

**READINESS TO ANSWER:
BROTHER ANSELM IN INDIANA**

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by

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At the end of the eighteenth century, the Department of La Mayenne in France saw a radical transformation of its economic base: the linen industry, ruined by war and political turmoil (Mace I, 15), gradually gave way to agriculture, and farming as an occupation grew by leaps and bounds. In 1815, only 48,000 hectares in La Mayenne were devoted to grain crops, but by 1862, 100,000 hectares were so used. Wheat was exported even to England. Livestock too began to develop as a commodity, and cattle production grew rapidly in the northwest corner of the department. In population La Mayenne grew from 352,486 in 1831 to 360,290 in 1841; France herself burgeoned from 33,218,000 to 34,911,000 (Mace II, 868). In this idyllic part of the country is the city of Angers, and fifteen miles southeast of Angers nestles Gennes, a quiet town on the Loire River. It is fifty miles south of Le Mans. Here Pierre Caillot was born on March 19, 1825, and from this village he left at the age of fourteen (Morin 34) to follow a new life as a Brother of St. Joseph. Previously under the care of Jacques Dujarié, the Brothers were transferred to the guardianship of Basil Moreau in 1837. Thus Pierre Caillot would have been among the earliest religious to be shepherded by the new founder of Holy Cross.

We can only guess at Pierre's gradual transformation into Brother Anselm, the second man to bear that name at Ste. Croix, but we know that he impressed Moreau enough to be chosen as one of the seven men for the first colony to be sent to America. Why would a sixteen year old novice, too young even for vows, be shipped to a foreign land? He and an even younger man named Urban Monsimer (Brother Gatian) had impressed Moreau with their aptitude for language. We must presume also that Moreau was impressed with the energy of both of these young men. Indeed, their subsequent letters demonstrate an exuberance that would be cut short by early death for Anselm but would develop into brash epistolary attacks on Sorin by Gatian. Life in the New World was never dull for either of the teenage boys.

Of the twenty letters we have written by Brother Anselm, only six and a half are in English. The others are in French. All the letters are written to Edward Sorin at Notre Dame, except number 14 (addressed to Father Moreau in France) and number 19 (addressed to Brother Vincent). Two of the English letters (numbers 2 and 3) are dated as early as July, 1843, when the young man was but eighteen years old and had been in America fewer than two years. The English is remarkably good, but we should not be surprised: Moreau had sent Anselm, and his even younger cohort Gatian, to Indiana from France because he saw an aptitude for language in the two youths. Anselm never became the polished writer that Gatian became, but he penned letters smoothly in two languages. Anselm's twenty letters that remain represent almost fifty percent of the correspondence sent by Brothers to Sorin between June of 1843 and July of 1845. It is not that Anselm was a particularly prolific letter-writer, but rather that he was one of the few men not stationed at Notre Dame. Letters to Sorin came in those two years mostly from Anselm and Brother Mary Joseph (Samuel O'Connell). Anselm wrote first from Vincennes and then from Madison, Indiana, Mary Joseph first from Madison and then from Vincennes. The two men switched jobs sometime between August of 1844 (Anselm's last letter from Vincennes) and December (Mary Joseph's first letter from Vincennes).

Anselm's first letter is dated June 18, 1843, four months after Brothers Vincent, Lawrence and Joachim had abandoned the foundation at St. Peter's (Montgomery, Indiana) and had travelled north with six novices and two postulants to join Sorin and the rest of the Community at Notre Dame because the pastor at St. Peter's had left the diocese after an argument with the bishop (Sorin xx). Anselm, at age 18, was left alone in Vincennes as teacher and principal of the Cathedral grade school. He alludes to some troubles he has had in administering the school, particularly some matter involving Brother Celestine, who had been left with him when Brother Vincent's group headed north in February. We do not know exactly what the problem with Celestine was, but that this Brother had a reputation as a trouble-maker is evident in the Notre Dame chapter books: there he is mentioned in the entry for the Particular Council of August 14, 1843: "After invoking the

H.G. the Particular Council took into consideration Bro. Celestine's dismissal and resolved that sufficient money should be given him to defray his expenses to Logansport, unless he could be prudently induced to stay until the reception of his aunt's money" (4). (Celestine left the young Community, or rather was forced out, three months after Anselm's letter to Sorin.) This first letter by Anselm is short and already tinged with the poignancy that colors most of his correspondence, a poignancy to be expected of a young man separated from all members of his Community, far from headquarters, longing for support and camaraderie.

Anselm's second letter follows the first by one month and begins with anxious assurances that he has been faithful to his religious exercises:

I was surprized [sic] by the bell and though I have had always a multitude of distractions in my exercises, I have never omitted any one, ex[cept] the particular examination, and that for punishing some boys after school and once the spiritual reading, knowing not w[hat] time it was. (29)

He is overworked: four or five new students have enrolled since Brother Vincent was reassigned to Notre Dame, and Anselm now also has responsibility for eight seminarians. He does not specify the nature of his duties to the seminarians, but it may have included prefecting in addition to after-hours tutoring. The Vicar General of the diocese, Father August Martin, is instructing him in natural history, and Anselm, perhaps counting on Sorin's interest in the subject (Sorin did eventually spend money to build a museum at Notre Dame much to the chagrin of Brother Gatian), uses the moment to force Sorin to a decision about Anselm's vacation at Notre Dame:

I have six different kinds of tortoises and snakes and some insects, which I will bring to South Bend if you juge [sic] it proper...If you want the tortoises I will be obliged to buy some poison to stuff them up. (29)

These ingenuous suggestions follow in the same rambling paragraph in which the young man asks his superior when he should take his vacation and if he has to travel north alone. He also writes that he has to know if he will be returning to Vincennes or not for the next school year so he can

pack accordingly. School assignments were made late, of course, oftentimes a kind of surprise saved for the end of the annual retreat.

For a first letter in English by this teenager, the style is good but occasionally Frenchified. For example, an expression like “4 or 5 new scholars have come since the Brother’s departure” as Anselm refers to Brother Vincent makes use of the definite article where English would not. There are also several misspelled words (but nowhere near the number found in letters by his contemporary Brother Francis). Anselm writes another short letter in English to Sorin a week later; then he corresponds only in French until his final five letters to Sorin in 1845. The short letter written on July 16, 1843, also contains odd expressions (“I have changed of room”) and misspellings. It may have been that Anselm tested his wings in writing English letters early on but abandoned the practice for the next year until he felt more comfortable with his new language. Sorin, I suspect, preferred getting letters in French, and Brother Vincent never mastered English, as he admits in one of his own letters.

Within the third letter, there are hints that Anselm is dissatisfied with his living arrangements: he has been shuffled to a new bedroom so his old could be converted into a sacristy, and the new bedroom is so damp that every four or five days his shoes become moldy if he does not brush them. His books suffer the same fate. His new room had belonged to the bishop’s valet, and although bigger than Anselm’s previous room, it is clearly not to his liking. This room matter will continue to be an issue in Vincennes.

By July 26, Anselm has still received no word from Sorin about the starting date for the retreat. The matter leads to a nasty exchange with the bishop, Celestine de la Hailandière. Apparently the bishop was irked by Sorin’s suggestion in a letter to Anselm that Father Martin would preach the retreat. Hailandière snaps at Anselm, “The pastor of the parish could not leave his flock to go preach a retreat to Brothers 300 miles away” (31). The previous Monday Hailandière had told Anselm to make his retreat in Vincennes, an eventuality Anselm wanted no part of:

I replied in a slightly angry tone that that didn't matter as long as I had a Brother to help me next year and that I certainly wouldn't be able to do everything all alone. To that he said that Sister did the free school well by herself but unfortunately I forgot to tell him that she didn't have to teach French. (31)

Anselm leaves the bishop and goes to Father Martin's house on the pretense of bringing him an insect. He tells Martin what the bishop had just said, and Martin tells Anselm to complain to Sorin. Bishop de la Hailandière apparently did not enjoy the loyalty of even his own clergy. Several days later the bishop tells Anselm he may go to the retreat at Notre Dame provided he can find a horse to borrow. Anselm breaks down to Sorin:

My Father, I can't fool you that in learning all this news, I had some resentment against you as well as the Community, because after wearing myself out teaching for a year and having the Community's interests in everything I did, it seemed to me that you'd not hold back six or seven dollars to let me enjoy the benefit of the retreat with my confreres. (31)

Anselm is quite lost in Vincennes. Antagonized by the bishop (as almost everyone was), he had some support from Father Martin, but nothing near what he needed as a fledgling in the Holy Cross family.

The problems with Hailandière continue. In letter number 5 (October 267, 1843), Anselm writes that the bishop has accused him of stealing a kitchen brush, not teaching properly, and giving too much vacation time to the students. Anselm runs all three accusations into one sentence, and the effect on the reader is bewilderment: why would a bishop bedevil his own cheap labor-force in such a way? Anselm was confused in the situation and said nothing to the bishop. One suspects the lad was traumatized by the tongue-lashing. He has other complaints he dare not raise to the bishop, e.g., the coldness of his stoveless bedroom and the fact that the room is so dark he cannot see to draw. He is exasperated: "I'm telling you definitely that if I don't have another room or at least a stove in my room, I will not stay here, because the vow of obedience that I made does not oblige me to kill myself, or to make myself sick to obey the bishop who has at least more than

ten rooms standing empty" (34). Anselm mentions the Sisters, and it is obvious he is jealous of their living quarters, afforded them by the bishop, and their adequately furnished classrooms. His own classroom has been stripped clean of furniture, and all the books were mildewed when he arrived. Toads and caterpillars had taken over the classroom, and someone had turned the room into a temporary dormitory for girls. Moreover, most of the furniture from his bedroom was missing along with his mirror and brushes. The grievances grow: he has to chop his own wood, mend his own clothes, and "do all sorts of things that have nothing to do with my contract." In short, Anselm feels exploited, probably no worse than religious throughout the nineteenth century in America, but nonetheless rankling to this young man. He rages: "I beg you in the name of Mary to get me out of here soon." Then he relents, "But meanwhile your will be done." It is easy to admire Anselm, even in the outbursts of anger we find in the letters. Sorin was his safety valve: by writing about his anger, Anselm defuses himself. The above letter ends with a note that school has started: twenty students have shown up for his class. It is late October.

In letter #6, we learn that the lost mirror and brushes have turned up, but the bedroom is still cold. In this letter we have the first strong indication that Anselm is an artist: he boasts that he is adept at oriental painting and hints that with a few lessons he could be perfect. This talent Anselm will use to finagle his way out of hated Vincennes:

As a good teacher of this kind of painting can't be found in America, I'm going to propose to Father Rector [Moreau] to return to spend a year in France to learn all of it, which is hard because it includes landscape and portraiture. I would learn at the same time linear and academic drawing, etc. (36)

Today we would call this process the method of discernment, but given the times and situation, it seems opportunism. Anselm continues:

Don't believe, Father, that I wish to defrock. No, truthfully, but as Father Rector promised I could return sometime to France, I prefer to go there now while I am yet young because I would have much more facility in learning drawing, and I'd be more able to give

service to the Community. Otherwise I'd prefer to go only after a long stay in this country—or not to go at all. I won't nag. (But you know the usefulness of drawing and painting in a college [secondary school]). 36

He is, of course, using the threat of leaving the Congregation to force Sorin's hand for a move out of Vincennes. He appeals to authority (Moreau) above Sorin's head and suggests long term benefits to the Community for his leaving Vincennes. He demurs and insists he will not "nag," but then he attaches a coda: a trained art teacher would be very valuable at Notre Dame. Anselm is desperate and surely duplicitous. We can imagine Sorin's reaction to this ruse, a young fox writing to an old fox, the master of ruse.

Letter #7 is upbeat in spite of troubles: the bishop has given Anselm a quilt and offered to move him to a new room (colder and darker!). Father Martin has given up on the bishop, or so he tells Anselm, and Brother John is causing scandal at St. Peter's and Washington by passing himself off as a philosopher and a former Brother. Although he lives in the bishop's house, Anselm has to walk to the seminary for his meals. Only the bishop and his priests are allowed to eat at the bishop's table. Anselm notes he would rather eat in the kitchen than walk to the seminary. Anselm's class is up to forty students including two black boys whom Anselm would like to dismiss. He gives no reason. As he mentions that the black students were placed in the school specifically by the bishop, it may be another show of the bishop's authority that rankles Anselm, or it could be that Anselm is simply prejudiced. He ends the letter to Sorin asking if Moreau has said anything about Anselm's returning to France to study drawing for two years. In a letter we no longer have, Anselm himself apparently wrote to Moreau requesting the change. The complaints in the extant letter are obviously mitigated by the hope Anselm has for a brighter future.

Two months later, in letter #8, Anselm is in despair: Father Martin, his trusted support, has turned against him. Anselm calls him "my greatest enemy" and outlines his grievances against the priest:

1. No longer coming to visit my class.
2. No longer speaking to me.
3. Refusing to ask for anything from the bishop for me...
4. Depriving me sometimes of my meals, etc., etc., etc. because, as I told you in my last letter, he told me that when I'd arrive at the dining room after the others, I'd have nothing to eat, and that I could go eat wherever I wanted, that I'd have no privilege here. On that point, having told him that I had rules to follow, he replied that that meant nothing to him, but that it was necessary to follow the rule he gave me, and if I weren't happy, I could go elsewhere. (42)

It is no wonder that Anselm is being given the silent treatment if we remember how he had used Martin as a go-between previously as Anselm jockeyed with the bishop for a position in the house pecking-order. He is an outsider and now feels the total devastation of *omerta*, that state of isolation and final degradation for bucking authority. Either Martin tired of the complaints Anselm brought to him, or he saw his own bread was buttered by the bishop, possibly a little of both. In any case, Martin could fall back on a local clerical support system that Anselm was denied. Having been told in a letter from Sorin that Martin still likes Anselm, the young Brother is unable to accept the fact and doubts he will be able to approach Martin. The friendship has soured that badly. Anselm uses the situation to beg a new assignment:

Reverend Father, once more, please call me away from here for my own good, because I'll perhaps lose my vocation here. I don't doubt but that Mr. Martin seeks to prejudice you against me, but, if you still have confidence in me, be assured that I will do all in my power to remove the bad opinion they have about the Brothers. (43)

He does not specify at this point in the letter what bad opinion "they" have against the Brothers: he will save that salvo for the finale of the letter. But first he has one further atrocity to report: Martin is starving him. Apparently there is a rule about being late for meals that may or may not have applied to all members at the seminary. On several occasions, Anselm has no food all day long

because, he insists, he could not hear the meal bell and his clock is irregular: "How can you expect me to like Mr. Martin who is the cause of all that?" Earlier in the letter Anselm complains that Martin publicly humiliates him when he shows up late for a meal by demanding to know why he is late. Martin has apparently labelled Anselm "proud" in a letter to Sorin that Anselm here mentions. In closing his letter, Anselm remarks that a rumor is circulating that the Sisters and Brothers sleep in the same dormitory. He does not name the clergyman who repeated it to him, but it was probably Martin since the letter circles around Martin from beginning to end. The Sisters and Brothers in question are undoubtedly those at Notre Dame, not in Vincennes, because Anselm lives in the bishop's house (Martin would have known this). If there was such a rumor, it is a nasty instance of ecclesiastical gossip, but whether there was such a rumor or not, Anselm uses the very idea of a rumor as another wedge in his argument to leave the den of lions he lives among. In a state of persecution, the mind grasps at anything for relief.

Two months later, Anselm is subdued. He seems formal to Sorin as he writes in letter #9 that he will attempt being kind to Father Martin. There is no allusion to the meal problem, but now it appears that he has been barred from recreating with the seminarians. Although he notes he was previously apt to join the seminarians only rarely, sometimes weeks passing between visits, he is now forbidden their company entirely. The noose tightens.

The next letter, in May, begins with news about a recent retreat that attracted twenty-one priests to Vincennes. Anselm was sick in April with an unsettling cough which lingered because, he notes, the meals at the seminary have not been very nourishing since Martin became superior. Anselm looks forward to the summer retreat at Notre Dame and goes over his options for travelling north with Brother Mary Joseph, via either horse or cart. He makes no mention of a new assignment. As if a letter of remonstrance from Sorin, which we presume Anselm had received, were not enough, we learn in letter #11 that Moreau had written Anselm a letter (received May 23) which pained the young religious. Sorin no doubt had told Moreau of Anselm's difficulties with the Vincennes clergy, and although Moreau is in favor of Anselm's return to France (Anselm

quotes him to that effect), Moreau defers to Sorin's judgement in the matter. Would that Anselm had saved the letter. His own letter to Moreau in February does not remain either, but if his sentiments to Moreau were as desperate as those we have seen to Sorin, it is not difficult to imagine Moreau's being touched by the situation, more than Sorin apparently was. Sorin, of course, knew Anselm better than Moreau as the boy had been under Moreau's care at Le Mans for only one year before the emigration of the first colony to America. Anselm speaks of his bargaining with Moreau to teach English at Ste. Croix for a few years in exchange for the chance to study art under Brother Hilarion. He again suggests to Sorin that Sorin needs an art teacher at Notre Dame, and he is just the man for the job:

Since I've been here, I've sold almost all the flowers that I did, and the men and women who bought them have framed them as masterpieces. Although I've had only a single painting lesson, which Brother Vincent gave me, I have gained a reputation as a painter here. (56)

In this letter we have the first mention of Anselm's new friend Tourneux who is helping Anselm find a horse to ride up to the retreat at Notre Dame.

In letter #12 Anselm returns to the horse matter. Then he chides Sorin for not letting him know of Brother Vincent's trip to France as Anselm wanted to send letters along. He tells Sorin to get art supplies for him from France as his are depleted. He continues to speak highly of his own artistic talents. Finally he is happy the year is almost over, and his one regret is that he may be sent back to Vincennes after the retreat.

Letter #13 is dark. It is August 4, and Anselm has been sick with a debilitating fever since the previous Wednesday. He had left the classroom at 10:30 in the morning, unable to continue teaching, instructing the boys that school would resume the following day. It did not. No one in the house bothers to look in on him as the days pass. Only Tourneux visits him:

Father, I can no longer continue the subject. I'm too weak to tell you more. What I can tell you in truth is that they don't take as much care of me here as a human being would of a

sick dog. I can't stop crying in telling you this, my well loved Father, but it's the truth. I take God as witness: during the two and a half days I was so sick, no one came to ask "Do you want anything" except Tourneux who came three times after work, etc. (69)

It is strange that none of the bishop's staff take an interest in the young man, especially as Anselm is running the boys' school singlehandedly, but we must believe Anselm. It is interesting that he makes no case for a new assignment, but the sickness undoubtedly cleared his head of any thought of manipulation.

We have a gap of five months in the Anselm correspondence as the next letter is not written until January 14, 1845, and it is sent from Madison, Indiana, to Father Moreau in France. In the letter we learn Anselm had been dangerously ill for two months, during which time Sorin came to hear the young man's confession. We presume Sorin travelled to Vincennes although the letter is not clear on this point. Anselm's previous illness may have abated enough for him to make the trip north to Notre Dame. At any rate, Anselm was in a coma or near-coma: he could not "hear or speak or see." When Sorin asks Anselm if he knew that he had made his confession the night before, Anselm says no. Sorin tells him he must make a deathbed confession, and Anselm does so that evening. The exercise revives him. On November 17 he leaves Notre Dame for his new assignment in Madison, changing places with Brother Mary Joseph who is sent to Vincennes. It seems unconscionable that Sorin would send Anselm off on his own again to run a school hundreds of miles from the Community when the young Brother had recently been deathly ill. For Sorin, obligations to mission superseded concern for individuals, at least in this case. Anselm in Madison has sixty students, but in spite of the overwhelming work, he makes no repetition of his desire to study in France. One can sense his relief to be away from Vincennes. Who would not be? Hailandière was the poorest excuse for a bishop and administrator the territory would ever see, and he terrorized the local church until his resignation in 1847. Returning to France, he lived comfortably another thirty-five years, not dying until 1882. A century earlier his aristocratic sort

would have paid a visit to the guillotine. Only Alerding's history of the diocese of Vincennes is laudatory of the man. Other historians evaluate him as the scoundrel he was.

Anselm's fifteenth letter is impatient. He wants Sorin to direct Mary Joseph to ship to Madison all the things that Anselm had left behind in Vincennes. In leaving Madison, Mary Joseph had left not so much as a prayer book for Anselm. In spite of the hardships of working without supplies, Anselm reports he is "delighted" to be where he is. The exuberance continues in letter #16. He comments on the town, remarks that he has been to Cincinnati on St. Joseph's Day to get the holy oils and meet the bishop there. He ends the letter by inquiring about reports he has received from Vincennes that Father Martin is spreading slander about him:

He charged me, if I rightly understood you, to have had bad intercourse with a woman but that as falsely as 2 and 2 are 10. Indeed I don't know how a priest like Mr. Martin who pretends to be good can fabricate such stories. I would have justified myself sooner, but before, I wanted to know if it were true that some designing men had started stories or *lies* on me in that place. (84)

The manuscript of the letter does say "bad intercourse," although the eye might read "bad" as "had." The latter reading, however, makes no sense ("to have had had intercourse"), and I doubt that Anselm would have been sloppy in so important a segment of the letter, especially as he is writing in English. One may wonder how "bad intercourse" differs from "good intercourse" or any kind of intercourse for a religious. It is probably not an attempt to discriminate between fornication and adultery as Anselm would probably have little reason to discriminate the two. He probably means that he was accused of "evil." The matter never comes up again, nor does the name of his nemesis Martin. We have no reason to believe that Anselm would have had an active sexual life in Vincennes. If he had, Sorin would have kept him at Notre Dame.

In letter seventeen, Anselm inquires about a trunk that he is still waiting for and notes that the fever that laid him low the previous year returns now and again. One wonders if Anselm's disease were malaria. This time the fever has lasted six days in spite of his daily medications. He

already is making plans, however, to travel north for the summer retreat. Letter eighteen notes that his supplies have finally arrived, but his fever has returned and has lasted three weeks. He makes further plans for the retreat. On the same date he writes to Brother Vincent, rather curtly, chiding his mentor for items missing in the received package.

Anselm's final letter is dated July 10, two days before he drowned in the Ohio River. It is a letter full of excitement about the coming retreat at Notre Dame. Gone are the complaints about living conditions or local people. He is so totally happy in Madison that he wants to know what date he can tell the pastor Father Delaune to expect his return. He brags a bit about his successes:

I had a great dinner here on the 4th. More than 100 children were admitted to it and behaved very well. The most respectable ladies of Madison helped me to serve at table, and before the dinner sent me pies, cakes, and crackers of every kind. They appeared to take a great interest in it. I dare say, Dear Father, that you had not such a dinner at the Lake. After the dinner we marched 2 by 2 through different streets of the city. Three girls of about 16 or 17 years of age carried the banner which I had made the night before, and which though made in hurry, was, I have been told by several, finer than any of those the other schools had. (91)

The obvious affection he felt for the parents and students is reflected in their cooperation at the dinner. That affection would be repeated, sadly enough, a few days later when his body was recovered from the river. Protestants and Catholics alike took to this vibrant young man who died far from the Community he had joined only five years before. The details of his death we learn from a touching letter that Father Delaune sent to Father Moreau:

I have sad news for you. Sudden death has taken Brother Anselm away from us. He came to see me Saturday afternoon, July 12, to tell me he was going swimming. After hesitating a bit, I agreed to accompany him. He went into the water about seven or eight hundred feet away from me, in a place which did not seem the least bit dangerous. He went out more than five hundred feet without finding water deep enough for swimming. I

was in water about three or four feet deep, a little distance off the bank. All of a sudden, while he was swimming, I noticed an expression of suffering on his face. He went down, but I thought he was doing it on purpose. He came up, then went down again, while uttering a cry for help. What a moment for me! I was more than three hundred feet away from him and did not know how to swim. We were two miles from the city, with no houses nearby. He came up again and then sank. A moment later he lifted his arms and I saw him no more.

All aghast, I hastened to give him absolution. He had probably received it that morning for, as usual, he had gone to confession, and he went to Communion at least every Sunday. I ran to a cabin. A child told me that there was an old man not far away. I ran to him and brought him with me and pointed out from afar the place where the Brother disappeared. "He is lost for good," he told me. "Right there is a drop-off at least twenty feet deep, and the current all around is very swift. Anything I could do would be useless." I went home, got some good swimmers together, and procured boats and nets.

All our efforts proved useless. It was ten o'clock in the evening before he was found, five hours after he had drowned. An inquest was held by the civil authorities, and then we brought him back to the church at one-thirty yesterday morning. He was laid out in the basement chapel. Some of the Irish settlers watched beside the coffin until daybreak. I clothed him in his religious habit and he remained exposed in the Chapel until yesterday afternoon at four. Everyone was dismayed by the event. Thank God for having borne me up throughout this trial and its accompanying fatigue. Sleepless, and almost without having tasted food, broken-hearted and yet forced to stifle my grief in order to look after all the details, I suffered more yesterday than I ever thought I could.

At four in the afternoon we brought him to the church. The coffin was uncovered, and the calmness of his features made him look as though he were only asleep. Protestants and Catholics alike gathered to the number of more than a thousand. The choir sang the

Vespers of the Dead. With painful effort I preached on Chapter Four of the Book of Wisdom, beginning with verse seven. ["But the just man, if he be overtaken by death, shall be in rest. For venerable old age is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years...He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul."]

I had the thirteenth verse written in English on a black banner: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." After the *Libera*, the children from his school kissed his forehead; then the coffin was closed and covered with the funeral drape. The two schools led the funeral procession with the banner and the cross. The hearse followed, and then the people, two by two. I marched between the school children and the carriages. We crossed the city to the cemetery, which is a mile from here. (xxi-xxii)

There are curious points in this narrative. First of all, why were the two swimming so far from town? Sorin's *Chronicles* on the events do not use the word "swimming" but rather "bathing," indicating perhaps the pair's desire for some privacy. The chronicles, of course, have been translated for publication, and we can never be sure why Sorin chose certain words to carry his meaning. Secondly, why would Delaune let Anselm swim out so far into the river? If Delaune, who had lived in Madison since August, 1842, did not know the treachery of the river in this particular spot, the pair should have exercised more caution. Delaune is silent on this point.

Sorin mentions this death in his *Chronicles* under his consideration of deaths at Notre Dame for the year 1845. The sentence has an odd addendum: "It is true that the Society this year had to mourn the premature death of Br. Anselm, who drowned in the Ohio while bathing with Mr. Delaune; but no one thought of charging this death to the unhealthiness of Notre Dame du Lac, as was done the two following years" (Sorin 57). This is indeed objective reporting when one juxtaposes it with Delaune's tearful report to Moreau. Everything for Sorin, of course, was seen in the context of Notre Dame. Sorin is more concerned with the rash of deaths that plagued his foundation in the early years than he is with Anselm's loss, and although Sorin wrote his

Chronicles years after the events themselves (the Anselm entry has to be dated beyond 1848 since Sorin uses that year in a subsequent paragraph), it is difficult to accept his unfeeling journalese as paternal.

The cemetery at Madison, Indiana, once had a stone marker on Anselm's grave, placed there by the townspeople, but a flood in 1939 washed the marker away. Today we have no clue to the location of Anselm's grave. The inscription on the stone, however, has been preserved by way of a postcard in the archives of the Midwest Province, a postcard mailed from Brother Marius Bednarczyk to Brother Lambert Barbier at Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wisconsin, and postmarked June 18, 1936. The card reads:

BROTHER ANSELM

of the Society of St. Joseph

Born in France

1826

Died in Madison

July 12, 1945

"His soul pleased God:

therefore He hastened

to bring him out."

Pilgrimage to this cemetery where the above inscription marks the resting place of one of the group who founded N.D. Bro. Anselm was drowned. Marius

The year of Anselm's death is incorrect. He was born in 1825. The postcard is half typed, half script, the memorial from the stone being the typed part. And that postcard is the only testament to Anselm that we have outside of his letters. Oh, possibly in some farmhouse around Madison there is a painting hanging on a kitchen wall, a painting of flowers, a painting signed "Brother Anselm," but that possibility, of course, lies only in the realm of speculation.

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Chronology

Brothers of St. Joseph founded by Father Dujarié	1820
Pierre Caillot (Brother Anselm) born at Gennes	March 19, 1825
Brother Anselm accepted as a novice at Le Man	August 23, 1840
The first colony arrives in New York City	September 13, 1841
Brothers Gatian and Francis Xavier arrive at Notre Dame site	November 16, 1842
Brothers Vincent, Lawrence, and Joachim leave St. Peter's	February 13, 1843
Brother Anselm is reassigned from Vincennes to Madison	Fall, 1845
Brother Anselm drowns in the Ohio River	July 12, 1845