

## PURITAN TREATMENT OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

SENATOR DAWES, of Massachusetts, who has, for some time past, been officiating as chairman of the Indian Commission, has taken a very active part in efforts to inaugurate a more humane policy in the treatment of the aborigines of our country. He has evidently made himself thoroughly conversant with the past history as well as the present policy of our Government and people, in their treatment of these interesting wards of the nation in whose welfare he has become so deeply interested, and in advocating whose cause, publicly as well as privately, he does not hesitate to express his sentiments with great frankness and plainness of speech. At a convention of friends of the Indian, held in Worcester, Mass., some time during the winter of 1885-'86, he used the following strong and vigorous language: "Our forefathers came here under the impression that every Christian nation was entitled to the possessions of all barbarians that it could seize. They found the barbarians here so strong that they had to treat with them, and go through the form of purchase. They obtained permission to remain here, and from that day to this we have never met the Indian in good faith, fairly and squarely, as one honest man meets another in negotiating. When we found him too strong, we waited only for the opportunity to break our agreement, and we never failed to do it. We have circumvented him, deluded him with promises, and burned his wigwams to gain possession of his heritage, and is it any wonder that he still remains a savage and fails to embrace civilization and the faith?"

This is, certainly, a strong and unqualified statement, and whatever may be thought of its truth, it cannot be denied that Senator Dawes thoroughly believes it, and that he has the courage of his convictions, which, considering that he represents a Puritan constituency, is deserving of no little credit. It is not our purpose now to discuss the question of the treatment of the Indians in later times.

But there is a passage of the early history of Boston which so completely falls in with and confirms this statement of Senator Dawes, and which, withal, is so deeply interesting in itself, that a brief repetition of the story cannot but be useful at the present time. We refer to the history of that remarkable Jesuit missionary, Father Rasles, and his labors, heroic sacrifices and death, among the ill-fated tribe of the Abnakis, during the latter part of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The facts

are given with manifest truthfulness and absorbing interest in letters written by himself, by Father de la Chasse and others, in 1722 and 1723, and published in that remarkable collection, called the Jesuit "Relations." Mr. Parkman, in his "Jesuits in North America," speaking of the historical value of the "Relations," says: "With regard to the primitive condition of the savages of North America, it is impossible to exaggerate their value as an authority. I should add, that the closest examination has left no doubt that the missionaries wrote in good faith, and that the "Relations" hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents."

The history of Father Rasles and his beloved Abnakis is most pathetic, and it is difficult to read it without mingled feelings of shame and indignation. Indeed, the cruelty and injustice of the early settlers of Boston towards this remarkable Christian settlement is acknowledged by all candid persons. Their conduct was too nearly allied to that of the savages themselves to leave any margin for credit on the score of humanity and Christian charity in their favor. In this connection we are reminded of a passage in the history of the wars of the early settlers of Plymouth with that noble chieftain, King Philip. The Rev. Mr Ruggles, recording the horrors of the destruction of the Narragansett fort, writes: "The burning of the wigwam, the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yells of the warriors exhibited the most horrible and affecting scenes, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers. They were in much doubt then, and often very seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity and the benevolent principles of the gospel." Unfortunately, the people of Boston seem not to have been troubled by any such qualms of conscience, as will fully appear in the narrative of their conduct towards Father Rasles and the Abnakis.

The village of the Abnakis, to which Father Rasles came in 1689, was called Naurautsouak, which was near the present site of Norridgewock in Maine, and contained about 200 Indians. In describing to his nephew, to whom his first letter was written, the condition of his mission, he says: "I have erected a church which is neat and elegantly ornamented. I have, indeed, thought it my duty to spare nothing either in the decoration of the building itself or in the beauty of those articles which are used in our holy ceremonies; vestments, chasubles, copes and holy vessels, are all highly appropriate, and would be esteemed so even in our churches in Europe. I have also formed a little choir of about forty young Indians, who assist at divine service in cassocks and surplices. They have each their own appropriate functions as much to serve in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as to chant the divine office for the Benediction of the Holy Sacrament and for the processions

which they make with great crowds of Indians, who often come from a long distance to engage in these exercises ; and you would be edified by the beautiful order they observe and the devotion they show." The zealous missionary then goes on to speak of the devotion of his neophytes, among whom, he says, there is a holy emulation, assisting at Mass every morning and visiting the church in the evening for prayers and devotions, of which they all seemed very fond. Incidentally the good, but humble and devoted, servant of God gives an account of his own daily life, which was divided between his own private devotions, meditations and saying his office, and public instruction and catechising, both children and adults, visiting the sick and presiding in the councils of the Indians, to which he was always invited in the most formal manner, and in which, he says, his advice almost always fixed their resolutions. The whole nation of the Abnakis, he says, of whom there were four or five other villages, with two other missionaries employed among them, was Christian, and very zealous to preserve their religion ; and from his account it is manifest that, though they were still children of nature and on occasion of temptation would manifest their savage instincts to a greater or less degree, yet their religion had a powerfully controlling influence over them and had softened the asperities and savage proclivities of their nature. When they went on their annual hunting and fishing excursions the missionary had to go with them, a temporary chapel was erected near the beach and a wigwam for the Father close by, and thus constant attention to their religious duties was kept up throughout the year. They were, of course, attached to the French, because the French were Catholics, and it was they who brought them the inestimable blessings of the Christian faith. They were nearer to the Puritan settlers of Massachusetts, and they were not slow to learn, for those Puritan settlers were very careful to let them know, that they could make it greatly to their temporal advantage to trade with them. From the very start there was a deliberate purpose on the part of those intruders to exterminate the Indians and get possession of their lands. In this they were actuated by a double motive. They not only acted upon the principle which Mr. Dawes attributes to them, that "they were entitled to the possessions of the barbarians," but they hated Catholics with a fanatical hatred and felt that they had even more right, as they certainly took more pleasure in exterminating "Papists," than if they had been merely savages. The first advance in their nefarious work was made by sending a man, whom Father Rasles calls the ablest minister of Boston, who, contemporaneous history tells us, was the Rev. Joseph Baxter, of Medfield, Mass., to establish a mission school for the instruction of the Indian children in the neighbor-

hood of the Indian village. This mission was, of course, supported by the government, and with true business instinct, in order to stimulate the zeal of the missionary, his pay was to be increased in proportion to the number of his scholars.

With this powerful inducement, of course, our zealous missionary neglected no means to attract these innocent children of nature within his toils and to seduce them from their faith. How he was at length foiled by the indefatigable Fr. Rasles is extremely interesting to read, but too long a story to be repeated here. It is well known to those who are familiar with the history of the early settlement of New England. Failing in this, they resorted to another artifice. An Englishman asked permission of the Indians to build on their river a kind of store-house, to enable him to trade with them, and promised to sell them his goods at much more favorable rates even than they could purchase at in Boston. The Indians, who found it for their advantage, and were thus spared the trouble of a journey to Boston, willingly consented.

Another Englishman a short time afterwards asked the same permission, offering conditions even more favorable than the first. It was accorded to him with equal willingness. The easiness of the Indians emboldened the English to establish themselves on the whole length of the river without even asking permission, and they built their houses there and even proceeded to fortify themselves by building forts, three of which were of stone. Why should they not, indeed? Was not the land theirs? Had they not been taught the simple syllogism, "The earth belongs to the children of God; we are the children of God; therefore the earth belongs to us?" And it must be confessed they were not at all troubled with scruples as to the means of taking possession. The Indians, at first unsuspecting, at length became convinced that they had been deceived, and that these intruders had evil designs upon them; so they expostulated with them, but to no purpose. About this time a score of Indians had one day entered the dwelling of one of the English, either for the purpose of traffic or to rest themselves, when, to their utter astonishment they found themselves in a moment surrounded by a company of nearly two hundred men. With their usual cry under such circumstances the Indians exclaimed, "We are lost, let us sell our lives dearly." As soon as the English saw this, and realized that their precious skins were in danger, with hypocritical professions of friendship they disclaimed all intention of injuring them, and said their design was to persuade some of them to return with them to Boston to confer with the Governor on the means of preserving peace between the two nations. The too credulous Indians deputed four of their number to accompany them to Boston, but when they arrived

there the conference, with the promise by which they had been cajoled, ended in retaining them as prisoners. Being reproached for thus violating the laws of nations, yet determined not to lose their advantage without some material gain, the English pretended that they had retained the men as hostages for an injury that had been done them in killing some cattle that belonged to them. They demanded two hundred pounds of beaver skins and promised on payment of that amount to set the prisoners free. The Indians did not acknowledge the indebtedness; but rather than see their countrymen suffer, they paid the amount demanded; yet with characteristic hypocrisy and chicanery the captors refused to let the prisoners go. The Governor of Boston, fearing that this refusal might be resented by the Indians to their damage, then proposed a conference that they might treat of this affair, as he said, in a spirit of conciliation. A conference was agreed upon and the day fixed, but when it was found that Fr. Rasles and Fr. de la Chasse, superior general of the missions, were to be present, the Governor failed to put in an appearance. Of course, the circumstance was suspicious, and Fr. de la Chasse thereupon addressed a letter to the Governor, stating: 1, that they could not comprehend why the Indians whom they had captured should be held in irons after their promise and the payment of the two hundred pounds of beaver; 2, that they were no less surprised that they had siezed upon their country without permission; 3, the English were told plainly that they must leave the Indians' country and release the prisoners; that they should have two months in which to comply with this demand, and if that demand were refused, the Indians should know how to obtain justice for themselves. Two circumstances about this time served very much to aggravate the minds of the already excited Indians.

There was a man named Saint Casteins, whose mother was an Abnaki Indian and who had always lived with the Indians; and, on account of his superior talent and intelligence, he had been chosen their commander general. In this capacity he assisted at the conference of which we have spoken, and, of course, interested himself in promoting the interests of the Abnakis, his countrymen. This was charged against him by the English as a crime, and a vessel was despatched to his residence to capture him. He was decoyed on board the vessel by professions of friendship, seized and carried off to Boston. There they had a mock trial and, no doubt, would have murdered him but for the fact that the French Governor wrote to the Governor of Boston complaining of the act as contrary to the comity of nations. No answer was made to this letter, but after five months' cruel and unjust confinement Saint Casteins was set at liberty. But what capped the climax of English Puritan

perfidy was the attempt to capture Fr. Rasles himself. They hated him, of course, on account of his religion and his holy office. But that which rendered him most obnoxious to these greedy, aggressive, insatiable marauders, was the fact that this indomitable priest constituted a most formidable obstacle to the accomplishment of their nefarious plans, and they determined to get rid of him if possible. Fr. Rasles says in his letter that they had often tried to carry him off, and more than once set a price on his head.

In January, 1722, the famous expedition of Colonel Westbrook was undertaken, with the hellish design of capturing Fr. Rasles, alive or dead, murdering the Christian savages, and destroying the village. It happened while the village was nearly deserted, the Indians being away at their hunting grounds, Fr. Rasles with a small number of old and infirm people alone remaining at home. A detachment of two hundred men was sent out, but as the vessel entered the river, fortunately two young Indians, who were engaged in the chase along the shore, discovered it, outstripped the invaders in traversing the country, and gave warning to Fr. Rasles and his well-nigh helpless companions. The good Father had barely time to swallow the consecrated hosts, to crowd the sacred vessels into a little chest, and to save himself in the woods. There he escaped as by a miracle. The enemy came within a few steps of where he was hiding behind a tree, and then, as if guided by an invisible hand, returned and abandoned the pursuit. But they did not neglect to pillage the little church and to wreak their vengeance upon Fr. Rasles by rifling his humble dwelling, and thus almost reducing him to death by starvation in the woods.<sup>1</sup> Is it any wonder that these poor persecuted sons of the forest, maddened by this cruel and persistent course of persecution, should have finally made up their minds that it was useless to negotiate any further; that their only remedy was to drive these aggressive intruders from their territory! They sent missionaries to the neighboring tribes to enlist their aid; they chanted the war song among the Hurons and in all the villages of the Abnaki nation, who responded promptly, assembled at the village of Naurautsouak, and attacked and burned the buildings which the English had erected on the river. Yet, to their credit be it said, they abstained from all violence towards the inhabitants, even permitting them to retire to their own people, with the exception of five, whom they retained as hostages until their countrymen, who were now detained in prison in Boston, should be delivered up. To show how much more humane the civilized Christian Puritans were than

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<sup>1</sup> Among the papers seized at this time was his "Dictionary of the Abnaki Language," on which he had been many years employed, and which now constitutes one of the remarkable literary curiosities of the library of Harvard College.

these poor savages, the account states that a party of English found sixteen Abnakis asleep on an island, and made a general discharge upon them, by which five men were killed and three wounded.<sup>1</sup>

The war between the English and the Indians, so harrowing in its details, succeeded. Hitherto foiled in their efforts either to cajole or conquer the Indians, the English, seeing how great an influence Fr. Rasles exerted among them, determined, as we have heretofore remarked, to get rid of him. They had set a price on his head, offering, it is stated, not less than £1000, or \$5000, and on more than one occasion had attempted to capture or destroy him. Fr. de la Chasse, who writes the story of his death, says that three years before he made a journey to Acadia, and in conversation with Fr. Rasles he represented to him the danger he ran, in case of war, of being captured and killed, that his preservation was necessary to his flock, and that he ought to take measures for his safety. With that noble heroism by which his whole life was characterized, he exclaimed: "My measures are taken, God has committed this flock to my care, and I will share their lot, being only too happy if permitted to sacrifice my life for them." Even his faithful and devoted Indians, who knew his courage well, but were anxious for the preservation of a life so dear to them, had proposed to conduct him farther into the country on the side towards Quebec, where he would be in greater safety. "What opinion, then, have you of me?" he answered, with an air of indignation, "do you take me for a cowardly deserter? Ah! what would become of your faith if I should desert you? Your salvation is dearer to me than my life." That this was not mere bravado he was soon to demonstrate by most indisputable proofs.

After frequent hostilities on both sides, the English at length sent an expedition composed of eleven hundred men, and taking advantage of the absence of most of the Indians of the village, came upon them by surprise. Before the natives were aware of the presence of the enemy they received a general discharge of musketry which riddled all the cabins. There were at that time but about fifty warriors in the village. At the first noise of the muskets they hastily seized their arms and rushed upon the attacking foe. Their first aim was to cover the flight of the women and children,

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<sup>1</sup> In the wars with King Phillip, the wife of Rev. Mr. Rawlandson, who had been taken captive, was treated with the greatest kindness and consideration by that noble chieftain. On one occasion, when conducted to his wigwam, the historian says he received her with the courtesy of a gentleman. Though held as a captive, she was not treated as a slave, and on the first favorable opportunity she was returned to her husband and friends. But when the wife and son of King Phillip were captured, the same historian writes: "With grief and shame we record that his wife and son were sent to Bermuda, sold as slaves, and were never heard of more."

and to give them time to gain the other side of the river. Fr. de la Chasse says that "Father Rasles, warned, by the clamors of the tumult, of the peril which threatened his neophytes, promptly went forth from his house, and without fear presented himself before the enemy. His hope was either to suspend, by his presence, their first efforts, or at least to draw on him alone their attention, and thus, at the expense of his own life, to procure the safety of his flock. The instant they perceived the missionary they raised a general shout, followed by a discharge of musket balls which rained on him. He fell dead at the foot of a large cross which he had erected in the middle of the village to mark the public profession they had made to adore in that place the crucified God. Seven Indians who surrounded him, and who exposed their lives to preserve that of their father, were killed at his side."

The Indians took to flight and crossed the river in great confusion and consternation. The English did not pursue them, but contented themselves with pillaging and burning the village. The fire which they kindled in the church was preceded by an unhallowed profanation of the sacred vessels and of the adorable body of Jesus Christ. The Indians who returned to the scene of desolation after the English had retreated, found the body of their beloved father pierced with a thousand wounds, his scalp taken off, his skull split by blows from a hatchet, the mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of the legs broken, and all the limbs mutilated.

Hutchison's account of the death of Fr. Rasles differs materially from that of Fr. de la Chasse. His narrative is that "he shut himself up in a wigwam from which he fired upon the attacking force," and he says that "Moulton had given orders not to kill the priest. But a wound inflicted upon one of the English by Rasles' fire so exasperated Jacques, a lieutenant, that he burst the door and shot Rasles through the head." The whole history and character of Fr. Rasles gives the lie to this statement. It was manifestly an invention of the enemy to soften, if possible, the savage cruelty of a murder which, they knew but too well, could not be justified, and which would call down the severe condemnation of every candid and impartial judge. No, Fr. Rasles was not the man to skulk, nor was it in his nature to deliberately take the life of a fellow being even in self-defence. The supposition is still more absurd in view of the fact that Fr. Rasles, no doubt, saw at once the folly and utter hopelessness of fifty Indian warriors making head against eleven hundred trained English soldiers. Fr. de la Chasse's account is undoubtedly the true one. It falls in with all that we know of Fr. Rasles' character. He was the indomitable, yet merciful and compassionate, missionary.

Heroic self-sacrifice for the good of others was his predominant characteristic. He gloried in martyrdom. He was ready at any time to lay down his life for his beloved people. That he should seek to divert the fire of the attacking party from the women and children to himself, thus giving them time to escape, is just what we would have expected of him, and we feel perfectly justified in saying that it is an outrageous slander upon the dead martyr to represent otherwise. The true animus of the Puritans was most strikingly indicated by an incident which occurred some ten years before this, after the close of the war between the French and English by the treaty of Utrecht (1713), in which the Indians had sided with the French.

The Governor of Boston, anxious to conciliate the Indians, called a council of the tribes and harangued them on the advantages that they would derive from affiliating with them rather than with the French. Everything ended harmoniously, and the Governor made a great feast for the Indians, which left a very favorable impression in their minds. Peace having thus been restored, the Indians began to think of rebuilding their church, which had been destroyed during the war. They sent deputations to Boston, as that town was much nearer than Quebec, to ask for workmen, promising to pay them liberally for their labor. The Governor received them with great demonstrations of friendship, and gave them all kinds of caresses. "I wish myself," he said, "to rebuild your church, and I will spend more for you than has been done by the French governor;" and he went on to intimate that the French governor had not treated them well, promising himself to pay their workmen and defray all the other expenses of building the church. "But," he added, with insinuating plausibility, "as it is not reasonable that I, who am English, should build a church without placing there also an English minister to guard it, and to teach the Prayer, I will give you one, with whom you will be contented, and you shall send back to Quebec the French minister who is now in your village." In answer to this specious proposition, the orator of the Indians made the following remarkable reply, which is not unworthy of a higher degree of civilization and enlightenment than was at that time attributed to them:

"Your words astonish me," said he, "and you excite my wonder by the proposition which you make to me. When you first came hither, you saw me a long time before the French governor, but neither those who preceded you nor your ministers have spoken to me of prayer or of the Great Spirit. They have seen my furs, my skins of the beaver and the elk, and it is about these only that they thought; these they have sought with the greatest

eagerness, so that I was not able to furnish them enough, and when I carried them a large quantity, I was their great friend, but no further. On the contrary, my canoe having, one day, missed the route, I lost my way and wandered a long time at random, until at last I landed near Quebec, in a great village of the Algonquins where the Black Robes were teaching. Scarcely had I arrived when one of the Black Robes came to see me. I was loaded with furs, but the French Black Robe scarcely deigned to look at them. He spoke to me at once of the Great Spirit, of Paradise, of Hell, of the Prayer, which is the only way to reach Heaven. I heard him with pleasure, and so much delighted in his conversation that I remained a long time in that village to listen to him. In fine, the Prayer pleased me, and I asked him to instruct me. I demanded baptism, and I received it. At last I returned to my country and related what happened to me. They envied my happiness, they wished to participate in it, they departed to find the Black Robe and demand of him baptism. It is thus the French have acted towards us. If, as soon as you had seen me, you had spoken of the Prayer, I should have had the unhappiness to pray as you do, for I was not capable of discovering whether your Prayer was good. Thus I tell you that I hold to the Prayer of the French; I agree to it, and I shall be faithful to it, even until the earth is burnt and destroyed. Keep, then, your workmen, your gold and your minister; I will not speak to you more of them. I will ask the French governor, my father, to send them to me."

And the French governor did send workmen and rebuilt that very church which those Puritans afterwards so ruthlessly rifled and destroyed. It was a beautiful church, and the Indians with simple faith delighted in it and in all the beautiful services and devotions which the holy, self-denying missionary, after twenty-seven years of painful labors and heroic sacrifices, had taught them. His beloved Abnakis had really made wonderful progress in civilization, and with proper encouragement would since have been an enlightened and civilized Christian nation. But what did these stern Puritans care for all this? As the noble chieftain boldly and truthfully told them, it was their furs and their skins that they were after. They wanted their land, too, and were determined to have it by fair means or foul, and so in their superior strength they treacherously and clandestinely sprang upon them in their weak and unprotected condition, murdered their holy and indomitable missionary in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and from that bloody day the Norridgewock tribe was blotted out from the list of the Indian nations.

“ No wigwam smoke is curling there ;  
The very earth is scorched and bare ;  
And they pause and listen to catch a sound  
Of breathing life, but there comes not one,  
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound ;  
And here and there on the bleaching ground,  
White bones are glistening in the sun.  
And where the house of prayer arose,  
And the holy hymn at daylight's close,  
And the aged priest stood up to bless  
The children of the wilderness,  
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank,  
And the birchen boats of the Norridgwok,  
Tethered to tree and stump and rock,  
Rotting along the river bank.”

— *Whittier.*

Senator Dawes says that this cruel, unjust and barbarous policy is still kept up, and has never ceased from the earliest days of our history to the present time, and we greatly fear that, unless the providence of Almighty God shall interfere in some extraordinary manner to prevent, the same policy will be continued till the last vestige of the poor Indian shall have been swept from the face of the earth. Senator Vest, of Missouri, though a Presbyterian, declared frankly in the United States Senate that, after thorough investigation, he was convinced that the Jesuit Missions were the only Missions that have had any great influence in reclaiming the Indians from a state of savagery, and that their plan, which is the same that Fr. Rasles and the early Jesuit missionaries pursued, is the only one that promises any great degree of success. Yet the old Puritan spirit of jealousy and hatred of the Catholic Church still survives, and, unfortunately, still seems to exercise a controlling influence even over the Government,—the same greed of gain, the same grasping, persecuting spirit, the same determination to possess the lands of the Indians in spite of solemn treaties, and to drive out the Catholic missionaries who are the most formidable obstacles to the accomplishment of their nefarious purposes. These facts are not hid in a corner ; they are well known ; they have been proclaimed from the housetops. But the country looks on with apathetic indifference, and the Puritan bigots have it pretty much their own way. The outlook is, indeed, discouraging. Yet the friends of the Indian must not despair. Can we for a moment suppose that Fr. Rasles now looks back upon his life as a failure ? By no means. He is, no doubt, rejoicing in a high place in heaven that he was able, by a life of heroic sacrifice, to save the few hundred savages for whom he cheerfully gave his life, and he has set us an example which should stimulate us to greater zeal in so good and glorious a work.

Let the friends of the poor, persecuted sons of the forest labor

on in faith and in patience, and if they cannot succeed in curbing the selfishness and greed of faithless agents, designing speculators and grasping land-grabbers—if it be, indeed, impossible to save the race which appeals so pathetically to our sympathies from total extinction, let them be consoled with the reflection that they have done what they could to save it, and that they have at least been the means of saving many souls who shall constitute crowns for their rejoicing in the great day of account.

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## Scientific Chronicle.

### CHEVREUL'S CENTENARY.

It is granted to very few to celebrate their hundredth birthday. When this happens to a man remarkable alike for his scientific achievements and his unswerving attachment to the principles of his holy religion, the celebration becomes an event worthy to be recorded.

Michel Edouard Chevreul was born in August, 1786. Last summer Paris celebrated his centenary with great solemnity. He was present throughout the ceremonies, and was made the recipient of demonstrative greetings from the leading scientific scholars and societies, not only of France, but of the whole world; notable amongst them was the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Eighty years ago, after having been appointed director of the laboratory of Vauquelin, one of the greatest chemists of his day, he published his first papers, on his own original researches. Ever since that time he has prosecuted his investigations most diligently and with marvellous results; so that, as was truly remarked in one of the eulogies pronounced upon the occasion of his celebration, the titles alone of his publications would suffice to fill a volume. His works embrace very different subjects, but refer especially to two branches of science—the study of fatty substances and complementary colors. After having been *aide-naturaliste* of the Paris Museum, and examiner of the Polytechnic Schools, he was appointed, in 1816, professor of chemistry in the world-renowned Gobelin manufactory of tapestry. In 1826, after the death of Proust, he became a member of the French Academy of Sciences. None of his colleagues of that time are now living. Since then, he has been appointed member of many scientific societies, both French and foreign, and in 1875 reached the highest degree in the order of the "Legion d'Honneur."

About the same time he began to style himself "the dean of French students;" and, as a student, has had as happy and successful a career