two saints to this inaccessible island, and accordingly the three set sail. They had not proceeded far, however, when a terrible tempest arose and obliged them to return. Shortly after the giant died.

When the inhabitants of the Canaries spread the report that they had discovered an island which eluded all search, the legends of St. Brendan again revived, and were applied to this unapproachable land.

Some maintain that this far-famed island was known to the ancients, and was the one mentioned by Ptolemy among the Canaries, by the name of Aprisitis, or Inaccessible. It had the same peculiar qualities in ancient times of defying the eye and being unattainable to the feet of mortals. But whatever beliefs the ancients may have had on this subject, it is certain that it took a strong hold on the faith of the moderns during the prevalent rage for discovery.

This should not surprise us, however, if we consider for a moment that about this time the whole of Europe was beholding with astonishment the great discoveries of Columbus and his followers, and it would be less astonishing should a band of explorers touch the soil of St. Brendan's wonderful island. Yet though many set out in quest of it, and cruised in the wonted direction, it was all in vain; and their failure ought to have undeceived the people.

"The phantasm of this island, however," says Viera, "had such a secret enchantment for all who beheld it that the public preferred doubting the good conduct of the explorers rather than their own senses."

In 1550, the appearances were so repeated and clear that the curiosity of the people was again aroused, and they determined to send forth another expedition. This time an exact investigation was previously made of all persons of talent and credibility who had seen these apparitions of land or who had any other proofs of its existence. Accordingly, the governor of the island of Ferro made a report in which one hundred witnesses, many of them persons of the highest respectability, declared that they had beheld the unknown island about fifty leagues to the northwest of Ferro, and had seen the sun set behind one of its points.

Testimonials of still greater importance came from the islands of Palma and Teneriffe. There were certain Portuguese who declared that being driven about by a tempest, they had come upon the island of St. Brendan, and having anchored the ship a pilot and two men landed. They drank fresh water in a brook, and found in the sand the print of footsteps double the size of an ordinary man, and the distance between them was in proportion. Two of the party, armed with lances, went into the woods in pursuit of some cattle and sheep, which they saw grazing in the neighborhood. Meanwhile, night was fast approaching, the heavens began to lower, and a fierce wind arose. In an instant the ship was swept away in the hurricane, and lost sight of land. When the sky had cleared and the storm had passed away the island was nowhere to be seen.

A native of Teneriffe stated that, returning from Barbary, he saw land in the vicinity of the Canaries, which according to his maps could not be any of the known islands. He therefore concluded it to be the island of St. Brendan. Having anchored the ship, several of the crew landed, but as night was fast approaching they soon boarded the ship again, intending to resume their investigations on the following day. Scarcely were they on board when a storm arose, so violent that the ship was swept out to sea, and they never saw anything more of this hidden and inhospitable island.

The testimony thus collected seemed so satisfactory that in the year 1570 an expedition was fitted out from the island of Palma to go in search of the island of St. Brendan. After diligent searching the expedition returned, only with the disappointing news that the island was nowhere to be found. Thus it seemed St. Brendan revealed his far-famed island to tempest-tossed sailors only, and not to those who went in search of it.

Centuries have now passed without any new attempt having been made to find the fairy island. Every now and then, it is true, the public mind was agitated with fresh reports of its having been seen, and it is not improbable that a belief in the island of St. Brendan still exists among the ignorant and credulous of the Canaries, and that they at times behold its fairy mountains rising above the distant horizon of the Atlantic.

Louis Bossard, '99.

CHAPLAINS DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

FATHER THOMAS OUELLET, S. J.

IT is with the desire of carrying out the suggestion made by M. J. McCaffery, '61, in our November issue, and with the hope of encouraging others to follow our example, that we contribute these few columns to the soldier-records of the college, and begin in this number the story of those of St. John's who went to serve as chaplains in the late war.

In the lists of the faculty for '52-'53 and '53-'54 we read the name of Father Thomas Ouellet. During the former year he taught English literature, and in the latter undertook, in addition to his teaching, the duties of prefect of discipline. At this time, doubtless, he had under his charge many whom he was again to labor for, some eight or ten years later, in the Federal army. In the summer of '54 he was called away from Fordham, and did not return.
until the summer of ’61, at a time when regiments of volunteers were being mustered in the city, and were on the point of departing for the scene of conflict. As several of the regiments were made up chiefly of Catholics many priests moved by zeal offered themselves to Archbishop Hughes, and asked to accompany and care for those souls amid the dangers of war. Among these was Father Ouellet. The Archbishop accepted his services and assigned him to the Irish Brigade.

Concerning the particulars of his life and labors in the army our sources of information are, unhappily, scanty. We rely almost entirely on “The Memoirs of Chaplain Life,” by Father Corby, C. S. C., a fellow-laborer of Father Ouellet. He left New York with the 69th Regiment, and arrived in Washington on November 20. He lived in camp and followed with his regiment wherever it was sent.

The first particular we have to record is an incident that happened early in ’62 at Camp California, Va. It was customary for the entire brigade, then consisting of the 69th, 63rd, and 88th New York Volunteers, to assemble every Sunday for mass. One Sunday morning on his way to mass Father Ouellet overheard a captain of the 69th reproving some of his company in blasphemous terms. The priest chided the captain; whereat he told the Father that he, a captain of cavalry on detached service, had no right to interfere with a captain of the regiment in the discharge of his duties. The Father made no reply; but when the time came for him to preach, he narrated the happening to the whole brigade, and then proceeded to make clear his position among them: how he was in midst not as a captain of cavalry, but as a soldier of the Saviour, to preach the doctrine of Holy Church, and how in consequence he would on every occasion reproove vice, and preach undeviled to them the religion of their fathers. Father Corby, from whom we have taken this, says that it won Father Ouellet the esteem and confidence of the entire brigade.

For the account of his work in the battles that followed so fast on one another, we have but the bare and brief enumeration of the virtues that characterized him in its accomplishment. It is told that in his zeal he held himself at all times at the service of the soldiers, how he obeyed his holy religion and esteemed his sacred calling, how zealous and exact he was in the performance of his sacred duties, how he moved among them ever a priest speaking to them of their souls and God, “as one having authority.” Hence his sternness and severity toward those whom he found backsiding in their duties as Catholics.

This last trait of Father Ouellet is aptly illustrated by an incident related in Father Corby’s Memoirs. After the Seven-Days’ Battles at the end of June, ’62, or, as they are also known, the Seven-Days’ Retreat before Richmond, the Federal camps were fixed at Harrison’s Landing. Here Father Ouellet had a chapel erected, and made everything ready for the celebration of mass on the following Sunday. The soldiers were worn out by the fatigue and hunger endured in the toilsome struggles of the preceding week, and so at mass-time very many remained stretched out under their shelter-tents. It was near breakfast-time, and as there was no room within for anything but themselves they had set their canteens of coffee and their food outside. Father Ouellet noticed these fellows, and leaving the chapel he went along the camp streets kidney over the canteens and spilling the coffee in the anger and disgust of the hungry men. But the loss of their breakfast was only a smaller part of their punishment; for when Father Ouellet began to preach he branded them before all their fellow-soldiers: “I know all of you who are regardless of your regimental designation. I can tell the good and the bad of you. The good came here this morning to thank God for their deliverance from death, and the rest who remained to satisfy their appetites were fellows that were coffee-coolers and skedaddlers during our retreat.” The words coffee-coolers and skedaddlers struck the men as aptly expressive, and were taken up and ever after passed current as terms of reproach among the members of the Army of the Potomac.

It is deeply to be regretted that we have no further knowledge of the labors of this devoted priest. For, as his chaplain life was of longer duration than that of Fr. Tissot or Fr. Nash, since he served throughout the entire war, we must believe that his story would be more varied and more interesting. We would fain know him in his dealings with individual soldiers, in order to set down those traits by which he won the hearts of the men; for we read that his regiment loved him.

At the close of the war Father Ouellet was called to Canada where he applied himself with his wonted ardor and energy to parish and mission work. Toward the end of ’93 he was sent to the College of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal, because of his failing health, and there died on the 26th of November, 1894, at the age of 76.

We shall be very grateful for any information that the old Fordham boys who knew Father Ouellet in the army may send us concerning him.

“They blame you;” “They accuse you;” “They say of you”—last, but not least—“They will say.” Who, then, is this King? They whose authority is thus proclaimed? It is a king without state, splendor, or visible throne; yet all obey his voice, and tremble before him. A remarkable king in this respect—that he is sovereign in small matters as well as in great.

MADAME SWETCHINE.