confessors accepted.” Arriving in the capital on the 4th of the 2nd moon, they were taken to the prison of Kou-riou-kan, or criminal prison, where thieves and murderers belonging to the lower classes are locked up pell-mell, on the bare ground. We have no precise details on the interrogations and tortures they had to endure. We only know that before the judges, Mgr Daveluy, who had a thorough command of the Korean language, made frequent and long apologies for the Christian religion. For this reason

perhaps, but especially because he was a of the great masters of religion, he had to suffer more often and more harshly than his companions the beating on the legs, the blows of the board, and the puncture of sharpened sticks. On the fourth day, their sentence was carried out.

But the king was ill, and a large troop of sorcerers, gathered at the palace, performed a thousand diabolical ceremonies to cure him; moreover, he was soon to celebrate his marriage. It was feared that the torture of the Europeans would harm the effect of the spells, and that the shedding of human blood in the capital would be a bad omen for the royal wedding. Orders were given to go and execute the condemned on the peninsula of Sou-rieng, canton of Po-rieng, twenty-five leagues south of Seoul. They were taken away immediately, with the addition of another confessor, Joseph Tjyang, catechist of Pai-rong, and master of the house of Mr. Pourthié.

This generous Christian, baptized in 1826, had converted almost all the members of his family. He was educated, prudent, of rare piety, and Mr. Pourthié often said that Joseph was his right-hand man. Forced to separate from the missionary, when he was arrested, Joseph remained five days in his house and, having nothing left to eat, for everything had been pillaged, went to seek some food in a neighboring village, where he was recognized and arrested. To all the requests of the mandarin, he answered by confessing his faith, and by declaring that it was indeed he who was the master of the house of the missionaries. In vain this magistrate, who, touched by the venerable figure of the pious catechist, wanted to save him from death, tried on several occasions to make him change a single word of his declaration; Joseph persisted, and four satellites were sent from the capital, to bring the confessor there. He was locked up in the prison of Kou-riou-kan, and, after having passed through the usual interrogations and tortures, he was condemned to death. It was he, it is said, who requested and obtained the grace of being sent to the torture with Mgr Daveluy and his companions (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, t. II, p. 553-554.).

However, the day of the triumph of the five martyrs was approaching. They were led to Sou-rieng on horseback.

Their legs, wounded by the beating, were wrapped in oiled paper held by a few pieces of cloth; on their heads, they wore the yellow cap, and, around their necks, the red rope.

“On the road,” says M. Calais, “the five victims had indeed on their faces signs of great suffering, but beneath these signs, one saw an astonishing expression of happiness. “Their hearts overflowed with joy, and several times, to the great astonishment of the satellites and the curious, they addressed to God their fervent thanksgivings by singing psalms and hymns. On Holy Thursday, in the evening, they had arrived at some distance from the place of execution. Bishop Daveluy heard the satellites who were forming among themselves the plan of making, the next day, a fairly long detour, in order to go and show the condemned men in a neighboring town. “No,” he cried immediately, interrupting them, “what you are saying is impossible. You will go straight to the place of execution tomorrow, for it is tomorrow that we must die. “God, who approved the pious desire of his servant to shed his blood for Jesus Christ on the very day that the Savior shed his blood for us, gave his words such an accent of authority that all, chiefs, satellites and soldiers, did not reply a word, and obeyed him punctually.

On the morning of the supreme day “the three prisoners walked around talking, but no one, says Mr. Ridel (1(1) Letter to Mr. Daveluy father.), can tell the words they exchanged; someone came to bring them some flour cakes cooked in water. Mr. Huin refused, Mr. Aumaitre simply put his lips to it and Mgr Daveluy seemed to eat with a good appetite.”

The execution took place around noon. The place chosen was a sandy beach on the seashore. In addition to the usual preparations, nine soldiers had been placed near the mandarin's tent with loaded rifles ready to fire, if necessary, on the confessors. Two hundred other soldiers formed the hedge, to hold back the crowd that was rushing from all sides. A few Christians slipped in among the curious. They relate that at the last moment, the mandarin ordered the European priests to salute him by prostrating themselves on the ground.

Bishop Daveluy said that they would greet him in the French manner, which they did: but the magistrate, wounded in his pride, had them thrown to the ground in front of him. Bishop Daveluy was decapitated first. A painful circumstance came, by prolonging his agony, to increase his conformity with the suffering Savior. We reproduce in all its horror the story of this terrible torture, as it was traced, for the family of the martyr, by the moved pen of the missionary whom Providence was to call to succeed Bishop Daveluy in the Apostolic Vicariate of Korea and in the dungeons of Seoul, and who, if he did not have like him the happiness of shedding his blood for Jesus Christ, faithfully imitated him in his courageous profession of faith.

“Monsignor, the first, is taken, stripped of his clothes, his arms are seized and tied tightly behind his back so as to turn his shoulders, then a stick is placed horizontally between the body and the arms; thus bound, two satellites hold the ends of this wood and keep the patient in an upright position; a rope is attached at one end to the tuft of hair, a satellite, seven or eight paces away, holds the other end. The signal is given; His Grandeur is overturned and, to secure the head, a small log five to six centimeters high is placed under the neck. The satellite, by a refinement of barbarous avarice, gives a first blow which seemed to be mortal, then, while the victim lies in his blood, in a trembling of agony, he disputes over the price that will be given him, and it is only after ten long minutes, having obtained nearly 500 francs for his work of blood he returned calmly to finish; already, it is said, the victim had expired: two other blows were enough to separate the head, which was suspended at the end of three stakes fixed in the ground and joined at the top; she remained thus exposed for three days, as well as all the bodies that no carnivorous animal dared to touch (1(1) Letter from Mr. Ridel to Mr. Daveluy senior.).”

Thus died Mgr Antoine Daveluy, Bishop of Acônes, the fifth Apostolic Vicar of Korea, on Good Friday, March 30, 1866, at the age of forty-eight years and fourteen days, in the twenty-fifth year of his priesthood, the twenty-first of his apostolate in Korea and the tenth of his episcopate.

“Go then! ascend to heaven, sons of martyrs!” we will say with his illustrious panegyrist.

Go and join the glorious phalanxes that preceded you: the martyrs of Korea and the martyrs of Amiens who await you: Firmin, who did for your still barbaric country what you have just accomplished for the Orient; itheudosie, which perhaps also had no other temple to pray in than the one succeeded by your church of Saint-Leu; and that other Firmin who, during the French Revolution, had to pay with his blood for the preservation of his faith. Son

of martyrs, ascend to heaven! But let us gather from your life great lessons for the world, great hopes for the Church (1(1) Mgr Mermillod, eulogy of Mgr Daveluy, p. 37).”

Mr. Aumaitre, the first to be put to death after his Bishop, received two sabre blows; one was enough for each of the three other confessors.

“Before the execution, according to the ignoble Korean custom, which does not even respect women, says Mr. Féron, Mgr d'Acônes had been stripped entirely. The others had been left with their trousers, but during the night some wretches came to take them away. After three days of exposure, during which neither a dog nor a crow approached them (they abound in this place), the bodies of the martyrs were buried in the sand in the same place. Bishop Daveluy and Luc Hoang together. The other three in the same grave. About three weeks later, Luc's body was removed by his apostate family. Bishop d'Acônes remained alone apart. Until that time, there was still no sign of corruption.” At the beginning of June, when the persecution had somewhat subsided, some Christians went to collect the bodies of the other four martyrs; all were intact, that of Mr. Huin alone bore a slight trace of corruption. They brought these precious remains near a village in the district of Hong-san, three leagues from the coast, and not having the means to buy separate coffins, they dug a single very large grave, placed a thick board under each body, and buried them together (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, tom. 11, p. 556.).

Chapter VIII

Mm. Ridel, Féron and Calais Escape the Persecutors. — First News of the Events in Korea Reach Europe. First Thanksgivings.

(April-September 1866)

The death of the two bishops and seven missionaries was not enough to satisfy the hatred of the enemies of Christianity and, for many weeks still, the persecution continued bloody and furious. The three surviving missionaries escaped, as if by a miracle, the searches of the pagans, but endured great privations, in the midst of the most cruel anxieties.

M. Calais was the one who ran the most serious dangers.

On May 8, M. Ridel finally had news of M. Féron and, on the 15th, he managed to join him.

Only a month later, Mr. Calais, whom they believed to have died in the mountains, was able to give them news of him and correspond with them.

It was then that, by mutual agreement, they decided that one of them should go to China, to make known the disasters that the mission had just suffered, and to work, if possible, to remedy them. Mr. Féron, who was the oldest of the three and as such fulfilled the functions of superior, designated Mr. Ridel for this journey. The missionary obeyed, and left in tears his beloved mission in Korea, which alone of the three he was to see again one day. On June 29, the feast of the apostle Saint Peter, he left Mr. Féron and, not without danger, finally managed to embark on a small ship manned by eleven resolute Christians. On July 7, at noon, he dropped anchor in the port of Tché-Fou, in the Chinese province of Chan-Tong. The missionary and his companions were received there with kindness and above all great curiosity by the Chinese. The news he brought naturally caused a great sensation in the European colony where he found the best welcome.

Let us say right away, so as not to return to it, that Messrs. Calais and Féron had to leave Korea in turn and arrived at Tché-Fou on October 25.

Their departure coincided with a small military expedition made on the Korean coast by the French navy, an expedition which was, as a result, neither precisely glorious for our flag, nor especially advantageous for religion, and of which we do not have to speak otherwise here (1(1) V. History of the Church of Korea, volume II, pp. 516 et seq.).

The note written by Mgr Daveluy to Mgr Verrolles on March 10, did not reach the apostolic vicar of Manchuria until June 20; The two couriers who brought it informed him at the same time of the death of the two bishops and seven missionaries. This was, we believe, the first positive news received of the persecution in Korea. A little later, the arrival of Mr. Ridel and letters written by the surviving missionaries gave certain information; but all this news did not arrive in Europe until the end of August and the beginning of September. The newspapers then spoke of it more or less explicitly, but we can say that these events were not well known to everyone until after the publication of the November issue of the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.

When Mr. Ridel's letter, which gave the first details on the events in Korea, reached the seminary of Foreign Missions, at the beginning of September, it was vacation time. "The aspirants were in Meudon, in the seminary's country house. In the evening, the superior announced to them that in Korea, in the space of a few days, nine confreres, including two bishops and seven missionaries, had shed their blood for Jesus Christ. At this glorious news, a cry of joy arose from their hearts; and immediately, improvising an illumination in the branches of the large maple trees that protect the statue of the Holy Virgin, they sang a Te Deum of thanksgiving, with the invocation, repeated nine times: Queen of martyrs, pray for us (1(1) History of the Church of Korea, t. II, p. 557.)."

This intimate celebration was the first prelude to the great religious celebrations that took place in the respective dioceses of each of the missionaries who died victims of the persecution of Korea, to give thanks to God for the new triumph that these glorious deaths brought to the Church.

Among all these celebrations, the one that took place in the hometown of Bishop Daveluy incontestably occupies the first rank.